

Playing

Ingrid de Kok

Every morning I get up
and play my violin
I know you know
I don't have a violin
but I play it.

I watch
a silhouette
on the path
beckon another
illumination or tracing.

Everything hums
not only fridges,
children, bees,
women thinking of other things
as they work.

Watch, draw, sing,
play the violin.

