

Her Tender Tune

She seemed tenuous, taciturn, tired
Her sullen soul
Engraved in my mind like an inscription
On a plaque, irrevocable.
She was the one to avoid
When picking partners; a lost bear in the Arctic
She sat alone
Day after day, with music in hand,
But nothing to play, not a sound
Escaping her brackish body, mute.

One day after school, I heard
A piano, coming from the theatre
I slipped in through the back and stayed
In the shadows, hidden.
Bass chords supported the right hand
Melody, what a beautiful melody
Ringing, vibrant, impulsive, delicate
I felt content and took a seat
My heart listened to the tender tune
Then I saw her face, I saw it was her
And my eyes
Opened, as if for the first time.