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The Spectator
Constance Pultz

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THE SPECTATOR

It's as if I'm always waiting for the next scene to happen, waiting for you or you or you to make a move. It's enough for me to watch the action taking place around me, knowing I needn't stir an inch to be a part of what's important. I was born being certain of things other people have to learn from books, studying the brush of the hand and the long gaze, memorizing footnotes that explain how some professor is scheduled to ask the student-actor if he is ready to take his place on the stage. For my part I whisper words that could be Yes or No or Perhaps, relying for my true answer on the movement of other people's lives, sure that in the course of time someone will make the gesture that will tilt my world in a new direction.