

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