

ABBY LUBY

Fiddler's Grace Notes

I swished around the womb
luxuriating as you played,
sonorous, resonate,
bow across the strings
that long, round note
and when I was born, sound
circled my tiny shell ears
melodies, crisp spiccato
from a meteor—
these, my childhood poems.
Your passion, your innate
virtuosic charisma,
each delicate grace note —
an angel's giggle
You love trying
different fiddles, in shops heady
with scents of sap-based rosin
and wood glue, gingerly play
a Strad, a moment.
Even at 94, violin under your chin—
hearing dulled
you rattle off cadenzas
pacing the floor, flashy
You always find the spot
on the D string
with your middle finger,
the one smashed in a car door
when you were a kid
The bluntness of that
finger, stub with no nail,
radiating from your core
a lush vibrato.