

voice

I am reading

"'Huh! promising me a hundred children.' Then she waits for the God to show what he can do, and Siva (but it can't be Siva) is touched, and forced by her faith, resuscitates the husband."

> And as I am reading I hear a cry: Oooooooo! O God, the heart fails I know it it can happen next door

(see *Musée des Beaux Arts*)

while you are reading

"What I am telling here is the story according to the expression of the group. But the Hindus do not know how to paint, still less how to carve natural expressions. That is why I am inclined to think that the woman's attitude should be a little more respectful."

What can I do but lunge from bed the telephone...

no the moments spent dialing may be her last the kiss of life how does it go? Once I had to try it on a boy he was not dying he was only a cub scout but he could die and I could if I would save him if I was not timid

and I was

how does it go! splayed out in the bathroom she was stepping from the shower she had no history her heart was free of history I would stay with her hammer the kiss of life

onto her hold a mirror over her lips

O000000000!

She cries again I am slow closing the book.

"The Hindu does not rush. He is never elliptic. He does not stand out from the group. He is the exact opposite of the climax. He never bowls you over. In the 125,000 verses of the Ramayanas, in the 250,000 of the Mahabharata there is not a flash."

I saw her once only

she was not attractive no one would call her beautiful I hear her music at night Havdn she plays when she is alone as she is most nights a working woman up at seven I hear the alarm I hear her hum as the coffee perks as the bath runs as the radio softly conveys the news

that has occurre.

she has been called as my grandmother would say she is crossing over as the spiritualiists say O000000000!

a third time she cries it must be terrible it did not show mercy with swiftness I have heard that cry

I "respond" to that cry as if it were caught in my throat

Oooooooo yes

she says Oooooooo yes I am in the doorway with one foot raised the foot stays raised through the next cry and the next cry the foot is becoming aware of something the awareness moves

up through the ankle

into the calves

the knees and into the thighs

the thighs say

this neightbor of mine

is not dying

no she is not dying the foot lowers itself

to the ground

one foot follows the other back into the bedroom

the hands pick up

the book

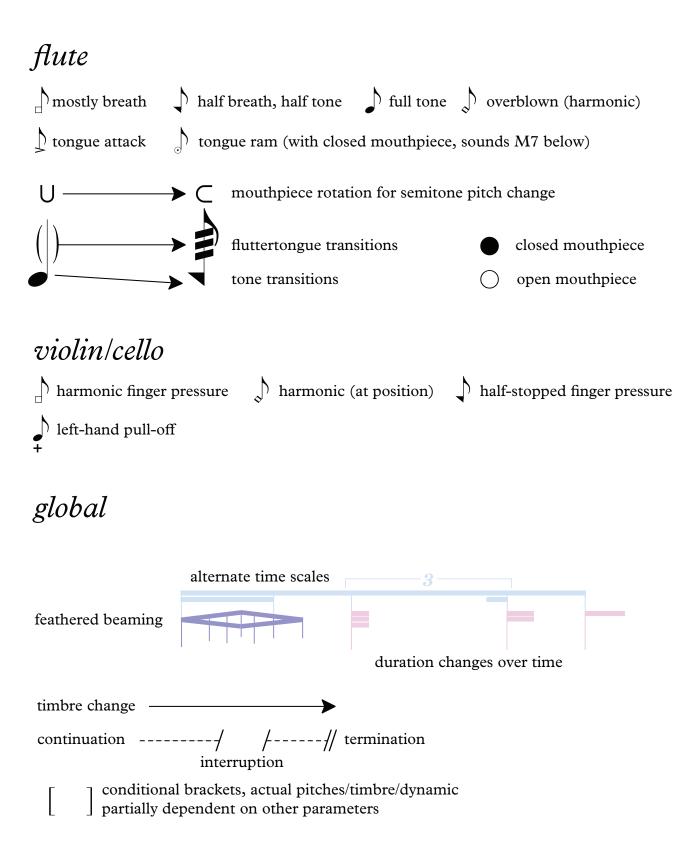
the eyes are shy now they feel foolish

but they must read

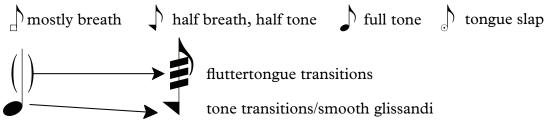
to the end.

Someone must think she is beautiful.

-James Tate from Absences (1972)



clarinet



percussion

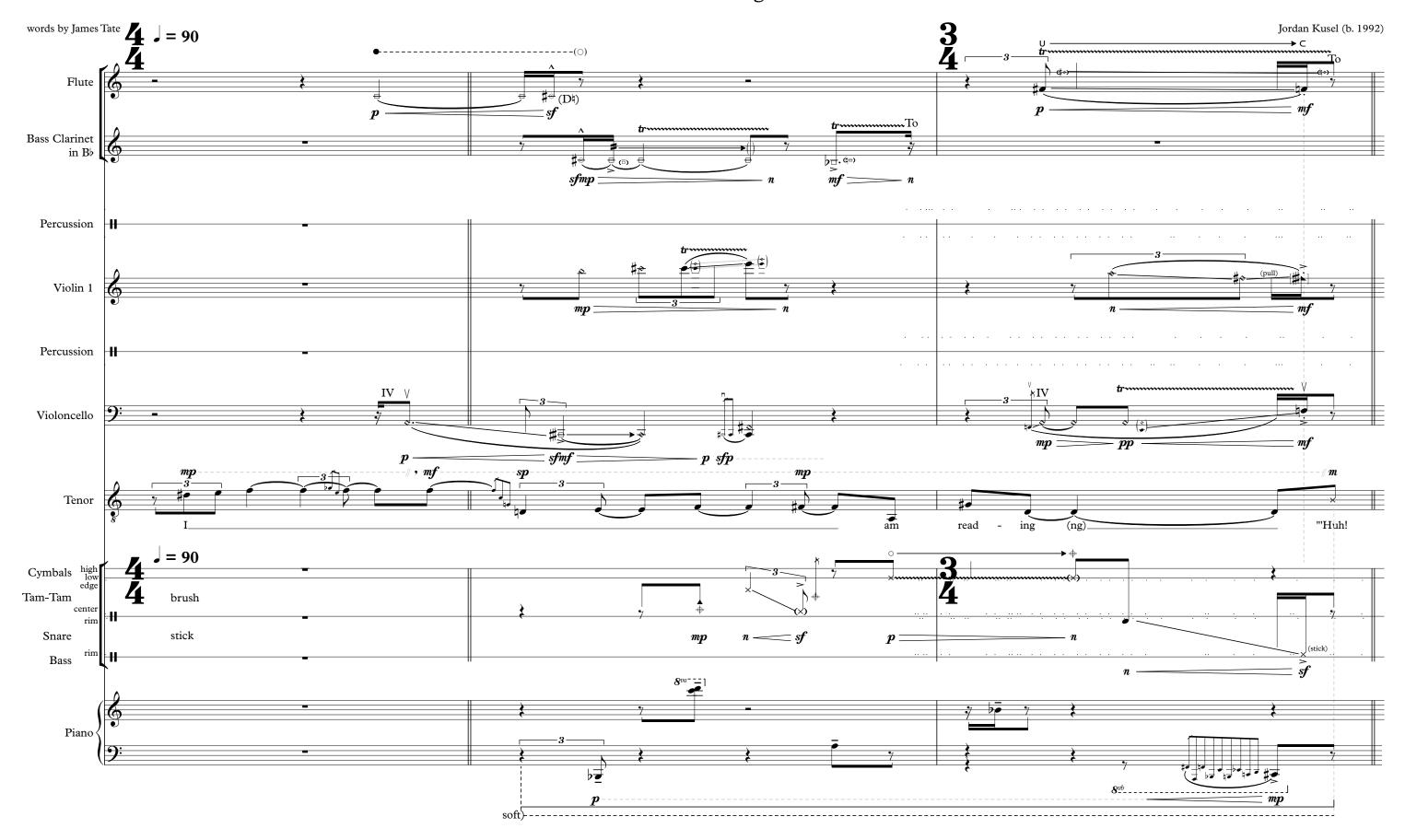
mute ringing cymbal/tam-tam wie handle of brush

