

Poets

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Steven Heighton
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Accidental Poetry Written by My Father

The fretboard
that trellises the guitar
guides fingers up and along its length

like roses.
But not the violin,
Father stresses. The violin is fretless—

strings climb
its smooth neck like arteries
bearing bursts of blood up to a thought.

A violinist's fingers,
Father stresses, must therefore train
to pursue, like medics, the jump of a pulse.