

double need

the irrelevant thing is

i used to play
the oboe

the indescribable thing is

connecting body to object in calloused hands
bring the double reed to my lips
b l o w

the irreplaceable thing:

there is nothing beautiful about the oboe

bodily obsession
fractured fingertips scatter disjointed up crackling keys
rattle foundation under our bare feet

the baroque period is a playful broad. she's got heavy hair pinned in
victory rolls atop her head. pleated sleeves drag along her slick
marble banister. she likes chivalry, spontaneity, orange scones with
sweet tea. dislikes: lace collars, swan songs, *piano*.

have you ever heard me play
the oboe?
no one here has heard me
play the oboe

i let it sit closeted, collecting bitter dust
time is wearing my expensive embouchure
into a loose lipped grimace

anyone who says the oboe isn't the most tiring hobby is lying,
i grumble
squatted in little plastic chairs laid out by the overactive parents on squeaky gym floor

over her nightly happy hour, she admits she's too flighty for love.
"just won't be satisfied," she shrugs.

i find myself drawn to lit candles, bent tarot cards
purple rugs under curled toes
mugs of sharp tea, iridescent bongos, shattered notebooks

there's always been
M A G I C
at my fingertips

tasting colors
feeling smells
underneath my scarred fingertips
so much more now

where has the music gone

the oboe is the lay-it-all-on-the-table poker instrument of emotional expression. it is the dagger digging through organ mazes. it is the dying kiss of requited lovers. the miss you until i forget the sound of your laugh along train station marble. the bullet ray of sunshine scalding in the eye of the hurricane. the battle cry of a woman on the nursery floor.

the irredeemable thing is

i can't play the oboe forever
there's too much to give and i'd just

keep giving