

Spring 5-1-2006

Romance in F Major

Donna Pucciani
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Pucciani, Donna (2006) "Romance in F Major," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 26 : No. 2 , Article 9.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss2/9>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Romance in F Major

Donna Pucciani

Finished. Everything has gone well.
 The piano has rippled like raw silk under my fingers,
 catching the overhead lights in its ivory weft.
 The hand of the violinist is hot when I take it
 and we bow together.

* * * * *

The coolness of the keyboard, Beethoven's
 low-to-middle ground, carpets the quiet hall.
 I strike an "A" for the fiddle's center of gravity,
 and begin, setting a pace that swans could swim to.

My right hand octaves are sure, dark in their legato,
 my wrist rounding the phrase, pulling the keys together
 in a loose knot that ties itself up right where it began,
 my left hand groaning its low-down love,
 struggling for propriety.

The violin enters, his back to me, all shoulders and elbows
 wielding the bow. Muscles hunched in a black coat,
 he empties out the memory of F major, his left wrist
 grabbing the sound from nowhere and leaning into its vibrato.
 Curved fingers climb the bridge, spider-like, webbing chromatics,
 spinning pure Platonic song.

I drop back, giving him room for the low notes
 that sing less sharply in space, not tossed over his shoulder
 but placed carefully like marbles on the sloping lid of the grand
 to roll off right into the palms of my waiting hands.
 So goes the Romance, every note perfect
 in its classical restraint, clean-cut, the pitch a gift
 of perfect harmonics layering like a pearl in an oyster.

Until the recap. Suddenly he is sweating
 under his starched collar, his bow tie and bib
 crushed hot in the spotlight, the body of the violin
 gleaming under his chin. Vibrato becomes
 gypsy trill. One note seduces the next until,
 lying on the forest floor somewhere on the outskirts
 of Vienna, he is possessed by the soul of the master.
 I follow. Demonic fire meets deaf heaven's wings.
 Inferno melts Paradiso until ivory and wood
 have merged in the dark, coupled on the shore,
 and, hand in hand, walk into the roaring sea.