

Karen Garthe

Hey Now

(The Idea of North)

--- *my piano radicalism, Glenn always said*

Gould the Interior Canadian compelled the
White

Arctic mirror

Emptiness it is most difficult to describe, it was extreme isolation and the farther north we went the more monotonous

metronomic & repeat mathematical

Repeat

voices coasted

contrapuntally. . .

it became

Glenn's other iteration of Bach overlaid voices a' top bare snow

the ideal IS to attempt the ideal freezed Pure *emotional water*

contrapuntally

not unlike birds in their multiple green Hey Now walls of Warbler Swift

Oriole kin and owled distinguished by

‘cocktail party attention’

That is: how to pull one thread out of the noisy world

listen

poetry's aural

silence scores rest awaits

a word. . ."One hears in the silence that follows the great desire for approval and love*

This long almost trans-Siberian experience that we now face and I think of you in the cadence of

the word *robusto*

& listen to my vain sprinkled meter

pinched or wheezed

1) seclusions

2) the competing narcissisms

3) Elektronika *This Ancient Maiden so Hostile to Her*

Karen Garthe

Mother: Well, is this a surprise? No, it's no surprise at all. The person that makes the trip....is going to realize that before long he's going to be well up against....not against his fellow travelers, not so much, but he's going [to have to be] up against his own sad self

Bailiwick Human Vocal, including the glibbest, the most very hackneyed
Affection Trains
truck-slap-backup
heave of miserly earbuds of some isolate beside You in the tapestry
tundra taiga threading **FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU GET OUT Urgent Choral**
stop dead
center in her Green Star mantra hum
waves

The Mezzo as opens 1,000 flowers
&

Walk Her Lotus more than figures
and quantitative things and uh measurable uh
things that enter into the whole picture of how you get along with yourself, or if you can get along with yourself: seems to me

practice listen
& that follows is desire for approval and love oh
[mine *Übermensch Idee Gold berg* of artistic will and power
precisely in the sense that by isolating himself
Glenn could advance his art the furthest limit
well, hey there.....God Bless Glenn's heartstop cryogenic
Bach vanishing waft harried channel
Hey Now
lickety-splits the Gloria

The Fighters' Dominion (**You Know**
a certain William James said that there was no moral equivalent of war
men of will Power Jets
plugging the ears to blot out the sound just causes you to have to listen to your own blood stream

as the cabbies always so bitterly at their Stand now
& Falsely Accused
& so as
anybody
condemned to wander sounds

of doilies at Family Value the dragged scratched lovelites *my piano radicalism, Glenn always said*

(I'd already ordered the hierarchy

1) Horowitz

2) Gould

3) frog-eyed Brendel at his final public Mozart exquisite thru his hands

4) Hey, Now,

don't dream its over cascade open-mouthed down the scale of

Your crooning waiter's Tonic Corporate Cheer the pancake house thank god Friday's OxyContin to

Oh, people, people should have styles, Olé!!

Alluvias!

Immolations!

lots of kids rummaging inside

soft circles

drum rains

metronomic & repeat

slurrrrrs the emotional water's cold crowd

clack clacks the sandbar and

The Mezzo

WALK I AM DONE WITH HARM the straggled foam

beads we select and understand & repeat and we are what we hear

Hey Now, *is this a surprise?*

No, it's no surprise at all

the line "One hears in the silence that follows...is from Jorie Graham's poem *Later in Life* and italicized material is variously from the transcript of Glenn Gould's "The Idea of North" and Thomas Bernhard's "The Loser"