**Midnight Singer**

Evan Auwaerter

Enter the hall; raucous cheer
A stool and stand placed by me
Take the seat, exhale fear
So begins the symphony

A glass of rhyme and coke, if you will
No need to have it on the rocks
Grand and stiff, no measured swill
Upbeat to silence all the talks

Full on rhythm, drunk with song
A tone now for the things I’ve muddled
Keep it swift and not too long
Play it soft but not that subtle

Hold your bow, let it be tested
Appreciated before despised
Downed too quick and now digested
Black-lined notes to be remised

No bright polish for this glass cello
Laces the heart, rouses might
Ended now with a faint crescendo
Nothing to say; sing to the night