

Mark O'Flynn

STRAVINSKY RE-EXAMINES HIS OPTIONS

But through the crack of light
in the bedroom door,
time dissolves and he sees again
that lost empire. Mamma has gone
to her room, his brother
snoring softly in the next cot,
the candle flame tall and thin.
Sometimes at night when he coughs
he sounds like an old bugle
full of saliva; some malevolent oboe
echoing from the ice of the windows.
Moths beat the lamp outside
in the street. The sibilance
of a straw broom on flagstones.

He would like to
write a symphony of breathing,
complete with the bedsprings
and the farts, but his cold slippers
are beneath the bed
and at this time of night, at his age,
nothing would condone such adventure.

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