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# Music Teacher

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## Music Teacher

Ocean blue eyes, silver hair, bright red sweater engulfed with cologne  
"Hello, Queen Mary, are you ready for the tortures tonight"  
I smile and head to the antiquated mauve chair  
Heat engulfs the room, I slip off my peacoat.  
Piece by piece I assemble clarinet  
He asks if I'm alright, too hot too cold, need anything  
I say I'm fine, he smiles  
He talks about his latest performance, eyes illuminated  
music is his love affair.  
He strides to music shelf, Mozart, Schumann awaiting  
He gently picks up saxophone  
"I've got this new piece you just have to hear, it's incredible. Just don't mind me,  
I'm a bit rusty."  
Clear fingernails create rapid arpeggios subsiding into  
translucent G  
creating  
sweet melody of sunsets, rainbows, promenades through the forest  
I glance at his serene face, and notice his expanding smile  
I didn't think it could get any bigger.  
He soon crescendos into the untamed waters of vengeance, battles, and sins.  
I glance at his cluttered desk and see photographs:  
uniformed sailors WWII,  
he isn't smiling there.  
The untamed waters lapse against the shore,  
leaving poignant tones  
that have survived the parties, wars, money, friends  
behind.  
He plays a G the music ceases,  
the journey is over.  
He remains,  
eyes glow brilliant blue  
A couple seconds go by,

"How did you like that"

I glance around his room:

Dickens, Fitzgerald, numbers, phone books, paper, philosophy books--  
no space anywhere, completely full.

Even outside, footprints surround newly planted lilies.

He is incredible.

*Mary Wisniewski*