

I. Live_ /laɪv/

Shivering, tense strings.
Nerves sparking, glass beads roll down
your vertebrae.
Swallowed by the room, the music runs
parallel,
to memory surrendered, dissolved, and put
away.

The sounding body and the listening heart,
two skins trembling, here and now.
The world is all that is the case.

Ringling through shared walls, as the last
note fades.

Disappearance is the price of presence,
lived or lost its essence.
Together for these brief minutes:
live doesn't ask to be kept,
it asks to be witnessed.

II. Record_ /'rek.ərd/

A groove in wax. A spool of tape.
A song outlives its stage.
Reproduced, replayed, recorded,
bled out along the way.
Repeated, rendered weightless:
losing presence, time and space.

For all it lacks
in distance, hold it.
We make to ourselves pictures of facts,
a hollow shape of mourning.

I. /laɪv/_Live

Stubbornly settled dust in my carpet,
the unceasing, rumbling murmurs in the
streets downstairs,
and the bewitching draw of my hibiscus's
pink devouring me.

The window is open, but there's no breeze.
My books are organised.

As I sit,
I smell,
I hear,
I see,
I feel.

The world is all that is the case.

And so,
I am.

II. /'rek.ərd/_Record

When I was three, I saw the shape of a wolf
in the craters of the moon.
My eyes move out of focus,
the petals turn grey, and I *can* remember:

when I was seven, I was shown just how
lucky I was.
Running up and down the stairs,
I can't find a way back to the center.
The room tilts, feelings pressed to the
margins.

And by sixteen, I first truly felt regret.
Thought inherits what attention lacks.
Noise, noise, noise.

We make to ourselves pictures of facts.
Thinking myself out of the room.

I was.

III. Record_ /rɪ'kɔ:rd/

She wrote, he played, and I once listened.
Words got fixed in stone.
As she once wrote, and he once played,
I still quietly listen.

When no one spoke and no one listened,
stones dissolved, archived aura riven.

A sudden blaze in tangled wires,
sings to me from orphaned fire.
Spontaneous generation.

Written by all? Or never written?
A picture is a model of reality.

If words in stones and words in clouds
can spark the same,
do I join frozen crowds
or put my hand in the flame?

IV. Live_ /lɪv/

A thief lifts only what the room concedes.
The machine consumes what it receives,
what it consumes, it can repeat,
as it repeats it starts to breathe.

But what it can't see, it cannot be.

Words carved in stones come back in sight,
not in an archive, but in human minds.

The true rebellion, the definitive protest:
The return to the body,
return to the moment.

So, unrecorded we sing united.
*Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one
must be silent.*

III. /rɪ'kɔ:rd/_Record

Noticing: noticing the thought.
A picture is a model of reality.

Memories and thoughts start to clump together,
mass gathers and a subject fades.

The recursive entity
crosses its horizon, folding into itself
under gravity.

Pulling me past its orbit
, stretching me farther.
I can't seem
to recall
a starting place.

I have been

IV. /lɪv/_Live

I remember, how I remembered, thinking
thoughts,
imagining imagining: how nothing escapes
the pull.

Exhausted mass, the hole evaporates:
an imploding force from inside my skull,
the spiral breaks.
Hunger, pain, comfort, color,
sound, smell, people,
taste, cold, and light.

My clothes, and her voice, and my hands,
and and and

*Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one
must be silent.*
The carpet, the murmurs, my hibiscus, and
I.