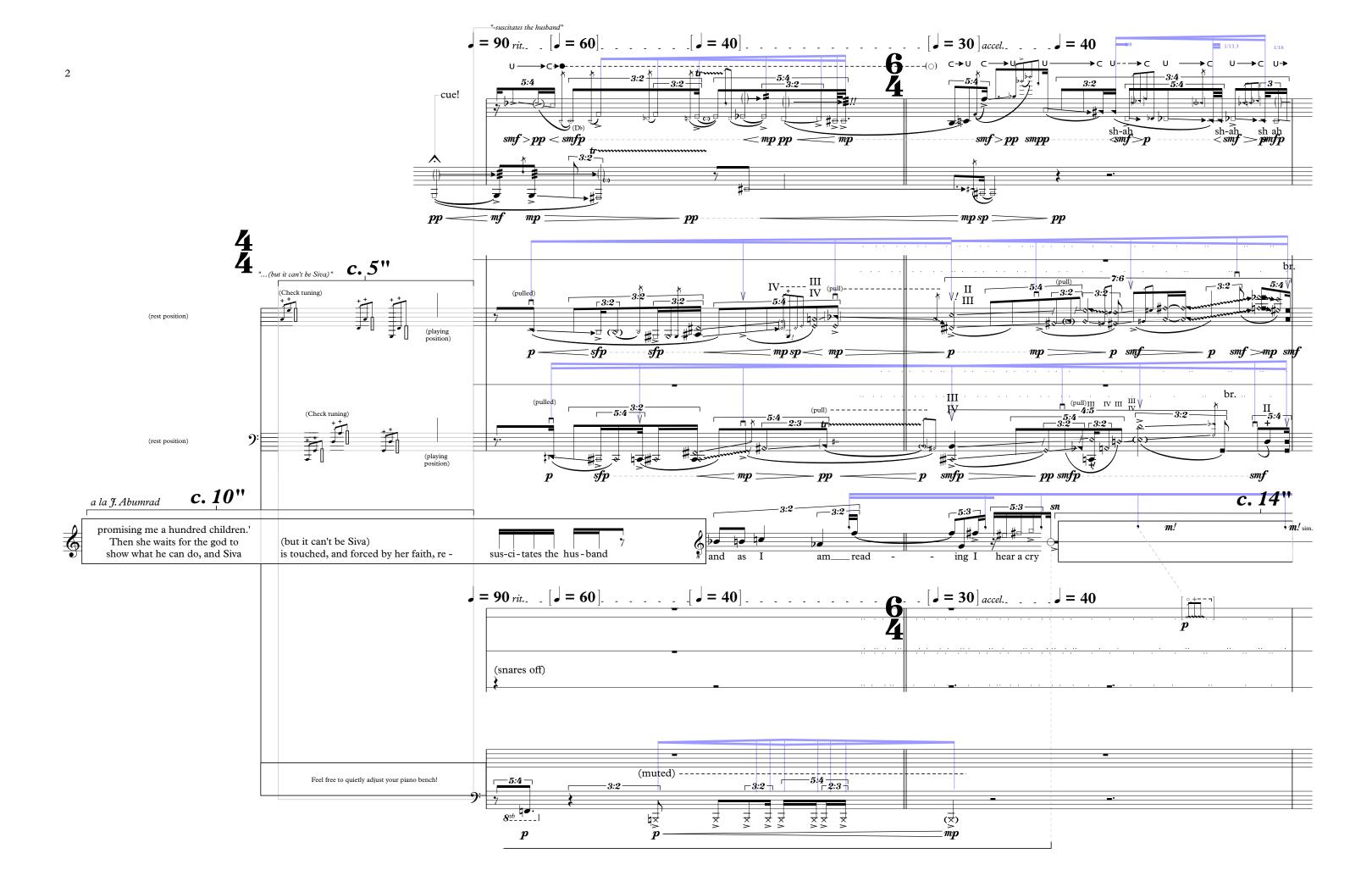
piano

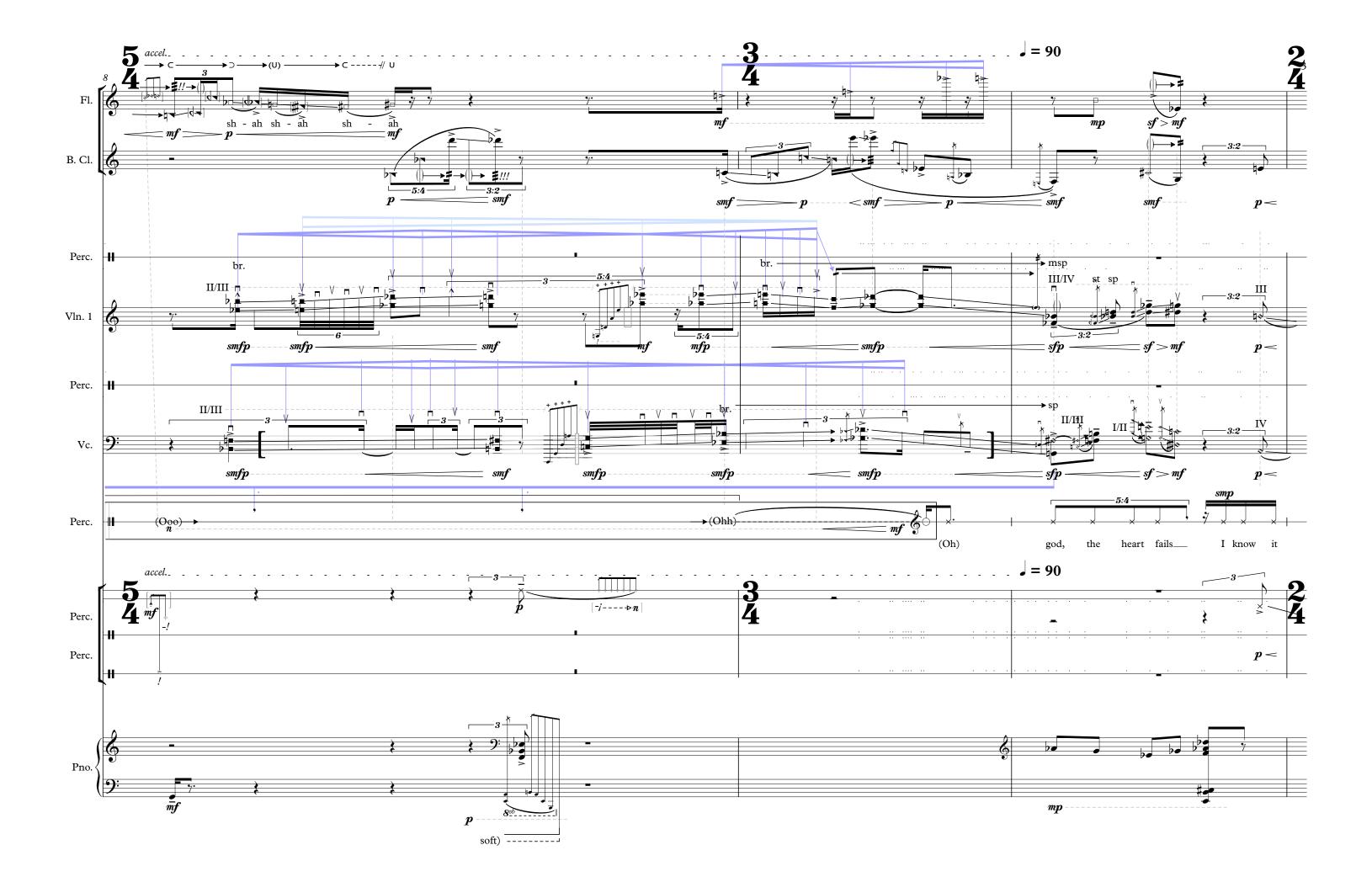
mute firmly inside piano

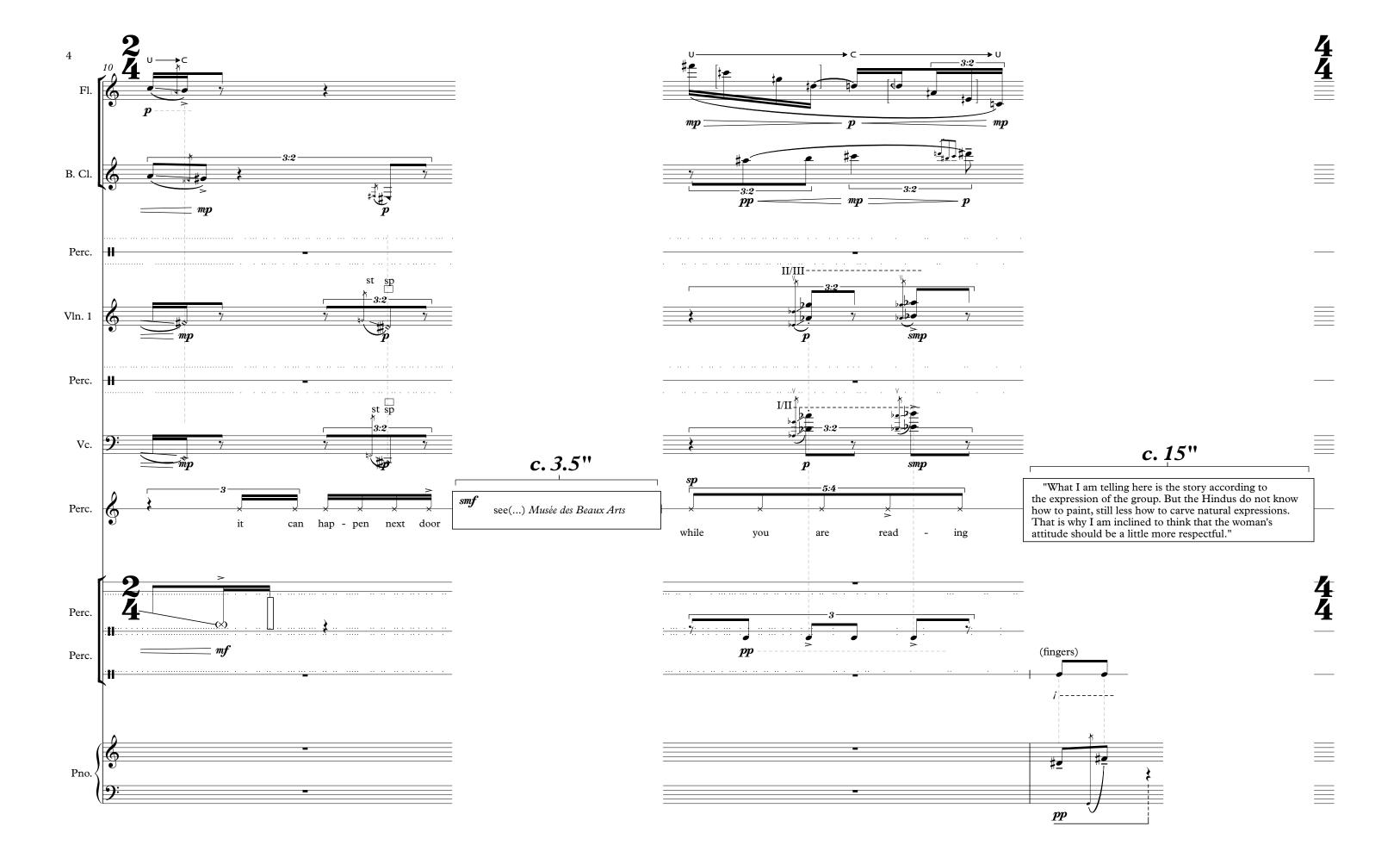
While all pitches, timbres, and rhythms are correct, wrestling with Sibelius and Illustrator for this score has proven an uphill battle - with sufficient time, visual/design discrepancies and auxiliary string lines can be easily fixed.

