**Anaphora**

The day without ceremony begins with blackbirds Bells unhinged Silence is an air bubble breaking I move amid feathers beneath unbuttoned eyes Light Unmusical yet rhythmical sounds echo in the room Voyce, face closed, touches the stigmata of language Silence is an air bubble breaking, I say A quizzical expression beclouds her face Laughter bursts in her voice I touch the sky Phonemes cut the air Images, words, letters cascade Tropisms rustle inside Voyce and I, one and the other conjoined in the obsolete art of conversing Call it a wave of sound Tide of noise Unmusical yet rhythmical A horn blast Funny how the world seeps through the conversation Cracks meaning Sorry, that’s not what I meant at all Images, words, letters cascade. Litter the floor (the forward movement of speech is associative rhythm connection disconnection repetition disconnection disrupted flux *tending-not-tending-to*-*hemiolia*) Tropisms rustle inside Voyce and I, one and the other conjoined in this disappearing life We trail off into silence I can be played on any instrument I, or Voyce, then says *Shh Shh Shh* Did you **hear**? A kind of hum A high and eerie keening Voyce is not a person of many words Her face closed, she touches the stigmata of language before language A fractal fugue floats through the air I gesture towards the piano Puffing exhalations, chiming, puffing exhalations Voyce sits down at the instrument Rip tide of sound I am speechless *one-****and****, two-****and****, three-****and****, four-****and***, *five-****and****, six-****and*** Her hands move so swiftly and fluidly on the keyboard of language before the stigmata of language it’s hypnotic Black birds white birds black fish white fish black frogs white frogs black birds And winding up the performance *one-****and****, two-****and****, three-****and****, four-****and***, *five-****and****, six-****and*** *seven* ***and*** Voyce finishes with a parodic flourish Wow! *Clap Clap Clap* We glide inwards towards the very centre of Escher’s *Verbum*