At Boise, Idaho, in the center of nowhere,
We stopped in a local emporium to partake
Of a gentle game of pocket billiards, an art
Which the Maestro compares in grace, style,
And beauty of form to a Vivaldi Concerto.
Quaffing a tall stein of beer deliberately.
Chewing on his Ben Franklin factory-second
With the studied air of a funeral director
Selling a casket to the bereaved, the Maestro
Broke the balls with a florid determination
And proceeded as softly and carefully as a man
Making love, as one normally must when the
Stakes at risk are a beer and the quarter.

Gagging past Mud Volcano, Calcite Springs,
Panhandling bears collecting homage like coin
Booths on tollways, we reached Old Faithful.
Chill spring air raced outside the ranger
Station as we watched the countdown on the
Clock. We elbowed out with the crowd and
Waited. A glorious eruption of white hot
Water against a cold blue sky. I noticed a
Tear slide down the Maestro’s cheek and I
Thought perhaps he had been moved by this
Marvel of nature. No, he commented quietly.
It had merely reminded him of his days in the
Old country when he was strong and hale and
Able to come once every sixty-four minutes.