

NAOKO FUJIMOTO

A PIANIST

I hear a minuet. My cat sleeps on a couch.
A pianist plays *Le Tombeau de Couperin*.

Ravel composed it for his friends.
They died in World War I.

She hums the phrase and whispers to me,
“Funerals two thousand times in my country.”

Home: Pieces of blocks
under the soldiers’ boots in her smallest

country, Georgia. No place to return. Refugee:
other people call her. Her cousins went to war.

“Where are the all caskets?” I ask her.

She keeps playing the minuet with a metronome
and its short repeated sound.

*All the corpses are hidden under the borderline
like spring water: blood.*

A withered gerbera on the piano.

There is no graveyard for prayer.
She cannot cry in front of it.

I say, “I bought a cup of tea and blueberries.”

She huddles the warm
cup and picks up a blueberry. It lightly rolls

down the table to the floor.
The cat plays with a cricket

pulling off its leg.