

Prelude

Got betrothed to the piano. I was too young to know better and too old to be good. By the time Lyudmila reached the end of All the Pretty Horses, the other children were asleep and I was sitting up tall and starry eyed. I got to go with my dad to the piano store and try my little homemade medley of Mary Had and Frère. Each hand knew how to do its job before my first teacher gave me stickers and erasers shaped like books. Before I knew which numbers were which finger, before they slid unthinking into E-flat, effortless such as I'd remember and wish for my whole life after. That what was hard turned automatic. That any song could start on any key, change and transposition would be acceptable as long as I wound up home.

