

Who Knows,
By Hamish Roberts

Who knows what that cello is?
The crafter, studiously, meticulously constraining
Metal to a hair's width,
Wood to a polished wave, shaping
Air, inside and out;
Elasticity, vibration, resonance
All hanging in the balance
Wind could dance on its strings
Like a monkey typing Shakespeare

Who knows what that cello is?
The player
Collapsing their minds around this...
Singular task, collapsing
All their study into this
Singular moment, drawing
Blood into every part of their brain:
A hodgepodge of evolution,
Reptilian, mammalian, human
So often vying for primacy,
All flattened by that delicate stroke
All dreaming that sustained, honeyed note

Who knows what that cello is?
The listener, barely aware...
Music floats up the stairs, embellishing
Thoughts, images, memories;
Disappearing behind, then
Eating the moment and all its meaning
from the inside out
Unfurling the rainbow hidden in a
A single stroke of bright, white light

Well, the deepest knowledge lies in
The crafter when they play, in
The player as they listen
In the listener as they learn.