

David P. Miller

Raise a Glass

To the goateed young man with cello in its case
slung over his back, an oversized papoose.

To the youthful woman wheeling her string bass
onto the subway car, sisters in stature and voice.

To the sophomore Juliet, parsing pentameters, platinum mane
sailing backstage in an instant, impossible costume change.

To the fifteen-year-old chorister transported
by Monteverdi's *1610 Vespers*, enmazed

by pulsing polyphony surged in six voices.
The first-grader whose poem commands, "Sheep, hold your horses."

The Youth Symphony harpist enfolding Mahler:
her tones flood my eyes, though I'm nobody's father.

To the high school girl with an art room corner
set aside for her canvas, a Byzantine Madonna

and Child, smock smeared with oil daubs and hair
in spit curls. The seventeen-year-old carpenter

who scatters little white houses festooned
with words of the poet across Dickinson's lawn.

To the man who for decades abandoned
his words, then returned in a whirlwind. And to

all former students who, in spite of maturity,
refuse to fuse *grow up* with *give up*'s futility,

though approaching the gaze fixed on mortality's face.

David P. Miller's chapbook, *The Afterimages*, was published in 2014 by Červená Barva Press. His poems have appeared in *Meat for Tea*, *Main Street Rag*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Bagels with the Bards Anthology*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Painters and Poets*, *Fox Chase Review*, *Third Wednesday*, *Oddball Magazine*, *Incessant Pipe*, *Lyrical Somerville*, and *Ekphrastic Review*, among others. His

poem “Kneeling Woman and Dog” was included in the 2015 edition of *Best Indie Lit New England*. David was a member of the multidisciplinary Mobius Artists Group of Boston for 25 years, and is a librarian at Curry College in Milton, MA.