

# Leslie Keyworth /

## SYMPHONY #5 IN C# MINOR, ADAGIO

in the sound of a hand through dark hair, the black  
water tropes of falling, the lifting of  
mist peeled from air, rain f(ol)lowing.

    this is the eye from which the storm  
turns away. the eye fractured schist. root of light.

Image comes riding from the south corner of the world, Its  
    black horse knotting to take the fence in the  
                    same motion

                                    locked into sky.

                                    pyramid points.

it is raining(It?). in venice, there are whirlpools beneath  
the stone bridges. the stone old with the indiscriminate stabbing of  
horse feet and original liquid. miles under venice an  
orifice haunts the dawn, undulates like an eye, a blue eye (His  
eyes). it is the meeting place of  
    all water and the point from which It comes. it  
comes.

    I(t) comes meeting no specific horizon. the venice  
that is connected by Its grey. all  
    we are, or  
        ever,  
    is water.

the black horse completes the jump into

                                    water. brown liquid arms

    stroke the shores. pull

    the river walls down over It. become a-part of  
                    the forward press

as the instant of  
pressing, one and one (the  
only number) & the  
hand as it leaves Its tracks on the walls of skin  
below. takes in. forms the air with a weight of  
other hands,  
others,  
not His.

the nails, soothers  
of lumber / the skin,  
plant fibre.  
protects the eye corpuscles, the  
darkness of

It.

my hands are cold. empty and empty  
the darkest of houses, folding beneath me. He is  
warming my hands, rubbing them  
like golden lamps. they  
are tarnished, inked by words that fail, cold  
so long they can not hold my pen, or  
Its pen, or  
for no One, any

more.  
the palm of my hand — he says It reads water as  
he is falling  
onto  
me, slow.  
like the brush of grass on the wind. the  
rounding of waves over  
rock.

It said  
beware of water. dont go away stay go away.  
he said,  
his fist tightened, caught in his breathing. (the rooms steady. falling  
away. listening).

