Mnemosyne

Emily Grosholz

A musical black hole, like some enormous bellows
Breathing animus into the pipe organ of space
Unlike Bach's polyphonic organ in the Leipzig
Kapelle,

Sings in the oval rills of the Perseus Galaxy Cluster
Two hundred fifty million light years away from us,
Two hundred fifty million years ago, but whether

Past or present hangs on how the reminiscent soul
Decides to reckon time. At fifty octaves deeper
Than our true middle C, it plays only B flat, a singlet

Theme for a B minor mass that no one ever hears,
But we still hear that mass performed in Bach's
Kapelle
Days after nine-eleven-one, not to applause but tears.

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