A Cellist’s Lament
Kendra Preston Leonard
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A bar and a line,
the phrase moves higher
fingers that once climbed to beauty
no longer take well to wire

Long and brief hours
clear thickets and mire
hands that once crafted glory
no longer take well to wire

An instrument sits in its case
falling to wood for a pyre
the heart and the hands that burn first
no longer take well to wire.