

Oliver Rice

ANY SUBLIMATED LOVERS

All who are unable to remain alone
and content in their rooms,
think of Hector Berlioz that night performing
his *Symphonie Funebre et Triomphale*.

Any who have been diminished by astronomy
or the dailiness of the years,
who are allergic to restless ironies
or the uncertainty principle,
think of Berlioz conducting, as the story goes,
with a drawn sword, brandishing, thrusting.

All who from their predicaments
watch the implacable systems,
any upon whose psyches the paradoxes
and the platitudes have settled,
whose angels of destiny have crept away
into the fatuity of things,
think of Berlioz, at the end, flinging himself
upon the timpani in a seizure of weeping.