

# *dream landscape with wheatfield*

ART ZILLERUELO

1

when the wind  
comes, my father fishhooks  
a tape recorder and casts

into the wheat.  
some mornings we find him  
face down in a bowl,

his headphones  
crusted with oatmeal,  
snoring over sheafs

of graph paper  
covered in algebra. years ago  
while searching the shed

2

for porno,  
my brother and i  
found a trunk

full of star  
charts with music written over  
all the constellations.

we snuck one  
to our piano lesson and asked  
the teacher to play it,

and it sounded like  
waves whispering code to one another  
with a jet engine whistling overhead.

3

when i was twelve  
we drove east for a week  
at the beach. i swam

while my brother  
stoned jellyfish to death, and my father  
half-buried a coke bottle

to map its vibrations  
with driftwood in the sand. he composed  
movements on the hotel's

detuned piano,  
and on the morning of our departure  
he swam out to an island of dark

4

rock and slid the notation  
into a fissure. today, as i watch him  
fish the wheat for answers

to questions  
i won't ask, i hear the wind  
in the field hum

the same song  
as the ocean breaking  
rock down to silts

and sands, the same  
radio static the earth broadcasts  
to submerge the silences

5  
of its infancy.  
those jellyfish, cast by unluck  
onto the sand. my brother

whistling as he strode  
like divinity from the dead  
to the living, crackling

the air with the siren  
of his high hymn, the music  
entering the flesh only

seconds before the stone.  
soon, i'll suffer handshakes  
at the airport and rise into

6

the music of engines  
and torn atmosphere, and my father  
will drive home with darkness

whistling in  
through his cracked windows.  
at cruising altitude,

i'll slide the hatch  
up and look out into the black as it  
wraps itself around wing

and fuselage,  
into the starlight visiting  
its indecipherable

7

code down  
upon the wheatfields,  
where wind chips

away at the stalks  
like water at dark rock  
in which forgotten

music lies  
hidden, where someone's  
flesh waits

untrembling  
for the night to sing  
its answers.