

GLASS

S. D. Chrostowska

I took a long bus ride yesterday from V. Stn. As I sat perched on one of the rear seats, which offered a comprehensive view of other passengers, my gaze fell briefly on a man who seemed to me infirm and, as I guessed from the disparity between his eyes, to have an artificial eyeball. For the remainder of the trip I thought no more of it, but as I stood up to leave this seemingly fragile man suddenly leapt forward in a way that reminded me of a hare. Other passengers, however, had already gathered near the door, and he was forced to stand back. In that spare moment before the vehicle came to a halt and its doors finally flung open, I took another, closer look at the man's eyes to confirm my first impression. His left eye, which drooped and which I presumed was natural, was blank and bleary. The eye I took to be glass was, on the contrary, full of expression. In an instant I identified this man's spirit, the vigor of his movement a moment before, with the width, clarity, and glint of that eye, which could not see. Disembarking I wondered, but could not decide, which was more reflective of his soul: the eye he was born with or the one he picked out?

SONATINA FOR PIANO

S. D. Chrostowska

Once upon a staff, I met the virtuoso Szopen. “There is nothing,” he declared, “left for me to do but stroll along these tracks.” “Tracks?” I asked, too surprised to drive his train of thought with any observation of my own. Here Szopen (I must insist on the Polish spelling of his name) turned his face toward the sun, adjusted his necktie, and yawned nervously. “In principle at least, the rails of fate extend into infinity.”