

DUET

Melody in a minor key lays back the bristles
of discontent, tunnels inward
like a threading screw, lodges
in a hungry hollow, not echoing and fading
but beginning at the top, playing through
undiminished then playing again, spiraling
into my sleep. Next day, next month, it comes
unbidden, grooving deeper the dusk behind my eyes.

So many times I found myself homing on guitars
on dark beaches, winding blue harmonics
into midnight waves. Or halting the dial
on a chord, never making it to the ten o'clock news.
Even following tipsy tenors bringing some unknown aria
to a tremulous denouement on a street corner.

Tonight you played Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Grieg.
Improvising, modulating, filling my spaces
needing solace until my sympathetic tines
trembled like aspen gold.

Gone from the piano, I finally found you
in the milling party crowd by the voice I was sure
was yours. Repeating my offered name,
your tourmaline and lavender notes
resolved those wind and water passages waiting
in my secret vault for a theme. Already
we're composing the concerto's final movement
together.

--Glenn Holloway