

Flying to the Music

For Dvora Levin

I'm sitting in the Royal Theatre watching Mariya Makarenko of the Bolshoi Ballet leap up into the air – she is leaving the earth's gravitational force and flying high up through space, a huge smile upon her face. I am so jealous – why can't I fly like that?

Me at my computer pops into my head, a picture that shows words flying from my fingertips, making word music, words dancing on the pages. I have a huge smile on my face.

I write, *jete* with the words, *minuete* with metaphors, swing similes into sentences; laughingly, I leap as I plie into wordspace, - I am up high again, and the words fly from my fingertips, fly, as I rise *en pointe* in my mind high above the ground. The smile stays.

Paradigms *pirouette*, parables and paradoxes perform a *pas de deux*, puns polka into parentheses, as I dance. I might allude to allegories, invoke a modicum of innuendo, use a lot of alliteration, fall into a fandango of fantasies.

But then, I might carry a conga line of cacophonous cravings up over the keyboard, dancing a quadrille as each prototype, dancing a *ronde de jambe*, falls onto the page in turn.

A melancholic adagio invades my brain – I fall back to earth, to the desk, to the floor, to find tears in my eyes, tears splashing down my face. Memories flood, holding me low, elevation is impossible. Trapped in a maze of memory, I cannot move. My fingers still. My heart pounds. My eyes weep. I take time. I wait. I sit as my pangs of pain promenade slowly through my person, until that particular prancing desists.

My torso begins to move to the still unheard music of my brain. The inklings of sound reach my ears and more particularly, my heart. My shoulders move now, the rest of my upper body with them, glissading through the air which now parts, annihilating the heaviness, and up, up I go again, fingers flying, shim shaming with a samba of similies, a synecdoche per sentence, the sibilance step dancing to a sarabande, all in my head, and this dance follows my nervous system through my fingers to the keyboard to the page to your ears.

And I am smiling, grinning from ear to ear, because I can fly too, just like Mariya Makarenko of the Bolshoi Ballet.