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In another paper, "On Typography & Music," he wrote
on the ampersand, its belly and twisting,
its *tortūra*, looking almost like the musical clef
introducing the score of connect-a-dots, its tissue & joints,
where also the stave found its home & rest, the beat
in between the beatings. Once he had held his wife's hand
all the way to the operating room doors, where
they made him let go. When she returned,
they were halves. He was unsure
how he was culpable,
why their untwisting. The paper
was a success, his client wrote, the A+
he had paid for. The &—which used to be
printed at the end of the alphabet, not the beginning.