

The Actor Walks In Again

Danielle Joy Golding

Short Story

There I am, minding my own business in my own sector, keeping to my own lot, where our dreams actually do walk, in and out, and actually never stop.

From here I can't see him, moving closer to the counter, can see and hear voices as he converses with the shop manager, I move capitulated.

He has come again into the shop here, where my life and age have become precariously balanced everyday, until done, himself, and my desperate balance of self, I am invaded by this profundity, what desperate view of him, I venerate him anyway.

I am in my workspace, a rarity, what intrusion? What a well conceived visit,

Today, yes thankyou, but I admire him.

Such a brush with fame, as it walks into my line of vision, as it doesn't really touch me, lost,

This character, I hope I've even seen his films his repitroire, for the betterment of the Australian film industry, the Australian intelligentsia, some are actors that gather, patriotism, at best.

We assume the participation of our world, this centrification to the film industry ,

Which year did he graduate from film school? The dramatic institute of dramatic Art?

I can see he is a credit to the industry, I am proud of national emancipation,

And tell pray tell how does he happen to walk into our shop, our opportunity shop?

Humble and local? Into the room and into the mind, as hallucinations walk by in stark daylight on the outside street, horses, spiders, the unnameable.

When the ladies but gasp and smile at him, I am attracted by sounds, but only frown,

But i have patience, and to say thankyou as I see him cross the lines that are barriers,

And there on the television, it is for us, to bear the enfringing copywrite of the corners of my mind, engaging itself in reality.

For a minute I recognize something, the psychic said something, that he wants to send an image of himself? I was flattered and became curious , and that I had said something, social mores that have been cured, there in need there is a connection, somewhere.

And my psychic remains adamant, that he wants to know me or what,

Merely in a minor role at present my grandiosity will later shine, enhanced,

I have travelled far to this day, I imagine or focus on dramatic looks, and on screen presence, he acts, I play, he acts, etc.

Every role is a great move for him, hey , remember Jimmy dean? a similarity? Do you see?

I might have agreed with that when he threw his rags into the shop, then

Regretted and spoke to a group of mannequins, in the denim jacket, we were here as it was said,

The lines to history were read aloud, like Gorky Park itself.

I was attentive to every inch of movement, waited on him in vicitude, and visibility,

A dream an appealing visit? His directions to us to act upon,

What an actor, does and says and discards,

Laughter, it is good for a girl to work, I had just a job had just been employed,

And there was I fresh from college, catching up again on the Scene,

New and breathing from TAFE ?

And as I see he doesn't know me, but I have had, visions again,

Late night acts on t.v., the. crew raid the situation, acts of salvation, and merciful gratification,

I don't need a contribution I am needless , I am just watching the return of Oscar Wilde,

And society, would assume things, I see a dream, another train carriage, on the downtown trian,

A changeable reality? Or just a larger character ?

Into the shadows, as this serves as an introduction, the wealth of the character, figure, whom

I give correct homage,

Practically a Buddha, and the swans among us line up, and the highwaymen stand as well,

An innocuous meeting repeated occassionally,

And expression or so regretted again, our demure ways have prevented us again.

Save me from this deja-vous.