

Sounds

by Tantra Bensko

The sounds grow more coppery, more richly lit. They caress the ears more flavorfully, with more texture.

They shine out of darkness with more chiaroscuro, more boldness. They are waves. They are not nothing. Except that waves are nothing.

They grow fond of a very little girl, with pony tails with fasteners that look like grace-notes. They like the lift, the curve of the arc of her pony tails, as they lift high on her head. The shape reminds them of Ravel. And her ears so more accessible. Easier to please.

She doesn't like Ravel, has never heard of his music. She likes Wagner. The sounds aren't sure she's mature enough to put him in context yet, may be making a mistake, taking in Wagner without the necessary qualifying statements one should make about his politics, his monsterhood.

They try to incorporate a little of Ravel around their edges, the ones where their molecules bump off into other parallel realities, into other non-localities, into other potentials. She isn't buying it. She's tuned in. And she can tell.

"Cut that out," she says. "I know my Wagner. I know this reality. I'm sticking to it."

"But" says the sounds, in their own special way, as they aren't very interested in English. Too bland, too many accents that have destroyed it, not musical enough. They like French.

"What about the French Horn?"

“Cut it out, you. I know that doesn't go there. You changed the works. Wagner is Wagner, and that's in the past.”

“But. You know the future affects the past. The waves go both ways from the present. We might as well start taking advantage of that. Only the young ones and the scientists and the yogis will take us up on it at first. But.”

“I show you waves,” she said. She waved good-bye at the sounds. And that was that.

