

1998

## upon hearing monk

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upon hearing monk

his fingers flee fast  
 about the bright white sea  
 of single song-teeth;  
 pluck, pull, prod in this way and that—  
 my mind flickers fast like  
 the dripping candle that shows him the way—  
 return with force fast again,  
 and sweetness.  
 they sing softly of smoke-filled  
 clubs of past,  
 the stage lit in  
 dim haze, he's  
 flying solo tonight,  
 together  
 all ten strike.  
 and my foot can't help but dance.  
 my head sways, smiling  
 to him.

—Jamie Kijowski '99