

City Song

He slouches into the hall,
broken, grimy, worn and empty,
ignores the slurs and signs
on the walls.

He rests on the broken bench,
leans to balance its three legs.
People pass oblivious to the brown piano
player.

Neither man nor piano have a name,
both rubbed off long ago
by the turned head of indifference,
by the touch of time.

From the ivory keys worn down to wood
stumbles a tune,
hobbling on broken strings
once taut.

Missing a note—
Missing a meal—
nothing,
if there's still a song.

by Lewis Caskey

Broadside

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