

Longmont, 2026

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A found poem based on "London, 1802" by William Wordsworth.¹

Schubert! you should be playing at this hour:
My friends need you greatly: They find no peace
In taskless being: career, screen, and beep,
Endless, America teaches them to cower,
Frantically, shelves and shops they search and scour
For permission to stop. The merit police
Prod with their pitchforks; No! Please play your piece;
And let us gather for a candle hour.
You were overwhelm's holy antidote:
Your steady hand built the safest harbor:
Generous and without walls, kind author,
In the blackest night of separation,
Unaccompanied flame, you struck a note
And your Schubertiade was salvation.

¹ Wordsworth, William. *Poems, in Two Volumes*. 1807. *Project Gutenberg*, 2005, <https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/8774/pg8774-images.html>.