

## How One Loses Notes and Sounds

The hole in the guitar was the reflection of moon and the body, a lake. The lake shook, the moon shattered on its surface. The reeds that once sang in the wind stiffened. Then all went silent and the lake and the moon and the strings like reeds no longer recognized themselves in the earth. This was my father's body after the Vietnam War and a VC prison camp. My violin was the red earth and I was to fall into her, let her hold and embrace me but I did not know how. She whispered to me but I could not hear the notes over the shooting. The way the reeds forgot how the wind sang through them as the bombs dropped. I think that there should be a happy ending, that somehow she will find the sounds she loses. I am still listening, hearing the notes that the earth chants to me while I sit in full lotus position. Perhaps, the first sound of my father's guitar, of my violin will emerge from my body.