

# **AFTERNOON WITH ENYA, MOZART, FERRON**

---

HELEN LAURENCE

more connected when more alone,  
music crosses / permeates  
all i becoming am

did you know i pizzicato  
your distant strings,  
pluck deep vibration  
and sounding you  
into my swelling self  
listen?

tonight we will speak  
erasing miles by wired sound  
but what will we hide?  
wouldn't it be simpler if  
i played  
enya or even vivaldi into  
your ready ear and wordless  
we could grip our sense  
of sameness?

alone now i pretend you  
here. taut, tuned,  
i am played