

Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia (Moonlight Sonata)

Leah Belknap

Pulled slowly
A velvet thread from my fingertips
Sustained and woven
Into night's gaping belief
That morning is a deaf sister
To the sounds of twilight

Underestimated is the power of language
Not of the tongue,
But of the air itself
It is walking alone in the pregnant pause
Of the night

Moonlight is enigmatic
As the man who left
Without a letter why
Yet, explainable as the feeling
Of touch

Broadcasting this reverberation
Is a distortion of sound
A diffusion of waves
No one can hear the rests
The mind's agitated skipping
Creating of a shadow
An endless undulation of slurs

No, it must be played
When the moon is ripe
And the sky is a dark paint can
Of dusty rain clouds

Music is to be absorbed through the fingers
Not palpable enough for a definition
But acquiescent enough for a dance

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