

The Room Next Door

the piano next door could be slightly out of tune,
I don't know, I am not blessed with such a fine ear;
but I can see the curtain that hangs over the doorway
gathering dust like memories, or the way an old woman stoops
and reaches to pick the most perfect flowers,
laying them delicately side by side in a woven basket
that she carries in the crook of her arm;

memories and the sweated scent of the young girls
who have brushed past that curtain time and time again,
brushing by with their minds clear and their limber legs longing
for the stretching and the raising high on the very
tips of their toes;

the piano next door could be slightly out of tune
but I wouldn't know; I can only hear in the melancholy notes,
in the loose floorboards giving beneath the magical weight,
the ephemeral weight of an irretrievable pirouette,
the sound of someone's youth, the sound of the dust
gathering in the folds of the curtain that hangs
over the doorway leading into the room next door

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