

K.V Skene

Pianissimo

In the small hours
when no one else is listening

you feel the shape of your hands
as your fingers open

empty as the house
when your mother is not home

 is nowhere
she can be touched or spoken to

and you in your second-best dress
cherry-red sandals

alone at the Bechstein
flames playing over your hands

even as you hold note on note
her song

dying. It is beautiful
and so are you

with your pupils wide open as mirrors
the music inside beckoning.