

# The Poem Sits at Home and Envis as It Celebrates Music

*by* Gary Hardaway

Translation's not required—music  
sings itself complete and comprehensible  
without grammatical intervention.  
It flutters and glides above  
linguistic tyrannies and the map's  
deliberate colors, unfettered as equations,  
and lets guitar strings speak with grace  
in the absence of oboes.

