

## The Violinist's Ballad

C. A. Grady, April 2025

A playful little thing, that perfect violin.  
How delightful, how charming!  
Its delicate scroll, its swaying bow  
Perfected to perform.

Take a bow, now,  
It is time to come of age.  
Imagine the fame you could claim  
Before we walk backstage.

Rest your chin on me, darling,  
As I pluck your strings and watch it wriggle.  
Sing the tune of your melody, darling,  
As I touch the curves of your fiddle.

Full-bodied and warm  
Racy fingers press into the neck.  
Hold your breath, follow the score  
Those sweet fingerings, I adore.

Two holes shaped fatefully as an *f*  
Where the violin does ring.

Romantic, it sounds,  
How lovely,  
How deep.

Until it shrieks—  
How awful,  
How weak.

Violent is the song that  
Fragments the muse.

Turned are the heads of the gasping people  
To hear such a horrid thing!

Uneasy is this deadly sin,  
Troubled is the muse.

*Crack—*  
Splinter,  
Sinister.

How sad,  
What a waste,  
Such a pretty little thing.

How tragic,  
How graphic,  
The tale of a  
Broken violin.