

## NOCTURNE

There is a blue city in mind  
constructed slantways

along a rippling canal,  
clean and unpeopled but for a musician

who plays a harp without strings.  
The city has one chair

where he sits by the broad strokes of water.  
A lone streetlamp casts

a blue arc of light.  
A Persian door. A zeppelin sky.

The world filters through  
his empty frame as he plucks the air.

Maybe you hear a song or maybe you don't.  
That is the choice we are always making.

Jennifer K. Sweeney  
*How To Live On Bread And Music*  
Perugia Press, Florence, MA 2009