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Texture of a conductor.

Or rather this is more about density; let's say you press yourself up against your favorite conductor, take an analog thermal-image of his body and all the flesh therewithin contained, which carries the physical memory of every symphony, every concerto, every piece of music ever conducted by this body. No, it is not muscle memory, this, but a memory of every single morning after, of birds making a choppy break for the imagined loosening threat of blue, of every score that he tried to take as it was, of the joy that came from being nourished, not by food but by a mouthful, a bodyful of music, and cavities, yes you will feel each cavity in his body as well, an honest press and you will find yourself faced with the distractions of the give in his body, variable just like any other indeed, this very give being the real source of that thing called music otherwise known as love, as we continue to press and press up and press in, against those stolid, firm, and tender maestros in order to experience the give in our own tender bodies once we get past the daily commute.

And when that conductor turns out to be not one of music but of trains, and his familiarity with a different sort of give in the body, as it finds itself faced with the pressure of a speeding vehicle or even that of an angry nation. Two days ago a man and his wife strung themselves from a tree, finding no other way to face down the unbending fact of their negligence.

Commented [KS1]: This moment, where the reader is instructed to “conduct” a thermal-image reading of the person. Meaning, there is a little wobbliness at the opening to the piece. Up until the “his body” that comes up later in this line, the conductor could be anything. But more than that, it’s the need for as much physical contact as you can get for this “thermal-image.”

Commented [KS2]: How conducting the music, and the conductor feeling the music in his body, is what will color the sensations the conductor feels in the next morning. His perspective will be textured by the music he’d performed.

Commented [KS3]: What can be conducted by pressing your body against his in this surreal situation.

Commented [KS4]: And the imperfect nature of the conducting. If his body cannot remain rigid to the reader pressing their body against him, then there will not be an effective pass along of the texture.

Commented [KS5]: Such an effortless translation of “music” to “love.”

Commented [KS6]: This ridiculous moment where the poem prepares the reader for how many maestros they’ll be in contact with and maybe the reader should be prepared for contact with some other type.