

Pablo Casals Plays to the Wall

What a fine wall, ancient I would say, of a church,
and the large stone flags are alive with the light
that plays on an old man's bald head.
The head of the cello nestles his neck.
I see his back and his poise.
He plays to the wall, this man
who could fill a concert hall twice over.
He plays, then, for the joy of it, there,
where only the angels come, one
by curious one, stirring the air.

DAVID SCOTT