

8:10. Waiting during a 12-hour layover at Copenhagen. There are only so many times you can stroll the short C terminal with my back shouldering the load of the computer bag, my left shoulder handling my hand bag and my right hand swapping positions between carrying and dragging my carry on. Luckily, one of the terminal restaurants featured a window to a world, seemingly secluded within a snow globe during the off season. It's a porthole through which those stranded within an aerial-themed purgatory can watch time fly by.

The clouds drift above. The runways meet hopes as they arrive and observe as some dreams take off while others depart. Waiting, watching through the flat plane of a sprawling hour glass, a bastardized version of Einstein reveals it's irony as the grounds crew crawls through it's weekly, daily, hourly, minute routine of safety checks and balances. Passengers load and unload, sit and wait for the mechanical beast to deposit them a world away as fast as a humanly possible. While waiting, I watch, search for the perspective from which all the lives under this magnifier appear to stir at the same pace.

Waiting and watching, there is a point at which the two classes switch. Nothing moves but the beating heart. Where just before, the plane was stationary, fixed at the gates, the crew sauntered about. But, now, their world turns on an axle. A plane disembarks while the crew watches and waits to commence their regimen anew. The mechanical bird taxis toward the runway as its fuel dissipates upward dissolving the vista beyond into a mirage, creating a portal to a time where the grass is much greener on the other side. Watching, waiting, breathing. One lands, another flees. The attention broken only by bits of conversation that float along the air stream — set sail by other fares who too are obliged to pause, positioned between one knot and the next.

Devices that stifle the urge to sleep are few and far between. Repetition makes it even harder to fight the impulse. The iteration of land - taxi - gate - taxi - depart creates a soothing lullaby, a hypnotic pattern whose inducement is hard to escape. Timeless watching, waiting is an exhausting burden. Eating is a formidable foe capable of fighting the urge. Choosing the cinnamon bun at it's tolerable value was regrettable as it's scant girth was barely two times that of an American quarter, it's quality barely better than hotel conference fare. This bun is certainly unable to annex enough of the time that I am protracted to wait, and watch.

The berceuse is much too strong. My eyes and brain have lost the will to remain alert. My body rises in search for a new toffet and a change of scenery. Shouldering, carrying and dragging, I redeposit myself in the waiting area of the Transferstation, an unsympathetic outfit that refused to transfer me to Stockholm any sooner than approximately 9 hours later.

I realize I haven't escaped the lullaby. The lobby, which had been deemed a apt destination to bide time, has become a hub of activity. One by one, the counteress calls out numbers of those waiting for council. Here, I have chosen to out-wait time where there are no tokens to remind one of the second, minute or hour. But the numbers, as they are called intermittently, but consecutively, take the place of time, however jagged it may be perceived. I am defenceless. Time has withered my resolve. I fall into a quick and paralyzing sleep, if only for a moment.

As my boarding pass bears the weight of time on my person, I awoke with only eight hours and 10 minutes to spare. Until then, I was only aware of the time that this golden ticket will impart it's reward. As if staring at my arrival time would make it arrive any faster, I stare at the printed number: 17:45. 17:45. I can't wait for 17:45. Waiting for 17:45 would be like waiting for

Santa if only I believed he existed. Waiting for 17:45 would be like waiting for the last day of elementary school if only I hadn't already mentally checked out on the first day. Something isn't right. How can I land before I take off? Damn, 17:45 is my boarding time!!!

With a wonkish spring in my disorientated step, I commandeer a place in the jagged space-line continuum at number 52. 49 is at the service counter. 50 is at the service counter. The swift pace excites me. Time, for once, has decided to fly. 51. 51. 51 has relinquished his place for some reason or another. Why? I don't care; I'm next. I prepare to shoulder, carry and drag my possessions to the counter just as two men cut my line. So close and yet so far.

As Number 50 finishes at the adjacent window, I am forced to switch windows. The woman looks aghast at my 12 hour layover and offers an earlier flight. My second visit to the Tranferstation has yielded fruit. Unfortunately, it wasn't an Asian Pear, whose sweetness would deliver me to my destination NOW. But it wasn't a bitter lemon either. This fruit was just sweet enough to supply me with a 2<sup>nd</sup>, even 3<sup>rd</sup> wind, enough to right my wonk. I can wait for 14:30.

Waiting for 14:30 would be like waiting for a toddler yearning to find stable footing at the end of his stumbling path. Waiting for 14:30 would be like having the dip at Nirvana in Solna delivered to the bloodstream by IV.

Waiting, watching at the monitor, I am being teased by the Gates. Every flight has been assigned a gate except mine. Tokyo, Kiev, Turkey... Flights before, flights after, flights concurrent. Every one. Well, there is only one thing to do now. I just have to watch... and wait...