

The bus stop... All seats are taken... I'm the only one standing so I become separate, visible and awkward. Nobody else is coming... If there were two of us, my standing would be more at ease... But instead...

Me – vertical.

Them – horizontal.

Me – a stranger.

Them – in a short term coalition.

Sitting in a row. As if they've been here forever. Motionless faces, absents stares. They look like they know something more than me. Each of them is holding a bag on a lap. As if they conspired. Somehow they don't look out of place at all. I am the intruder. What are they carrying in these swollen bags?

Waiting... a rail post, a bench, a timetable, another post, a plexiglass wall, a pavement, my shoes, a cigarette butt, a fragment of smashed glass, a bottle cap, a ticket, another ticket, a stone, a stain... filth and chaos...

Why would it be so packed today...? Are they glancing one another? A man with a hat is rubbing his nose... A woman clenched her hands on a beret... and relaxed them... And clenched again... One, two, three... One, two... One... And again... One, two... One...

Is it a code? Who is she contacting?

A bald man is swaying... One, two... No... it's gone... Oh, the man with a hat is rubbing his nose again... One, two, three...

The woman with a beret responds with clenching... One, two, three. One, two... One?

Who else on three? The other woman is thumping to get warm... One, two, three... Is she thumping in reply?

The beret man: One, two, three.

The woman: Thump, thump, thump.

The beret man: One, two.

The woman: Thump, thump.

The beret man: One.

The woman: Thump.

But then another 'thump' appears... The bald man is swinging...

The rhythm is falling into cacophony... I'm loosing the thread.

Grey pavement under my feet. A cigaret butt, a glass, a bottle cap, a ticket, another ticket, a stone, a stain... The pavement is covered with sharp lines of cracks. A white thread. Where did it come from? Did somebody drop it? It must have been a moment ago coz it's still clean... It stands out against the gray background of a pavement. Discretely but visibly. It curls up into a question mark? Or maybe an arrow... What is it pointing at? As if these trash constellations were somehow referring to it. As if the thread bound and locked them...

Oh! The bus! Somebody got off, somebody got on and took the free seat.

I'm still standing coz the thread is somehow binding me to this place... The bus leaves... I'm standing but now it's become awkward. Why did I stay? It's cold and late and it's getting absurd. But somehow my standing and the lying of the thread become connected. The sense of the thing has begun looming out of it: tickets: one, two, three, bottle caps: one, two, a glass: one! This is something. A trace of sense. A formula of a tangle. Or an untangle... It's only a single thread... Anyway... Another bus... Now the thread is unleashing me. I'm getting on a bus..

Standing again... Worse as I'm in the crush. Better because it's warmer... Heads and arms are swaying chaotically. A man in front of me keeps nudging me with a stiff plastic bag... There is no space to move...

His back in a black fleece coat on the level of my eyes. like a black screen. There is a white thread on his shoulder. Where did it come from? Is it pointing down? What is it pointing at? A plastic bag?

He is nudging me again. One, two, three... I will try to move...

A woman in front of me is sitting... She's keeping her finger vertical and tapping a railing: one, two, three.

She is looking up at something... Is she looking at the guy with a plastic bag?

He is nudging again... One, two.
She is tapping the railing: One, two...
The man again: Bah! The bus jolts and the bag hits my knees... One?
The woman? One!
The woman is drawing a reversed “3” on a steamed up window...
We're now passing a number 2 tram!
Where's ‘1’? number 1?! Here it goes!!!
A few backs in front of me, there is a big backpack with a big, white ‘1’!!!!

The thread is binding me again for a few seconds only to unleash me unexpectedly...

There is something thick and hot rising and pulsating within me... higher and higher...
I don't know where to look... I'm looking at the man with a bag. I'm fixing my gaze at his head, his back and lower...
just where the thread is pointing at... A plastic bag!

Stretched and bluish like a swollen ulcer. Now, I'm pressing upon it with my gaze. The plastic membrane bulges under my gaze... Spheres trapped inside become heavier... Plastic becomes thinner and thinner... It resists the pressure for a bit... but becomes weaker... a little bit more... And...

prrrr... gloh, gloh, gloh, gloh... apples are rolling about on the dirty floor...

That's it.

“Excuse me, your bag is broken! Another one here... and here... and over there, under the seat...
these plastic bags are not worth a damn...”

I can't see the thread on the man's back anymore.

A woman draws a flower on a steamed up window. The reversed “3” disappears in the shape of two petals.

I'm picking an apple up off the floor.

“There is another one here... oh, no, it's not a problem... Oh no, I will move, I'm actually getting off here”

A step, a pavement, a stone, a cardboard sheet, a scrap of paper, a stick, a stain, a stain, a hole, a hole, a hole...