

without content, exiled from my container
for two

luke martin / October 2022

each sound in solitude, a succession
wound among absent threads

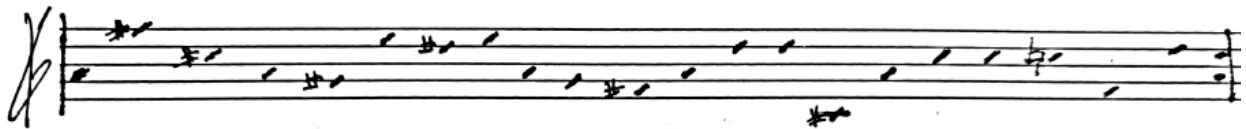
falling, falling,
lighter, lighter—

cavernous mouths crown
a flickering song

*

without content, exiled from my container,
like any other thing, i enter as a thing alone into the world.

the world is what enters into nothing—
things communicate only by their solitude.



three sections, one melody—silences before and after each section.

- i) player a
- ii) players a & b
- iii) player b

entries free, note duration and space between notes open, any octave displacement.
the melody may repeat within a section, as long as it is played once in full.
unhurried, quiet.

(the italicized writing after the * above is, rearranged, from Tristan Garcia's book *Form and Object*)