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# The Fiddler's Trance

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## Floyd Skloot

#### THE FIDDLER'S TRANCE

-after Chagall

The air above Vitebsk was filled with Jews gassed green. From the synagogues and orchards, rubble of butcher shops, from crushed forges, charred barns and wooden huts rose the blues and blazing yellows of the world to come. Red footprints racing nowhere across snow were chased by spirals of dark fire that no one saw in time. Every bird was struck dumb by dawn. Chagall remembered the future before ever leaving home. Yet he knew song was possible. Whatever was true about the sound of night, he would picture one lonely fiddler looming and entranced to find himself the center of a dance.