



I keep having these nightmares and I think I know why.

Candles guttering in the deep, yawning dark, throwing a light across the strings or the scroll.

Across the laquered body.



Blind, held close, the bow drawn across to sound the first note.

A slash of silk brushing slowly over skin, like the frills of a passing deep-sea fish. A scent of limes.

I get to thinking that this is the worst part, the part just before it starts to hurt...

And then...



...then I am
played and it's--

--truly awful it's
not my voice that
makes the sound--

It's my bruised ribs,
struck *col legno*, hit
with the bow and
not the hair--

It's my welted skin, the
jete strokes, where the
bow bounces again and
again in *ricochet*.

And then as the
music intensifies,
sautille, *tremolo*,
bariolage--

--then it
is also my
voice.

And there's a pain
that is beyond all
imagining,
beyond *sanity*--

--and I
weep--

--because I
don't want it
to end.

*TALK IT OVER WHILE WE
LOOK AT ALL THE PRETTY
TREES. CALM EVERYONE...*

GOOD
NEWS. SOLID
MONEY.

I WAS OUT AT
THE STAR. GOT
TAPPED THROUGH
BARNEY.

YOU REMEMBER
BARNEY? SET THIS
BUTLER ON ME. HAS
THIS GREAT SETUP,
VERY RICH, KINDA
WEIRD...

WE PLAY
BLINDFOLDED. SOME
KINDA BILLIONAIRE SEX
PARTY. THEY SAW IT IN A
MOVIE, WANT TO BE
THOSE PEOPLE.

WE'RE SET
DRESSING AND
THE SOUNDTRACK.
A NICE STRING
QUARTET.

NEVER MIND. WE
PLAY THE PIECES FROM
MEMORY, BUT I KNOW WE
CAN DO IT. A LOT OF MONEY.
WE'RE GONNA MAKE 'EM
HAPPY, THEY'RE GONNA
WANT US BACK ONCE
A MONTH.

