

# Listening to Mozart's *Requiem* while Crossing the San Rafael

*M. Shayne Bell*

The *Requiem* matched  
the smell of death  
on the leather of my coat,  
and the fear in the music  
lingered  
in the sudden  
stillness  
after canyon echoes  
above the overlook:  
Mozart is dead.  
Mozart is dead.

The fear in his music  
could still grip my heart  
if I would let it—  
if I could stop looking  
at the eagle on that rock,  
waiting to eat carrion,  
and watching us  
drive past: watching us,  
as we listen to the music  
of Mozart, who is dead.  
Mozart is dead.

Mozart is long dead,  
and his fear could not  
stop death. His music  
might stop the fear  
if it were not  
for the stillness after echoes,  
if it were not  
for the finality of carrion,  
if it were not  
that Mozart is dead, after all.  
Mozart is dead.

I wonder this:  
How did it go for him?  
How did he feel his death,  
and did his music  
echo in his head then  
and match the fear in his heart,  
and did the fear linger  
with any part of him  
waiting to hear the others say:  
Mozart is dead.  
Mozart is dead.