

## Morning Musique Concrète

The sounds of the morning,  
as perceived up in the bedroom:

The thunder of the tumble dryer  
down in the hall,  
holding up in short pauses;  
the flute of Hariprasad Chaurasia  
in Raga Darbari Kanada, Alap & Jor,  
winding  
like a cobra between the speakers  
down in the living room;  
the bird picking, clawing & scratching  
up on the tin roof  
- and the thin pages  
of Douglas Hofstadter's Le Ton beau de Marot  
being flipped by my hands in front of my face;  
the dryer providing the soaring, rumbling base  
for this musique concrète score;  
the drone  
that everything else has to relate to,  
like the cosmic background noise  
when you're scanning existence for alien intelligence,  
but which – when it pauses – opens peepholes  
onto the other sounds; windows on puppet show scenes  
of this winter morning, still dark as the Earth tilts away  
from the blinding eye in the sky

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Författaren Ingvar Loco Nordin med Poeter.se id #114094 innehar upphovsrätten