1966

Song

Don H. Peterson

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DON H. PETERSON

SONG

Oquendo, Oquendo — lover of lyre,
   liver of life,
   honored by harmony—
   so pale, so sad,
   so frail the scent of a flower bears you down.

Where now the music we heard?

Oquendo, Oquendo — so pale, so sad.
   La música:
   heroic, of the critical casts of history.
   La música:
   black dots on paper,
   chords on a black piano,
   and the songs the world sings.

Rodrigo, luminous guitarist of subterranean dawns . . . .
Bartok, egghead, their of tunes for cerebral passion . . . .
Beethoven, thunder illuminating the chasms of life . . . .
Mozart, egotism in flood, rolling forever in Arcadia.

Opera singers with breasts like eggplants.

Stravinsky, the puberty of hot tomcats . . . .
Debussy, the gramophone needle of the rats . . . .
Wagner, turgid load of stones and mediocrity . . . .
Schubert, whose every belch was melody.

Music which communicates.

Gluck, Bach, Ravel,
Chopin, Gershwin, Verdi . . . .
   all lived for her alone.

Oquendo — so pale, so sad — ay-ay!

Así será mejor para el olvido.