

Unravels its song like a blind stitch
Holding night & day together. Some mantra
Calibrates the primary colors into focus,
Till the hills are jazzed beyond

April's blue absolution,
Beyond doubt, like a hydrogen star falling
To burn out a hundred years
After we're dead.

EUPHONY

Hands make love to thigh, breast, clavicle,
Willed to each other, to the keyboard—
Searching the whole forest of compromises
Till the soft engine kicks in, running

On honey. Dissonance worked
Into harmony, even-handed
As Art Tatum's plea to the keys.
Like a woman & man who have lived

A long time together, they know how
To keep the song alive. Wordless
Epics into the cold night, keepers
Of the fire—the right hand lifts

Like the ghost of a sparrow
& the left uses every motionless muscle.
Notes divide, balancing each other,
Love & hate tattooed on the fingers.