

Surface Vexations –

Music as something other than itself.

Is it possible?

Consider the reality of “music” as such.

Can it be stated with certainty that “music”

Is obligated to “this” and “that?” We say it is

But when do we ever *have* “one” or the “other”, or for that matter, “neither?”

What actually happens with “here” and “there?”

Mutual vanishing is likely.

If we can speculate about the perplexing nature of “is-ness”

Then we can entertain the notion that “music,” as is, is not so

Much “this” or “that” but imagination, or fiction.

True, there are sounds that persons organise

(possibly) into discrete manifestations.

(Cage’s ideas won’t obviate this for although there is

intention to establish any “is” as music ((simply

by attending to it as such)) the fact remains that “music” ((as

music)) still involves a grotesque imagination.)

But these manifestations, these moments of “music” are only present in that peculiar way that the present is ever an anon. Like all no-things there is no duration to the present (or is there only duration?). What appears departs as it does so. If time is change then stasis is not duration, and if persistence is what remains then change is never present.

Sound is constantly disappearing: we are all of us vanished.

As soon as we hear we are not.

Yet there is something we call “music.”

Does it reside? It does not.

Materially? No.

Music as enveloping sound, as a spatial occupant is

simply another clever model of imagination.

The electric fancies registered in the inner ear are not music, nor are the discharges of grey matter. Then...is “music” in

the mind? Where is the mind?

Memory might be a location for “music;” that is if any of us had a memory in a place.

What is never present, always *leering...shifting...feinting*

we understand chimerically. Charming, yes?

Weaving our fictions into believable fabrics

creates our surface of significance.

Muddled by doublings over things seems opaque and possibly palpable.

Maybe the contusions we suffer are “music?” Damaged

under the skin we detect that sensitive node

of presence that hints at the jaundiced spot approaching/departing.

But this volatile and pictured landscape is generic and adumbrated.

Sure I can itch my wound, but to lay it flat is another matter. *Process...convolution...meandering...* Those imaginary sounds communing heterarchically and whorling

into hierarchies of other-thingedness suggest to me myriad writhing contexts.

Although we cannot locate a “music,” from a certain slant

we perceive its ubiquity.

Off the surface of its material source we are

encompassed by its vague delineations, yet we insist on the valences that make it it.

But does all this sound curious? It might were I talking aloud. For again, how might I hear me?

And fictions know they are fictions. But that does not prevent them from proceeding.

So “music” too, with prevaricating self-reflexion, interrupts the unreality of itself and makes do.

I caress these whimsical threads, so do I lie to myself? Do I make me more than “I” is,

surface vexations?

(But if I deceive me, how could I know?) To keep me happy I suppose.

Skin Irritations

Melody being auxiliary to itself.
Is it conceivable?

Heed the existence of "melody" as is.
May it be expressed with assurance that "melody" is required
to "that" and "this?" We opine that it is,
but when do we ever *possess* "other" or the "one," or
for that matter, "neither?"

What really happens with "there" and "here?"

"Communal departures" for sure.

If we can gamble with the confused essence of "whatness"
then we can divert the tradition that is "melody," as it is, which is not
so much "that" or "this," but ideation, or myth.

Certainly, there are harmonies that persons
accumulate (possibly) into disparate examples of balance. (Chance
styles won't avoid this for even though

there is a desire to determine any flickering passion as "melody"
(simply by frequenting it as such) the reality persists
that "melody" (as melody) still interests a gruesome fancy.)

But these signs, these occasions of "melody"
are only living in that remarkable way that the
concurrent is current.

Like all encounters there is no
term to the contemporary.

What emanates vanishes as it does so.

If duration is progression then fixity is not time,
and if patience is a silting function then progression
is never contemporary.

Sound is forever departing: we are all of us extinct.

As soon as we listen we are not. This is departure.
Yet there is something we call "melody."

Does it settle?

It does not.

Physically?
No.

Melody as wandering sound, as a nomadic dweller
is merely one more versatile representation of whimsy.

The stimulating caprices recognized
in the interior ear are not melodies, nor
are the emissions of the brain. Then...
is "melody" in the wit? Where is the wit?

Nostalgia might be a station for "melody"—that is if any of us had nostalgia in a place.

What is never contemporary, always *smirking...staggering...bluffing...*

we determine spuriously. Delightful, Yes?

