

### Thirteen Yellow Actions in the Park

A June day just past solstice, a day that explains why couples marry this month, hot and clear, passion without the heat of confusion. I meet Marilyn in the park, a willow woman established by a bony frame. She gives me a yellow scarf to identify me. I tie it around my neck, Girl Scout fashion. I am here to see a performance piece she has created; I am the one and only audient.

I sit waiting on the park bench anxious to get the right answer, anxious to be aware and enjoy. Yellow trucks and buses, yellow shirts, shoes, shorts move everywhere through and around trees and bushes.

I hear my name. My name shouted on my lefthand side. Someone is shouting my name, someone knows my name! Then again and again I heard my name, sarah, shouted around me widdershins. I turn, eyes just one voice behind everytime and never see the shouter, never see who knows my name, these people who call me. A celebration of me in the middle of the web of park, then thirteen yellow balloons float through the trees, float away over Tremont Street. I am no longer an audient, but a tree, a park bench, a named object, not an observer in the park. The observer observed, playing my role as observer on center stage.

Time passes. What next? I long for fly's eyes as I never have before in my life. How can I sit still? A moment of insecurity as I long to fidget like a child, but know these voices who called my name are centered in bodies watching me. I want to shout back, say yes, I'm here, now what are you doing?

And then I see it, a yellow umbrella. In the sea of yellow people wearing yellow clothing, eating yellow food and pecking birds with yellow beaks, I see a yellow umbrella. Is this it, is this one of the yellow things which Matter? A thing that is important and somehow different than the other yellow umbrellas in the park? It must be, how could there be two yellow umbrellas in the park today? It's not raining. Is there a Yellow Umbrella Association on Beacon Hill? Do they rent meeting space on Joy Street? A third umbrella appears, on sidewalks converging, all the yellow umbrellas in the park are streaming together.

A boom box blares behind me and stays there: others have moved past. Three women, all in white appear, one of whom I recognize. Sure enough, they pull out a yellow blanket, yellow table, yellow tea set. I am safe, I feel a sense of reassurance and recognition in seeing my friends settle close by.

But what's this? In front of me a woman in a yellow shirt appears with her boyfriend and spreads a yellow blanket. They wear the too-tight clothes of working class teenagers. Does Marilyn know them? Am I being a snob? All I can do is watch and see what happens. "We all live in a Yellow Submarine." It's our boombox! I turn around and see the man slouched on the bench next to it. I do think I've seen him

before, I think he was in the play where I embarrassed myself directing people at the end, I think that was the first time I saw him - what was the name? About Plays? It wasn't the wolf one. My mind stretches back over the blur of Mobius nights.

Other colors have earthbound associations. If blue or even green or black I could speak of the flow of water, the movement of trees. But yellow is the color of sunlight and cowardice, of joy and terror, energy and dissipation. Metaphors of air are rare because unseen, but could prove as rich a ground as those of waves and water with the help of electronics. A yellow ball appears floating above the trees bordering a playground to my right. Then the sphere propagates, particles of energy, seemingly random, but undoubtedly creating trajectories mathematically describable.

The balls float for an endless amount of time; I remember convalescing for weeks. Everyday I went out on the porch and blew bubbles. Irridescent planets that traveled across the street glinting through green fuzz on the trees. Entertainment for the invalid. Some lasted for full minutes never chancing to hit the branches. By the time the leaves made a full appearance, I was well enough to "take responsibility again," to "carry my weight" and forget the joy of floating spheres.

The girl in front of me looks headless with her yellow torso wrapped around the boy's body, his legs sticking out between hers. Suddenly they part and push and wrestle. Then clinch again. It's so theatrical it's got to be faked. I grasp my purse and realize I'm reacting to a derelict walking up the path, he's panhandling for money. I did think it was odd that Marilyn would have women sit here vulnerable for however long this would take. Don't be so hasty, maybe he's part of it! What can happen to you in broad daylight? Oh, he's just young, not a derelict. He's here, he shoves a Polaroid in my face. "Have you seen my son?" he grunts. "No, I haven't," I laugh, the boy in the picture wears a brilliant yellow shirt. And now the tea party is over, the girls pack up and leave to the tune of Mellow Yellow.

Oh, I'm afraid, I don't want this to end. And there is Joan walking towards me from a hundred yards away in the park, from the Point of Convergence of Umbrellas. What is she doing, she's not wearing yellow. A fellow comes sauntering down the path, I barely have time to see him before his bag breaks and thirteen yellow lemons come rolling my way. "Here I'll help," I say, a compatriot now. "Are there thirteen?" He doesn't answer, just looks at me strangely, but I don't care. "Happy lemonade!" I send him off and see Joan walking ever closer, I know she is the end. I sit and feel sad and feel joy in the presence of the bouncing yellow balls and clear June sun.

"Yellow jackets!" a man brushes his head stumbling out of the bush. The bush is the proscenium arch. It's a stage with only half a proscenium. What does that look like? It looks like this. Or perhaps all the verticle objects are prosceniums. But then where's the set?

Joan is close now, but it is hard for me to look directly at her for so long. Something

else might be happening, the play could still last for a long time. But, inevitably the end is visible, my brain quiets, the balls have disappeared. She carries a yellow, no, a golden flower, by her side. "Hello Sarah" she says. "This is the end, please exit the way you came." I feel as if it's the termination of therapy suddenly, that I want a hug, that this process has touched me and how can I just leave without any acknowledgement? I look around as Joan starts to walk away. To my left a yellow umbrella is open and pops closed. I know where to look, and I follow the circle around as one by one the umbrellas say goodbye. Goodbye, goodbye I sing, don't cry you silly. You are so sentimental I warn myself. I have the yellow flower, the scarf. I walk off-stage; awareness of beauty enveloping me.