

*Piano tuner
singing at the grand,
the strobe is nestled in the works,
singing back
with lights that freeze
in answer to a perfect pitch,
(or wander. . . He reaches
for his wrench and bends the wires
to an airy match,
a cat's paw of perfection
on the strobe box face.)*

*An octave now, from habit.
His ear demands it.
Then, in the hollow of empty seats
he straightens on the bench
to try some Chopin*

*(the dial still winking
through the song at each harmonic,
pricking the arpeggios)*