The Harpist Enlightens

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The Harpist Enlightens

The harp
is the ultimate perfect metaphor for life
says the harpist
his cheeks rosy with devotion
the music shining out of his face.

I’ve spent a lifetime
discovering the parallels
says the harpist
all the while picking and plucking
at slim strings strung.

and in the times when I was so angry
I forgot who I was
or so sad
to the same effect
I had a geometry to return to
says the harpist
his elbow obtuse for a distant deep note
then collapsing acute
for a tiny trill.

it is a great comfort to me
that the world will sit in my lap
when I let it
says the harpist
as he lets the familiar scales
of love and transformation
and youth for the old
ring and ripple out.