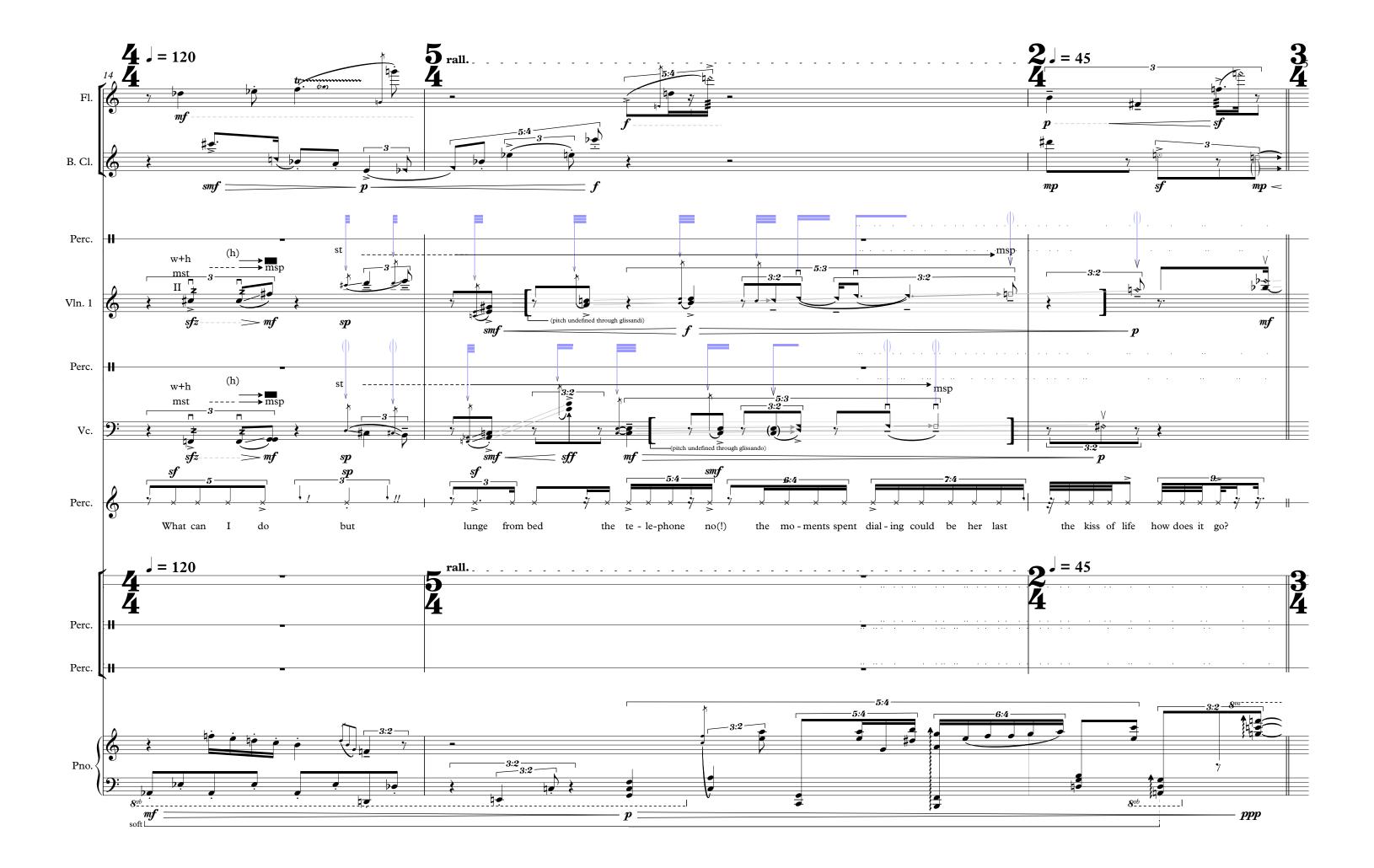
The Distant Orgasm

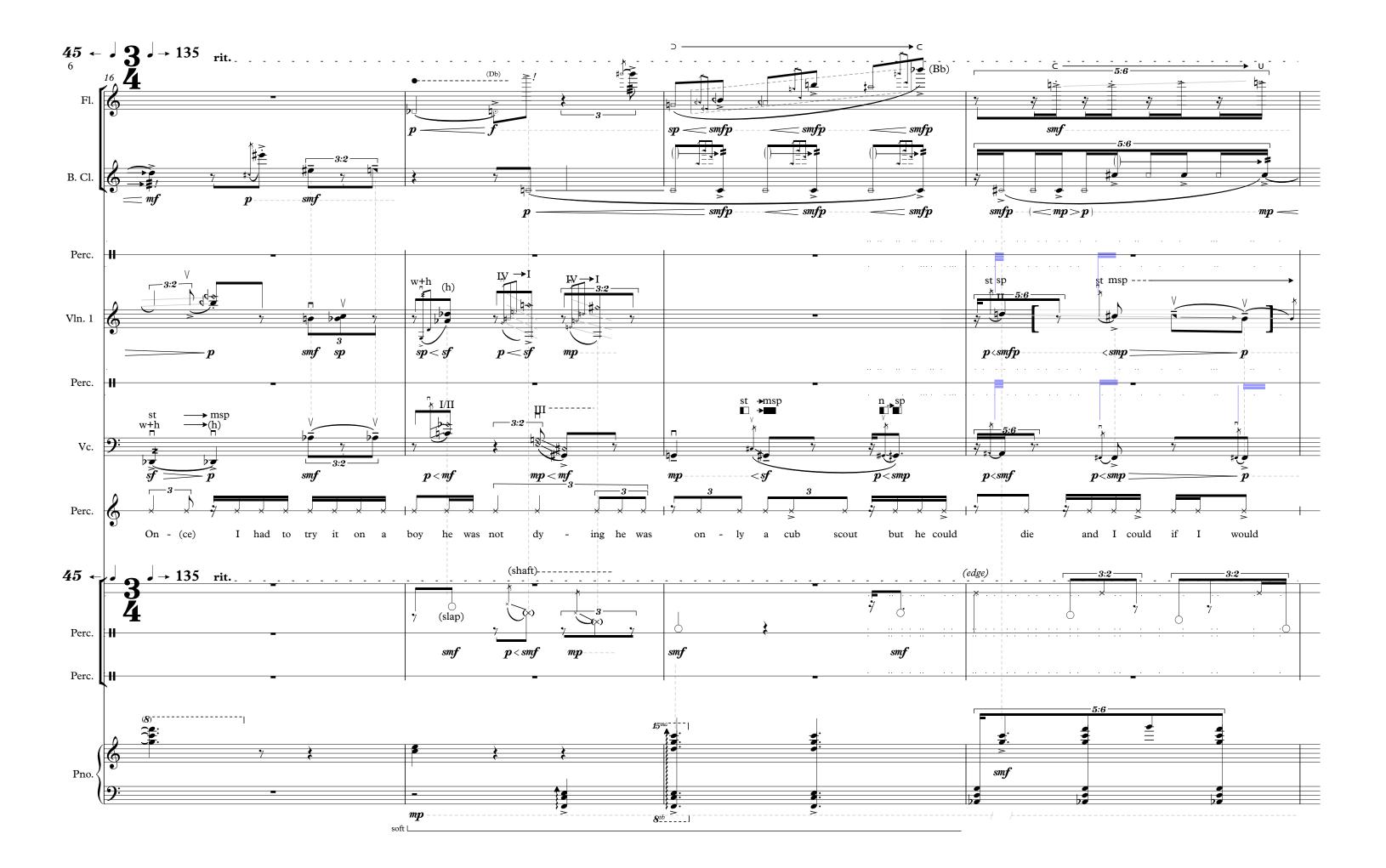


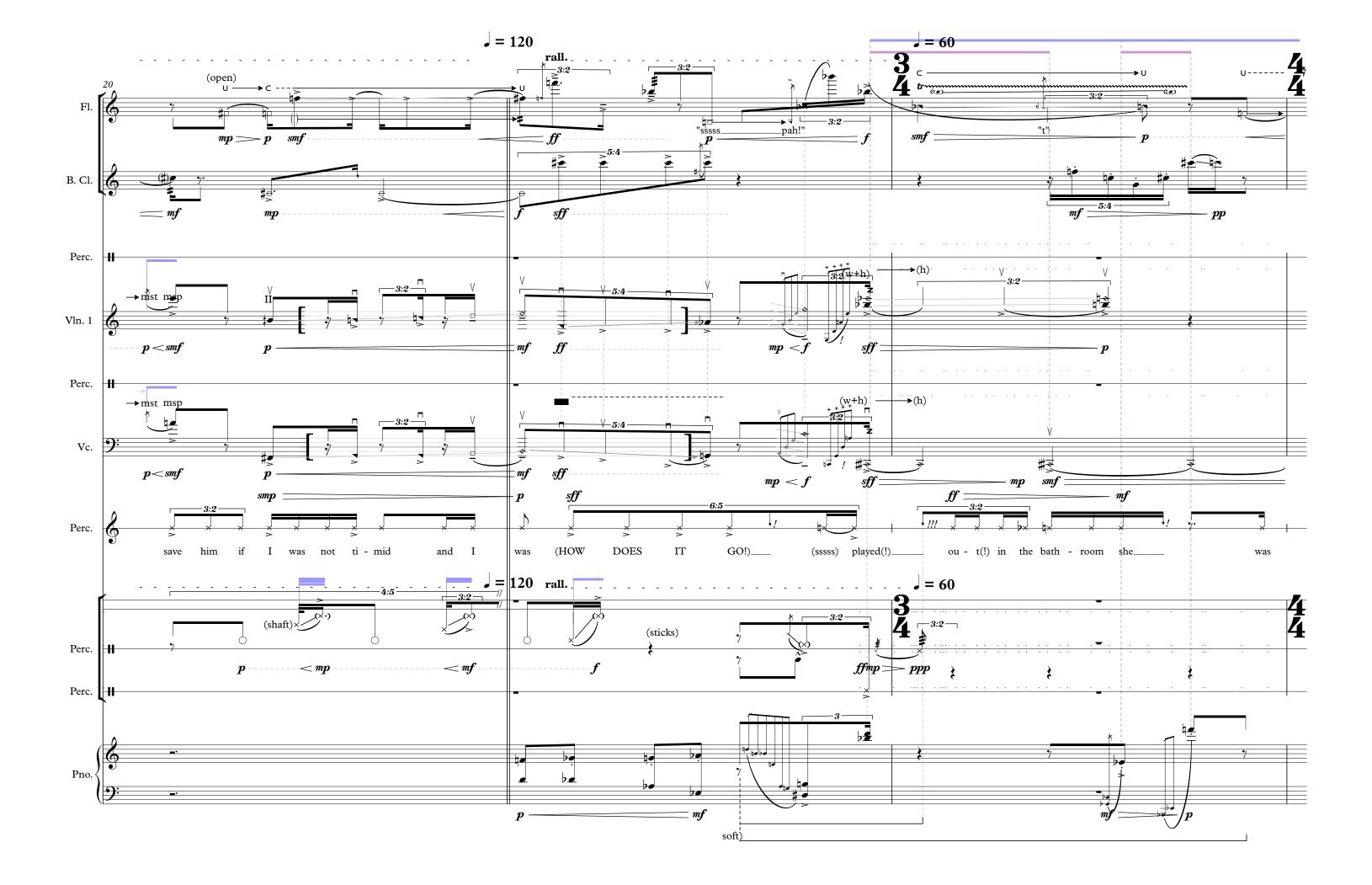


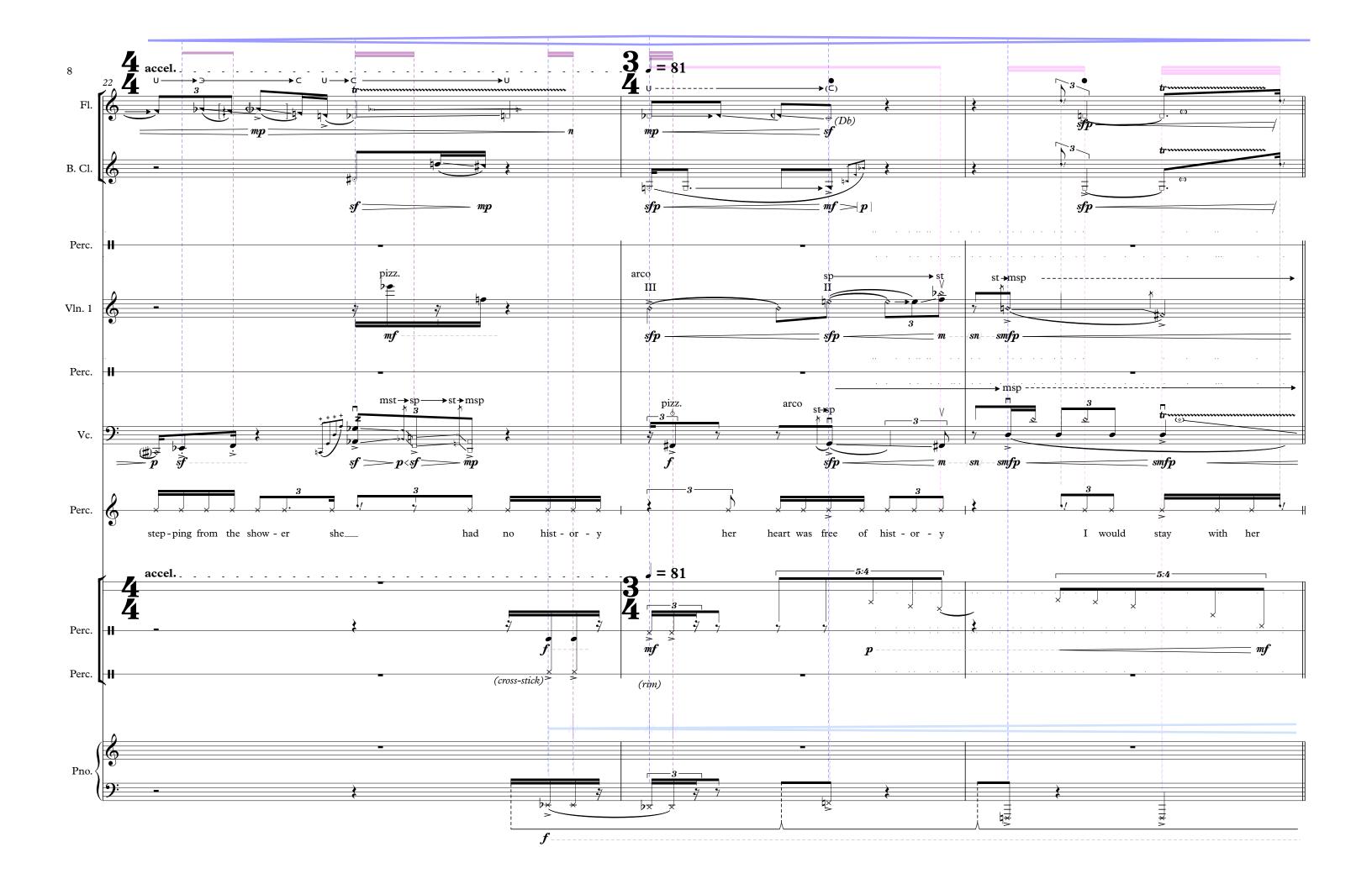


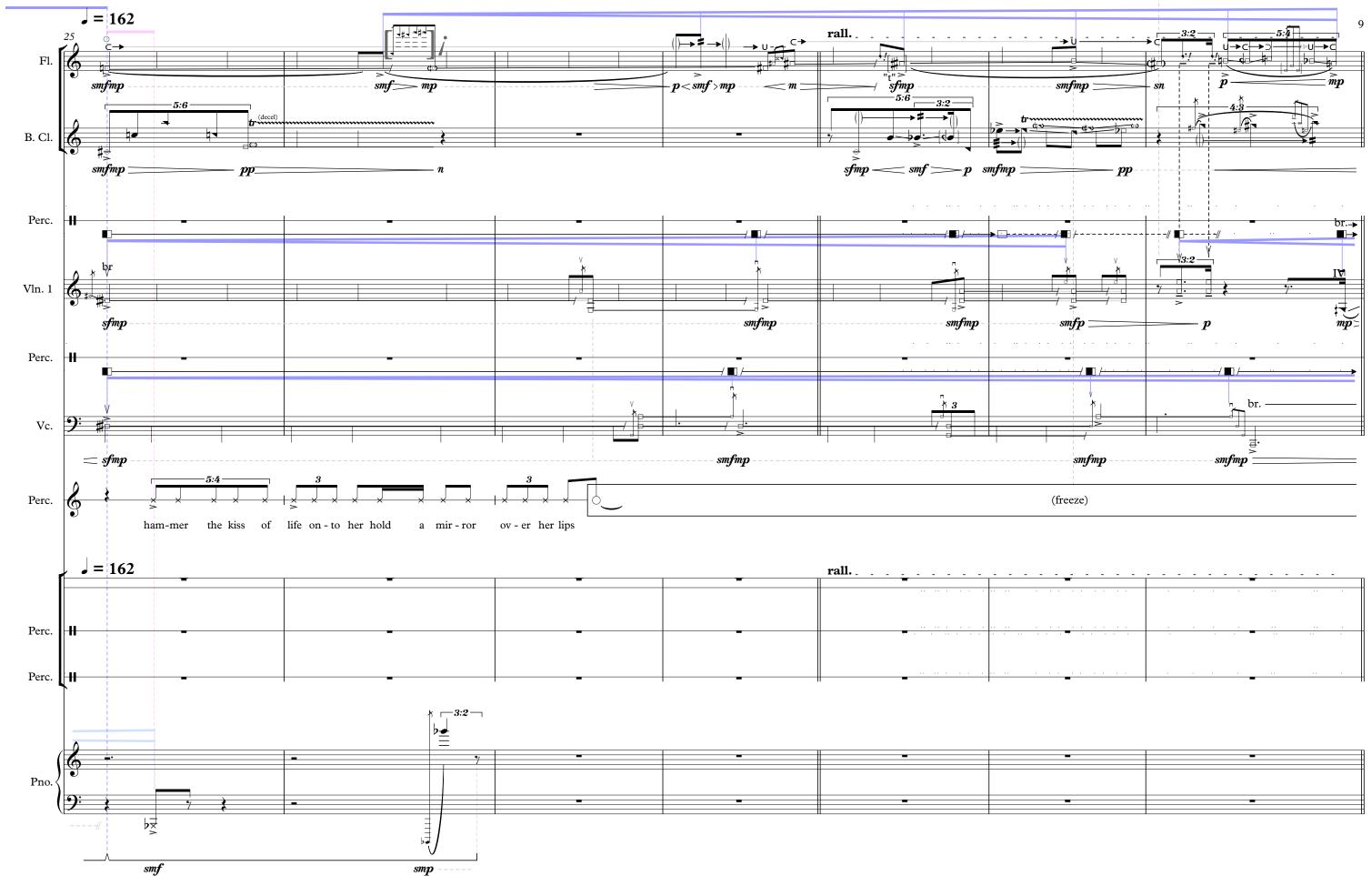


