

Yve Louis

## WOODWARD

Like a marionette I'm strung  
by wires taut as the Bösendorfer's.  
When you raise your hands to play  
you pull the heart right out of me —  
you crash them down and  
it's Odin's fist through my skull.

Square as spades, hands that could  
dig potatoes.

Those stories of broken pianos!  
Your body aimed at the keyboard,  
spine tensed, neck-hair triggered,  
head lethal as a grenade.  
Such a detonation of music ...  
the Chopin. One chord, another, again  
until I'm running with you, taking back  
the streets of Warsaw. Belfast. Beirut.

Now a rest for right hand. Maestro,  
the length of your black sleeve falling,  
almost transparent your fingers  
draining spent, blood/notes.

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