



The Little Clavier

Each poem is a miniature
makeshift piano; they're all
tuned slightly differently,
a bit beat up, perhaps,
with a few misplaced,
broken strings,
but it's the best we've got;

We do not play, but simply
push the pedals down,
sitting quietly,
listening to the strings
resonate or sing,
giving back
voices
hidden within the marvelous
sea of chaos
that surrounds us.

*(Photo: Life, May 17th, 1937 10 cents: Fragment from
center fold; no photographer mentioned.)*