

*"Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear, I cannot truly say how I came here"-W.S.*

If I recall correctly, her hair was blond, in an innocent time before the karmas of my futures would prevail. The neon light filtering through the oscillating window would hit upon every highlight and her smile was truly angelic. I sat paralysed on the cushioned bench by her radiance. I said nothing, only watched her glances away from me. Who would have thought that we would meet again years after her metamorphosis? Perhaps metamorphosis is too strong a word, after all, she was still the same, except that her hair had matured into a hue of tempting three o' clock brunette. "So what happened?" you asked.

*...My thoughts slowly drifted above the surface, the rails, the clamour of people, the neon pollution and I could hear the silence. Softly a gentle sound emerged, strangely familiar and lulled me to sleep. I dreamt frantically, running and diving from memories and desires, I grew weary, found shelter under a banyan tree and fell asleep once again. In this dream within a dream I could remember everything.*

"I saw you looking out the window at her as the train pulled away...your such a hopeless romantic." I said. Your little 'Joan of Arc' as you referred to her that night. You mentally sighed as you caressed your shiny new pet. "Your modem cable, is your only umbilical cord to her now", I thought. "Your such an exhibitionist", I shouted, from the floor precariously between two public phone booths. "Has she sent you an email?" you replied. "No, umm...how about you?" I stammered. "I sent one off last night", your sentence was calmly uttered. Shiny Boy usually had a way with words, almost Baroque, articulate and ornamented, however tonight he was out of phase. He always spoke with a content calm, his voice a synthetic cello, which echoed physically in his choice of clothing. "How could he remain so calm?" I thought, "even with all those eyes continuously caressing his fabrics." His clothing was a feast for the eyes, the mock lushness of his garments were legendary. *Commes des Garcon* had a man in red canvas shoes tracking him continuously. Teflon, rayon, polyester, and space age plastics were the hallmark of his attire. He could walk through a heavy rain without a drop of water approaching his skin. His appearance was often referred to as, 'alien-like-yet-shocking-

ly-good'. "I had a dream about her", your comment drew me out of the hypnotic spell cast by the shimmer of your new fibreglass and plastic coat. "Yeah? Really?" I replied. "In the dream she replied with a brief message", you continued, "The message said: 'I love those moments when you stand up too quickly, become dizzy, your vision blurred - It feels like the angels have unplugged your mortal coil for a moment and all the 'heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to' vanish for a brief moment,' that was all she said." Shiny Boy wouldn't realise at the time that would be his last correspondence from her. "Emotions are mysterious, yet one can say the same for technology", I lamented. We quietly pondered that thought, bid farewell, then departed separately into the grey of the crowds of computers.

"Yes, I've seen you around", she said benignly one afternoon. And on that short flight of steps that orange autumn, I clumsily clamoured, "What if my aims have nothing to do with architecture?" The fragrance in the rouse of her departure triggered me into a silence. I was more intrigued by her moments of general apathy towards me, than the times she would wander down the aisle, tilting her head confident of my glances. "She has an arrogance that comes from shyness", The Maulwurf once mentioned as we sat down at the familiar round table. "It is a shyness that limits her to the catacombs and tunnels of the station", I responded. The Maulwurf, paradoxically was not a creature of the tunnels, but remained most of the day and night on the roof level, amidst the buzz buzz of the neon signs, gazing at his computer screen. His eyes transformed into two pinholes fixated on the flickering light and his ears plugged into a music that resembled the wake of a departing spaceship. His days were filled vacillating between orchestrating chance encounters in rail stations and crafting childlike sketches driven by love (that story is for another time). Oh yes, there was also something involving numbers? To be brief, The Maulwurf was a madman, but a poetic madman at that. Even so, I found a Zen-like solace in our conversations in that trembling little china town restaurant. He had already ordered his food telepathically. However, I had to go to the machine and make a selection. The tea had arrived, instantaneously as always, I handed my ticket to the cook while The Maulwurf poured our cups anxiously. "Once she attempted to stroll along the upper floor