

MARK SULLIVAN
Barcarolle

Chopin, Op. 60

The music slides into itself
like something made only out of pouring.
Notes lap notes; the pedal's down
so ingots of air glow soft in molds.

A forest's like this just as the sun
hasn't risen. Gray shadowless place
whose silence is the rustling of scores.
And then the twilight crowds with tuning.

The left hand wills a rocking line
where boats keep company all night
against the docks. Like schools of shimmer,
the right's tune magics the harbor lights.

How is it Chekhov knew whole lives
in pages? Barely eight minutes here.
Love's not, he notebooked once, the middle—
it's prelude and past, if anything.