

For Jim Dine's *Green picture in my meadow*

Jill Bergantz

A heart too big too verdant, made of all feed & just
as I didn't plan to think of you & the
best sex we ever had sitting over the orchestra silent & barely touching
Michael Tilson Thomas conducted Rachmaninoff's third aural orgasm my hand bruised
by your clench of delight.

It was only one gallery.

It was only one concert.

It was only one summer your great grandmother read my future in Turkish coffee
grounds leaned into me said aloud,

Beauty, run.

I didn't expect it in this place hemlock-hemmed

I brought myself alone to stand at the steeled edge & face out from the sun & I can see
through the mileage & the years straight back to you;

peering down from height that cold summer you dangled your affections and your car
over a cliff and panted as strangers formed a human chain to pull me to safety.

This is not a metaphor.

This is not hyperbole.

This is the truth going down easier; you mixed strong White Russians while I waited on
your mother's creamy leather couch for your return.

I don't know if it really is these tracks my patron saint of the piano passed upon exactly
but I've placed a treasure

of quarters awaiting not inevitable disaster all the same, death polish underwheel.

I woke up in Tijuana.

I woke up in your childhood bedroom.

I woke up on the Carquinez Bridge your brother foisting his body between us
a great lunge to twist the wheel & send us down—

Editors' note: This piece first appeared in 24Hr Neon Mag on March 19, 2019.



Sergei Rachmaninoff

"Piano Concerto No. 3"

Composed: 1909

Version by Khatia

Buniatishvili courtesy of

Sony Classical, 2017