

Schubert's Soul

From quiet water in a brook
Slammed into rhythm:

stick, whip, stack, and steep
in tea for which you stripped.

Some of them want to be abused...

Slip, track winds in trees
You stop and stare at knees
Tripping. Fleas tackle into tricks
whipped, you skipped into ticks
fleshing into rips twenty sweet skins -
yours. It is the nest, in which, blessed,
thirty teens burrowed teeth
and ate you alive, burning slowly.
Rhythm, rhythm
you've lost a sway -
sitting,
bobbing,
throbbing,
pumped for sobbing cash
tick, tick, tick
rhythmic flesh undone
hairpins holding you slowly aflame
splayed,
on a screaming table
losing the juice of your living blood.

[silence.]

[Schubert's piano.]

The pillar is ripped away.
There follows the quietest of falls
caressed smoothly by moss, on the temple, forehead,
softly along the falling chest and abdomen
falling out of the rigid into osmosis of a universe of trickling waters,
the endless caves of softly lit sweeps of quiet
and you a swallow softly perched, slowly dancing
across the friendly eternity of your soul, that is also mine
and Schubert's, and everyone's, and through us,
the majestic weight of time.