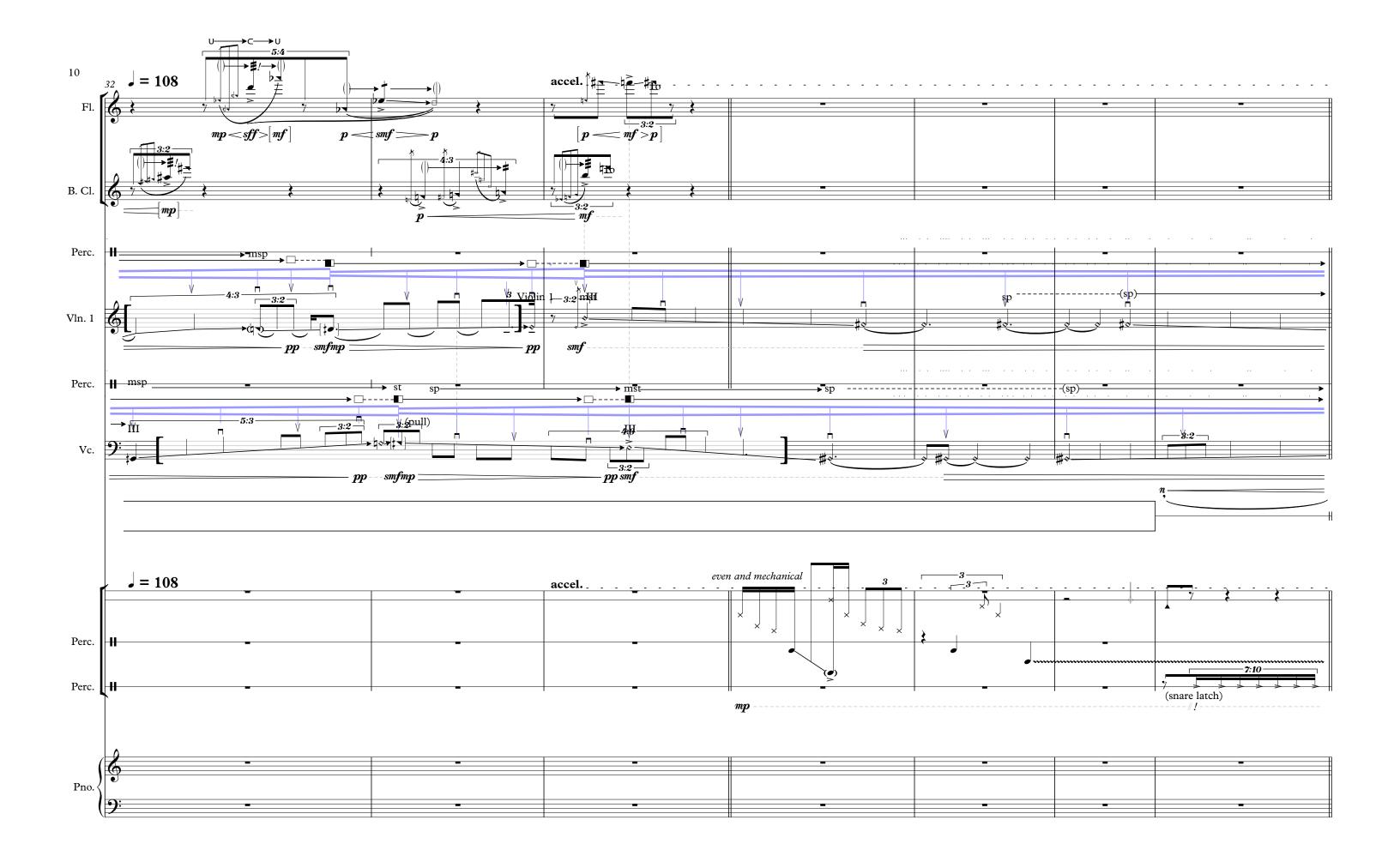




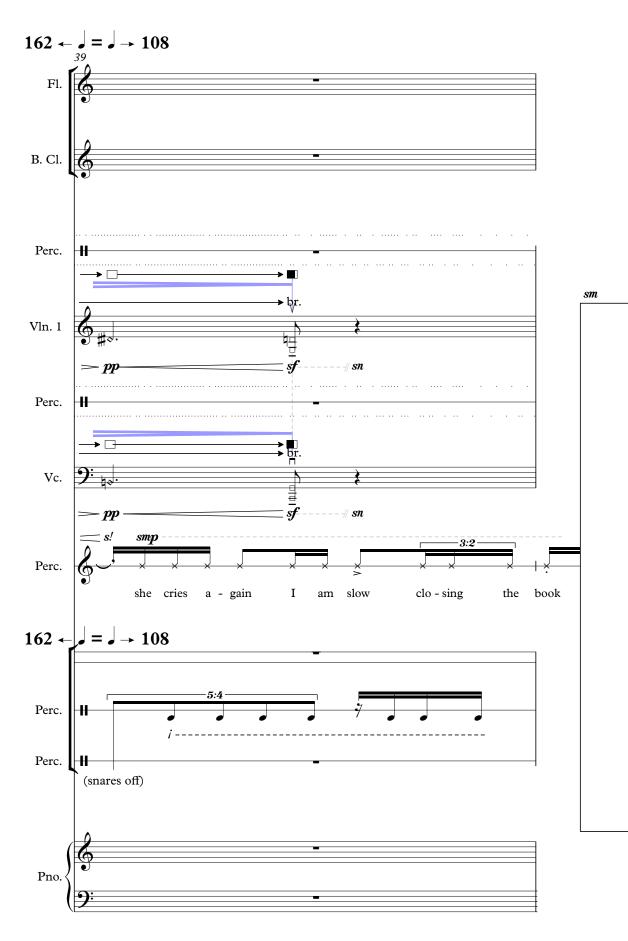












202.4.0

overly calm and elliptical

focused, proclamatory

"The Hindu does not rush.

He is never elliptic.

He does not stand out from the group.

