dream landscape with wheatfield

Art Zillervuelo

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
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

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.