Concert in the Old School Garret  
(played by Gideon Klein)

White fingers of the sexton sleep heavy upon us.  
Half a century  
Since anyone as much as touched this piano.  
Let it sing again  
As it was made to yesterday.

Phantom hands that strike softly or that thunder.  
The forehead of this man heavy as the heavens before it rains.

And the springs,  
Under the weight of excitement, forgot to squeak.  
Half a century it is since anyone as much as touched this piano.

Our good friend Time  
Sucked each figure empty like a honeybee  
That has lived long enough  
And drunk enough honey  
So that now it can dry out in the sun somewhere.

Under the closed eyes, another person sits,  
Under the closed eyes, he seeks among the keys  
As among the veins through which the blood flows softly  
When you kiss them with a knife and put a song to it.

And this man yesterday cut all the veins,  
Opening all the organ’s stops,  
Paid all the birds to sing,  
To sing

Even though the harsh fingers of the sexton sleep heavy upon us.  
Bent in his manner of death, you are like Beethoven

Your forehead was as heavy as the heavens before it rains.

*Anonymous*