

Horowitz in New York

TIM BELLOWS

Precise blocks of keys.
He brushes them
and in the ear's inside chamber,
we hear. His fingers white
as a baby. Seems the notes
beam across cold deserts-
and hidden sprigs of grass
think to nose their ways
upward, harboring a thin sense
of yellow warmth despite
the presence of ice.

 In this giant room,
notes for storefront lights, streetlights,
friendly planets. All from the curled weight,
the infancy of hands. Threadlike lines
running through our old webs of work.
Eighty years of agility. Now a blurry smile
drives everything, lifts the air
as keys and wire sing distance
to vanishing points, to nothing,
chants where this great city's unexpected love
billows down to silence,
silence,
silence.