

Sound intrigues me for its unique physical properties. Though sound is invisible, it has force and a peculiar sort of mass that acts upon the listening body. It also has a life span and decays. Furthermore, it responds to alterations in velocity and takes on different characteristics in various spaces. It relies on hollows to travel, and “dialogues” with various materials differently. Spruce, brass, copper, glass, tin, paper, skin, hair, cotton, mud.

I was initially interested in chords as an organizational structure for writing because of the way they allude to a simultaneity distinctive from each individual note. This seems congruent with our sensual experience of the world. The more that I thought about chords as a musical means for organizing, producing, and interpreting sound, the more I began to relate it to history, our experience of time, and the human psyche. What I have been thinking about as I meditate on each chord as a collective resonance, the universe’s dissipating *déjà vu*, is how the concept of the chord itself is an abstracted structure that tries to hold sound in a shape like a principle. And exactly what is invoked in that principle, I started to wonder. The instrument, the means for generating the chord, is absented by an emphasis on the chord itself. And for me, this transforms myself as the writer and quite possibly you as the reader into a new vector for the sounding. This is tinted, always, with the recognition of our own elapse.

On a literal level, chords can teach us patterns from the past. A melody written years and years ago can be re-produced today, and though the song will never be perfectly repeated, I find a ghostliness emerges around the experience. A condensation in time, fueled by the new sounding, which strives and splays. My hope is that these poems echo and converse with that phenomenon.

b

A mordant, the ear compresses under heavy falling sheathes. Aqueducts run dry and tumble into themselves. Memory captures, reciprocates a pale, unfilling motion. The streets vacated for what refuses to arrive.

Relocated within a crumpled pamphlet: alien utterances or aural dyes.
Stands alert to crowds though not appearing so.

Resemblances.

b2

Where it snowed the earth maintains. And of those spaces in the cold, what news. If I went about in my former habit, it was not an imaginary action. They moved about from place to place, they grew roots and soldiered forth. Are you now among them and my shadow, too.

body struck from gathered papers' clear rasp,
foam arises from a bronze bowl shard

those faces, insistent
groundswell from such insight
the intelligence of which

The very moment was song, countermanded by vague, reaching winds but bolstered by the relations transforming family from obligation, an exceeding space and its surrounds.

And of brightness and its effects I grew

dsus

Eighty thousand images of the slowest upturning lip, fueling spent rods for winter's last standoff. Distraction glitters with an oily glare. A grimace transformed into a tent among banners, waving.

We are resilient. Even cold children learn to stay out of the way. Small lights accumulate along the edge, stand as landmarks among the starving or dead. *Arirang*, my love, or another manner of saying small news, small trails of stars transformed into a cacophony of flapping wings, their distortions in the atmosphere translated into testimony and monument. We continue to dream we hear the same things, bowing purposefully into the ground, what transmits the mandate of heaven, alarms.

g4

Never the way of roses, the heart a simple dew for all its layered wraps. Sliced through releases only hidden spaces and no new forms. What wetness gathers offers. The direction is to be swift, with little or no regard.

The present is tense and convoluted. Strings that tie shift according to the wind's plastic shape. Every move has a countermove, parting before identified. Intuition or daydreams from the morning's lightfall, the indirectness of its angles and discretions. I waver in its snaps, attempt to accumulate along the grain. Secret releases a fathoming. It burns off during the day.

We were integral until death parted. A shell closes deep inside its bed, or spoken for buds retract before sighted. What slides in one direction chafes the other standing still. How human, even the way gossamer tears.

g2

A permission, expounding again. When we ran unbidden through the clover, who expected the world to turn over. Relentlessness or endurance, a typical manner of death. As an element of insight the page has its own nervous system. Whiteness as a witness or a gap between, concrete as a prism affixed to the widowed iris, truth.