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