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Nocturne's Isles

If anyone ever wanted to know,
 How to reach Nocturne's isles,
 I would tell them this:

It's imperative that you recruit a cat,
 Whose soft voice is more of a subtle
 Serenade, a choir echoing out from the church's
 Bell tower, swinging in and out of the fog until the
 Encore surprises even the county graveyard,
 Where the requiem of the deceased rises in the form
 Of cherry blossoms,
 Sailing up towards the moonlight
 To meet the fireflies on the journey
 To the resonating stars that still haven't
 Gotten bored of the overture and
 Waltz we taught them so long ago.

This animal must be attracted to
 Dripping faucets, or else the tempo
 Of your travels will be seated in the back
 Of the auditorium, where the drum of the
 Engines and fermata of the blimp's turbines will
 Assimilate it, creating a beat that is mandatory,
 Opposed to trusted, because everything that is trusted,
 Is loved, is capable of accomplishing the impossible,
 Because that's what the tempo is,
 Always has been,
 Always will be,
 That reassuring cadence of the coyotes,
 Who hold out each and every night,
 Just to tell you how it is, how the twilight
 Hours ought to be sung, because it seems as
 Though everyone else forgot the whir of the
 Clockwork, the tapping of the Metronome,
 The clicking of the chopsticks you used to
 Count on to sell you your music every weekend
 At the expense of the patience of the other patrons.

While you're at it,
 Take a bag of M&Ms too,

(No Stanza Break)

You'll need a reason to remain seated during the flight,
Because once you breach the atmosphere's limits,
Scale the clouds and arrive at the Maestro's floating castle,
You'll have to leap toward the moon or the sun,
Depending on the age of your fingertips,
For they wear the scars of your battles,
And once you obtain your direction,
You'll aim for the wind-up key,
Glistening on top of the tower
Shaped like a treble clef,
And every time you miss, just
Eat one your candies and try again,
Try until you can pocket the key,
That goes from reflecting the essence of
The planets and fueling the life of the stars,
To dulling and rusting, to corroding away,
Because you can only delay the finale of any
Measure for as long as you have
The tenacity and breath,
To prevent the soul of your voice
From fading.

So all that's left for your journey is the coda,
The march ends with the hummingbirds leading
Your ship downwards, completely vertically,
And at this point you ought to be out of candy,
And if not, discard what you have left, since now
You'll descend from the safety of your cabin,
Down, down into the ocean where you'll come to
Rest on a pure tan sandbar, where the beach will
Rise up over the ocean, extending its reach until
You are nowhere, the last note of your destination.

There is nothing around you but white flowing sand,
But you'll take the wind-up key from your pocket,
And sweep your hands below your feet, where a single
Music box will be buried, and when you insert the key,
Spin it under the pressure of the resisting gears, place it
On the ground, you'll kneel before it and let it play.

It begins to snow as the hymn progresses, your audience
Keeps silent as your orchestra successfully captures
All of their dreams in each sonata, gradually approaching
The ultimate phrase, the finale lull, and when it does,
The snow turns into rain, and now you know the sound of applause.