

Think of It

—how musicians hold sound
inside their heads

how they rev it up, pour it out—
a temperature inversion

blasted into the balconies.
What if you could see

Rachmaninof's *Variations*
shimmering before you,
Ed Meyer raising havoc
with Giovanni Bottesini's

Concerto in B Minor—
music made *at this moment*,

tweaked from the beard
of the man with the violin?

What if you could see
the fat notes rising, rowdy

corpuscles careening
through the veins of his arm

and into the concert hall
—a tapestry richer than

anything Croesus owned.
Woudn't that change your life?

Think how music slides into
our bodies. How it funnels

down through our intricately
folded ears—how we

cradle it deep inside—
and when the concert ends

carry it out into the rainy streets:
a hot front rising.