

Orchestra

Bryan Ferry

Phrases that walk over me
Seem to do so
When I want them to the least

In a crowded auditorium, a voice says:
"Without your tools, you are rendered fabulous"

The curtain's hanging
More compelling than the stage
The conductor is a good one, I believe

The musicians are let out in advance to talk
Act natural, roam around
The stretching of the legs in ties and tailoring—
A holy quality

Chairs
Fixed to the floor
The youngest violinist
Wears a shirt with a cinched waist
Looks out remorsefully from it

There won't be a dry eye tonight
Says my neighbour
Spreading out in opera glasses
Wielding a programme
Impeccably printed

Spit falls upon it
As she bends the back page
Around the spine

A distant ringing followed me home
Mouthpieces
Lit curves of the curtain
The royal blue curtain imitating velvet
The silent drapery
With the capacity to fill us—
You, me

Through my eyelids
Bursts of the performance
Seem to bloom
Like a bruise in low light

The window's open
I've been wide awake
The heat of the room now gone
My sneakers, now washed
Hang by their laces