

rocks like us (the way back)

mark so

*Many colors will take you to themselves
But now I want someone to tell me how to get home.
The way back there is streaked and stippled,
A shaded place. It belongs where it is going*

[...]

*You are back on the road again, the path leading
Vigorously upward, through intelligent and clear spaces.
They don't make rocks like us anymore.*

[...]

*Each of us advances into his own labyrinth.
The gift of invisibility
Has been granted to all but the gods, so we say such things,
Filling the road up with colors...*

– John Ashbery, “Never Seek to Tell Thy Love”

—several musicians

—outdoors, along a country path or town thoroughfare—

one or more sustaining activities gather in close proximity to coincide in some way, forming a subtle "color" lasting a long time

very simple, very soft, very calm; blending within itself and its location, belonging nearly so as to vanish

each color persisting once or a few times amid long silences

—————

a few such nooks of local color, widely scattered along the way, mostly inaudible/inconsequential to each other

discrete pockets of shade; more-or-less temporary little plantings

perhaps moving to another location once in a while, to modify or transplant an existing color, or to begin somewhere else anew...

—spread loosely in time, perhaps over the course of most of a day—

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