

Pianoforte

for Edgar Varèse

Pythagoras' harp
now lies mute
on its

side,

covered with the wood
of a black forest

Three teutonic legs stand firmly
What a difference! This step by
step movement from soft
to loud and
back a-
gain,
abrupt shifts now accompanied
by the subtle fruits

of mechanical
invention

Recalcitrant leaps of five scaled
down by
the overwhelming
power of ten, hands walking the
threads of an ancient
loom strung tightly with the
rough cords
of a black and white
weave. Whether strings or

snare, an astounding
tool, pure space!
For time sits lightly on a four-
legged stool
of inter-

national design.

Striking, these orders
of the mind,
of thought

made

manifest, a danc-
ing chorus held in

the hand or a hand holding us?
What's the difference? A neutral,
eternal instru-
ment? Quite doubt-
ful. More
like
a light in the dark having for-
gotten that it's just

a light and
not the sun.

Of course, what could we
display at

all with-
out measure, without
a bed to hold the stream, a smooth
surface for the cream-
like shades of the moon is the key,
the key to these dark
spaces behind the

brilliance of Mozart's
smile, an un-
known place where the birds go in winter,
flying through
endless skies,

sure wings, silent breath.