

# ALONE ON A RAINY EVENING: A Romanticism Update



by

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circa 1970, New Orleans

Mozart's Quintet in G Minor is adrift in my room,  
The repetitiously surging intonations advancing through  
Unending pauses and starts to that flurried silent coda  
Into which I hear and peer.

I want to lift from the ground and float among it,  
Swimming in glistening drops of sonorous prismatic wet,  
Imbibing through my faceted crystal eyes,  
The hazy tones of violet-red and purest blue.

I deftly measure each elusive wave of sound,  
Fast-fingering the coded abacus beads,  
Slowing to caress their ever so rich digital patina,  
Speeding to strum each wavy elusive sphere,  
Suffusing the air with such mad melodies.

I pace off eighty light-years of luminous white,  
Fence it with posts of sturdy anti-matter,  
Plough up the void and sow those quantum-leaping photons  
Into neat little rows of deciduous blackholes.

In the darkness I imagine the wondrous symmetry of  
That other universe into which they upward grow.  
I roam the dark clouds like a high white hawk  
Chasing melted snowflakes and fragile omens.

Whirling as an impious fascinator toward a hot country  
And that lone badlands' slope where whenever  
One glances even for an instant from the alluring visions,  
The music ends.