

1968

Peter Hewitt at the Piano

Alvaro Cardona-Hine

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

Cardona-Hine, Alvaro. "Peter Hewitt at the Piano." *New Mexico Quarterly* 38, 4 (1968). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol38/iss4/31>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *New Mexico Quarterly* by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

PETER HEWITT AT THE PIANO

lilac

(a sprig)

released

a faint moon

pinning a tree

against the forest floor

the moss running on without profile

tattling across the hard terrain

and sunlight of twenty years

a lock of its hair

pressed against memory

a pedal

a fingernail

a curtain

dust on the electrical panel

bombs exploding in the earth

cadavers of children

a girl

April

another life

where does it take us

such language?

each of your fingers is the arc of a pebble

tossed into

midsummer/

the plum orchard/

from time to time a fruit drops on the sand

the silence burying Debussy in its limestone

the breeze seeping through tall cedar

Chagall in armfuls

when lilacs last and love were painted

infinite days and clouds

the eye

its word of light

across the vellum skies
the spider under water

the yellow grapefruit endures through the night
to glow again

grateful as a man
its seed a dimness of sparrows

/hammering home
/I was going to say less about

strange

(that the earth should thread the spines of fish
with young terror

the Chinese cook folds the net over the open door
canaries moult

you know
a single thread might break

I was going to be accurate
about dwelling in air
about

urine

(something within the soundboard)

but it went away

in agony

gone

gone

not even I can doubt what/ I am/
come to this
art as refuge
banked fire
of the agrarian yesterday

the sounds are what I am
proximity of weapons
radiance
the remembered hovering of bees
about the flowering
the valley like a cup
of wine that's blue

simultaneity
a minute folded in half
and placed inside another
rain
thoughts like steppingstones
pecked clean
by the sharp beaks
of the most persistent notes

two feet of water in the flooded church
trout in the pews

echoes
no one comes to hear what I hear

in the sacristy
a lobster crawls into a vermilion slipper

what I hear isn't to be heard
I have waited
no sound is possible
an utter perfection of silences follows me