

Moonlight . . .

. . . streams into the room
through my open radio—
sounds of a sonata:
right hand of the pianist
caressing each arpeggio,
the left constructing
a gently rhythmic
scaffolding of chords.

It is, I tell myself, the simplest
of musical ideas.
But listen well and you will realize
how Beethoven takes us
on an unexpected journey
of harmonic progression
where another composer
might have traveled
a less meandering path
and thus reached a completely
different destination.

Here is genius, I tell myself:
surprise embedded in
simplicity.(and wonder
whether I might find a way
to write a poem based
on that approach,
someday.)

Steve Bloom
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