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wild animals moaning up the moon. His quicksilver eyes ignite
and lightning arcs from his hair
striking a conductor that zaps it into your gravity center.

The sound, mama,
leaching tones out of ^{the}/marble statues, rearranging
molecules, making them glow like neon in fog,
fulminating red and purple,
alive like magnified pond water.

How much is music, dropped now half a step,
gone minor again, flowing that little groove
where pain runs concave to the surface?
How much is the glint of jet-cut crystal hanging from silver
arches, moving slowly with audience breathing,
striking flints in his pale eyes?
Pushing aside champagne, women whisper:

"He's too much—a collection of priceless vibes
in badly tailored suede." "He's a lone seance
with Gershwin and Gabriel, Debussy and Berrigan
and all the shining ones." "I'd like—" "I wish—"

He is a prophet: Forecasting rain,
blowing out the sun, predicting your heartbeat,
willing it, playing your spine like a keyboard,
electrifying veins. He compresses a grain of hot salt
in every pore, starts a hundred little internal
combustions, all pistons at odds, then one enormous
turbine synched with his,