

Not words set to music

Not words set to music but music to words
a linear horizontal harmonic coloring

the vertical polyphonies it passes through
or near, a composition of frequencies in just

relation to each other and to a bass note
too low for the ear to hear but generating

tones and overtones that determine the audible
elements of the piece, melody forced against

ground-tone against yet another melody
their articulations in hexatonic scale

intimating medieval lute and lyre
scored in microrhythms and pointillist orchestration

for voice and other period instruments, the essence
a mastery of duration, rhythm the key to unlock

vibratory situations, not measure
but rhythm and cadence the basis of melody, that

*the percussion of the rhythm (that element most often omitted
from treatises on harmony) enter the score*

as another note, shape cut into time
(vertical harmonies of blues developed out of chords,

as well as the more horizontal harmonies,
— intellectual strategies for improvised choruses —

developed out of scales, themselves fanned-out chords,
and harmony may be soul *that most dangerous of words*)

any sequence of pitches chords *apropos*
if the intervals between them are long enough

the essence of music precision with time, the animated
sonority of division shaped by duration

tempos and registers set by the unsung so-called rests

ambiguously suggested by wide-open spaces on the page

presumably bringing to mind something like a voice
having something formal to do with the script. The heart

ticking beneath the time signatures. *Duration
of the resolving chord must also be considered.*