

# Elegy on Toy Piano

By Dean Young

*For Kenneth Koch*

You don't need a pony  
to connect you to the unseeable  
or an airplane to connect you to the sky.

Necessary it is to love to live  
and there are many manuals  
but in all important ways  
one is on one's own.

You need not cut off your hand.  
No need to eat a bouquet.  
Your head becomes a peach pit.  
Your tongue a honeycomb.

Necessary it is to live to love,  
to charge into the burning tower  
then charge back out  
and necessary it is to die.  
Even for the trees, even for the pony  
connecting you to what can't be grasped.

The injured gazelle falls behind the  
herd. One last wild enjambment.

Because of the sores in his mouth,  
the great poet struggles with a dumpling.  
His work has enlarged the world  
but the world is about to stop including him.  
He is the tower the world runs out of.

When something becomes ash,  
there's nothing you can do to turn it back.  
About this, even diamonds do not lie.

Source: Poetry