

residues no. 1: remembrances

for string quartet:

Jonathan Tang, Yvette Holzwarth, Joy Yi, Thea Mesirow

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spacious  
motion a  
quiet peripheral  
passing peer into the  
wilting of things  
and cereal too  
long sitting serious -  
(we whisper  
memories  
together) -  
absence spanning  
indistinct spokes,  
speak stale salsa  
chips, charred steak, and  
lingering stink -  
fragile  
presence (of)  
velvet, vibra-  
tion, coming to  
part (of)  
veering into  
parting sounds,  
cart my stomach on these  
wheels,  
into this  
(our)  
slipping  
place

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etched out  
in crinkles and  
waves -  
there is  
melted stone on  
plastic on imagined  
surfaces and  
sheared to  
see  
be-  
low the  
tinfoil rock  
drap-  
ing over -  
there is  
sound (always) and  
you and  
pathways and  
you too  
and me (and me  
again), and  
others  
too, layered  
one by one (by  
one by) -  
we feel it:  
we say it and  
then we  
now i want  
you to feel it  
and you to  
say nothing  
i want  
you to know  
it and then  
stop it,  
before,  
listen:  
there is  
a tearing  
under-  
neath

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<i>I</i>	<i>II</i>	<i>III</i>	<i>IV</i>
there is	is	can you	humming hard
a	missing someone	say something	smudging -
humming, its	like	and	hello
hard to	sliding	mean it	say
see	like	i mean	something
smudging in-	indistinct ripples	mean it	because
to this -	peripheral sunlight	like the	it starts -
lost	or like	word means	i mean
day, light	a	like it	dust
field of	crashing	really means	and
stained	into -	like if there	disowning of
cardboard	i am	was no word	boxes - we
and me -	a box	can you	indistinct mis-
or was	and you	mean it	sing greater
it you,	are a	mean it	lubricated
we don't	box	to me	crash-
always	we are	because	ing can you
see it,	lubricated	i think that's	can
that is,	by knowledge	where	you
your	motor oil	it all starts	see lost
hello	and spit	i mean	light don't
how are	will allow	that's where	i've missed you
you	us greater	it all	i mean -
and my	speeds	begins	hello
hello	with which	with	this space
i've	this space	you	is small
missed	is small and	dust and	small-
you	growing smaller	disowning	ler

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*[distillation 0]*

there is a fading  
fog growing  
around  
you spirals and  
staccato thoughts in  
quiet alone  
in desert in  
speak to wind  
winding through  
weather patterns and  
you too patter  
patter rain  
pattern patter  
typing patter  
type at her  
ping ping  
pricks  
far fog  
surfacing  
pricks in  
air currents  
fermenting  
in tissue  
paper there is  
crinkling in  
this wind too  
and these shufflings  
of sand these  
quiet leanings of  
accidental  
sweepings  
sleeping under  
rocks and  
sand we are  
neither cold nor  
warm I am  
able  
to hear  
and not.

*[distillation 1]*

falling fog  
fermenting into  
spirals and  
small shufflings it  
speaks with sweepings and  
sleeping sand -  
thoughts through  
you too the  
tissue of  
rocks is not  
like that of wind  
winding in weather  
neither heard but  
only patterns pattering  
patter  
pattern  
patter patter ping  
pin pricks  
pricks paper  
crinkling shufflings of  
type typing and quiet  
tissues -  
accidental aloneness  
around  
accidental warmness

*[distillation 2]*

sharp weather  
falling  
patters accidentally  
heard fog thoughts  
only you around  
in spirals in rock  
patterns  
pricks the  
pricks of  
crinkling  
warmness calico  
the shufflings be-  
tween sweepings  
with-  
in sleeping crinklings  
fermenting in  
other winding staccato  
crink-  
lings  
and  
accidental  
quiet

*[distillation 3]*

sprink-  
lings  
and  
feath-  
ers  
pots kick soft  
tear-  
rings binding a  
pouros  
mingling

residues no. 5: unfoldings

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lingering tone moves  
with quiet lapping of o-  
cean pulling aways