

# *Mozart*

B.Z. NIDITCH

You came to me  
early  
like butterflies  
in my secret universe,  
your miniature  
staring at me  
on the piano  
as a new companion  
not to be missed  
even on snow days  
when my life  
plays you  
for an unending friend  
sad or humorous,  
an escort  
in feverish love,  
even when blinding  
and aimless  
like flakes of snow  
during parental storms  
I sight read you  
pleading for recognition.