

## Lovely Thing Suite: Knots

Watsky

What a tangle  
What a strangling knot to be caught in  
To be exiled here  
To be stuck in Berlin with Vienna so near  
Yet so far from the Emperor's ear  
What a strange and impossible sum  
To be old while to still be so young  
To have sung before speaking a word  
To be heard  
To be hailed  
Then to fail  
To be done  
To love but to be so naive  
To trust and to be so deceived  
To mourn, forlorn, to be torn from you  
Scorned for another who suffers no grief  
To curse God, seeking lightning  
And to still be ignored  
To hide in this room, now too rich to afford  
To hear armies of creditors bang at the door  
Always yelling for more  
And to have nothing to sell that could help  
Except for the Steinway that sits in the corner

For Arthur it all came too easily  
To learn the scales in every key  
To play the etudes and the suites  
The nocturnes and The Fantaisie  
To master the sonatas, minuets, and symphonies  
To seek the truth fits and starts  
To strike the middle F like it's an arrow through the heart  
To wing the right hand like a dove (the peaceful flutter of a dove)  
And with left a violent shove (some moments will demand a shove)  
To needle gently yet relentless with a steady foot upon the pedal  
And to clench the iron first inside the velvet glove  
To learn to whisper and to scream  
(the whisper justifies the scream)  
To let each yearning finger breathe  
(no, nothing lives unless it breathes)  
To burn, to worship, to mislead  
To pose a question with a pinky on a key  
To flee, to fight, to bleed  
To float in air  
Nothing solid underneath  
To rap those heavy knuckles on the gate to heaven til there's nothing to  
Achieve, but  
To go retrieve the length of cable hidden in the cabinet  
To metamorphasize the twisted rope unto an alphabet  
To lay the lazy C upon the shabby wooden floor to rest  
To send the end across the top and bend the C into an S  
To curve the tail beneath the S to turn the tangle to a B  
To hug the wretched root around the fibers suffocatingly  
To wrap again to wrap again to give the coil seven loops  
To penetrate the yawning hoop  
To tug the loose appendage through  
To yank the knot until it's ready for the job it's got to do  
To toss the braid above the ceiling beam and to affix the noose

To bid adieu to all of you until there's nothing left to do but  
Climb the chair  
To cinch the collar  
Find the edge  
To step into the air