

Title: An Almost Composer

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Time: 12 minutes.

Prompt: "the avalanche I feel when I see you shimmer" on cues.

Notes: written in a practice room at Music School. It's also very creepy to feel your bones rocking inside and you aren't moving.

Perhaps it was just the location. A can of Diet Coke on the windowsill. Cream colored walls that can't distract you as you play... The silence of the room and the picture window framing verdant leaves that swayed to and fro. That swayed with the rocking in my bones.

I don't know the keys I touched. Couldn't tell you an F from an A, a D from E flat. I only know the rocking in my bones and the way my eyes leaked treacherous tears. No sheet music. Just the emptiness in my soul and the way this restrained organ ripped at its bindings.

How cruel. How sad. How utterly cliché. To see fingers crossing one another, a discordant bass chord at the next measure. A measure of the avalanche before my eyes when I see your memory shimmer.

A note. Two. No sheet music to fumble my way through. Just the discordant tune of an almost composer. A rocking in my bones when I remember you.