

RONALD SIMON RUBIN

Onset

“A Thing of beauty is a joy, forever”—
Written by my father on the inside cover
Of my copy of Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata—
Stared at me from the rack on the piano.

My hands rested, neatly folded, on my lap.
My father’d sat down in a chair to nap.
I hunched on the bench, looked at the keys:
White and then black and then white, again.

The piano kept silent as a dead beast.
The keyboard hung—a dead weight—at my waist.
I shut the black cover over the keyboard,
Locked it, stood up, dropped the key in a tray.

I closed the cover on the Moonlight Sonata,
Gazed up at the moon through the window.