I've played a song
on out of tune
pianos for too long,
searched for words
with minimal success
and understanding,
passed all the tests
but lost forever
juvenile sonatas and
the suckling music
that I fought to bard
on borrowed instruments.
I chose not to rile
parental expectations and
now the streptococcal child
and weary mother
are the objects
of my fantasia.
And of my parents
one is dead
and the other visits
here and watches
musicals and sits
with my children
hearing words of songs
she never really knew
or listened to and she likes
to watch these offspring
sing and dance unbridled
and I recall
when I was raised
and I see a child
whose joy for resonance
was minimal compared
to when he saw his father
smile and praise the
way he played a role,
faithfully pursuing a
desirable and worthwhile goal.