

THE
SPOON
RIVER **Poetry Review**

VOLUME XXV NUMBER 1

WINTER/SPRING 2000

William Woolfitt

The Music Maker

so I am lying here with you, elbow to elbow
and backs against traveler's trunk and bedroll
in the last moments before I leave for the bus
all packed up and no time for us to learn
any other language, and your hands are tinkers playing
my ribs like the rack of pots and pans
that hangs in the wagon on market-day, passing by
little houses with red hens in their yards
and blue dishrags, on lines strung between the beech trees
and your fingers still stained from the oils
of dulcimer wood and accordion buttons, now they make
a new music brushing along my side
hammering at the dents and hungry for coins
you are the first drink of water after endless wilderness
days bruising my heels in the dust of the desert
and oh, I cannot explain you
cannot break you down into some organic equation
with the carbon atoms grafted on all sides, and oh
I want you, want the drug of you inside of me
rewiring my molecules, you are antidote
antivenom, antechamber, the vestibule that guards
four rooms furnished with hat rack and rubber plant
and so I take off my slicker and galoshes and
step inside the very heart that has been here
inside all along, walk through the rooms, lift
the blinds and open the shutters and it's you
the light that streams in where the secrets
used to be, plasma lantern and marrow xylophone
and aorta calliope, this is sonic persuasion and I am
ready to unbolt the door, go meet the mysteries