Little “o” Ode

Feeling unfit to undo the thong of the *Fifth Symphony*’s sandal, unwilling to make a bust of the famed bust with a blunt coal chisel of verse, and utterly incommensurate to parting that commanding shock of hair with a comb of flimsy lines, I panegyrise instead the bite marks on the dowel* that transmitted his piano’s vibrations to his deafened skull, allowing him to snatch the *Ninth* from the grasp of eternal silence.

I hold the teeth marks up to the light; they are deep and decidedly Romantic: proof of his bulldog grip on glory. To fall into an incisor’s divot is to plunge into a bottomless ravine from the highest Bavarian summit—deeper yet, into the frown-furrow in his brow.

He once parted the vapours of demureness and mediocrity with this humble Excalibur, but to take the dowel in hand today is to raise a frail abandoned chrysalis after the swell and profusion of summer wings have come and gone.

*Beethoven used a dowel to transmit the musical vibrations of his piano to his skull, allowing him to play and compose long after he was certifiably deaf.