The Music Major
By Danielle Leighton

He keeps a Top Ramen
and hot tea kind
of dorm room
Instead of cheap beer
and cold pizza.

Never a stray
facial hair or rough whisker
(Almost too clean)
but I can hardly complain.

Every evening sounds of deep
emotion will seep
up through the slats of the vent
and I wonder: What intellect? What
dialect? What reflection? These sounds are
of him

and if I should meet this young
student of music, should his notes
be noticed, or rather the denotation
of the eyebrows, the hushed tones
the whispers I imagine he makes his
love with

and again, a new sound, heat
steams fresh through the ground
a wave of chorus yet to be written, yet again
I wonder, from the cellar of a drummer
As the neighbor of a partier, sick
In restless slumber

would I hear a reply, to my silent
devotion? Undivided discipline, a student
to a stranger's passion
As I boil the water, savor, and ponder
This music maker, some secret keeper
A treasure-seeker, only his to find and own

might I ever know such a passion?
Such an attraction, devoid of distraction
a simple boy with a complex mind
might I always be so inclined.
Someday offered to sit, to listen
to dine.