

2022-07-12 An Orchestra to Conduct

She no longer had an orchestra to conduct. Sasha once guided the flying notes up from center stage at the symphony hall, enveloped in skillfully sculpted harmony. Straight from her, they had flown to her mother up in the audience as a tribute.

Now, without mother, without orchestra, Sasha stood alone in the noonday park. Her mother was gone. The orchestra was shuttered 'on a temporary basis,' the type of 'temporary' that was more permanent than anything.

In the far corner of a still summer day, in the far corner of little green park, in the far corner of a once-little city, Sasha had only the pigeons and sparrows and occasional robin to conduct. Alas, they were more attentive to the young couple down the path who were casting out bread crumbs from a bench. There was no harmony to sculpt, no orchestra to conduct.

And so, Sasha listened. She sat and waited against a young sturdy tree, closing her eyes. Yes, the birds were the loudest, an unruly wind section, just piping as hard as they could. But, there was also a percussion of the slowly knocking branches in the tree above her head, counting out the rhythm of a breeze too high up for her to feel. Passersby crunching gravel underfoot offered a syncopated beat. Right on queue, the brass section of car horns blared out to announce a new movement of the spontaneous symphony erupting softly around her.

Sasha raised her hand, unthinking, to keep time and guide the offset beats of feet and trees and cars together for a new beginning. And, slowly, the rhythms fell in place. The woodwind of the chirping birds softened, as the singing strings of leaves-on-branches rustled to a stirring crescendo.

Sasha was back on her conductor's podium, carving out a single theme from the once-discordant orchestra of nature around her. And, she knew that melody flew straight on up to her mother.