

## *Jeux d'eau*

Until the quavers become feathers of a fountain, Ravel remains a beast that charges through the room. G sharps and B flats are four times as restless. Phrases unshapely, notes flutter like fish out of an aquarium. Arpeggios, says Martha, must be water, touched at room temperature and without edges. Staccatos are black stones you go inside. You can't jump too high, you must weigh less than the stones. I am nine and here is where wisdom should begin. *Très doux. Très expressif. Très rapide.* I am working on three ways to enter a fountain. I found five. Imagine butterflies in a lightful dome. Imagine clouds a belt around your waist. These are the best two to sustain the flight. To spend the pedal. To betray the title. If only I knew fountains never look the same.