

TRUMPET MAN

It isn't written. He's raveling this music
out of me. There on the treble periphery
he's making sound and light into one being
then blistering the alloy and peeling
thin gold butterflies off the parallax.
I don't know how three ribs and a funnel
can unwind my double helix, gather up all
my possibilities in a single premise
beyond jazz or blues or the whole spectrum
and pour out this delicious cruelty,
its rhythm insinuating against thin membranes,
vibrating pale filaments. Contrapuntal wings
he's freed follow him to the knife edge
of turquoise, flutter into smoking fragments
then coil back in the bell of his horn
to revel in their experience with fire.