# Whistle Rhapsody

## The Fiery Furnaces

Whistle rhapsodyThe isolated lady
An isolated old lady
A dignified dame who keeps her own counsel
In love with the out-of-the-way
Identifying with the unfamiliar
Contemptuously turns her back on the wicked world
With its vulgar delusions and correspondingly
Scorns its regardOur lady alone
With her scarf over her head
And her pricey purse over her shoulder strap
Wonders up at the heavens
And for yesterday yearns
The days of oldOften, she surrounds herself with
Like-minded bluestockings
And together they regret the dear beloved
Simple folk struggle with their own confused
Concerns, stillBut she puts her pity on pause
And withdrawn from the delicate
And uncorrupted by the crude
She resigns even her/ own
Designs-
Then all at once
Brings in a breath
Purses her purple
Her honey-black lips
And lets loose a high
And round and resonant
And glad and grave
And westward, whistle

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