

## How to Be Alone with a Flute

*Will Reger*

Do not think of your suffering.

Release it  
through your breath  
into the flute.

Let your fingers lengthen  
or shorten the air flow,  
make it live, speak  
something real—

if only for a moment:  
that moment when a deer  
fades back among the trees

that moment when a flame  
flickers in and out

that moment of a heartbeat,  
finite, irretrievable.

That moment when a pure note  
cuts through silence—

and your pain eases  
back into its wilderness,  
beats its time, flickers out.

That moment I call joy.