

## What Ignacio Heard

The fugue does not contain the theme and breaks apart.  
Strings snap. Fingers cramp. Reeds crack. Rosin melts.  
Bows bend past playing. Revolution sets the hall on fire.

The audience listens without moving. They notice that,  
besides the clamor and the burning, the theme survives  
the initial cataclysm and hovers among the stars.

Later, a single guitarist, content to play alone,  
sounds out the theme in midnight notes and  
dreams of it all morning.