

The Color of Music

by Carl Santoro

"Go ahead, smell the candle."

She raised it to her naïve nostrils, putting them at risk.

For some unknown reason, closed both eyes.

Yes, it did smell like pure linen. It was a worthwhile experience.

"That brings me back to my childhood in Wisconsin,"

she said as her eyes opened with rapid blinking. A smile took over her face.

She put the glass jar gently aside on the nearby window ledge.

Then, almost at the same moment, they picked up their lemonades.

The view from the porch was of a delightful sunny afternoon, with a lone cloud lingering over the huge expanse of fresh cut lawn.

Infinity was visually still unreachable.

After a short, tight sip, Margaret reached down by her sandaled left foot

and turned up the volume on the boom box she purchased at last weekend's yard sale in town.

"Did you see that?!" exclaimed Judy jerking suddenly from her weathered Adirondack chair.

"What? See what?" said Margaret.

"Reach down, honey, raise the volume again. Go ahead. Watch the sky. Watch the grass." Margaret leaned forward, with an outstretched arm pointing out to the landscape before them. "Out there! Watch. Out. There!"

Margaret shook her head as though slightly annoyed at the break of reverie and Judy's unpredictable behavior.

"Okay, okay. Give me a second."

Margaret leaned over. The song, *Wide Awake* by Katy Perry was in progress.

She turned up the volume.

Stunned, they both pulled back into their chairs and gripped the arms. Judy caught a splinter.

"You see?! Did you see that?" Judy squeaked out in a loud hush, if such a thing can be called that.

"I did. Oh my God. I certainly did. How is that possible?"

"Now try turning it down!"

She lowered the volume and they watched as the colors of the entire view before them became muted, almost only black, white and grey. She bent down and, again, turned it up, and all the earth and sky colors became bright and heavily saturated, depending on how much volume she applied. She made it louder. Everything became even more beautifully intense and rich.

"We gotta tell someone. I don't know, call the news channel? The police? Pastor Amos?"

The song ended. The colors went back to normal.

An ice cube cracked. Lemonades were getting warm.

