

SCHUBERT'S CELLO QUINTET

In a splinter
between the earth, the brain
the cello, the viola made of hours,
saying—

it must be, it must be, it must be o
it must be, it must be, must it be, o must it be
it must be it must be o it must be...

The man with the viola is delving wood.
He's drawing voice from it.

And the man I am must be weeping—
and the boy I was wading—and across
the music my grandfather—and his long
hands aloft, aloft—and the tongue of earth
drags across the mouth of ash
between earth—ash with long harp hands—