

## *Moment Musicaux*

Pelin Ariner

A gust  
of wind has meaning  
as an apple has weight.

The trees know it. Nothing here  
but the wind rustling past  
like an impresario through a crowd,  
nothing happens but this.

Pine needles twitch on spider webs.  
The cicadas' lassoing cry.  
My man has gone, they sing.  
I raise my voice in tune,  
my man  
my man.

A young girl's voice approaches,  
melodious. I'm faintly amazed  
to understand her.