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Lament

“The meticulous reporting of dates and facts masks the continuous motion (arduous signification, which we often refuse for ourselves) of our past. To forget everything of one’s history: such grace is denied us, for we have not learned a thing.

*The incense of the earth is in the earth.
The rut of humus of rock the false summer
in their labor have gathered
roots, your haloes*

we have left our heroes”

—Éduoard Glissant, Poetic Intention p.173

Death is very impersonal. Some years ago, I lost a family member. At the same time, I had cut my hand and could not play music. The coincidence of these events was catastrophic, and as a direct result, I learned something of the importance of lamentation, and how fundamental music is for this. But, I don’t believe that is why I wish to write this work. I have always been fascinated with death and horrified by it. And I do not I wish to “cash-in” on personal losses I have suffered, and I don’t think it would be appropriate to make something very personal about death. Death is very impersonal.