



Elegy for an Abandoned Piano

This would be easier if I knew
something about you. If, say, I might
recall that summer the twins
learned to play Chopsticks, how they drove us
crazy, night and day. Or Great-aunt Sally, her
ragtime grin as she tucked into
her favorite Joplin tunes. Or spring
recitals at Miss Webster's dance studio.
We're strangers though—
you, a piano abandoned
in the weeds along a country road;
me, a person walking by.

If only they had left you upright,
not flat on your back, foot pedals pointing
at the sky. (Why did they unscrew your legs—
afraid you would run away?) Upright,
you might welcome the company
of chipmunks skipping across
your keys, a robin pecking out a little tune
to pass the time.

Tempted to bring you home
like a lost puppy, I think of you in rain
and snow, ice tendrils winding about
the strings of your harp.
I imagine your sadness, because
we—all of us—yearn to do what
we were made for. Perhaps you still vibrate
to coyote song, the call of owls,
the tumble of a spring brook.

May you rest, not entirely in peace.



CATHERINE TUDISH
Corinth, VT

Sponsored by
BRADFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY

21 South Main St.
Bradford, VT
802-222-4536
bradfordvtlibrary.org