

# Maria Fresta

## LISTENING TO THE VIOLIN PLAYER

Whoever told me  
music was the purest art form,  
must have known  
I would listen to you one day,  
and just as this has no words,  
so I have no word  
and cannot find the poem  
to give a shape to you and your music.

I have only an image of you,  
hair hazing into white yellow  
against light in a darkened room,  
absorbed face,  
hands in delicate mastery,  
fluid yet strong on the violin.