

Fantaisie in F Minor, Op. 149

Jaydn DeWald

I believe my girlfriend may be playing for somebody else in the audience. Her face, when lifted, seems to drift toward the middle-back row of seats. However, I must admit that the auditorium is quite dark—the audience is just a bundle of silhouettes—and she could, therefore, be playing for me while looking at somebody else, a silhouette that perhaps resembles me. Worse things have happened. Indeed, once, on a train, my wheelchair got lodged between two seats, and two big porters had to lug me along the aisle and to the toilet. Nonetheless, I think: *Why should I get her song and not her eyes?* For the same reason she gets your mind and not your body, I tell myself. My girlfriend bows her head. I cannot bow my head because she may, while I'm not looking, lift her face to, well—to whom seems to matter little anymore. I must admit that I have been playing with myself again: she will no longer be coming home with me. She will linger on, here, with the cocktail-toting crowd. Her eyebrows rise. Her fingers sprinkle among the high keys. Yet I believe she may know that I am here: I am the only silhouette, after all, sitting in the red-carpeted aisle, pretending to conduct her.