

Three Poems · *Stephen Dunn*

THE FALSE MUSIC

The false music, so sonorous,
behind the overly sweet impulse,
ah yes, Miguel, the invocation
of the exotic to smokescreen
the insignificant, I know it well,
I who have walked up the mountain
at dusk to experience the especial
ennui that comes when one thinks
of books instead of the life that fills
books, why even the insects
were mocking me in that silent way
they all have as they go about
their crucial work, which is one manifestation
of the real music, try to hear it,
a live thing attuned to how its body
impels it forward, leaving a trail
the rest of us cannot help but follow,
oh Miguel, when they told me
that the only authentic Flamenco dancers
existed in the caves of Granada
I went there, and I must tell you
they were magnificent, those dancers,
clicking and stomping in ways
that made me trust there's a long
sinewy muscle between cunt and heel,
cock and sole, but when I left,
elated and thoroughly spent, one man,
a Spaniard, was saying to his friend,
not quite, a little derivative, you must go
to this cafe on the outskirts of El Rondo.