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Representation Liz Waldner

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Liz Waldner

REPRESENTATION

In a bedroom, in any bedroom, in a white room with white curtains, say, on each side of its window like bookends, like bouncers, like the angels with flaming swords at Eden, sit two guys playing guitars. Two guitars. Four women sit in four straight-backed chairs in front of two men with two guitars; that is, they sit facing the window. The curtains billow. The music billows. Notes flutter around the room like moths with no particular star in mind. On the women's faces, the blinds are down. Their worries line them like blinds, like staves. There, occasional notes from one or the other of the two guitars leave a trace like dust from a moth's wing-faint but distinguishable notation. In this way, the women note their songs. In this way, the women compose their faces. In this way, in any bedroom, facing anywhere, everything may be said to depend on who's their, whose their, who's there.