

Well, I prefer that, I must say I prefer that oh you know, oh you, oh I suppose the audience, well well, so there is an audience, it's a public show, you buy your seat and you wait, perhaps it's free, a free show, you take your seat and you wait for it to begin, or perhaps it's compulsory, a compulsory show. You wait for the compulsory show to begin, it takes time, you hear a voice, perhaps it is a recitation, that is the show, someone reciting, selected passages, old favourites, or someone improvising, you can barely hear him, that's the show, you can't leave, you are afraid to leave... you make the best of it, you try and be reasonable, you came too early, here we'd need latin, it's only beginning, it hasn't begun, he'll appear any moment, he'll begin any moment. He is only preluding, clearing his throat, alone in his dressing room, or it's the stage manager giving his instructions, his last recommendations before the curtain rises, that's the show waiting for the show, to the sound of a murmur, you try and be reasonable, perhaps it is not a voice at all, perhaps it's the air ascending, descending, flowing, eddying, seeking exit, finding none, and the spectators, where are they, you didn't notice, in the anguish of waiting, never noticed you were waiting alone, that is the show for the fools in the palace waiting, waiting alone, that is the show, waiting alone, in the restless air, for it to begin, for something to begin, for there to be something else but you, for the power to rise, the courage to leave. You try and be reasonable, perhaps you are blind, probably deaf, the show is over, all is over, but where then is the hand, the helping hand, or merely charitable, or the hired hand, it's a long time coming, to take yours and draw you away, that is the show, free, gratis and for nothing, waiting alone, blind, deaf, you don't know where, you don't know for what, for a hand to come and draw you away, somewhere else, where perhaps it's worse