



aisles, but had to return quickly to the underground recesses due to altitude sickness," I said. The Maulwurf interjected, "It was rumoured that someone passed her on the stairwell while she was descending at rapid speed". I knew I had met her somewhere before when I saw that blur of brunette and yet, as always... she does not remember.

*In a much earlier time, I would sit long hours in meditation. If I can remember correctly, the climate was perfect for introspection in those days. The rumbling of the hot water springs and the nourishment in my belly would pacify my simple needs. The heat of the water would lull me into a lush black sleep. The cord was still tied around my waste for fear of drowning in the air, but its necessity would be short lived. I could hear the Sirens singing in the distance. And soon the water lost its warmth and I was forced to abscond that place and embark on a search I still do not fully understand.*

"God sleeps in bliss", you once said, you whispered the words with a slight apprehension. The remark drew my attention from across the space. I was captivated, unsure that you had even spoken at all. I could hear the afternoon storms approaching, three pm, right on schedule with the trains. In those days, long ago, we used to write text with our hands...I always had fond memories of those writing instruments. Where are your etchings? Where are your purple smiles? Your scratches upon the escalator wall, at what hour did you scribe those tragic prose? Daily I would rejoice at the thought of another line as I ascended the cool blue of the north platform. The plot would thicken with every curving line encircling the space. Much of the rest is a clouded mass of nervous energy. If I did not say so before, "I'm sorry", but I could not take responsibility for my own actions during those days. "A crystalline world", I remember those words clearly with each curl of your unique handwritten fonts. Yes its true you had me well before we even met.

At the pub or café (I can't quite describe the place) we discussed numbers. "It was just a nice series of 4 numbers", The Maulwurf said with a heartfelt voice. "7 is a nice number, some numbers are not so nice are they?" was gaki's reply. Apparently Gaki and The Maulwurf were on some kind of similar numbers trip, I listened cautiously. "I don't understand why I can't have the same 2 numbers that I've used for the past 10 years?" The Maulwurf continued his quiet

attack. Gaki replied randomly, "It has a to do with the rhythm of the 4 numbers, some feel better than others." "No No No! I had a very nice series of 4 numbers, for 10 years, and they took them from me!" The Maulwurf was livid. "I just don't understand why they can't give me the same numbers?" his voice changed quickly touched with sorrow. "So now I need to telephone overseas, which are 11 banal numbers, and tell my associate my personal favourite 4 numbers. Then they need to retrieve the old numbers and send them to me by post. I don't why they can't just give me back my numbers, the same numbers I've had for 10 years, and send them directly to me by post!" with that exclamation The Maulwurf retired from his discourse. "1-5-1-9", with that remark I seemed to deaden the conversation. Actually this was all a façade, to discuss numbers is to secretly discuss the relationships of people. And with my statement, they knew I had caught on to there true conversation. I know that is vague, but I am good at evading the true issue; I have been doing so throughout this text. You see when you spend your whole life on trains and in rail stations, numbers and time schedules are integral to your life.

Now I can see the green LED lights signalling my semi-express train, 21:33, right on schedule. Maybe I'll see her today. I've heard that her hair has further brewed into a blue-black of midnight, but I don't know if it is a fact. It is difficult to be specific when the entire city only consists of trains and rail stations. All the different lines are like different boroughs of the city. I live on the China Town line, on the upper level of the car 4, train number 436. I can smell the cooking from the Chinese restaurants 3 cars down. The Maulwurf lives 2 cars down in car 6, a celebrated guest at the car 7 restaurant where we always dine. Each morning I wake up to the sound of the train rolling in to the fish market. Once they finish to loading the crates of seafood, it will be on to the next station for dairy products and so on. By the time the train pulls into the downtown station, it will be time for me to switch to the Office Line. I work on the Office Line, train number 831, car 17, ground floor. Once I saw her across the platform, but that was before all of this clickity-clack of modems, zipping of scanners and grinding of hard drives – it was primordial. The train jolts and I realise that I've been dreaming of the past too long. I should listen to Goethe, ok...ok, I shall begin anew, 'bowing in reverence' I can only operate in the tangle and temporal now.