



LEONARD TRAWICK

Dear Mother and Father

Your grandson made his Christmas list today,
Which I wrote down and solemnly
Sent flaming up the chimney.
"How does it get to the North Pole?
How can they read the ashes?"
"Don't worry, they know what you say."

K.'s at the piano now, flirting
With that two-hundred-year-old pedagogue
Czerny, whom she works to please like no one else:
In the middle of a devilish scale
He'll trip her with a sudden twist—
Both burst out laughing at the joke.
What can it have meant to him, scratching
Down all that discipline and dance,
That he'd make such delight
So many lifetimes hence?

This news, this question, I send you in smoke.