

Lookboop

Jaquelyn Deschamps

slow & freely - I. A Chill in my Bones

p the chill of win-ter sinks into my bo-nes

as heavy snow falls upon bran-ches

slowly *in a triplet feel* *mp* who bend at the weight something so gen-tle *f, spoken with anger* yet catas-trophic!

Gently *mp* For each snow-flake is a a gen-tle kiss from the sky

mf but make no mis-take she too will crash you! *f* *in a triplet feel*

Softly, pensive *p* I watch from the safe-ty of my hiding place

tucked a-way yet this weight heart, and I won-der does too? we feel it

10/15

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring various notes, rests, and accidentals.

I find myself late @ night hunched over
the thin pages of pa-per
the bind-ing has come loose
a piece of black charcoal lies in my open palm
quickly sha-ding flesh with dark-ness
I find my-self pressing down upon the paper
Scratching a-way scra-thing a-way the fi-bers
fast, almost angry
and leaving in its wake an i-mage I know only too well
a hand I press for-ther the hand grows
claw & shred, the hand re-mains
fast grasping for so-mething, someone

a bit slower

Find myself gazing into the lines of the hand

In it I see a child In it I see an a-ni-mal

In it I see — I find myself cho — cking

cho — cking (maybe) h

I find myself I find myself thinking

There's danger here in these sympathetic hours

these times spent thinking of you in the thought of your face

tracing the lines of your hands

If I could tear those hands off —

so that you would never be around someone as deeply

as you have

would — ed me (TURN PAGE)

I find my-self ripping the pages from the books,

tearing them to shreds yet the hand re-mains

I have no rea-son to be-lieve if I were to cut it off

if I were to rip apart bone, tendon

muscle, ligament, and skin, sorting them into piles

what I have seen would re-main

I find myself late @ night hunched over

the thin pages of pa-per, the bi-nding has come loose

a piece of black charcoal lies in my open palm

shadowing flesh with darkness

some thing deep with-in my Soul reaches out to you

this longing to wrap my arms around your shoulders

Sinking my nails into your flesh and claw

ad lib on pitches? (• b•) Deeper into the layers of the

abyss To learn what kills me still For its not your

kindness or compassion its not your love or friendship

(did given up on all of those things years ago)

much slower + cance

So tell me, worthless man Why am I still


enamoured by a body with no soul residing

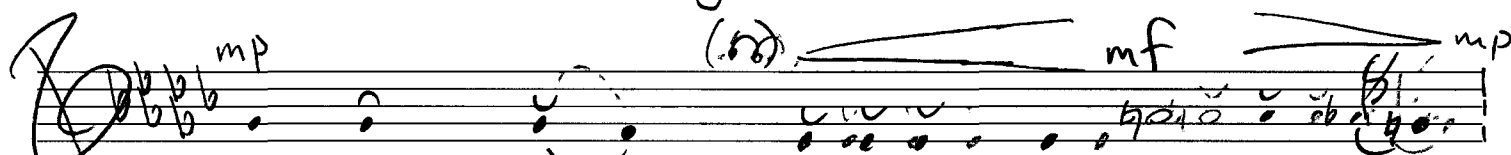
within?

Lookbook


Jacqueline
Deschêde

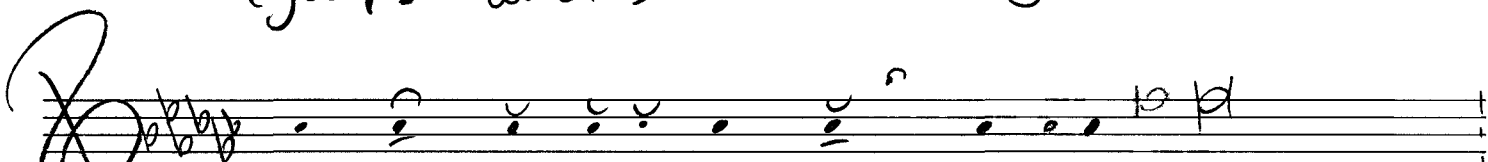
V. Silence

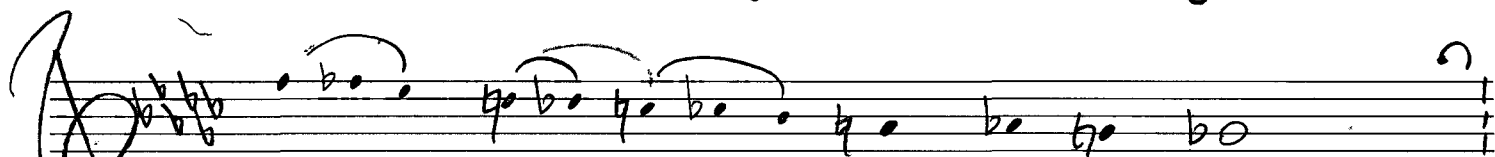
pp  Silence [labored breathing] so much Silence

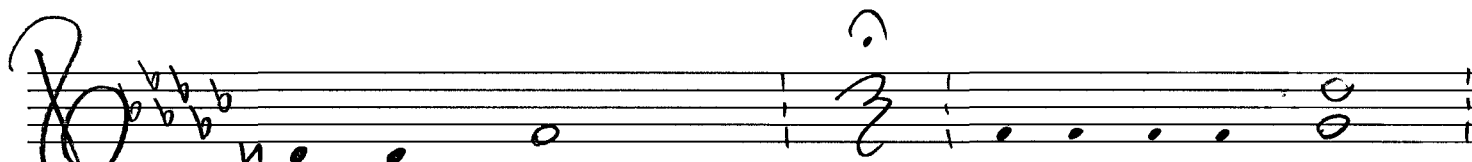
mp  this vast chasm Sucks away all a life and light

 shaking morning doesn't come melancholy creeps in

ff  [gasps] and I am nothing, no one.

 I curl in upon myself and I grasp

 moving away faster than I can reach

 morning comes, we drift further still,

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The melody consists of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The final note is a half note B-flat with a fermata. The lyrics "think of me what you will, hate me" are written below the staff.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The melody consists of quarter notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The final note is a half note B-flat with a fermata. The lyrics "but ne-ver say I didnt love you." are written below the staff. To the right of the staff, the text "mouthed: 'silence'" is written.

