

# *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.