
Imprecision

In the beginning twenty-three horses appear as a drumroll; they are kicking dust storms up during a gallop, both beautiful and dangerous, across the surface of the Spanish savannah, the sound of sweat rolling off their backs, and the hot whistle of wind through each nostril, heavy and low, like a choir of moving bassoons ... next two eagles emerge, unreal, but melodic and sweet, from that cold silence of ice fields, a rhythmic beating of new wings, and the majesty of their white crowns, as they clasp talons in mid-air-- because this is love-- and they give themselves to freefall ... meanwhile, in the desert, a single cactus sprouts spines, foreboding, the sound of certain precarious rhythms, its harmony of green flesh surrounded by pins and needles ... and elsewhere a stream flows forth from out the shadow of a large rock, the small pebbles being transformed to fish, with fins and scales and everything, under the rush of cold water, the way it's done in music, everything coming to life.

There is always a rumble or a quake, the clatter of tectonic plates; always the short man with a trimmed beard, and the glow of everlasting light in his eye ... who stares intensely at a single page of music scribbled freehand, and even more intensely at a single note, as he stands at the edge of a cliff, waving his arms like a conductor, and smiling ... until from every tree must come a song, and then the first bud-burst, their voices rising in a great chorus of flowers ... storm clouds move on the horizon, and leaves begin to take shape ... feathers appear, and then fur ... birds are called into being, coyotes howling in the moonlight ... there are the dark eyes of Adam, and the inner thigh of a woman, melodic and soft, everywhere the ripple of beauty growing louder, more precise ... except ...

for that one dark note in a distant place, sustained
where a hand, trembling slightly, reaches for an apple.

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