

Of the Tunnel

The child runs through the tunnel
shouting with glee
He turns and runs back
His father and mother walk slowly
sharing his joy.

The suited musician stands at the mouth of the tunnel
fingering the keys of his sax
gliding up and down the scale.
Finished with his gig for a wedding at the Shakespeare Garden
he now plays for himself.

The singer stands in the tunnel with his infant on his hip
finding all the notes that light up the harmonics of the space.
He is joined by a friend with a didgeridoo
and another with a small drum
Their music fills the Concourse.

Do they know or care that a busy city street passes above them?
Do they know the tunnel is to be ground into dust
to make way for more cars?
What good would it do to tell them?
Only to destroy the few wondrous moments we have left.

CHRISTOPHER DUDERSTADT '03