Knitting our fables into weft looms,
our fabric of consequence.

Beclouded by duplicate foldings, stuff appears hazy and conditionally sensible.

Maybe the bruises we endure are "melody"?

Broken beneath the surface we locate that tender point of being
that implicates the yellowing spot advancing/receding.

But this highly charged and illustrated scenery is common and shadowy.

Certainly I can scratch my hurt, but to set it level is one more concern.

Routine...involution...sinuous... Those invented sounds
conversing in parallel and spinning into tracts of separate "is-nesses"
hint to me

sundry, squirming circumstances.

Although we cannot situate a "melody" from a peculiar angle
we sense its ubiety.

Off the skin of their physical authority we are surrounded by their ambiguous portrayals,
yet it urges the interminglings that make them, them.

But does all of this sound far-out?

It might were I chattering out loud.

For again, how might I discover me? And myths know they are myths.

But that does not prohibit them from operating. So "melody" too,
with mendacious auto-noesis, distracts the illusivity of itself and makes do.

I grasp these invented yarns, so do I deceive me?

Do I make me more than I is, skin irritations? (But if I misrepresent me, how could I recognize it?) To maintenance my
joy I presume.

Veneer Anxieties

Harmony is actually an appurtenance to itself.
Is it likely?
Knowing the existence of "harmony" as actuality?
Could it be spoken with conviction that "harmony"
is bound to "far" and "near?"

We assert it is but when do we ever *seize* "truth" or "fiction",
or even, "both?"
What genuinely occurs with "trans-" and "preter-?"
"Shared withdrawal" seems useful.
If we can wager with the boggling quiddity of "suchness"
then we can charm
the trend that "harmony," its ipseity,
is not
so much "far" or "near" but a fancy, or a yarn.
Without doubt there are musics
that neighbours adjust (possibly) into aberrant tokens.
(Accidental fashions can't evade this,
for even though there is interest to demonstrate
any "is" as "harmony")
{simply by routine},
the truth demands that "harmony"
{as compaction}

...still excites a hideous caprice.)
But these icons,
these instances of "harmony",
are only current in that canny way that the coincidental is now.
Like all confrontations there is no interval of coincidence.
What comes forth fades as it does so.
If interval is permutation then permanence
is not occupancy,
and if forbearance is a residue
then permutation is never coincidence.

- shift -

Sound is perpetually withdrawn: we are all of us defunct.
As soon as we mind we are not.
This is flight.

Yet there is something we call "harmony."
Does it assuage?
It does not.
Corporeally? No.
Harmony as surrounding sound, as a provincial resident
is solely one more clever sign of invention.
The provocative vagaries coveted in the covert ear
are not harmonies,
nor are the excretions of the intellect.
Then...is "harmony" in the attitude?
Where is the attitude?
Reminiscence might be a depot for "harmony,"
that is if any of us had an address of reminiscence.
What is never coincidence, always

mocking...lurching...shamming...

we evidence speciously.

Delectable, Yes?
Sewing our fantasy into woof
issues our veneer of magnitude.

- shift -

Confused by twin rumples such seems
wrinkled and perchance pragmatic.
Perhaps the manglings we tolerate are "harmony"?
Cracked beneath the veneer we discover
that touching spot
of "is"
which portends the sickly stain
evolving/devolving.

But this wayward and sketched scene
is dull and murky.

Indeed I can amuse my pain,
but to make it flush is one more affair.

Habitual...complexity...drifting...

Those fanciful sounds as parley in parallel, twisting into dimensions of disparate-whattnesses insinuate captious,
convulsing plateaux.
Although we cannot settle a "harmony" from an aberrant mien we suspect its sempiternity.
Off the veneer of the corporeal other we are beleaguered by the cryptic proposals,
yet we persuade the dalliance that makes such, such.

But is all this speak absurd?
Perhaps, were I murmuring above my breath.
For again, how might I stumble over me? And musings know they maunder.
But that does not suppress them from dreaming.
So "harmony" too,
with my knowing lies,
diverts the reality of itself
and carries on.

- **shift** -

I probe these impossible tales, so do I perjure me? Do I make me more than I become, veneer anxieties? (But if I falsify
me, how could I fathom it?)
To design my luck I gather.

eldritch Priest Spring 2003