

K.V Skene

Pianissimo

In the small hours when no one else is listening

you feel the shape of your hands as your fingers open

empty as the house when your mother is not home

is nowhere she can be touched or spoken to

and you in your second-best dress cherry-red sandals

alone at the Bechstein flames playing over your hands

even as you hold note on note her song

dying. It is beautiful and so are you

with your pupils wide open as mirrors the music inside beckoning.