

He is gangly not athletic: in the dark water  
he wriggles like two eels in a pair of shorts.

She wants to love him and because she is water  
and she knows what love feels like all over him

she knows what his skin is doing now underneath  
so that he feels the way a river sidles up to a man

how the man has little to say in it but all the time  
imagines he's Casanova not an eel or two in shorts.

I'm not the man I was, he thinks. I'd better lie down.  
Why am I so wet and wriggling between her banks?

Where are my wife and my kids? But the water  
kisses him and takes him off into a corner just

downstream. *I am something of an angel*, she says.  
*This is not seduction. Don't worry any more about*

*them. They have gone back.* Above him the surface  
is like a sheet of mica he will not see through again.

He will not see the sun. He will not see the moon.  
There's nothing new to see when you are dead.

No disturbing anyone. *Remember they will be in pain*,  
she tells him. *It's what the living mostly seem to live on.*

Whereas he is lying in end-music. He is its condition  
its key and its fugues pull him apart its voices listen

for ecstasy not absolution. All angels are musicians.  
In dark waters you can hear yourself adrift. Apart.

You are. You will hear no answers after the music.  
Dark waters and dark ... and the nothing that is dark.

*or so it seems*      *when through the eye of a needle*      *a fish and an eel and*  
*a stream*