

LOVE BUGS

I settle in at my piano and reach for the nearest music book, a collection of Debussy preludes. It opens itself to the third prelude, *The Wind Over the Plains*, but before I can even attempt stretch my fingers out the notes fly off the page and swarm over my head as a cloud of insects. My girlfriend in the next room hears the fluttering sound and calls out, "Hey, what's going on out there." I make up a hokey story about static from the radio when remember that I don't actually have a receiver in the piano room, but she accepts the explanation without further question and turns up the volume on the TV to drown out the noise which grows louder by the minute.

I grab another music book, a collection of Chopin Nocturnes, and try swatting the little beasts out of the air. A pair of winsome triplets lands on my nose and stings me, perhaps accidentally, perhaps in self-defense, but it hurts like hell.

"What's wrong now," my girlfriend yells out in response to my cussing.

"Nothing at all," I say, watching the notes from the Chopin nocturnes flutter from their pages and mate with the Debussy in mid air.