restrained; perfect 61.8% climax

forgetting not to stand out; perfect 38.2% reverse-climax

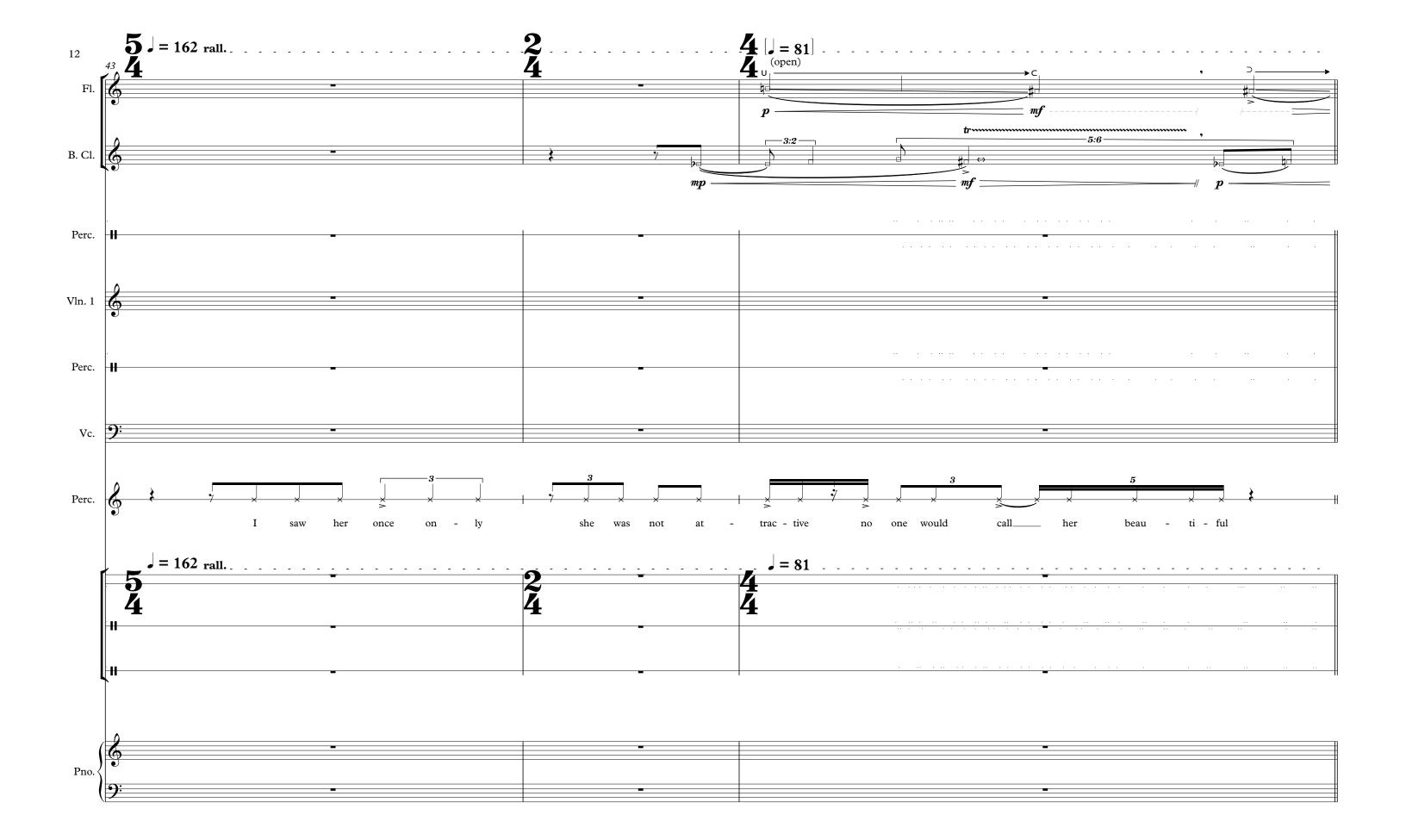
He is the exact opposite of the climax.

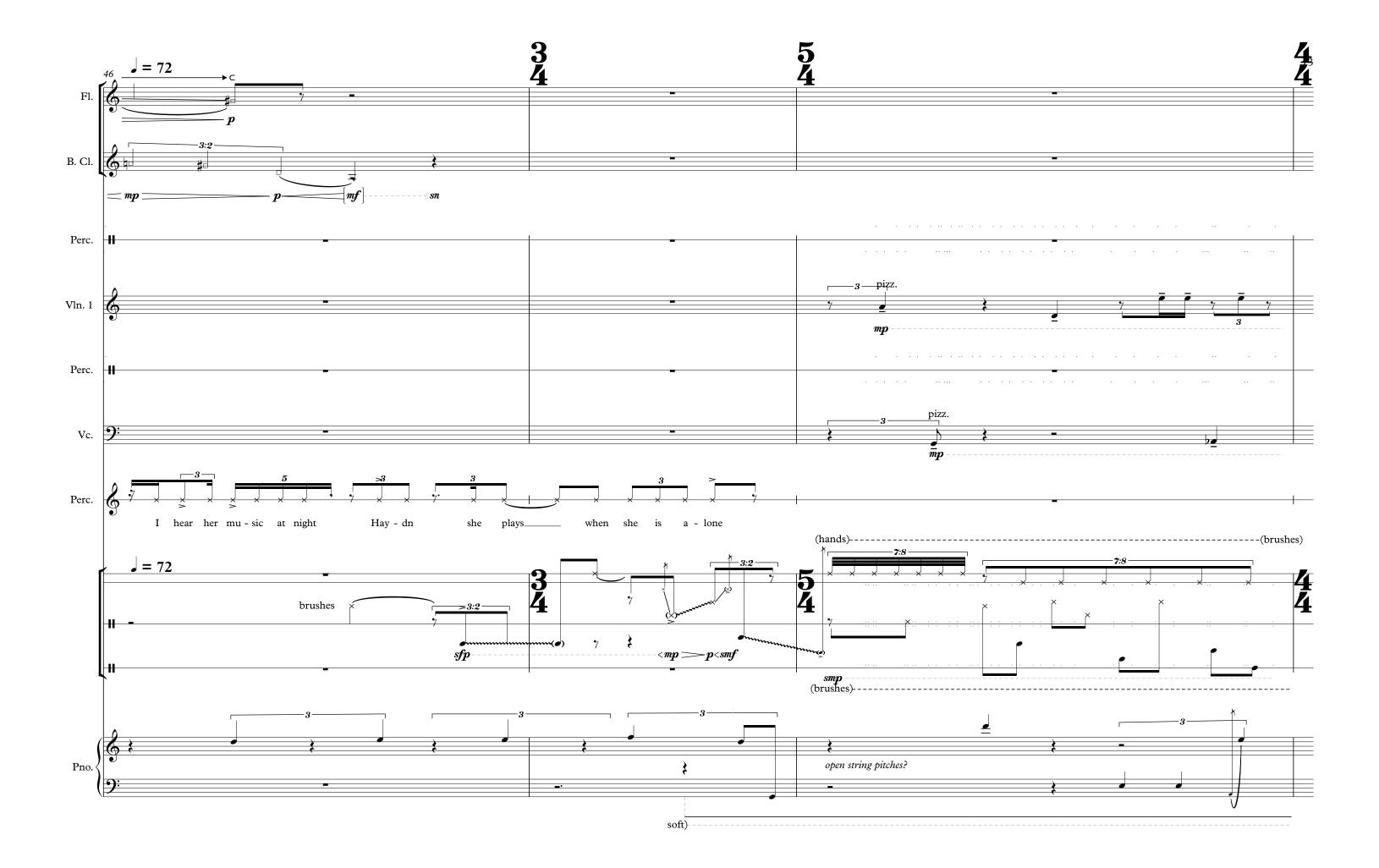
He never bowls you over.

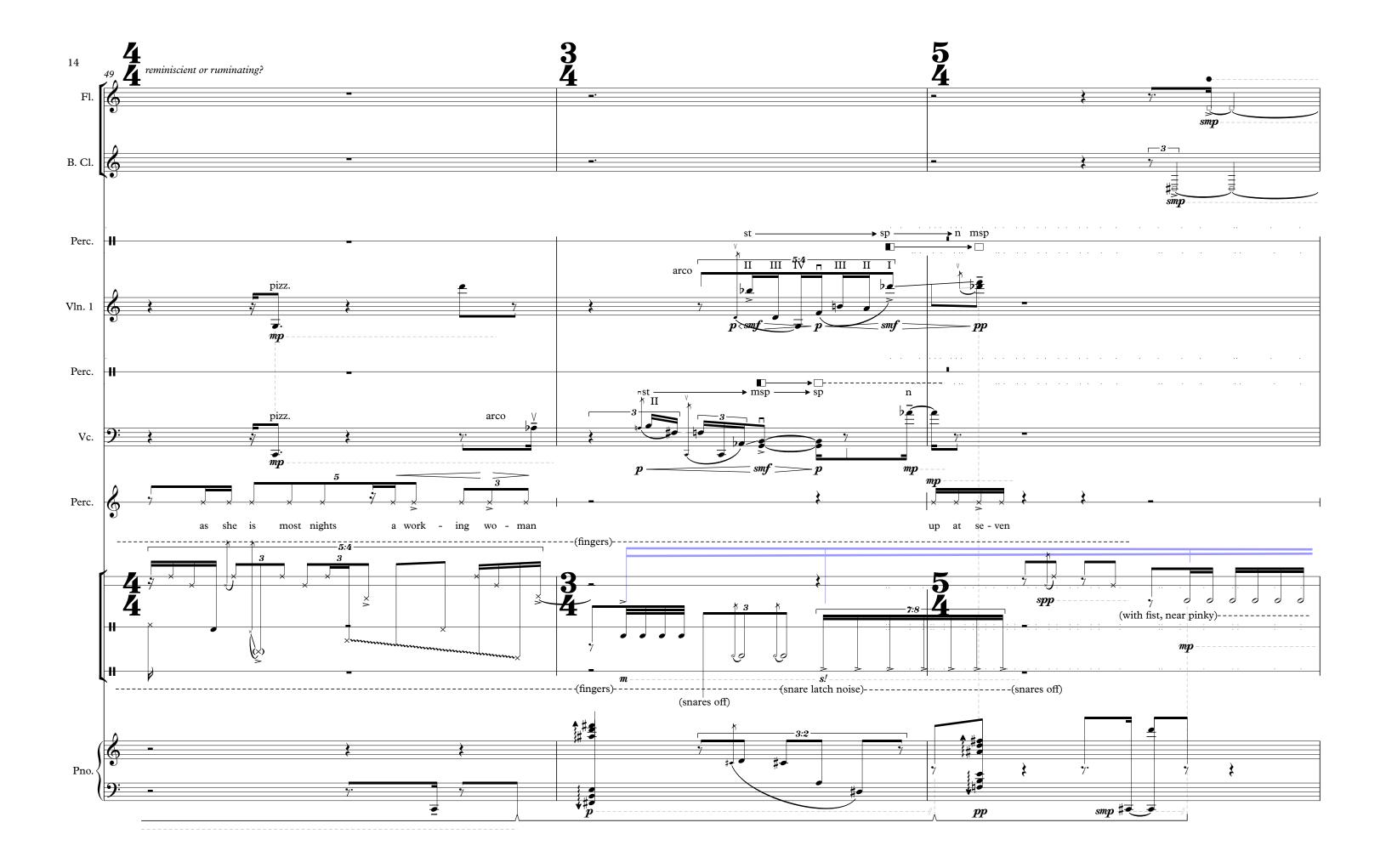
ego loss, etc., etc.

