

22nd story, Hollywood Building, 19:07 p.m., Lobby

The song, “Einfach Ma N Reggae”

by KRA Murat Kaydirma

plays soft in the white lobby.

It’s possible I could be the only person in the world right now.

But the intermittent chatter around the corner,
or the occasional walk-by of an aging millennial,
or the whir of the high speed elevator in the center hall,
or the smell of clorox in the air,
could tell me otherwise.

But I refuse to believe what might be obvious.

Even Hollywood from this high up looks like a miniature model,
and dusk light for a moment
could be mistaken for those lights in important places
that never turn off.

Even I, to some

may look freakish and unreal,

taken in with short glances.

But can you hear the music playing in this lobby?

What if we only exist when we pay attention to something
everyone else overlooks?

The sound of those metal things in doors that click
when it closes,

or the alcohol drying up on the counter,
or the temperature robot with its camera facing the elevators.

Affecting no one, nothing.

They don’t exist. They’re non-events.

But pleasing to my ears.

So they’ll exist.

I can hear the music playing in this lobby.

It’s not my taste, but I can deal.