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The Prelude in c minor opus 28, #20

J.P. Karch

The Prelude in c minor opus 28, #20
woke me in a cold sweat
and induced me with vicious pangs.

And I whirled around, unbounded
dancing furiously, slipping like metal to magnet
toward the dimly colored window

to watch her - the ghost - swirl 'round
the frigid, grayed, loathsome bells
spinning around outside.

Sunset died.

They

rang,

dang,

dong

outside

and rippled through the hallowed hall of my soul
ripping away the artistry adorned there.

Then it halted,

and left me, in my hollowed hall

to listen, painfully

to the toiling of one solitary piece,

an old, angry piano.

A slight windy mist

whirled outside my home.

The bell tinned silently about

A stray dose of alcohol

found its way through

the narrow passage of my throat

Then midnight crept in
a milder mood of life
I slumped upon the couch
the crystal archways glowed blue
to the rising of a stark moon.
Later the silence broke
In a midnight storm,
the bells began once more their wearisome toil,
I shrieked,
the horror of my yell shattered a window-pane
The bell pounded again,
 then grew
 softer,
 milder,
 smoother.

Around three,
My chamber glowed with sunlight
as I lit a solitary candle.
I clawed the sheets from my bed
and crawled across the room into the hallway,
and there stood the horrible instrument;
it began to play a timeless melody
the action hammered the string,
and the bell smashed once again.
Then a few quiet hours settled in,
and I ran back to bed;
I slept a comforting slumber
until morning's glow fell through my shutter;
She began to tinker softly in the other room.
The bell broke out again,
and furious chords flew through the hallway,
night began to fade,
the cock crowed,
and the monster died.