

RECORDINGS ON A WINTER'S DAY  
(Beethoven's Sonata #3,  
A Major, Op. 69)

John shook his head.  
No Beethoven, he said.  
Just listen, dear,  
I say. See what you hear.

Old snow is gray  
Then light begins to play  
Between the mounds,  
The cello's waking sounds.

As sun informs  
The morning, passing storms  
Reveal new shades,  
Kaleidoscope brocades.

Small patterns rise:  
A fingering for size  
And texture, savored  
Solo, almond flavored.

Still independent,  
Curving or ascendent--  
The piano joins  
With rays of light and coins

New silver notes  
For lilting anecdotes'  
Repeated sheen  
That faintly flows with green.

The premise blends  
And pairing vision wends  
Behind our eyes,  
A mutual surprise.

(cont.)