

(man or woman)

In a private room sits AUGUST, 80, in a chair looking out the window, one arm with an IV.

AUGUST

Oh, please. Come in, come in.
It is a day I've seen so often.
Makes me so melancholy. Oh not from
my current circumstance, but so many
a moment I've sat, on a ship, a
mountain retreat, a urban balcony to
have the movements of the weather
affect me so. As if God himself is
feeling as I do, or maybe as I feel
like God, I suppose. I hope you've
not troubled yourself to travel such
a distance to hear me patter on.
I've been such a tedious conch. I am
sure the staff here is waiting for
the right moment to slip my body out
the window when I sleep. It's been
too many days here. I wish, I wish
to be home. Dear little Sam must
have forgotten me by now. Out there,
I wish to be out there to feel the
wind, the rain the elements. Please,
a little longer to soak in this
moment. I do enjoy feeling this
melancholiness, you are here to alieve
me of this? I so wish to go home,
see my own space. Where I used to
laugh, love. Go on my daily walk,
write in my journal and have tea with
friends. I long to be sitting in my
favourite chair reading a book I've
absorbed many times. It has been a
time since I've opened its cover. Oh
the musty smell of my library. The
tangy flavour of lemon chicken. This
institution seems to approximate such
fare, sans the lemon nor the chicken.
Oh I shouldn't be so on about them.
They have cared for me wonderfully.
I had a mysterious chat with my
physician last evening. He noted
that I am soon to have a visitor, I
immediately thought of you. But the
doctor wouldn't let it on, "A
surprise," he said. I must say I am
all the more ready for you that his
attempts at raising my spirits.

August waves about a shaky arm with the IV as if conducting, then puts it down.

(continuing)

To feel the strings, the brass upon the hairs of my head. It is such good weather for music. Mozart must have sat upon a veranda to write many a symphony and had been greatly inspired when the clouds opened and thunder corded. Only God could conduct such exemplary compositions. Direct experience. Direct experience. I've always said to my students and colloques that direct experience is the only way to envelope one in life, to learn what it is to be fully human. So many arguments around a coffee cup on such subjects. Oh to see the Parisian sidewalks again, before Marian left for Austria. Such young passion. Her vivacious and connection with the earth. I learned so much that spring. The walks, the discussions about nothing. The brightness, I would give my life to see.

August's hand falls and tugs on the connector tube.