

When Callas Last Sang

Hers was the perfect instrument, so said
reviewers. Lavish public praise and love
were fuel for the music life she led
where splendid voice and skill go hand in glove
with travel, fame, an elevated scale:
a white fire--such as men could not resist
on stage or off. Sometimes she would regale
them all with riddles, leave them cold, unkissed,
unsung to. What is seen with eyes, the heart
may not record in depth, nor does it last.
But Callas, waning, kept the flame of art
beneath all surface visage, prime then past.
Vibrato of the spirit's secret places,
the lightning of her sound still lit our faces.