Peter Hewitt at the Piano

Alvaro Cardona-Hine
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

\hardware 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