Theremin

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Beneath a cliff of hush, 
in the chalk-furred light, 
two hands are dancing to their voice.

They court each other: bow 
and sink, spread-fingered – 
a relentless soft expression

from which they suddenly 
draw out a widthless 
thread, between thumb and forefinger,

long as the arm’s orbit. 
Nothing is abstract 
to the mind, that charges its flesh

to become a meaning. 
Through the dark, theorems 
arise in tiers from those shaped hands

whose slow capoeira 
is sculpting the capacitance 
of the tensioned air.