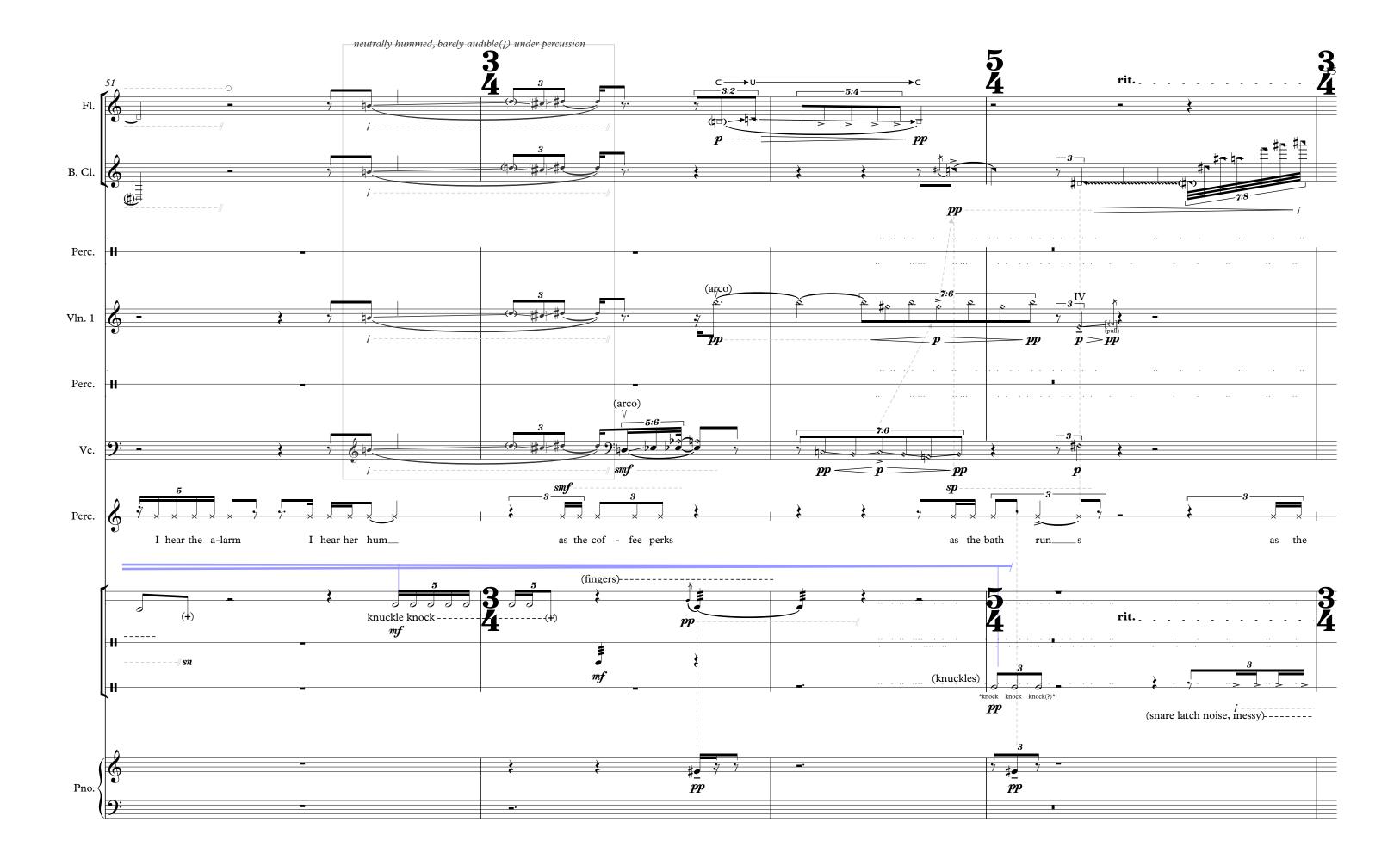
In the 125,000 verses of the Ramayanas, in the 250,000 of the Mahabharata there is not a flash."

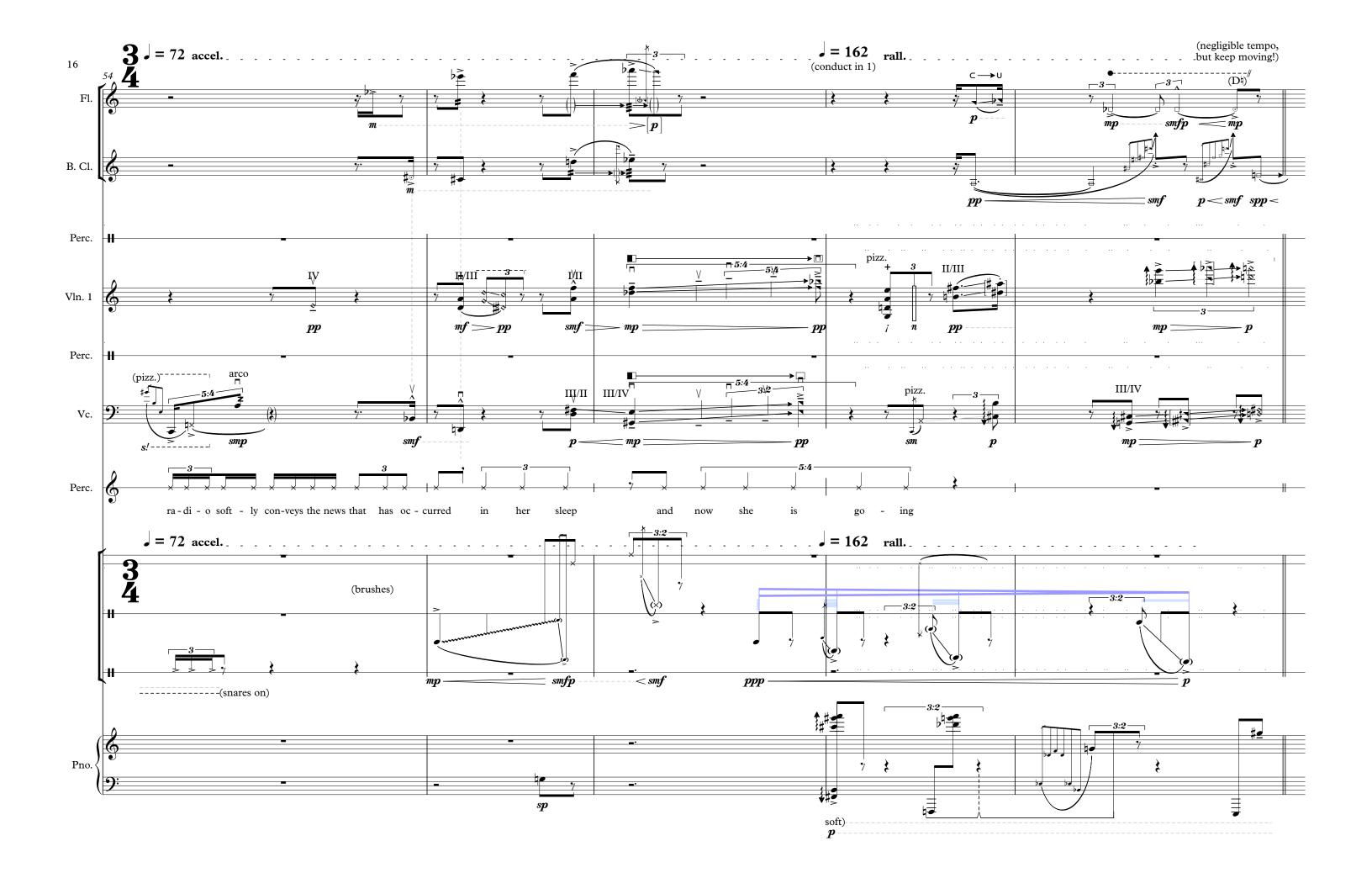
keep going...!

