

Another Driving While Listening to Verdi Poem

Overtones set up sympathetic vibrations,
in any string tuned to resonate
at the proper frequency.
Today that is my nerves.
The music tingles up and down my legs,
my arms, my spine, penetrates
my heart and deeply
beneath my scalp.

An undertow can suck you in.
The waves of music crash against me,
pull with all their power and
I am dragged down
without the strength
to resist.

Sometimes a car drives itself,
which is a good thing
because at this moment
my mind happens to be
centuries away, buried
in the living tomb
with Radamès
and Aida.

Steve Bloom
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