Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia (Moonlight Sonata)

Leah Belknap*

*Iowa State University

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Pulled slowly
A velvet thread from my fingertips
Sustained and woven
Into night’s gaping belief
That morning is a deaf sister
To the sounds of twilight

Underestimated is the power of language
Not of the tongue,
But of the air itself
It is walking alone in the pregnant pause
Of the night

Moonlight is enigmatic
As the man who left
Without a letter why
Yet, explainable as the feeling
Of touch

Broadcasting this reverberation
Is a distortion of sound
A diffusion of waves
No one can hear the rests
The mind’s agitated skipping
Creating of a shadow
An endless undulation of slurs

No, it must be played
When the moon is ripe
And the sky is a dark paint can
Of dusty rain clouds

Music is to be absorbed through the fingers
Not palpable enough for a definition
But acquiescent enough for a dance

Ginsberg Revisted
(The Halls of Science are now filled with gossip)
Nikki Rains

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by television. Overfed, hysterical, marketed, clothing-labelled.
Driving themselves through the white-washed, gentrified streets at dawn looking for a good deal.
Emptyheaded.
Disembodied voices yearning for the next newest burst of technology, disconnecting from nature and the great beyond in the machinery of modern life.
Who moderate wealth and disposable and hollow-eyed and high sat up consuming in the unnatural fluorescent brightness of shopping malls lying across couches in suburban townhomes clipping coupons.
Who sold their souls to wall street under the skywalk and saw Blagojevichian devils staggering on ‘the american dream’ - dismal.

Nikki Rains is a 23 year-old former-trainwreck turned citizen-scientist. She spends her days eating tomato sandwiches, hoarding records and reading books about the human condition. An Iowa native, her favorite authors are Tom Robbins, Ken Wilber and Woody Allen. One day she will be David Bowie. Look for her other writings in the Ames Progressive magazine, the walls of bathrooms, random scraps of paper on the ground and in your local dumpster.

Leah Belknap is a graduating senior in English Rhetorical Studies.