

Cadenza

One *and two and three and four*—the barrage of bass and baritone buzzes through the air whilst the timely and gracious swinging baton invites each successive breath to fight for the beat.

Two *and two and three and four*—the roaring and tangy heralds heard from the horns clear the path for the song's golden thread, like a spear piercing the air.

Three *and two and three and four*—note after note, octave upon octave, the trumpets brag, beaming melodically above the collection of sounds like a lighthouse, guiding the orchestra to calm flowing waves.

Four *and two and three and four*—the booming drums bargain with the now overworked brass bugles, bolstering the beat and starting *the* timer.

The violin is propped up against the side of my neck, poised and ready to assume full control, to pounce on *its* cue and to sing solely in a capturing *cadenza*.

Five *and two and three and four*—she, with her saxophone, stands, closing her eyes as she falls into the bliss of the instrument's seductive siren call.

Six *and two and three and four*—the saxophone, with its player, bows, savouring the crowd's applause as the spoils of its musical conquest.

Seven *and two and three and four*—the full force of the orchestra is unleashed upon the theatre, cutting the clapping short and signalling a frantic last glance at my entry bar.

Eight *and two and three and four*—now, the audience assumes the force, it pools behind the conductor, prompting him to meet my eye, wishing me luck in my lone embark.

Nine *and two and three and four*—the chinrest meets my face, making a characteristic slight creak and then submitting to the band's newfound silence.

Ten *and two and three and four*—my bow glides across the first string, the fine yet ferocious force imbued now in nothing but my violin's soulful stream.