

## Nocturne

The piano sits upright  
living room centerpiece

Evenings,  
we children in bed  
she lifts the lid  
relinquishes endless tasks  
to play Chopin --  
sometimes songs for us  
but always Chopin

Memories flow from underground rivers  
as fingers glide along the keys  
She yearns to skate free  
over ponds unobstructed by snow, fences, signs of 'thin ice'  
waltz across the Waldorf Astoria ballroom  
where her mandolin youth orchestra once played

Mornings  
night chords are tucked  
tight under the lid  
with the voiceless keys  
while she dusts

Ellen Ryan  
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