

## **'Music'**

**Fokkina McDonnell**

There was always music going on in our house,  
live music, piano and song. The organ was  
down the road, past the Catholics' houses.  
We were Protestant then, some of us, anyway.

There was always music.  
Bach on a black piano and Brahms  
Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund.  
My mother, the diva, practising before  
her weekly lesson with the best alto  
in Holland who kept a pet monkey.  
My father, with his piano hands,  
shaking his vigorous black hair.

In our house there was always music.  
More often than not it would be  
minor chords, discordance, long  
silence above the empty bar lines.