

“Getting into places was difficult too,”  
however, I’ll try to draw them out here as thoroughly and carefully as possible.

A special wood was dehydrated and carved for the purpose of sustaining extraordinary metallic tonal qualities. Once metals are twisted and stretched, their alloying elements are plucked to resonate.

[Notation: In this moment, that fullness bears no fragrance but wood and metal do  
—made up of properties that change when damp, wet, or rusted.]

Resounding cords ascent and diminish, and in time, a quaver suspends until a single keystroke plucks at its corresponding twine—burgeoning, crescendos, and all over. The flight resembles prickly timbres emanating from a knife gliding atop another metallic surface-thing.

[Interval: Skirt any urge to craft an object, instead, work to bluff perceptivity.]

This wooden surface has survived one place and time. As a series of simultaneous and successive chords, perfect fourths, scales, and their replications, this remarkable thing breaks away

from its anchor.

An oscillating theatre of permanence and sensation. Embellished inside an era ”and  
[brought] home with us.”

As cunning as trailing noises moving over epochs and gravel.

[A break or snap.]

Fluttering notes, flickering sequences, blazing timber—like scratching.  
Pinpointing, piercing sodden earth, sottobosco releases some mulchy tinge.

Whatever else arises from corrosion—sheer strings tangle and coil to form a silken sheen above the brush.

Suddenly, a sigh clears the hazy air to an expansive terrain.

Dew, well, any atmospheric performance is also a radiant and conspicuous place.

And inside, droplets fall like notes or characters—abruptly turning over toward another room. I suppose to coalesce into or feign a timeworn situation.