

## Recital

the pianist sits down  
hands run across the keyboard  
arpeggios racing just like  
water over pebbles  
bubbling and popping  
leaping above obstacles

so effortless and fluid  
the sounds caressing my soul  
tears well up  
wetting my cheeks  
falling onto my lap

impossible to escape  
the monotony of tears  
of pianists warming up  
of streams and winds  
of cold returning from the arctic

polar lovers never lose the waters of life  
their tears stick to their cheeks  
preserved for the moment  
until a heart needing heat flows south

where love drains away beneath desert sands  
and we wear white lilies to remember  
the first death waiting inside our hearts  
longing that neither goes away  
nor comes back  
the pianist's agile fingers  
have dug a furrow inside me  
and he was only warming up