for Chris

here—significantly, smiling
Mt. Auburn Hospital in Cambridge, MA
2 June 2014
Then with both hands [Milo] made a great circular sweep in the air and watched with delight as all the musicians began to play at once. The cellos made the hills glow red, and the leaves and grass were tipped with a soft pale green as the violins began their song. . . . As Milo frantically conducted, the sky changed slowly from blue to tan and then to a rich magenta red. Flurries of light-green snow began to fall, and the leaves on the trees and bushes turned a vivid orange. All the flowers suddenly appeared black. . . . Seven times the sun rose and almost as quickly disappeared as the colors kept changing. In just a few minutes a whole week had gone by. At last the exhausted Milo, afraid to call for help and on the verge of tears, dropped his hands to his sides. The orchestra stopped.
