The five brief movements of composer Jung Sun Kang and poet Nicholas Hogan’s *The Carillonneur* take the form of a mass. Kang worked with Hogan to write complementary music and poetry reflecting Hogan’s visit to the carillon of the University of Rochester. In Hogan’s words:

The poem “The Carillonneur” was written to capture the internal experience of the Carillon. In Taoism, the black portion of the T’ai Chi (often called the “yin-yang symbol”) is associated with inner, feminine, spiritual energy that is often hidden. The white portion of the design represents the outward, active expression of life and is associated with masculine energy. This poem represents the yin nature of the carillon experience to those who, standing outside, hear the outward (yang) expression. Outside, only the chimes are available to the listener. Inside, ironically, the listener sees the thoughtful (yin energy) preparation and yet also hears the intense physical (yang energy) percussive aspect of the instrument as the keys are struck. The carillonneur and her inward journey re-create the creative path each artist takes. The structure of the poem, utilizing elements of the Mass, echoes the ritual quality of creative action, and celebrates the balancing of masculine and feminine qualities which helps us all find the still center wherein the Muse resides.

**The Carillonneur**

Nicholas Hogan

I. Introit

When the sound arrives

merry and dancing, and

laughing bronze gods

boom in time

across quadrangles verdant

ringed with austere oak

and academic brick

do you look up in wonder?

Imagine, can you,

the fists of these deities

striking music

off of mountains? Or

is it the simple surprise

of this pealing surpassing

Westminster's quartered charms?

It is more.

Come see it with me.

This is how it begins.

II. Gradual

Through library lobby

over the flying geese of the stone floor

past the quiescent stacks

the carillonneur rides upwards

leaving all the words below

Her muscled forearms yank

the elevator cage aside

metallic clash of the old Otis elevator gate

echoes in the hollowed bell tower,

a precursor.

More steps rise ahead, girders support

her solitary climb,

two flights up, close now to cupola

wire mesh to either side.

In a graffiti-tagged plywood wall

a door.

Feel, anticipation.

III. Kyrie

The lock undone, as door swings open

eye seeks instrument, supposing polished wood

finds instead angled steel, tungsten line,

bolt and eyelet, wires traveling upwards

turnbuckles tight, florescent lights

and then, as you focus,

the oaken polished keys

grain exposed, the pegs

taper, extend toward you,

hinting at infinity and the octatonic wonders

that are here, latent, awaiting touch and tread.

She slips off daily shoes,

dons slippers embroidered

with stitching you will never see.

She sits a moment arranging pages,

and then, after breathing,

only then, and for you

she reaches out so tenderly

with curved hands, almost fisted

to stroke the polished fine-grained

oaken pegs and pull the wires down

draw the clappers in

and ring, and ring, and ring, and ring, the bells.

IV. Gloria

Feet flow over the pedals

as across the lawn

under the eaves

the sound of petals floats

lingering in ringing air

final chills of winter

chased away by chimes

above the upturned faces

eyes abstracted, all in-focused

legs reach akimbo, fists and flat hands

caress the aged wood

bronzed beauty rings

unseen, the carillon

V. Credo Percussum

Outside you hear the ringing of the singing-out bells

But inside at the heart of things another thing is happening

Here in the dome high up the carillonneur thumps and thumps

Oak smooth felt feeling thump echo chimes bellow

and pound sing around ring the fisted feelings ding

gently sound ting out th-thump ting-tang th-thump wires pull chimes abound

eighth notes crash bong ring strong sixteenths change, chime, ding and

change-ring, ears fill with sounds until no wait

th-thump and ring, fists slowly ring th-thump and ching

carillonneur eases slows and now below as people breathe

percussive oaken echoes ease inside

as music settles, comes to ringing

simmering, shimmering smile-bringing end, and feet

and fists unclench, breathe,

are still as unrung bells

that settle into dusk's light

and her gentle harmonic embrace.