

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Schubert as Pure Event**

By David Landon

I understand the physics, sort of, but  
this music that they make—these virtuosos,  
some ninety of them up there all in black,  
with instruments of tempered wood, tight gut,  
taut skin, silver, and convoluted brass,  
ready to coax, ease, scrape, blast, lift,  
at a wand's wave, great Schubert out of ink—  
what is its secret source, this miracle  
of prestidigitation, panoply of sound,  
instantly nowhere, everywhere, like light,  
luminous pandemonium, sublime,  
gratuitous, rejuvenate, and glad to be?  
It almost seems some unborn bit of us,  
stirring within, wants to come out and play.