

**After Listening to String Quartet Number Eight**  
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Shostakovich, dark water in the sink,  
shadow in the street lit-up  
until it's gone. Dear Mr. Hot Room,  
watch for the mirror-witch for your fantasy,  
accuse the cold white weather for dragging  
her dress too long through the month.

Fat-heart Dmitri, writing songs against a willow,  
empty your feather pillow in the shower and scream,  
then dear thick-glass Dmitri, unload your sorrow  
into the black space, bring on the rotten orchid petal  
pedaled from the heavens, bring on your muse:

heavy singer, merlot lover,  
wannabe jumper at the bridge,  
untangle that knowledge into a quartet,  
squeeze out that old cloth in the brain,  
stop blackening the already blackened fish  
of your invention.