

FANTASY IN C# MINOR FOR TRUMPET AND ORCHESTRA

You didn't expect him here amid silk draperies and life-size classic stone sculpture. Nobody knew where he came from behind the fountains and topiary shapes. But when he turned, you knew he was a trumpet man:

Son of a long, ragged line who inhaled used smoke and applause to blow from bulging cheeks,

and the black case followers, the rolled-up bus riders down the stretched streaking nights, who, closing their eyes saw brass hanging over them, floating easy, waiting hugely to be snatched and buried or at least sabotaged for a night or two of peace and supremacy—who saw it turn to an armored snake in jealous helpless hands, belling laughter on three ribs, tonguing out morning and a hangover in some mispronounced town.

Nobody saw this loose angled one pick it up; the instrument came like quick cell division from his fingers, his tough lip. And the sound began:

Uncoiling slow, coming for us, crawling into our skins, changing the texture of our bare arms.

You know that sound, mama? Nothing so simple as heartbreak, Eili Eili