Fall 1998

After the Absence of Sound Appears the Presence of Material

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If sound can be broken, and it will be, and broken into over and over again in visible syllables dropped from vaults of glass domes, sound can stand still as it has to, so what is still must be gone away from to be wanted more.

Who hears a scrap of thought can't help listening for the next, put this with that, put it over this loved one's voice, moist as it fills in notches silence hacks away. Scissors into silk. Wood speaks to mud, milk against tooth, swimming up from depths too deep to rise above. Why go there? Where the sign points to before it is always too late. And then a sudden blast after which everything is quiet.