

Where Bach Takes Me: Concerto #5

On the strings of the harpsichord
I return and settle in
to the off twang of f minor's
deliberate and steady sounds.

The notes play me back
to the plain convent room
where I practiced Skaters' Waltz
and found a place for my internal rhythm
and a certain joy.

It happened here in my girlhood
of plaid wool uniform, white blouse and beeny
that I knew I needed more
than home and school and hopscotch
more than the Virgin Mary.

It was not without effort to go the distance
of the keyboard over the black and white
the mesh of major and minor,
it brought an escape
and a return

like the music this morning
traveling back
forty-five years.

Susan Florence

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