

Poor Leopold

By Glenn Currier

Listening to Leopold's symphony
for two minutes,
I was bored.
My mind wondered.
I recalled the dramatic first chords
of Wolfgang's symphony 41
how it awakened me
how I was hooked by his energy and zest.

Even though Leopold taught his son,
the fame of the impulsive and creative Amadeus spread
as he wrote and played
and captured the attention of the world.

I wonder what poor Leopold thought of his own work
in contrast to his prolific son
a son who seemingly created great music
from nothing
who freed himself from tired conventions.

A creator makes something from nothing
and I wonder if being lost in nothingness
as we poets sometimes are,
if letting go of the familiar
makes it easier to create.

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