

**STEVE WILSON**

**Tone Study**

Within the weary beauty of Chopin—  
nonpareils, Champagne—we sit and sit,  
confused accoutrements. Monet, who dreamed  
of water: how unbodied do his lights  
descend. And small Gauguin consumed like sweets  
his nudes, his mangoes, greens, the girls unsure  
he'd keep his word. To wander slow, dead slow,  
along ennui. Ah, the luxuriousness of boredom.  
Sea breeze. A certain way of shaping sound  
and color. And music. Long, retiring chords—say  
the way is clearer now, my friends, friends for  
the polonaise. Insistent, nonchalant,  
we're languorous in time. I'd turn. I would,  
but for the weakened battlements outside.