Sea Fugue

a song in seven parts on a poem by Elee Kraljii Gardiner

for Soprano and Piano

2013-2015

(ca. 25:00)

Christopher Gainey (b. 1981)



I.

Concrete plaza echoes, jackhammer beats, revolving door pushed to a swift change in heat. She swims through a current of suits, briefcases bump/trigger her alarm. Screech of toner becomes coconut vendor's *canto*, offshore rhythm. Terror cycling on the nine to five tide.

Double lines, *to flee*, *to chase*, *to fly*; this fugue, her mind, slides into riptide to terminus of last year's vacation.

Sudden highrise sound-wash in her cochlear seashell, sand grit in the molar cave.

Revolution, suspension.

She sees those two small starfish

catch at air screaming open-handed aria above the wave

line and rises to rescue. She did once, she re-does again, daily, unasked, unwell. She/dives under/and up, under and up. She

is in the pitch again where no one else dives.

She/works a wave/trough

function/stoptime photography pushes past/the buoys, persistent *Percussion* coming closer/scales are changing/ he is growing child-sized/to man.

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II.
She is catching his gaze,
                             semaphore panic
                                                    flashing intimate
                                                                          message – he
       dips
         un/
           der.
       He is un/
               swum past/sound and strung/between
               iris to iris intimacy/plumbing momentary
              depth/of identity.
Sea pulls off the red trunks, Percussion plays
       with his body/spins his axis, pulls him
              closer. He is stripped
of consideration/ pulls her, his impulse claws her/ uses her to achieve/surface. She gives
herself/to this purpose
under/water sound changes,
feet beat ribs,
push her down. Percussion/-damaged, she/pulls away/seal-headed
until/ he spends himself.
His eyes rolling an arpeggio, climb chaos, descrescendo,
                                                    descrescendo.
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III.

She learns

no man is as naked as when he is dressed by fear. Body floats low, half-open

Lids do not wince under each wave, lips parted. Now

he is safe to touch.

This almost-corpse is thick with corn-fed muscle. Pink skin slick with coconut sunscreen repels her. No place on him is small enough to hold.

She rakes/her fingers/through his fine hair drags him/to shore because she must. Waves hammer/her torn shoulder/where he/beat her like a drum. She/can't, she can't hear/ the slow boat of men who know/better shouting

¡Suéltale! ¡Suéltale y sálvate!

Percussion

When she lifts her face

to the Venezuelan landscape
it is awash
in pastels
losing all specifics.

This parting - his hair coming away in her hand is all she will carry out of the sea towards life.

The decision to let go runs through her like anchor line from the hold.

Waves separate/them in a moment. She is furious at his weakness, his bulk, sea's perseverance.

Fishermen know *Percussion* to ignore the impulse to follow the body. Pitch her a line/greened by algae, string her/through the heart.

Mouth/fills with/water, sting smears eyes, sounds/soften, *diminuendo*.

VI.

Falls. Sand abrades membranes.
She is queasy from the act of release.
diaphanous, permeable,
Sun seeps, she shakes
Surfacing among buildings and chairs.

Cardiac thrash, lung-full
of sunny dust motes. Her eyes, dry.
She holds onto the prow of her desk, mediating
two counts. Ab(pre)sent.
Dual mind, *contrapunto* - respiration: r e s o l v i n g.

That is how Sea plays with her. Confusion *Percussion* in the washroom she smoothes her hair, composes a line to explain the shaking. She smells of dissipation.

VII.

The mirror twin is pale. Moons of his eyes surface in her own, her fingers cut with moons, are never empty. She clutches filaments, strives a fifth above or a fourth below the tide line, doubled, accompanied, unsure of every solitude.

Elee Kraljii Gardiner (2012)

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