

Stuart Friebert

FROM HER BLINDNESS

Clap your hands, Miss House said,
and we obliged. You may stamp feet
if the force goes that way, or rap
your desks, but don't leave the room
to wander about the halls while I'm
playing, understand? She began with

The Pilgrim's Chorus: Love
to the men of old, their sons
may copy their virtues bold,
courage and...

Each note as if mailed to our houses,
until we promised to stick with them
for good. Once, she took us to Chicago
for Faust by bus, and sat next to me.
Her hairspray almost made me choke.

I'm reading her obituary now, which
my sister sent. 98! Lived alone till
the end, no "sword in hand" because she
put one in ours. Courage, courage, she'd
pound her fist when we left Chorus for
math or Greek or physics, in an accent
no one could imitate. Not yet at least,
it's been so long till our voices rang.

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