

## “The Mouse in the Piano”

Hers (or is it his?) is a new  
and remarkable music,  
played out in the morning darkness  
in the darker piano,  
waking us up at two and then three  
with those tentative notes  
struck with mallets of straw  
or the stems of leaves,  
but not upon the strings themselves,  
oh, no-upon the wooden case,  
releasing the intimate chords  
from the grain, a music  
kept hidden there in secret  
for more than a hundred years,  
played now with perfect  
concentration, but with little respect  
for the old piano itself,  
as if it were little more  
than an apple barrel  
or a bin for flour  
through which the silvery strings-  
a great abstraction  
dumb and human-  
fall all night like moonbeams  
through the lifting dust.