Art of Sinking
Written by Charles Thomas Salazar

Pain
is for fools who let failure
keep them down,
she said.

But darling

drown a piano

in a pond and see if it aches
to be salvaged. Rescue it
from the glass-eyed fish
squirming through its metal
strings, nibbling its many mallets,
pull
this wooden burden from the
dreary depths.
Paint chips

and algae smudges

define it now, like the scars

of a beached whale. Water
streaming between the
keys—play it!—Tell me after its shipwreck symphony,
after your fingertips found their pearlescent
home on the brittle bone ivory,
tell me its
song isn’t somehow more soothing.