

three fragments
by B.K. Zervigón

The sky a river of cloth
for Isaac Griffin-layne

i.
I am sky breaking
a screen drawn out of my eyes

The walls shifting inside myself
or
collapsing
a shattering of deep blue light

a woman on the sidewalk screams
“hold me...”
Out of her mouth the torn cloth frays *find me,*
please,
drowning in the deep blue light *keys to oblivion*

ii.
Or maybe it was then in the factory
as the steel steps muffled my sleeping
rust, the pillow
as the train tracks taught me sax
when all I had was a needle
I can still hear their sweet screams
and the water’s answer

but it wasn’t

iii.
I’ve seen the sky electric
the river’s muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset¹
turn to blood in my hands

to bathe with a bucket in the floodwaters
I can only breathe in the water

1: Langston Hughes, “the negro speaks of rivers”

The sky a river of cloth for Isaac

i.

tear apart
the resonance

$\approx 5''$

Hold out
as long as
possible

With
great
pressure

With
almost
no pressure

PPP

f

mf

f

Keep
resonance

STP Ped.-- (Ped.) Ped.--

ii.

Hold out

Keep
Alive

(stP)

(~P)

(Ped.) Ped.--

(Ped.) Ped.-- PP

Ped.--

p 3

iii.

Grab the
steel before
the copper,
mute the
resonance

fff

2

3

7

4

5

2

3

7

4

5

grab
steel (normal)

3

fff

p

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