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## Poetry I Clara Schumann's Response to the Death of Her Husband, the Composer, Robert Schumann

. Anonymous

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Clara Schumann's Response  
to the Death of Her  
Husband, the Composer,  
Robert Schumann

You were the sudden sneeze in tableau vivant  
And became the blur in daguerreotype  
When silence called beyond the permanent  
Strifes which gulp instead of sip.



| Tyler Bryant

Blitzkrieg

Nature maimed another tree  
with lightning,  
We had heard the shriek after the flare  
The ozone raped the air,  
fighting it's way to our noses.  
We chatter in shock at the loss  
over tall lemonades.  
Cool summer breezes  
blow away the story gradually.  
Till the next spring  
when the jaundiced half  
rots out slowly, while another side  
blooms lamely with quiet sprigs of leaves.  
Not dead, we ascertained  
but growing,  
it will remain shorter than the other trees.

| Peter Hughes

Were not the two teardrops of my breasts enough  
Or the cloud-capped crystal columns of rain  
Holding hazed and terrible heaven above  
Where we live, the human din?

I have played this passage more than the river's noise  
Or rush to obliterate, conclude,  
And my scored heart has found or framed no joys  
Without embezzlements of blood.

| Anonymous