**THREATENING WEATHER**

**Greg Michaelson**

They said I played too fast, too wild.

They claimed I scared the landlord’s cat.

They swore I woke the barmaid’s child.

They stole the pennies from my hat.

But the painter on the cliffs above

Had praised my tuba’s festive air;

Had proffered honour, friendship, love

Were I to pose for his canvas bare.

I played him marches, hornpipes, jigs.

I played him waltzes, lullabies.

I played as dreamscape clouds unfurled

Like wigs across the sea-ward skies.

But he had no hues for my merriment;

He had no brush for my raven hair.

He’d only eyes for my instrument,

My torso cleft and my dining chair.



*Rene Magritte, Threatening Weather, National Galleries of Scotland*

[*http://www.nationalgalleries.org/media/42/collection/GMA%203887.jpg*](http://www.nationalgalleries.org/media/42/collection/GMA%203887.jpg)