

RECORDINGS ON A WINTER'S DAY
(Beethoven's Sonata #3,
A Major, Op. 69)

John shook his head.
No Beethoven, he said.
Just listen, dear,
I say. See what you hear.

Old snow is gray
Then light begins to play
Between the mounds,
The cello's waking sounds.

As sun informs
The morning, passing storms
Reveal new shades,
Kaleidoscope brocades.

Small patterns rise:
A fingering for size
And texture, savored
Solo, almond flavored.

Still independent,
Curving or ascendent--
The piano joins
With rays of light and coins

New silver notes
For lilting anecdotes'
Repeated sheen
That faintly flows with green.

The premise blends
And pairing vision wends
Behind our eyes,
A mutual surprise.

(cont.)

II

Scherzo light's electric,
Blue fluorescence banking
Off the melting snowman.

Tune atumble, teasing,
Feathered wingbeats touching
Smiles we had forgotten.

Melody suggested,
Almost uninvented,
Mixed with our harmonics.

White holds all the spectrum,
Every color equal
Like these last two notes:

Destined, stubborn, waiting,
Balanced on a sunflare,
Unforgettable.

III

Such a brief adagio
Prefacing finale's song;
Time for only ah and oh
Brightness pledges to prolong.

Snowshine multiplies and pairs
With our elevated mood
Like a hundred mirror squares
Ending winter's lassitude.

Lush the strings and ripe the tones,
Bowing cross-responsive strands
Bonding with our blood and bones.
Suddenly we're holding hands.

Keyboard hands pour out each chord
Complementing the entire
Composition's planned reward
Born in silence to inspire.

Glad repeats and gold replies
Swathed in duets unsurpassed
Strengthening each other's ties,
Making music that will last.