

Quinn White

Crimes Against Beethoven

I stole the room's ears
because its people used Beethoven wrong:
with pork chops and jokes, the fifth.
Upstairs, I watched the couple lean
over red candles, their leers
too golden. I was sorry for Beethoven.
He hated cinnamon. He hated seared meat.

The room didn't care.
It was glad something played in it.
Beethoven took the room to third base.
The walls and notes panted.
They stripped and kissed.
The fifth was surprised at the walls' red underwear.
The walls licked Beethoven's nipples.

The people washed dishes and went to bed.
Downstairs, I drug my sharpest fingernail through the dark,
sliced the room's ears, ears easy
as clipping off a record player's needle.

The room will never forgive me.
Everyone I love will leave me.
Tulips will shrivel in my wake.
I will shrivel into myself.
I will shrivel into an ear
and lay against deaf walls.

