

the whole orchestra, resolving each chord himself,
breaking his lip down to blood, excoriating his lungs.
White involves you in Olympic cloud banks, immaculate;
nothing hurts anymore.

Old festers are incised clean, drained and benedictioned.
The trumpet fluoresces, fuses
with his phosphorous eyes; vivid crystal globules
orbit like berserk planets
around and through his lean cylinder of light until
the entire image blazes beyond looking.

You open your eyes as the waiter pours champagne,
hear something shut like a latch, focus absently
on a white alabaster herald
you hadn't noticed before.