

House of Music

Opening the front door of memory,
he steps easily over the blue petals
her guitar spills in greeting
across the black tile floor.
When her plaintive song states
he's been gone too long, too long,
and asks him why he treats her so mean,
he gently says: Not now, Babe.
It's been one hell of a day.

Hanging up his hat, he notices
the exotic scent of red cedar and roses
coming from the den.
A new raga must have sailed in
on the tramp steamer.
The sitar's sympathetic strings
harmonizing with the birthing sun,
red and swollen, cradled in a tropical sky.

From upstairs, just for a moment,
he thinks his kids are home,
then realizes it's the clarinet concerto
capturing their peals of joy, bouncing on the
bed, and sending soft pillows of notes flying.

Turning into the kitchen,
he scoops up the tabby and a can of tuna,
her purring blending with the gravelly voice
down the hall – a voice like the open throttled bike
he rode, leaning into the corners of his misspent youth.

Putting the cat on the counter
next to the sink, he stretches
to crank open a window
and let in the wet night air.

That's when he hears her sweet angelic voice
effortlessly climbing Jacob's Ladder.
Looking out, he sees her. She winks at him,
picks the golden apple from the upper branches,
and mischievously pitches it
to the fallen angel, below.

