

DIANA HARTOG / The Yellow Chair

Last night I dreamt of your yellow chair. A jazz musician set his keyboard on its floral cushion and pounded away. He ignored the matching hassock; the hassock did not figure into his musical variation of being there. A flowered yellow vase shared the stage, shared a shelf with other props. I woke listening to Bach, the first movement of a Brandenburg Concerto, and perhaps his notes played on the memory: of your living room, the yellow chair, a pile of old *New Yorkers*, and time.