

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Caprice

By Dzvinia Orlowsky

1.

Approach a piano slowly as if it is a horse. Ease off the padded cover so as not to startle or scratch beyond its initial shudder to the one small tug.

Lift the fallboard, open your music.

2.

If your imagination fails the horse, try meditating on milk poured from a slightly lipped pitcher, pooling into your body thick as blood.

3.

Stand at a precipice. Listen to what sudden swarms of musical notes have routinely warned you:

Sometimes a melody line snaps like a pencil Other times, like fireflies it appears  
out of nowhere If you pedal Schubert too much, he will  
sound melted . . .

4.

Failing the hooves, the short pulses, the milk souring on your breath, close your eyes. Try instead a variation:

Approach a piano slowly as you would a lover. Ease off the heavy cover to expose long curves.

5.

Admit it: you are not a pianist.

Try not to flinch as the droves in sharps and flats recede to their hives.

Your imagined lover greets you in silence,

the room's clock duets with its mechanical hands.