***Ekphrasis: Singers***

*Rehearsal of the Pasdeloup Orchestra at Cirque d’Hiver* (art by John Singer Sargent)

A swish of music

In the west

Goes round

And round

To the east

Splatters a

Sound into

The small

Crowd

Back in the west

Back west are

The rows,

Some empty

Listeners some

Listening

monochromatically.

From far away

It looked like

A crowd holding

Signs as they

Marched down the

Steps of a

capitol.

They were shades

Of gray and

Black yet they

Were

Surprisingly

An orchestra.

So lively and

Colorful I expected

Them to be painted

For music is

The loud attention-seeking

Protest the one

That literally travels

Through the air

In waves.

Waves

That’s

What the

Rows of

Seats looked

Like, the

Movement of

Music traveling

Through the

Audience.

Just takes

A circle

Of people

To make

Something attractive

Only a

Few shades

To build

A landscape.

My

Thumbnail

Is

Traced

In

A

Similar

Gray

Color

By

Something

I

Touched

Earlier.

“How’s it going?”

I raise it up

(Like a sign)

In triumph.