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A poem concerning a silent manifesto

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A poem concerning a silent manifesto

for R.H.

Round dark corners, at night taking me places,
meaningless sound.

the static crunch fizz

space between songs

pop the hiss the smooth silky absence

Which is more bizarre:
sounds without meaning
or meaning without sounds

don't put it into words just yet.

Are there skat bops and melodies?

I swear, sometimes, that this is the new jazz.
Stranger, stranger it gets stranger every
scale, note, snare or slide.
Pulls me in and
takes my head off.

Sound is really nothing more than particles
(matter, a derivative of some laws of physics)
vibrating in unison
and abrupt ends.

Something disturbingly beautiful.

—Colin Bossen '98