

Sonnet Scroll

Saturday Afternoon Music By David Landon

The Balcony Cafe: New York's Metropolitan Museum

“Scatter my ashes now,” he softly shouts,
sipping, and listening to Rachmaninoff,
the suite for two extremely grand pianos,
and four extravagantly brilliant hands,

his gesture, too, extravagant, as he,
in solitary celebration, sits,
feeling his residue of soul release
in loose, exhilarate arpeggios,

a prelude, surely, to the ultimate—
these notes, these secret possibilities
of wood and steel, so deftly hammered out
by fingers fluent as the speed of thought—

the latent oscillations of the self,
loosed into being in the heavenly air.