



I wonder if I've heard this sound before.

A whistle of air

circling around the glass of water.

Its temperature slowly shifting

from cool to a warm match

with the rest of the room.

My heat touches the glass

and quickens the process.

The small sound of a losing battle.

I could sit in this space for ages,

I can hear more here.

And only because the windows of the loft look out
into the courtyard instead of the street,
blocking the sound of the world.

The only other neighbors who use the yard
are an old widowed man
and a young woman who works for the city
examining traffic routes
and optimizing the time of stop lights.

I've never talked to her,
but I've heard her phone conversations
as she comes and goes.

I'll miss this place when I have to leave.

I've written less than I've meant to,

but the quality is maybe there.

I think his name was Lowell,

but maybe I'm wrong,

we met three weeks out.

I don't honestly remember his name,

or even if he had one.

I noticed him glancing at me

when I went to pick up a coffee from around the

corner.

As beautiful as the apartment is,

I've never been able to sit in one location for so long.

We started talking about philosophy

or how the world would look if plumbing was never invented.

"What did you study in school?"

"I was afraid to commit. I settled on a major in lit,

it's the only one I had the credits to finish on time."

"Sounds interesting, any books you'd recommend?"

"I don't know, I hardly read anymore. I mostly write."

"Would you recommend reading that?"

"My writing?"

"Yeah."

"No, probably not."

Every time I adjust, the chair has an awful creak.

I wonder if the other chairs make the same sound.

I could maybe save myself from hearing it

if I just moved over to the next.

The problem is

the best view is right here.

I'm to the side of the window.

I can glance out if I want to,

but I'm not looking directly enough

that anyone can see me.

She's home again.

On the phone talking about a new restaurant

she tried two nights ago.

Somehow she brings the conversation to the need
for a highway

bridging the west end of town to the city center.

I don't know what it's like to be so interested in one
subject.



I didn't see him again.

I kept going to get coffee,

but he's never at the same place.

It's not that I thought the story continued,

I expect maybe too little in general.

I think it would've been nice

to just have another familiar face.

I think about

months ago now.

He spent the evening asking me questions,

I should ask some of my own.

"So you're here for two more months?"

"My publisher is paying for me to just write. They gave me a book deal, but I didn't have time to actually write it."

"And this is the same publisher you work for?"

"Normally looking at other people's writings, yeah, I didn't know how to go about approach them with my idea, but they've been very supportive."

"So, what's it about?"

"I don't exactly know yet."

"You don't know?"

"I think most stories are about the ending, I don't know this one yet."

"How'd you sell a book without an ending?"

"I told them I've been writing it my whole life."

"That's big."

"Yeah."

"A little interesting. A book without an ending..."

"Yeah, maybe I'm just bad at writing."

"No. I'd read it."

In twenty minutes

the sun will pass back behind the other side of the
courtyard,

but until then

a beam strikes through

the kitchen and warms everything up.

The sun's own giant hand.

I can hear everything begin to adjust within the room.

The world waking up to touch,

preparing to hold more

than will ever be asked of it.

I wonder who's sat at this table.

Who will sit here in the future

and I think maybe

I'm not the first person to listen for it,



but it feels like maybe

I'm the first to hear it.

It was once a tree in a forest 53 miles from here.

And before that

it was just an idea,

a blueprint hidden in nature.

There's a knock at the door.

Knuckle on wood.

I walk over to it.

"Hello?"

"It's Seymour, from the floor below."

I open the door.

"My cousin is visiting tonight and it's so sad."

"Oh no, wha..."

"See I made way too much food. He can eat his share, as can I, but I'm afraid it still won't be enough. And I'd hate to waste it. I was hoping you might be able to lend a hand, or a mouth as it were."

He has a charming smile.

"That's so kind of you, but I'm afraid I have to decline. I have other plans tonight."

"That's unfortunate,

another night then maybe. I'll leave you to your plans."

I smile and shut the door.

The light has already finished passing through the window,

everything has begun to relax.

"Ok, so, what's your earliest memory?"

"Hmmm..."

We've left the coffee shop,

he told me about another

late night spot that I needed to see.

I think the previous month of not talking to anyone

forced me to say yes automatically.

He could've asked if I wanted to just stand

in a line to nothing

with him

and I would've said yes.



"I guess it would be me standing outside our old house, on the porch,

maybe I had let our dog out.

I don't remember if we actually had a dog.

And I'm looking out at the road watching a dust-up come towards me. There's a twang and I smell copper.

That's it."

"Detailed.

Memory has a strange way of taking a journey. What kid even thinks about the smell of copper?"

"Me."

"Yeah, I mean sure, I'm talking generally. You were an exceptional kid."

I'm done with the dining room.

Without anything left to say,

I think I'll leave it to settle on it's own.

Everything needs that time.

The invitation reminds me that I haven't eaten today.

I haven't felt an appetite in all afternoon.

I don't know if I should be worried.

I set myself out into the bedroom.

I don't feel like writing yet.

We can both settle on our own.

All the way to the beginning.

"Hi, I couldn't help but notice we have the same drink."

"You mean coffee?"

"Yeah, you know it's rare to find someone with the same taste."

I always make it a point to reach out when it happens."

"Uh huh..."

"So who do I call you?"

"Sophie, you?"

"How about Low."



I can feel everything breathing.

And

I hear myself.

I empty the glass into the sink.

And

Place it on the counter to dry.

I'll leave it out tonight.