

### **Music Practice**

When Amy plays her silver flute,  
bulrushes sigh across my pond  
and the lemon-haired reed  
sprawls on the bridge.  
Frogs pause on lily-pads,  
dragon-flies hatch.

Her clear notes tremble,  
skim the trees. I drift  
in a bubble of sound,  
rise through rinsed-clean air.  
The garden below  
is a riot of green.

I look down on my overturned chair –  
a white horse on its back in a field.

**Daphne Schiller**