

To a Lady Musician

Seeking her light in darkness,
Her hands holding soft measures in a touch;
I watch her dissolve through glass,
Shivering in her gusty notes.

Her instrument is unnecessary;
She would make more noise just standing there.
Our eyes catch like burrs again and again
In the pounding interim dark of shades.
Glances to make words redundant.

Others are free with her, in free moments,
Their hands trying to coax a tune out of her.
This is all wrong. I understand music
Better than they.