like violins

she was like a violin
distant
from the other
chords of time
    an urgency of time
insistent pleading
kept continuing
    like a purple color
    have you seen
chartreuse notes?

“A bundle of nerves”
her mother said
and pulled back the curtain
to observe
    the falling snow
to anticipate
    how the seasons were changing now
    so suddenly….
and then
    were gone….

I remember as a child
    playing in the back yard
    with imaginary horses
they were white horses
    I remember that much

“A bundle of nerves”

when she would play in concert
she was herself
   a violin
do you see what I mean ??

a gypsy violin
with castanets
   I mean

yes
a dangerous life
   it had to be
stop signs on every corner

sight unseen
she went here and there
in anticipation of the rest…

bright lights and long dresses

I might admit
to that
   and the applause