

Frank De Canio

Satie's Gnossiennes

Stop probing open wounds with slinky treble keys. High-strung tones cluster like bones on your forlorn keyboard. Their ivories are skeletons in my heart's closet. Those are suicidal notes, salt to sores. They're hushed conversations drawn from a dying patient. How can you be so sweetly clinical? Or is it cold outside, and droplets of rain freeze your saccharine prescriptions to frost? My lesions sting while they're cauterized by wide harmonic spaces that hide poor prognoses. Their hushed petitions sweeten even as I swoon. And I'm in love with caustic loneliness.

Disarming Germans

Though I moved courteously to the side
of the street to let the family pass,
they seemed with cool impertinence to bide
the patient demonstration of the class I showed.
As several children made their way
ahead of cell-phone toting Herr und Frau
ignoring me, I scarcely could display
more than a stern-faced arching of my brow.
This look, brooked by the eldest of their brood –
a dashing Fraulein trailing the brigade –
was parried by her with such fortitude,
she rendered me a scoundrel to her blade.
I understood, as I resumed my pace,
that self-examination was in place.

Serviceable Duo in a Restaurant

Once Angela was docile and demure.
She waited on the tables, poised to brook
my culinary cravings to ensure
that I'd be deftly served. How fast she took
away the plates and bottles left behind
my meal! Now that Patricia waits with glee
and au pair leanings, Angie's not inclined
to spend as much time looking over me,
but seems determined that her child be raised
to independence. Pat's now motherly
instead. And since her understudy phased
her out and seems intent to smother me
in love, poor Angie has the thankless role
of parents forced to exercise control.

Frank De Canio was born & bred in New Jersey, works in New York. He loves music of all kinds, from Bach to Dory Previn, Amy Beach to Amy Winehouse, World Music, Latin, opera. Shakespeare is his consolation, writing his hobby. He likes Dylan Thomas, Keats, Wallace Stevens, Frost, Ginsburg, and Sylvia Plath as poets.