

NINE A.M. PIANIST

by

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English Senior

At nine A.M. a boy plays the Knabe piano
in an upstairs room
of an old college building
where students still come and go.

A girl sleeps on the corner of a gray divan,
her auburn head tipped back
a small round mouth opened as if to scream,
and I wonder:

 In her dreams
 does she hear the boy play his Mozart
 and Brahms over and over at nine A.M.

When an autumn sun slices its way
between long salmon drapes
that touch the ivory tiled floor,
stained-glass cathedral lights
hang like pendants
from a tall ceiling.

 A boy performs
 for a deaf
 fall morning.