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Singer at the Arcade

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Singer at the Arcade

The passers-by didn’t know whether to stop or not and those who stopped thought at first – this man belongs in a circus – this man with a woman’s voice.
But as he sang his operatic tones the people became more comfortable – some lit cigarettes, some leant against the walls of stone as his voice touched tenderly those walls of the arcade and pressed off gently as a swimmer in a somersault turn spreading through the air like blood through water feeling every corner, tasting every ear of the standing strollers who let their minds be taken from their lives, taken by the hand to the air under the arch to bask in the golden warmth of his voice transcending age-old boundaries, coming from his heart – they could see it in his face, in his bohemian robes colored like rainbows. His rhapsody focused a domain in which beauty always blooms as hermaphroditic tulips filling wall-less rooms,

until the end, when he had finished and they had blinked their eyes they didn’t know if they should clap and bellow bravo cries, or allow the walls to resonate with the aftertaste of oneness.

Some clapped, therefore, regrettingly and dropped a euro near his feet while the others bowed and slipped away knowing only not yet to speak.

Matthew Homan

There is someone out there and it is you.