

THE POMEGRANATE LONDON



Stories, essays
& poems on
artists

Terzetto in C Major, by Antonin Dvořák

—performed by the Soloists of the Kronberg Academy

Inside the concert hall six men
on a stage simultaneously
draw two-hundred horse-tail
hairs coated with rosin,
attached to a stick
made of Pernambuco wood,
procured from a forest in Brazil,

across sheep gut
strung taut
to seventy or so
shaped, planed, glued, varnished
pieces of spruce, willow, maple
that make up each violin,
viola, cello,

and as a sculptor uses a chisel
to release the figure
within a block of marble,
these musicians wield bows
to transmute black notes set down
on white paper in the year 1883
by a man with a beard and a deep
crease between his eyes, the first
of fourteen children born
to an inn-keeper, also a butcher,
who played the zither,

thus bringing forth a presence,
not statue-solid, but fluid
like a genie or a smokeless smoke
that flows into our bodies,
causing the gleaming black
bald head of the man in front of me
to bob with each plucked pizzicato,

while the music students
at the end of our row tap fingers,
lean forward, drink in
what humans
are capable of making,

Amy Gordon

Serenade ALINA MAKSIMENKO

