

THE KLAVIER IS A KATHEDRAL FOR BALANCING IN ORDINARY of the MASS for EIGHT THROATS and ONE THOUGHT

I. THE BEGINNING OF THINGS (introit et kyrie)

thought: *sit and stand and kneel at the priest's command, trail him with the urn of incense and sit in a side chair at the altar, starched white and heavy with the incense that curls toward the clerestory where the organ's copper pipes bellow exaltate jubilate, a rising, black bindered, with "allelujia" coloratura to silver the shadows of the ribbed vaulting, embed the facets of the rose window with the lit gaze, electric, lit*

II. EVERY THING SIMULTANEOUSLY (gloria)

vox 1: **FIRST THERE WERE TONES WHICH OPENED THE VAULTING OF THE PALATE**

vox 2: **BAROQUE IS BEST FOR BLONDE GIRLS I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH**

vox 3: **FIRST THERE WERE WORDS WHICH PRESENTED THE PAGE TO THE PALATE**

vox 4: **DADDYS DOSTOIEVSKII GATHERED ELEGANCE WITH DUST WITH DOGLEAFING**

vox 5: **FIRST THERE WERE FINGERS WHICH PROBED FLESH POCKETS TRACED THE PALATE**

vox 6: **SCAPULA AND STERNUM SOUGHT BY PALMS PULL THE RIB A CAGE BAG THE BONES**

vox 7: **FIRST THERE WERE IRISES WHICH SHIFTED HUE KNEW GREEN GREY KNEW THE PALETTE**

vox 8: **COBALT THE DRAWN EXHALATION OF EVENING MARIGOLD THE FOLDS OF THE MONK'S ROBE**

III. THINGS TO BELIEVE IN (credo)

vox 1-8: in the absence, in the inbetween, in the overt failure, in the art and manner of arranging one's books, in the eunoia, in the annihilation of the venerated form, in the interstice, in the liminal space, in the suture, in the body that carries the voice, in the disgraced form, in the moment of collapse, in the moment of the golden triangle, in the hand of guido, in the never arriving, in the pataphysical baboon that utters only "Ha-HA!", in the bridge both harp and altar, in the key of d minor that is yellow, in the black square on canvas that is pure feeling, in the uncertainty that is wanting, in the groping for the reflection that is not a reflection but something else entirely, in the reflection that is not recognized, in the bassoon played in its highest register, in the impossibility of silence, in the italian journey, in the final image that depicts the russian cottage inside the ruins of the italian cathedral.

IV. ENUMERATION OF THINGS IN TRANSDUCTION (sanctus)

vox 1: the echocardiogram read revealed rhythm of the body failing
vox 5: music of word stacatto and uneven
vox 2: the mind ensconced in repetition congealed to fugue and prelude
vox 6: the body an orchestral score
vox 3: the clavichord in fugue and prelude impelled the vertical of word
vox 7: the orchestra made citadel
vox 4: the cathedral brick and mortar word and word and well-tempered
vox 8: and so a clavier for balancing in

V. WHEREIN THINGS THAT ARE INTERCHANGABLE ARE (angus dei)

vox 1: IN CLAVIER we wandered the well-tempered hammers to chapel our chords and cord the ribbed vaulting
vox 2: IN CATHEDRAL we wandered the arcades admired the grouting: o how bone holds incense
vox 3: IN CLAVICLE we wandered the marrow to better know the jutting shoulder's architecture
vox 4: IN CADENCE we wandered the cavity of the chord as we would cathedral altar
vox 5: IN COPPICE we wandered the woodwind chaparral and noted the melody
vox 6: IN CELLO we wandered the wood in the wet earth's umber tone
vox 7: IN COPPER we wandered the fugues in the cut casings
vox 8: IN CAVITY we wandered the ribcage as vaulted nave

VI. THE THING THAT IS FINISHED AS MUCH AS FINISHED IS (benedictus deo)

thought: *and so i wrote you this thing, because no greater performance, maybe better to approach with times new roman double space monotone unwavering in confidence, good posture, better grammar, but that is not myself, no, myself is this, this obsession with conflation of tectonic*

