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Preliminary Pages

No Author

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Cover Page Footnote
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Is it intrinsic?
The beauty of strings
rising in estatic joy
Then decrescending
to the shrill cry of a lonely note

(Soothing the lust of greedy kings
Moving the hearts of despotic nobles
Alone in their fortress of music)

I listen
in my chamber
purged by this quality
vibrant as the sun in my ear

The violinist
moves his hands
tender and calculated
like a pale surgeon

Is it intrinsic?
The beauty of women
formed and fused
in the procreation of the Gods
then diminishing in time

By 55
some lay under stretched skin
and scalpel
faces being raised

Listening to Vivaldi

Don Blair