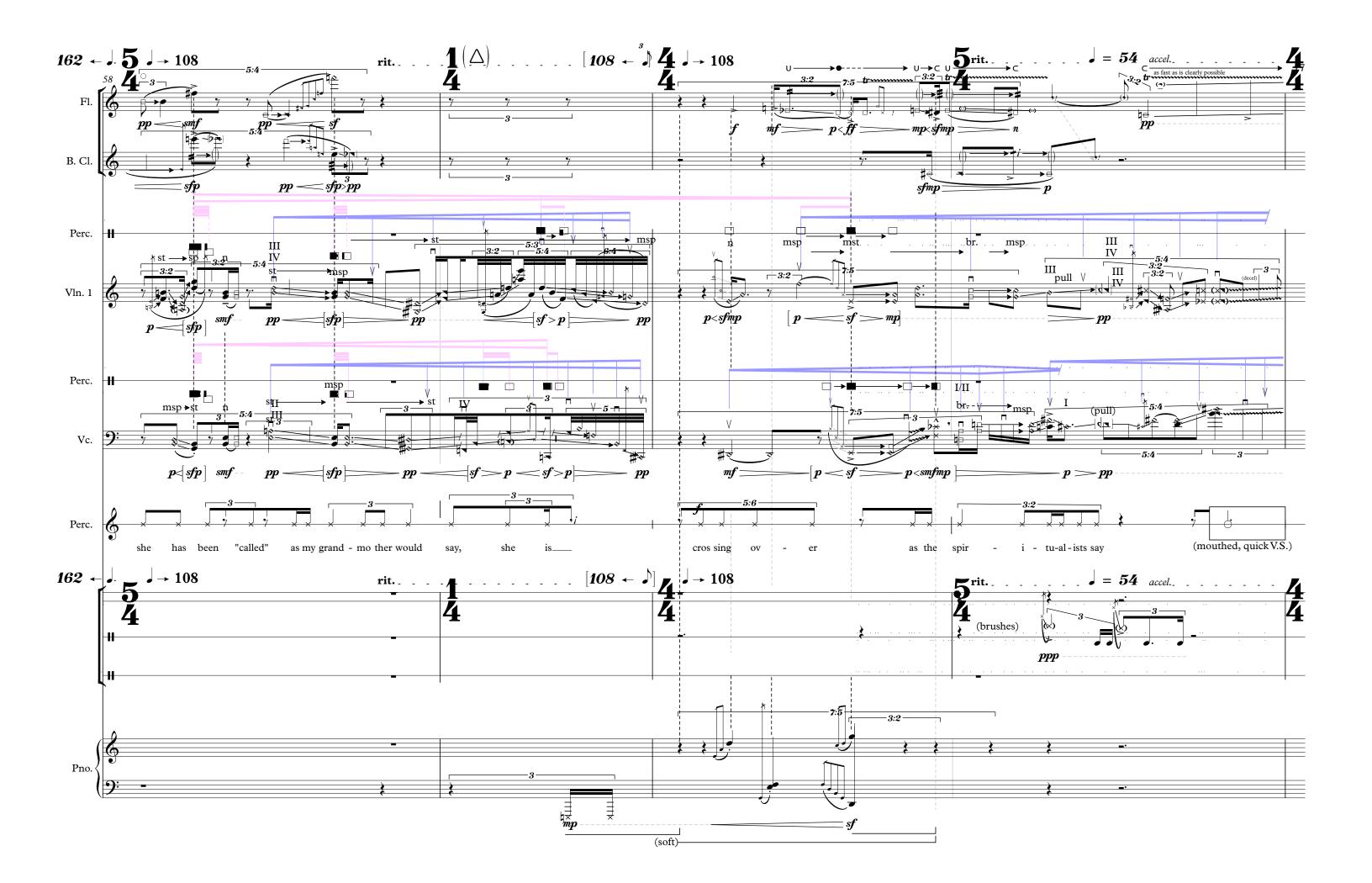


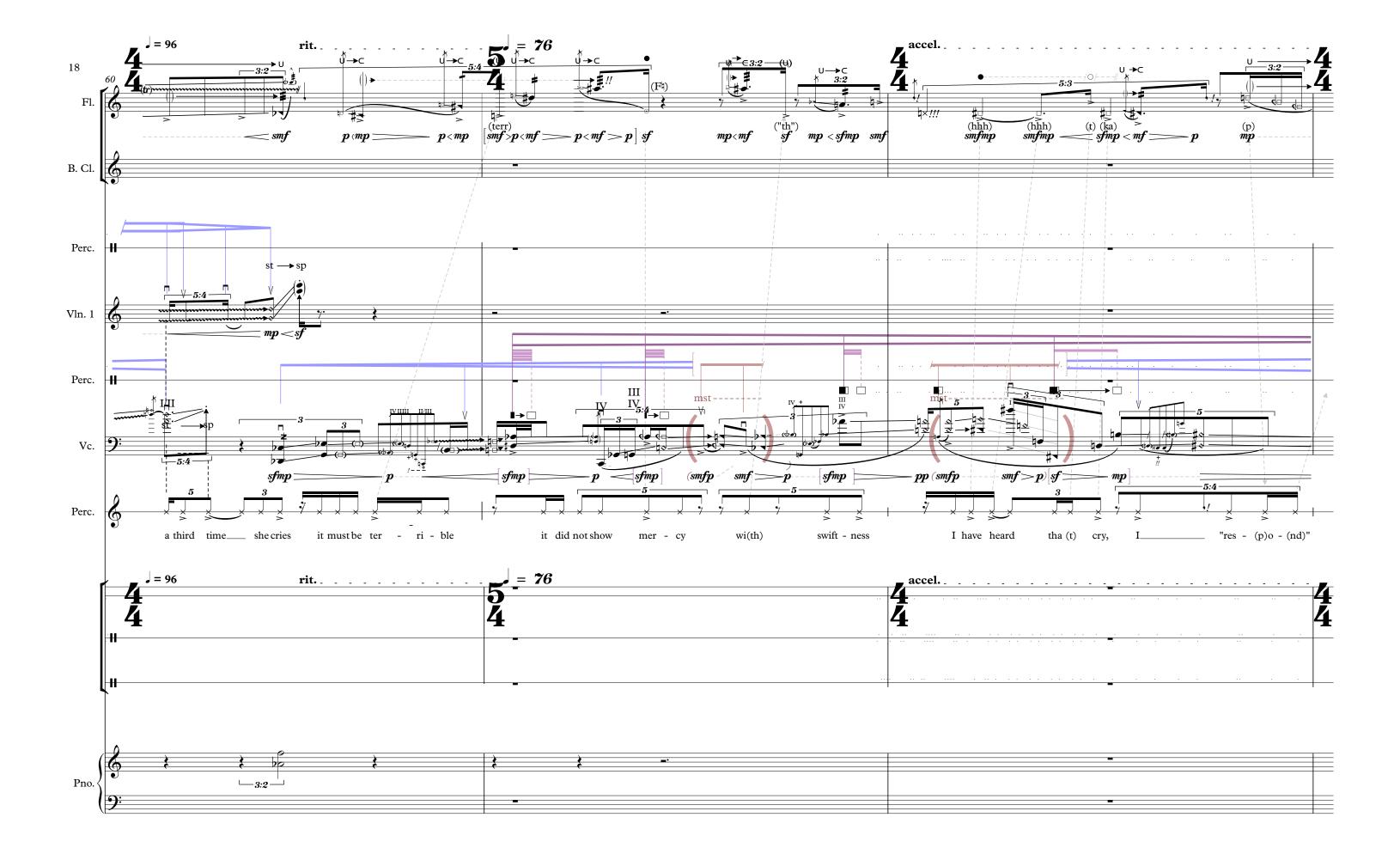


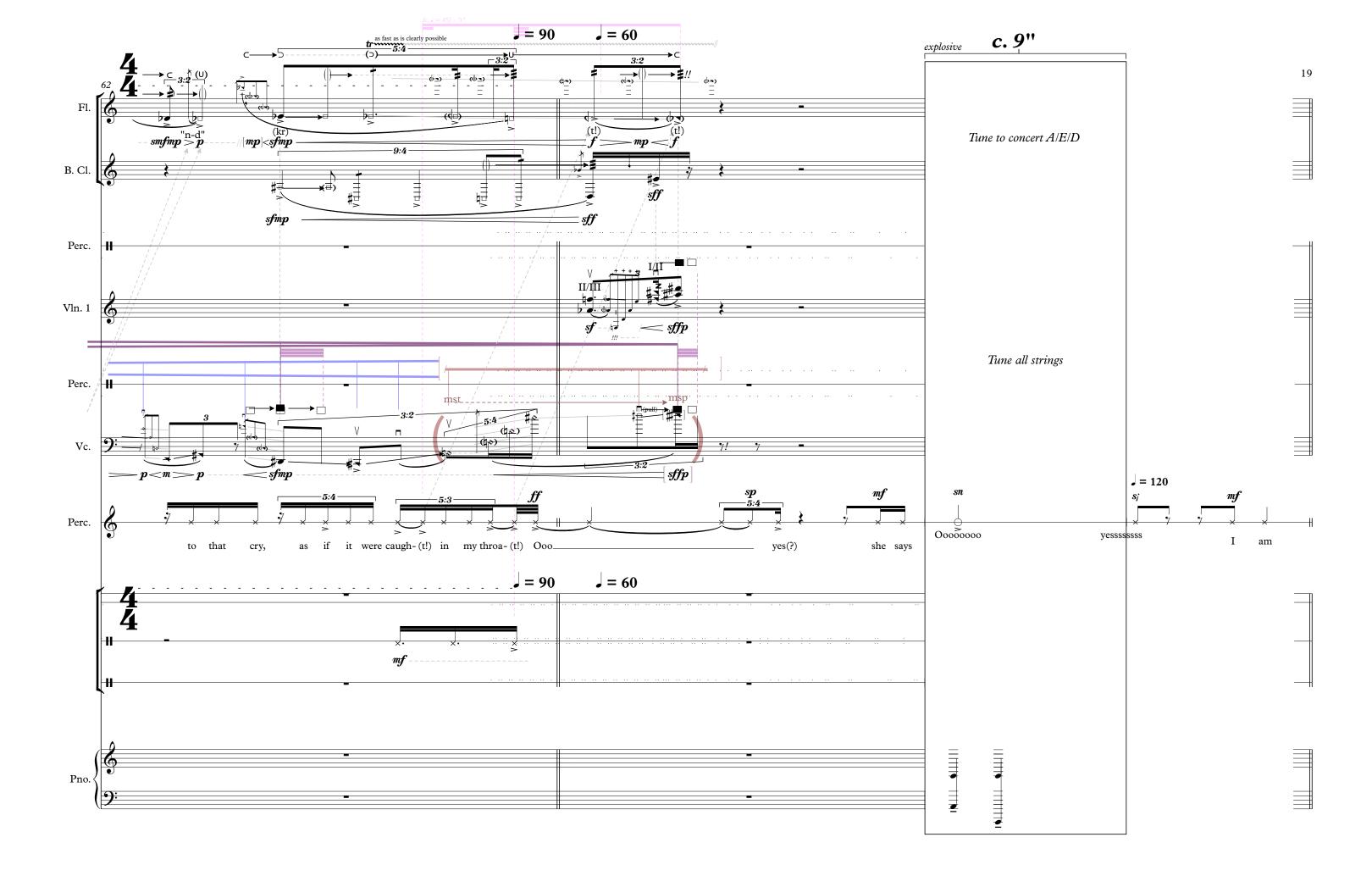


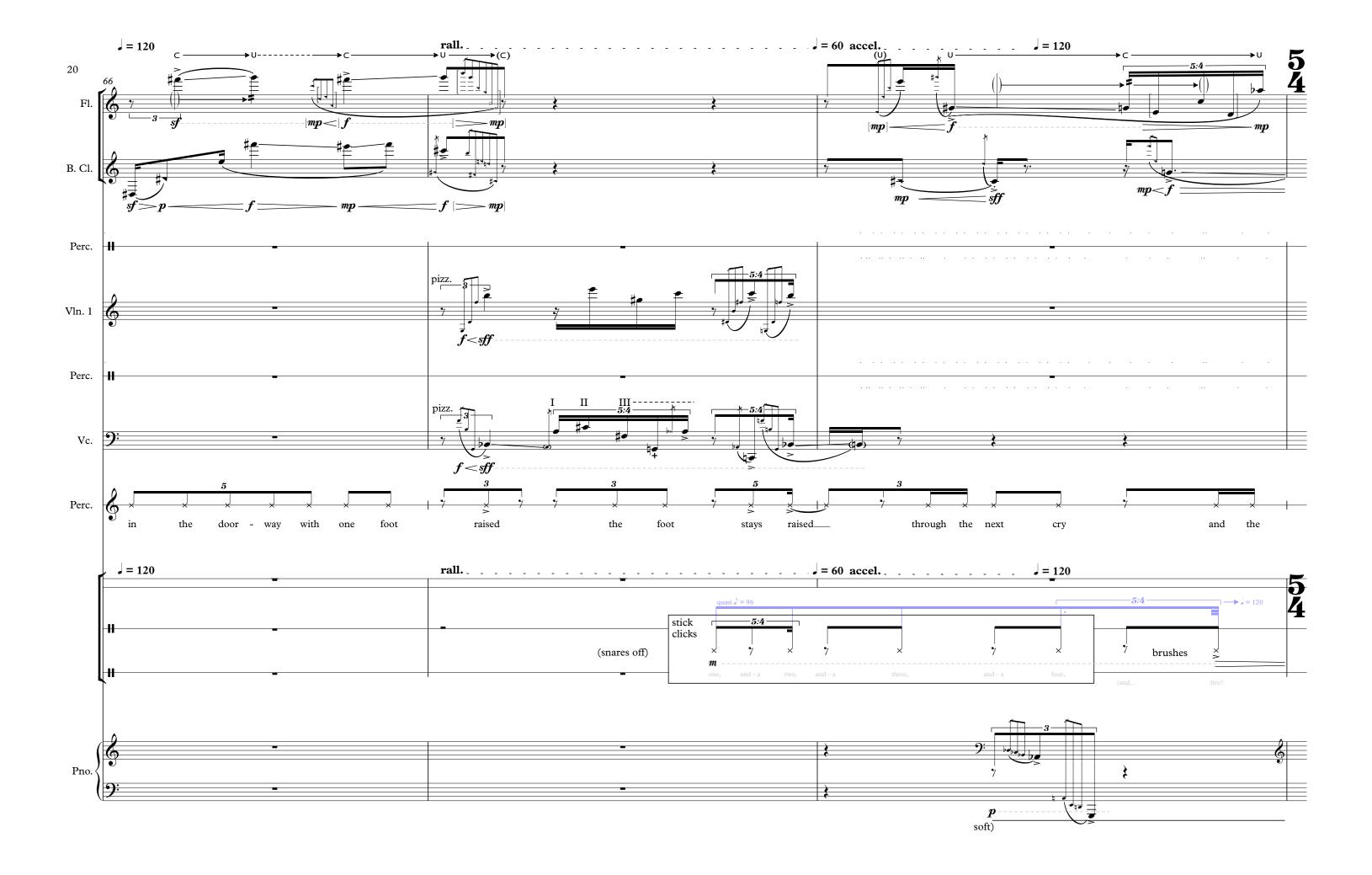


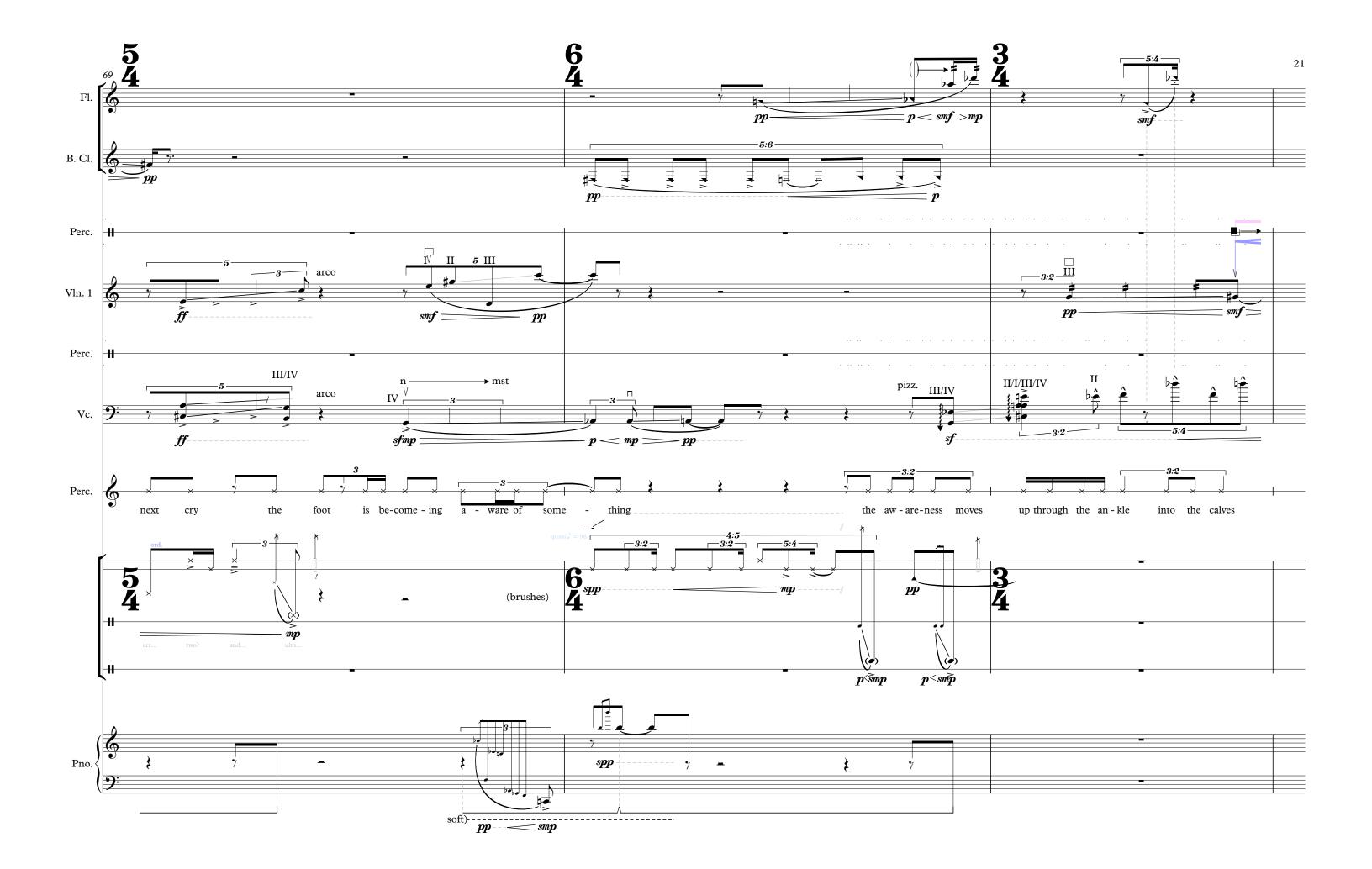


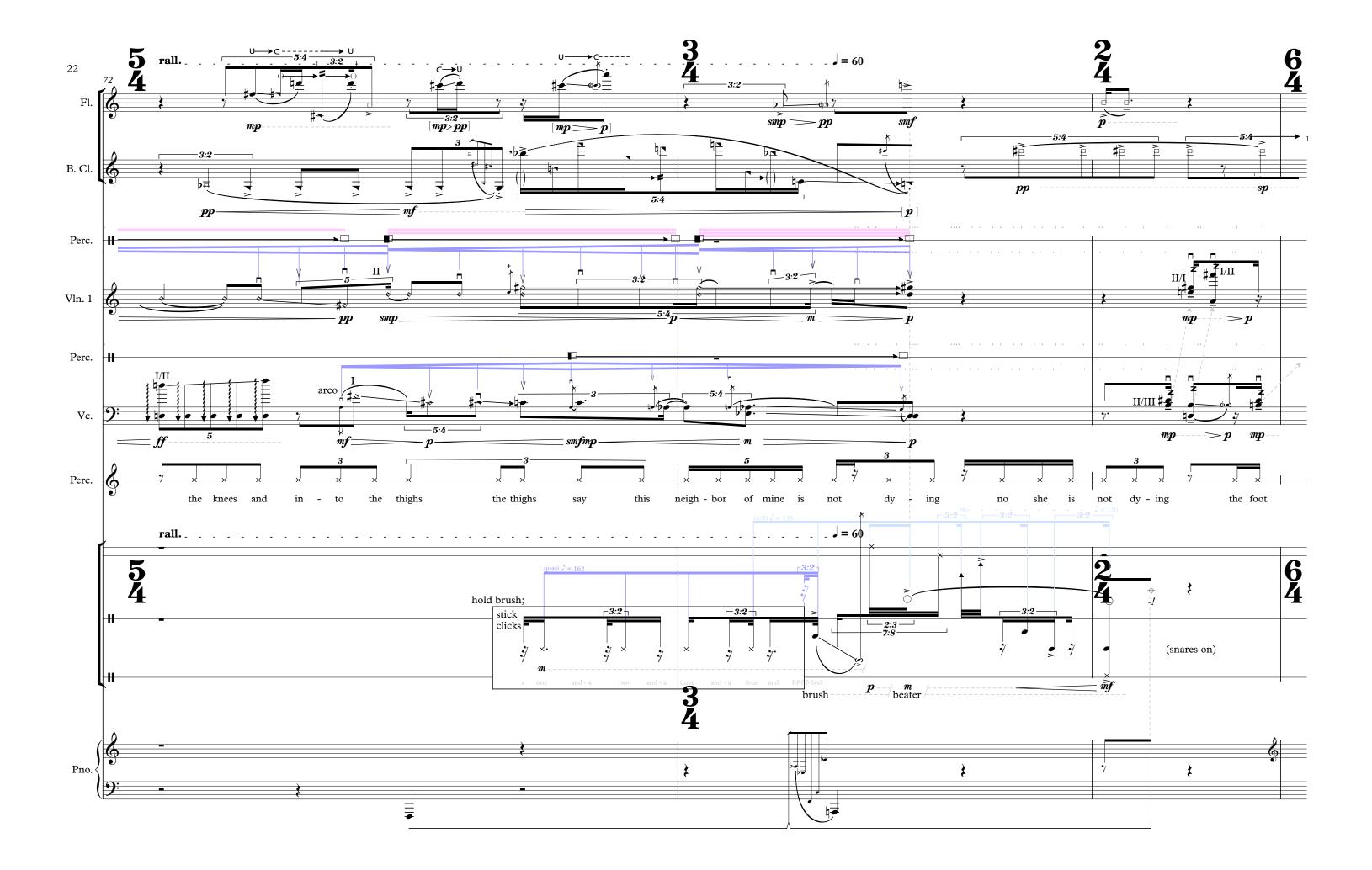




