

PERPETUAL TRANSITION

When I look back, it stands out as a passage to the symphony that resulted from a stimulating key change and stood for tempered polyphony, crowded with attendance by my most cherished memories. Sadly, the transition from that demonstrative euphony continues to shift, not able to hit a stride with a new center triad—whether major, minor or impossible diminished—and I continue to spin between fleeting motifs, desperately trying to catch one to label Theme for my new movement.

And so development of the entire piece is hemorrhaged.

These fleeting motifs favor minor thirds and unresolved tensions that tend to ping in my inner ear at hours when even the most adventurous socialites have called quits to their community service and laid down their smoke-scented heads. I'm raped by these dissonances. They penetrate my very foundation without permission, without hearing my sober yes. They hear nothing else, so overwhelming is their sound. And I'm a helpless victim, destined to hum their tenor while I press knees to my trembling lips: perfect acoustic structure so the sounds swim around me like ether I'm compelled to contend with.

I can grab a string of notes. I can, and I can aim to take it into deep development with orchestrations no one had ever heard, such is my drive to be unique. Such is my desire to be memorable and appreciated and passionately preferred. But this string of notes, usually based on a haunting, unprecedented scale, is wrought with power I fear, because it moves me. I can feel the chemicals crossing barriers and overwhelming me with a sense of uncaged strength and unpredictable activity. These tones block all rules and physical boundaries from my universe, and I'm left with fingers I continually tense and thrust through my hair. I can accept that power, though. I can absorb the inherent disastrous consequences of the new theme, as long as I can adopt *something* as my new vehicle. I would take all brooding and self-pity that comes from the slack melody, if it led me from this perpetual transition that finds no grounded roots.

But the string I've grabbed is soon lost with an orchestral quiver and a new melody, hopefully something striding through a standard sound-set is established, and this new zephyr now delineates my transitory life-story.

I can't help but pine for that steadiness I found with you. I can't help but remember the creeping diminished resolutions that made my body tingle, and how I pressed for those shades of depth and unpredictability that rolled into variations improvising on the strings, drums and tubes of my core character.

But now each performing voice is a semi-tone flatter than the other, requiring me to shift my entire axis simply to identify the universal tone.

Worse than my unsteady nuclear alignment and my endless meandering through successive tri-tones and minor seconds, along with consequential harmonics, is the confidence that you don't miss my music. It's irrefutable, because I have not heard your song for days. Less than the song, though, I have not even registered your notes, your tones, your presence. And that is your choosing, because I have sung to you. I have vocalized a tortured motif or two, and apparently call and response is not in your repertoire.

But I knew that going in. I don't know if I've met a more comfortable soloist in my life, with the drive to improvise compulsively. As you play, you bother not with accompaniment and toss any set charts and parts into oblivion. Surrounding chords, tempos and development do not concern you, and they don't have to: You are charismatic. Like sin. Your tones *enrapture*, and others can't help but to shift their symphony. To match yours.

And I did.

Naturally.

My memories crowded and gasped at the duet, celebrating the performance and categorizing peaks and booms as scenic, unprecedented and matchless. God, we played beautifully together... Though I am sure my voice was not to your liking. Not sophisticated enough. Not challenging enough. Not sound enough. Even though you continued to play.

But now.

Now I am considering relinquishing music entirely, though it is my essence, because it has been seemingly altered. Control has been wrestled from me. Presently, I am but a forum where memories pluck distorted familiarity and spin remarkably, without friction, not slowing their ability to create boundless frustration and scarring. I should crush all my instruments and light matches that would flame the once-cradled wood and once-fingered necks so that the strings that desired friction snap and melt - such is my dissatisfaction at losing the ability to heap my memories under standard harmonic theory and your shared musicality. I would absorb volumes of deadly smoke and spells of crackling percussive sound, for that twisted heat will occupy me after the death of my opus that defines my being.

This cursed unsettling cry!

I am ashamed—as a writer, musician and person of creative content—to admit that this ceaseless bridge in my symphony is linked to the source of my tears. The cliché stands, though. Because it's true. There is no swell in the song, whether I am dreaming, breathing or resting, that is not accompanied by a bleeding of saline into my eyes. And my hand instinctively crawls up to my temples to block the world from the blariness that threatens to overwhelm the damns of my lids and lashes. Such flooding would send the symphony spiraling out of control, making it public, and such music is so deep, destructive and disconcerting, it should be locked away in my personal chambers, hidden from all those thinking my symphony is light, major, and worst of all, stable... in short, what it was when I played with you.

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