

JEFFREY PETHYBRIDGE

[Twenty thousand songs]

Twenty thousand songs he lived in like a self. Most - three minutes long—a duration—a form derived from the piano roll. And as the sparrow sings. Twenty thousand songs gone digital (machine-ghosts), a collection excerpted from the economy of bodies except for the three minute becoming, blaring now in my ear—as the sparrow sings—and as I cross the bridge of day: the young, enduring day within today's own journal. Crossing the bridge of sings and as the minutes sparrow, the close solidarity in the daily matter of facts keeps company with me and your twenty thousand selves, a durance derived from the economy of forms. I wish, sadly, as I tie my shoes, you could feel this even if only for three minutes.

Twenty thousand songs he wore like a patchwork armor—but of sound. Twenty thousand songs that sally into being then elide into the next track on the playlist, just five today, just five for the Golden Gate. And as the sparrow sings. Palms pressed against—pressing to breakthrough—this hard lake ghosted underneath the ice. Pressed against the terrible lightness of inwardness stoned on slogans such as “wish you could hear” | “love is all you need” | “cut up your friend” | “screw up your brother or he'll get you in the end.” And as the bridge sparrows with harbor-winds, and traffic rivers (with metal and plastic and half-intentions) like a wall behind him—but of motion and duration. Three minutes of form, only three more minutes derived from the piano roll. And as day derives, as day sparrows, as the day bridges, I want to believe. I want to believe in keeping company, to believe in the solidarity of the twenty thousand machine-ghosts, to believe past when the ennui of the debt-ridden winter has shone out. But not hearing anymore.

Twenty thousand songs he rode as a beautiful vague, adrift along the three-minute becoming

blaring now in my ears, blaring into being seriatim. Twenty thousand songs, one ongoing conversation, a form and durance derived from the economy of solidarity. And as the bridge sparrow sings with harbor-winds. And as form bridges the daily matter of facts, I want to believe in the madness that calls now. Palms pressed against the railing, pressed against the drug-tired duration of days being waves. The psalm against blaring in your ears, blaring magnificent but without hope, without hope of liberation. But not hearing anymore. As being bridges | rivers | sparrows | the drug-tired and blaring day.

Twenty thousand songs, twenty thousand machine-ghosts, a collection of selves derived from the piano roll, I lived in like a house—but of sound. And duration—as the sparrow sings—through frozen winter nightwork. And I want to believe in the solidarity in the economy of forms, the company of sings. I love you badly, Phantom, whose absolute brilliance assigns you to this zone. I wish, sadly, as I tie my shoes you could ride this three-minute vague and bridge. And as day derives from winternightwork, as day drifts along that which addresses the useless exile of the swan. And the sparrow sings dawn chorus for someone else to hear, I want to believe. Palms pressed against the daily matter of facts, pressed against your twenty thousand songs. The bridge and harbor-winds blaring now in my ears—and is this what you mean Phantom? is this what you mean machine-ghosts? is this what you mean nightwork | swan | rivers | economy | sparrows | bridges—and I want live. But not hearing anymore. I want to live. And we want to live. We want to live. I want to live.