

AGAINST TRAFFIC

Bolero on Broadway

(A man stands inside a revolving door.)

I made it! I just rode up Second Avenue against the rush hour traffic on my rusty bike, pedaling on a prayer and hoping that any taxi or pedestrian would take notice, would not run me by, would not run me over, would start to pay attention, would realize that I am not just an obstacle in their path, would see how special, how human I am cycling my second-hand Schwinn against the current, desperate and brave.

I'm invisible; invisible in the crowds, an anonymous consumer invisible on Broadway; some tax-payer on an elevator; invisible on an A-train, Brooklyn-bound, perceiving agitation and desire in the personalized jingles of Nokia cell phones; shades and head sets - we are invisible. Hiding and yet longing. Eager to make eye contact, to touch, and to be recognized. We are not!

It's too much! My body is slowly being eaten by this city, by this country; being eaten alive; Shaving off pieces of my skin with broken glass, trying to tear away bits of me. But these bits are not like anyone else's! Did you notice?! - One of a million - Distress and heartache...

I barely made it! - For now, I'll stay put inside this revolving door, whispering *boleros* a lá García Lorca as I go round and round, *doloroso*, imagining a better world to come despite the traffic, protected in my glass turnstile, while slowly growing dizzy...