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## The False Music

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## Three Poems · *Stephen Dunn*

### THE FALSE MUSIC

The false music, so sonorous,  
behind the overly sweet impulse,  
ah yes, Miguel, the invocation  
of the exotic to smokescreen  
the insignificant, I know it well,  
I who have walked up the mountain  
at dusk to experience the especial  
ennui that comes when one thinks  
of books instead of the life that fills  
books, why even the insects  
were mocking me in that silent way  
they all have as they go about  
their crucial work, which is one manifestation  
of the real music, try to hear it,  
a live thing attuned to how its body  
impels it forward, leaving a trail  
the rest of us cannot help but follow,  
oh Miguel, when they told me  
that the only authentic Flamenco dancers  
existed in the caves of Granada  
I went there, and I must tell you  
they were magnificent, those dancers,  
clicking and stomping in ways  
that made me trust there's a long  
sinewy muscle between cunt and heel,  
cock and sole, but when I left,  
elated and thoroughly spent, one man,  
a Spaniard, was saying to his friend,  
not quite, a little derivative, you must go  
to this cafe on the outskirts of El Rondo.