

Claire Playing Brahms

Beauty is a Janus,
and life is her domain.
Like Latin god, she bears two faces –
one is joy, and one is pain.

I saw a pack of bandit crows
ascending in a cluster tight –
in frenzy to attain the sky,
they screamed and flapped with all their might

Till suddenly the great wind chose
to let the creatures ride his back.
They swooped and scattered easily
as ashes – feather specks of black.

Seeing how those frantic wings
in hovering commotion,
were poured across the morning sky
was beauty; it was joy in motion.

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Music floats beyond her room.
Gently now, the keys unroll
an aching, tender melody
that twists and wrenches at my soul.

Sweet notes touch human suffering,
forgotten dreams that millions had.
Please stop! I can no longer listen.
It is too lovely...and too sad.