

Mud Minor Mass

KEVIN WALKER

Even Johann Sebastian Bach
had to fake it through the mirk
on merciless days,

clavier keys arthritic and
sick of his touch,
the gleaming machine of his mind

stuck in neutral.
No God in the mud.
The angels of his process

skulked like street orphans
and threw rocks at dogs
too damaged or old

to outrun
one dull man's
failure and lost time.