Good God

He asked for the Brahms
and he asked me to translate
each note into English and then speak it
in Braille. Stand still, he said. Stand
here, he said. Go get me a glass of water.
He asked for the Brahms
and he asked for my hands.
He told me to hold them
as if I were counting:
one foot there and the other up
near my ear—balance, balance—now bring me the Brahms.
Then he caught my hips in the camber of his hips
like carlights lost in the bends of a road.
I have called you, he said, by the hairs
on your head. Steady now. Stay there.
Bring me the Brahms.