

Another Drought Twilight
Finale Allegro I Know

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[2 readers (left and right columns) reading aloud loosely at once, each in something like a personal deadpan, equally audible. Bracketed text is not read aloud.]

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[Track 6, Whitney Houston, "How Will I Know," from *Whitney Houston*, Arista Records, 1985]

Were they doing it already or was each instant another iteration of the same atrocity? - that was the question. And it wasn't just neurosis, this question. Too many times they'd been elsewhere and in a blink of an eye their absent bodies were back. Never gone?

How will I know? (How will I know?)
How will I know?
How will I know? (I say a prayer)
How will I know?
Ooh, how will I know? (I fall in love)
How will I love, hey, how will I know? (I'm asking you)

[Track 1, Tammy Wynette, "Another Lonely Song," from *Another Lonely Song*, Epic Records, 1974]

Time,
Won't ease my memory,
It's killing me now.
And Lord, how I need him here,
Just to feel him near,
And hear him breathing.

But just then, at precisely that moment of consummate articulation, it happens. A particular voice in a particular recording singing a particular word at a particular time and they're changed, can't go back. Particular but not specific.

[Track 4, Frédéric Chopin performed by Jacqueline Du Pré & Daniel Barenboim, "Cello Sonata In G Minor, Op.65" - "4th Movement: Finale (Allegro)" (1846), from *Chopin/Franck: Cello Sonatas*, EMI Records, 1972]

After that it's the way bright dark beet juice dregs and electric blue dish-soap meet in a white plastic dorm room bowl. Eyes blur and stomach churns and when coming to face is wet and soap bubbles are in eyes and water is trickling down stairs and out under the front door.

Measure 34 Measure 35 Measure 36
Measure 37 Measure 38 Measure 39
Measure 40 Measure 41 Measure 42
Measure 43 Measure 44 Measure 45
Measure 46 Measure 47 Measure 48
Measure 49 Measure 50 Measure 51
Measure 52

[Track 1, Future, "Thought It Was A Drought," from *DS2*, Epic Records, 2015]

*I try to forget but it's hard to forgive.
I try to forget but it's hard to forgive.
I try to forget but it's hard to forgive.
I try to forget but it's hard to forgive.
I try to forget but it's hard to forgive.
I try to forget but it's hard to forgive.*

And then it's happening anywhere. We finish work after dark. Dazed, drawn. Directly above us in the parking lot an oblong field of stars is framed by a caldera of clouds blinking with lightning. We never work again.

[Side A, The Platters, "Twilight Time," from *Twilight Time*, Mercury Records, 1958]

From then on, when I hear the song I cut a line into my left shoulder. From then on, when I hear that little phrase I shit myself. From then on, when I hear the tone of your voice I burn a canadian church to the ground.

*Each day I pray for evening
Just to be with you
Together at last at twilight time
Each day I pray for evening
Just to be with you
Together at last at twilight time*

* * *

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[Bill Dietz, Annandale-on-Hudson, June 2021]