Some Less Well-Tempered Claviers

John Grey

This thinking is not all solitary.
Sometimes I take music along.
Johann Sebastian Bach,
you're on a kind of leash
as I drag you in with me.
Here's hoping the closeness
of the brain cells don't
stifle your gifts
or close contact with grief
sour those Apollo rocket
cathedral notes.
I only appear to be on the couch
with stereo playing.
I'm really wading through
the swamp of memory
and what's happening now,
all I've put behind me,
stuff that needs doing.
Not ideal for an organist
but a fugue's a fugue
whether it's a keyboard
or confusion playing it.