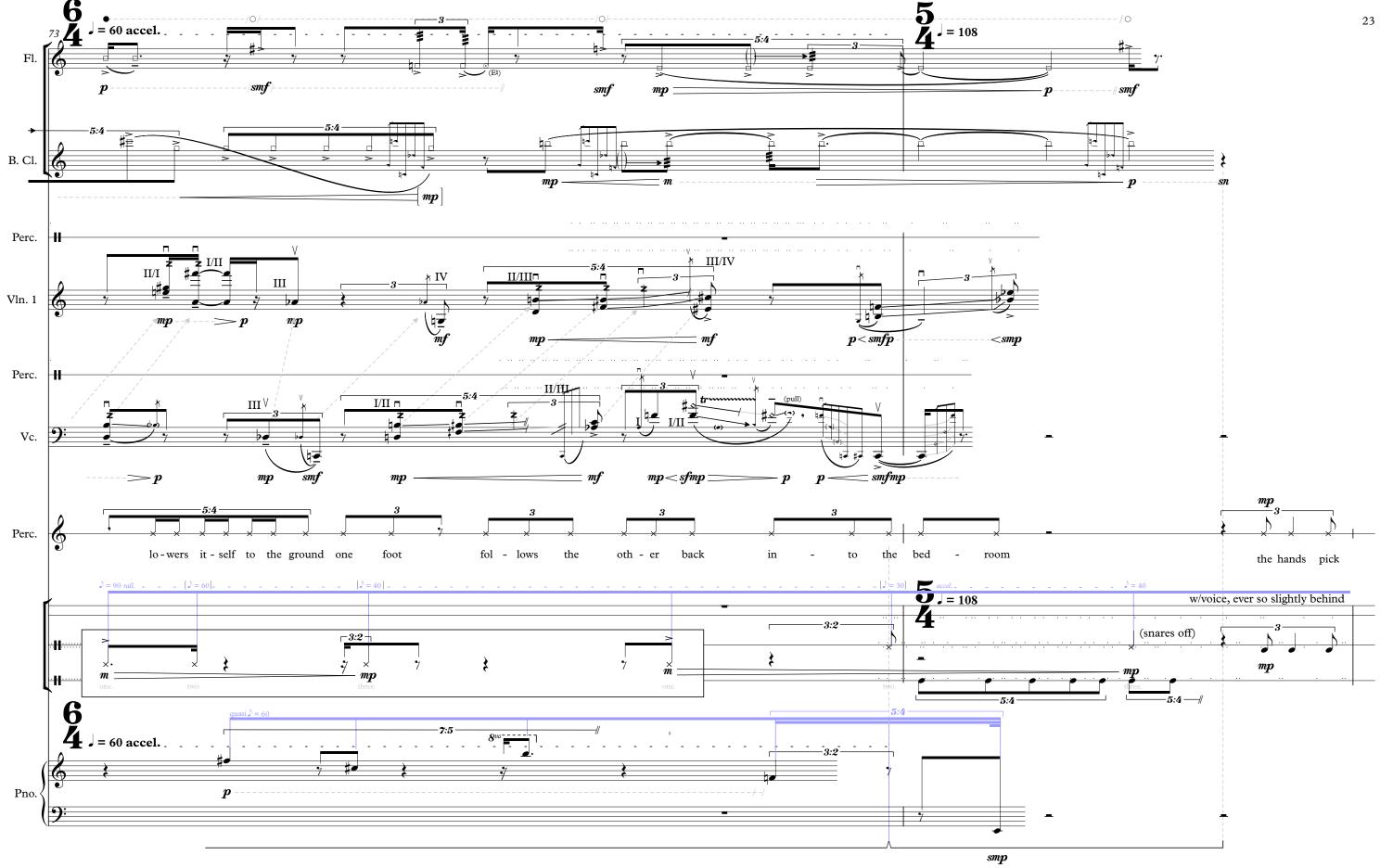


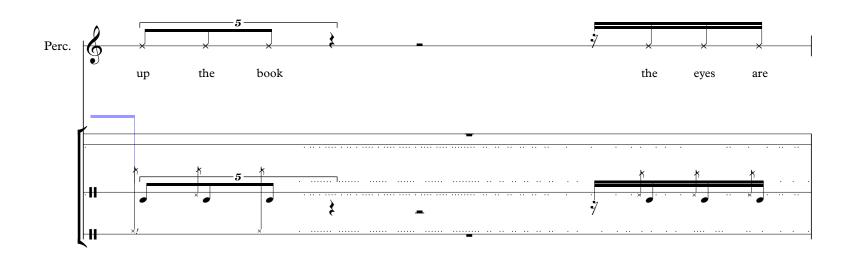




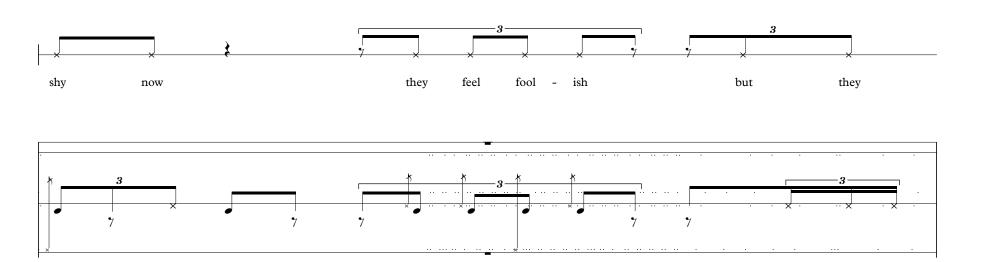




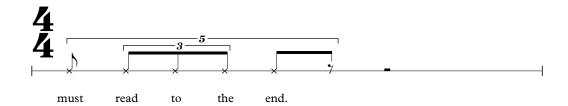


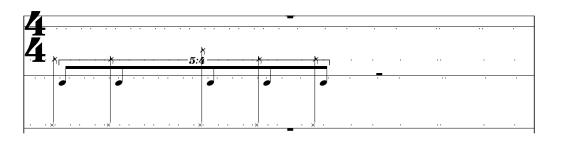


VS.



V.S.





VS.

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