

*Thelonious*

The tones like nothing done:  
a thump, a slant lift, planks

of ivory opening, closing, sunk  
behind: the rumble of a stone

caught in the clutter of a creekbed  
under water's rush: the crooked

passage that a flood can settle:  
nuanced tread, asymmetrical

ramble only he could muster  
from the backward drift of fingers: chords

part Ellington, part the end  
of melodious as we know it: weird

time striving, wayward mind  
trilling to the ground.

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