

Symphonic Sympathies

In my greatest moments of peace, I hear a symphony
playing through the peripheral space
that connects my memories and my senses.
In the years before our destruction
I would continuously beg the question
“Can you tell the cellos are out of tune too?”

The amphitheater had enough trees to provide shade to
ensure we'd only sweat at the haunting sounds of the symphony
during their summer season. The empty patches of grass around us made me
question
if you intended on leaving me ostracized in space;
a lost piece of the cosmos, another icy comet of destruction
to a small amount of domain. Ever since

I picked up a pen, I have been committed to create my existence from my own
sense
of self. You knew that too.
If I didn't know better you were my undoing, aiding in destructing
every positive narrative I had made about myself. It's why I went to the symphony
so often; to take up space.
If I did or didn't, at least I finally stopped asking: the question

became irrelevant. It wasn't until I decided to leave you, despite your questions
that you have been asking ever since,
was I comfortable looking out at night to space.
My favorite writers had done something similar, too,
the words mean too much to share and so they're destroyed,
and the poets sink into drink with Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

I heard that one in Berlin, after I stopped believing love would fix me; I only have
sympathy
for my past existences and the reflection I see in bath water. I question
everything I ever taught myself to destroy
and let my senses
take over: roses, bergamot, a drop of rancid blood, too.
I consume everything on Earth because it's barren in space.

More attractive planets call my name out in space;
so did the concertmaster in the fourth movement in Berlin's symphony
at a tender mezzo piano. From sheet music to
my seat in the balcony I never questioned
why I heard my name. Besides, I have sat in the balcony ever since
my father took me to my first radicalization of letting music destroy

the parts of myself that get lost in space and leave me questioning.
My destruction of my past selves has come peacefully, in a sense,
where I'm learning how to let go and be at one with other symphonic sympathies.

—Amber Alexander