

Morning Concerto

by Paul de Denus

The morning sun has me set, eyes closed and cocooned, a single engine moving overhead, legato playing in the sky, the light hypnotic hum tipping from ear to ear, surround sound surrounds. Rising, it crescendos, the continuous racket, a buzz saw trumpet riding sharp and growling, slowly fading back to the soft hum. The winds take over as palms clack and rustle, melodic, variation, texture like the overlap clap of an audience, polite. These two timbres play distinct parts, then merge, the circling plane growling, the winds rapidly push away to a hush and through an open window I hear her songbird singsong, 'you want more coffee?' and I'm up for the intermission.

