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Concerto in E-Minor

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Concerto in E-Minor

Lindsey Cherry

I could have said my hand is a map.
An old, unfading scar marks the place
where I live. I could not find my way
home except to follow the dark river that
leads to the Bay.

I could have said my cousin is
a guide through Montana. He can not
use his hand as a map. His veins do not
flow from the same source as the river.
A black bear squats by the bank, dusting
his claw through the silt, spearing fish
with ease, and my cousin casts a rod
while the fly paints a shimmer on the surface.

Or that I saw smoke from the fire before
I fell in love. I have never been in love.
But I saw sparks fly upwards
making their own constellations in the summer sky.

And that the wind is lost.
When he finds his mother, he will be still.
Tonight I listen outside my window and wonder
if his mother is as pretty as mine, no,
if she is angry sometimes.

I find it relaxing to listen to Bach
and think of others who understand him too.
Mozart makes me smarter, and E.D. wrote me
in her poem about light. Pleading,
Virtue; never leave her.

I could have said my life is simple,
and I play the violin.