

I WAS LISTENING, FRIEDRICH

Juan Carlos Trujillo

Just now I stood by a bridge
At the dark end of night
From within there came a song,
A sudden gift, it swelled
And shrouded my subconscious.
Ancient thoughts, lights, music—
Blithely, I flew out into the moonlight.
My soul—an eighty-one-note keyboard
Touched by invisible hands
Played itself a life-laden song
And trembled with wanton happiness.

Was anyone listening?