

Old Friend

Turning on the radio
I'm in the middle of
a symphony, anticipating
every note before it sounds—
like seeing a familiar face
quite unexpected in a random crowd:
fitful moments searching
for a name I'm sure I know,
or knew back when, and then
. Beethoven.
Once placed such pleasure
in this unplanned rendezvous, old friend,
there's nothing else to do but sit
and listen 'til the end.