

## peace piece

*Patrick Friesen*

rain comes down that sparse night rain in october you feel  
the sad rhythm of fall  
not sad not quite an irregular rustling in the leaves as if  
something might be alive

your mother playing “traumerei” on the piano and singing you  
into dream with “wiegenlied”  
you remember that desire to sing to meet the need in her  
voice to find the words

it’s a trap of course there’s not a damned thing you can do  
but reach for the notes  
what you want is to sing anonymously you want to sing as if you  
are the voice of the world

now you listen to “peace piece” thinking it’s rain on the leaves  
inside your head  
thinking there’s not a false note there’s no presence outside  
the playing and no player

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*Patrick Friesen, author of numerous volumes of poetry, including, most recently, Blasphemer’s Wheel (1994), St.Mary at Main (1998), and Carrying the Shadow (1999), lives in Vancouver. “peace piece” is from his forthcoming collection, entitled the breath you take from the lord (Harbour Publishing, 2002).*

you imagine his hands hovering over the keyboard anticipation  
what is held back  
what is released his fingers thinking to the bottom of the note  
what can't be sustained

yes it's rain on poplar leaves on a wooden bench rain on a  
shed's tin roof those variations  
it's a falling of rain and you're inside it and no it's not his song  
it's never his song

and this touches on what matters doesn't it not how you think  
about the clearing but how you enter  
this is about how you live here your mind moving without  
thought in this home