

Perfection...Time

Yesterday a sheet of Mendelssohn
Lay sanguine upon the table
A song and final staves surrendered
On the brown and faded paper
His gentle flowing hand
With every letter note and line
Of perfect symmetry.
Below the signature, lively, full
Carriage and horses were sketched
And people waited for a journey,
This little German song, the pen and brown ink
The journeyman Time broken by Perfection.