

Grigio

One of forty, one of a kind,
he plays. His chest heaves, slide-arm
reciprocates, hand
of a steam engine.

Sound flows and dances
like a child's finger over the surface
of a pool of water, the room
crooning with the voice
of harmonic motion, loud, low,
growl intense as a roar,
grim, commanding, a dying king.

Leave me be. Leave me be, he sings.
Bitter, this lonely melody.

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