

## Rêverie

While you play Debussy for me  
on your 88-key Roland I see  
a closed garden in temperate rain  
a nymph in passionate reverie

Bells from a drowned cathedral  
toll the afternoon office  
for a nude congregation forever chaste,  
still as stone in their sanctity

Shy but curious, pubescent,  
born again from his labyrinth,  
horns still in velvet, a faun  
hides in the topiary, his eyes

unblinking green as rain-washed leaves  
catching the last slant rays of the sun  
searching for the source of the resonance  
that seems to inform the pensive nymph

notes he can't reach on his syrinx  
phrases as lithe as her glistening limbs  
tones that caress her fluent curves  
where she plays among the fleurs-de-lys

What creature is this, he wonders, that fills  
the green world's gathering darkness  
with old ivory moonlight  
in cultivated garden beds

And then, soft diminuendo  
in lieu of resolution still  
whispering between my ears,  
to open my eyes you tell me

the Roland, for all its digital magic,  
can't transmit as well as a grand  
or sensitive lover the subtle touch,  
the delicacy, of fingers on the keys