

Epiphany

by Tom Frazier

I was talking about Keats and beauty and truth
when I glanced out my Imperial College classroom window,
seeing Royal Albert on the Gore and gold Albert in Kensington
before noticing concert buses and rubber-necking tourists
standing in the car park, taking it all in, awe-faced as usual.
Then, my eye was caught and my watching moved
to a wall of student flats across the way, life in only one.
A crystal vase of fresh roses stood in the lone window.
A bowl of red and green apples sat mid-table,
surrounded by a half empty wine bottle and two glasses,
all fighting for table space with reams of sheet music.
Then, like Botticelli's Venus on a half shell, she came,
oblivious of her admirer, lost in her own world,
dressed in concert black with hair rolled high before the fall.
Her eyes closed, she placed her handkerchiefed violin
under her chin and let her bow glide itself across the strings.
Her window was closed, so I could not hear the notes,
but I could see their worth in a face at peace with itself.
Finally, I knew what Keats meant,
but could I tell my students waiting so patiently.