

Fugue No. 3

by Simon Kearns

SUBJECT

The falcon cannot hear the falconer. The rain comes down in sheets.

DEVELOPMENT

- The falcon cannot hear the falconer, way up here where the clouds roil and the rain comes down in sheets. From up here the fist of the wind can be seen dealing blows upon the mountainside, ruffling its fur of fir trees.

- But way down there, above the tree line, in the heather, comes the maddened hare, path as jagged as the lightning. But even though the falcon cannot hear the falconer, it knows its task, as sure as claws are sharp, as sure as the rain comes down in sheets.

RECAPITULATION

The falcon cannot hear the falconer, whose fist hangs in the air, whose eyes, from fur-lined hood, seek out his feathered will. Down here, among the heather, they wait or run, up here above the tree line where the crowd of fir stand by the fence and lightning illuminates the maddened hare. As the claws come down, as the mad end begins, as the rain comes down in sheets.

