

# A Sort of Trumpeter

by [Michael Shindler](#) (December 2022)



*11th & Walnut*, Edward Loper Jr., 1970s

**A sort of trumpeter** playing at night  
Passing through an out-of-date city block  
Of empty storefronts and broken windows  
Catches for a moment his reflection.

And the moon over the city is white  
And rounded, like the face of an old clock,  
Though on it, so it would seem, no time shows,  
Just a bright, somewhat pockmarked complexion.

And then a sound, a long trump-blast,  
Tragical and great, shoots skyward  
From the piled ground, the gilded past,

Through the city's gate—to be heard.

And so

A bird in a cloud at the break of day  
Listening to the golden music  
Of dawn  
Blinks and goes blind.

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