

# burgundy velvet

Stephanie Sepiol

Stepping into the practice hall late in the afternoon,  
years of someone else's memories precede me. A sparkling beam glitters unto stained, ivory keys; I live the legacy. Clothed in velvet robes, I hear them. I feel them. I can feel the music—the moments in the touch of silken sleeves, the weight of stitching on my shoulders, in the echo of artistic passion as it dances through my mind. I am home.

