

# Untitled

Jesse Forbes

Your mother's piano  
A bit of music  
As in all else  
My hands falter  
Fold at the thought

Nothing is meant by this  
Other than your dark eyes  
Other than your stare  
Other than the weight of your small hand  
Set upon my own  
The bell of your laughter  
Troubling the bones of the melody  
Which was low  
And near to beautiful  
Save for the pause  
Apart from the pause  
Which was then  
And is now  
Both verse and chorus  
Of my undoing  
Of my misstep  
Of the slow and graceless unfolding  
Of that which is within

(I should like for you to hear me  
trail from whisper to nothing  
quieted by the folding of your hands  
like a cathedral  
over and about me;  
making a hush to fall)