

# *Minuet*

GARY J. WHITEHEAD

Its keys as yellowed as false teeth,  
the piano I imagine my father's mother owns

loans its antique shadow to the den's  
forgiving light. I add strings beneath

the aged wood, blow dust from lace.  
I seat who I remember at a matching bench

beside a portrait (make it French)  
whose agate eyes look from a familiar face.

Ninety now, I make her only as old  
as grandmothers should be. I make

her sit my father on her knee and say  
what she could never say. It's a cold

thing I build, an instrument of ache.  
And this is what I make her play.