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).

 $\label{eq:Italian} He \ said, \\ I\,(t) \ whispers \ the \ wanderer. \ the \ silence. \ I\,(t) \\ channels \ the \ wind \ into \ rods,$

plunges them into

earth.

calls them trees.

he said.

let Me.the blood on the page
the word on the sheet. let me
focus your eyes to
be seen.or
"see your self to know its self through Itself".

he turned, like a line drawn taut on the page on the sheet. slower,but slowly.

the black horse encounters obstacle.hits the earth and moves into It.becomes

the irritated motion of bark peeling back.mist from air.

hands through hair. The five fingers, blood tubes unlacing.