

"The Violinist"
Marc Chagall



composed in the passion that flings
Through the soul quidding sight
as a pane
For the tune that the violin says.
at times sings it delicate fire
Supporting the world on its bow;
at others its treacherous sad
Entangled in faded arrears
Whose weight clings the world from below.
Sometimes the measures entice
As the lust for a frivolous dance
To the midst of the vacuum of man.
Sometimes the strains are too gay
For man becomes laden with trills -
Perhaps best -
Note the false fiddled air
Becomes jade.