

"I send greetings to Nannerl," Leopold Mozart wrote from Milan (12 Dec., 1772), "and a message urging her to practice hard and to teach little Zezi conscientiously. I know well that she herself will benefit if she accustoms herself to teaching someone else very thoroughly and patiently. I am not writing this without a motive."

ON THE ART OF PRACTICE

We must all have a quiet place to practice, Zezi.
Even the daughter of the *Zuckerbäcker* practices
in the bakery. Afternoons when the shop's sold out
she swings the door's "*offen*" sign around and takes
a plain brown violin case from under the counter.
Squeak! Squawk! Sh-h-ht! Papa's sleeping—
the early riser, the floury mole stirring dough in the glow
of the oven, Papa, the sweet tooth king, lies upstairs,
rolled in a feathertick. Ruuuuup! he snores. In they go.
Cakes and breads. An hour later, Ruuuuup! he snores.
Out they come. Money for violin lessons.
Decorated with chocolate and sweet cherries,
glazed with maple. One day the daughter
wants to be a virtuoso; the shop, a salon
of spindly chairs. During prolonged, difficult,
sour cadenzas customers will savor,
with mincing bites and licking tongues,
Papa's sugary petits noirs.