

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