



**The Prairie Review**  
**Issue 4**  
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# Consider the Dew

by H. Harvey Martin

Consider the dew

How still and silently it forms

How patiently it awaits the blessing of sun or breeze

To evaporate -or wash away

Our earthly cares,

And for a moment at least,

Even the most parched leaf or blade of grass

-Quivers

-Invigorated

In its mirative presence.

# **In His Interrogation**

by M.S.

In his interrogation he was asked:

Have you ever seen a devil in the darkness?

Was it a maiden in a white dress?

Have you ever seen a cardboard cut-out soul

On the train to tribulation?

Or a rich man eating breakfast in the sky?

Or a car-share captain in his dying moment?

Or the trembling of the kettle when the train comes?

Or that big round light as it rounds the bend?

Have you ever seen an angel walking along the tracks?

Or a savior in the sky above a storm?

Have you watched the lightning skirt him by

And the thunder reel back in terror?

Have you ever seen a shiny-blue miracle in the night?

Or a clever clue buried in the cool sand?

In his interrogation he was asked.

# **Break-Up Poem Disguised as a Lost Glove Elegy**

by OISÍN HARRELL

my glove burrowed  
into the diamond wilderness  
to escape an unending chill

blue donegal, speckled  
midnight brown

too large a pairing  
for one pocket

my body a claw  
hammer slouch

# YELLOW

by Lenska

You break me, Yellow.  
The words we speak float around us, groundless in the air,  
in the void between our lips  
They are meaningless – what made them so empty?

Someone is burning a cinnamon stick - waving it above our heads while you  
kiss pain into my eyes, sighing and laughing.  
Cinnamon spice - smoking love spells around us but  
it hurts only me, doesn't it, yellow. I only say so, because you don't look affected.

How far are words from the heart of life, yellow?  
From what I so desperately needed them to be this time?  
You hid when I needed you consecrated  
Your face and your body  
are so far away from any god's lake or mountain, from where I am.  
Waiting. Praying. Dying.

How you crush me, yellow - when you say you know  
you are my favorite color, sighing and laughing.  
Pomegranate seeds bursting and bleeding out  
Is my heart in your mouth.  
Yellow. Yellow. Yellow.

# Patience

by H. Harvey Martin

(An irreverent, anti-humanist, and ecumenical/interfaith observation)

He must be Patience

He keeps ending us emissaries.

He sends us gurus, ascetics, prophets, saviors, mystics, and ambassadors of peace, love, and wisdom.

He sends us Buddha, and we complain that he is not a good son, husband, or father -too mystical we say- and note that he really let himself go

He sends us Jesus, and we complain that he is a minor prophet of questionable birth

He sends us Mohammed, and we reject his warrior-like qualities

He sends us Abraham, who we rend into three parts -and squabble over the pieces

He sends us astrological emissaries to witness new birth, and we reduce them to nomad Kings of no account, superstitious coincidences of no great significance.

He sends us prophets great, small, and notable, and we conspire to discredit them all, one by one.

He invites us to feast at the banquet of a planet, and we decide to stay -until,

All the appetizers are consumed,  
All the wine is swilled or spilled,  
And -until we can relieve ourselves in the fountains, cisterns and aquifers.

He gave us the knowledge to split atoms, and we promptly proceeded to split each other to bits.

Some claim that He is Love ...that too, but I think more than Love

He must be Patience.

How else can you explain that we are still here?

After all our assaults on Him

He must be Patience.

# **We are not all men here**

by M.S.

We are not all men here

We are not all candles, persevering until the end

We are not all bound in the breach to refrain from weeping—

To reach out our hands to touch black thorns in the open field

Without any whisper of desolation or despair we plead for a frigid wind to whip us

To snap our blistered ears with cries of the frozen ocean

That we may awake from our stumbling daze and become men

# **Holiday in the Summer of Tear Gas**

by OISÍN HARRELL

White privilege is hiding in beach country during a period of nationwide racial unrest. You go boating, drink seltzer water, try out different soft serve flavors every night (you really like crushed oreo). You watch Queer Eye, grill every animal, stare at Trump flags competing to cast the largest shadow. You're more concerned about the fifteen pounds you've gained this year than the black smoke over Lake Michigan – another swimsuit attempting to needle its way into a functioning summer. After three days in Ferrysburg, your friends are watching a documentary about police reform hosted by a black journalist; they pause it during a tense close-up of the journalist's face to go bike riding and pick up groceries. When everybody returns hours later, the journalist is still frozen and waiting, but no one can remember why he's grimacing.

## **Fourteen Memo Panic Attack in Reverse**

by OISÍN HARRELL

- (14) the carpet forgives your mistakes
- (13) the rain sounds like a curtain call
- (12) when the men you admire turn out to be perverts or suicides, what does it say about you?
- (11) family is the blood in your stool
- (10) after the body electric hardens into a lump of coal
- (9) overindulging on a magic beans income
- (8) the moment your video game avatars run out of steam
- (7) then your newsfeed vomits pink sawdust
- (6) except your student loan providers, who trail you like polite mafia enforcers
- (5) the slow money parabola forgets you exist
- (4) (clothing optional) like a nude beach party for one
- (3) leaving home with every hole exposed
- (2) the carpet forgives nothing
- (1) run until you touch solid air

# Chaconne

by Kyle Macalino

Summer of 1720.

The Dream of Johann Sebastian Bach

July 7, 1720

I.

...CHACONNE....

...Sing...Chaconne...piercing...the...hand...screaming...A...cross...the sky—out of the past—in search of  
lost time....

...Chaconne...O...Chaconne...sing...to...me...scream...A—CROSS...THE SKY—

Bach screams—

The violin sings—

The Chaconne cries—

The violin is screaming singing crying Eli Eli lama sabacthani

The Chaconne is screaming singing crying Christ lag in Todesbanden

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

Christ lag in Todesbanden

Christ lag in Todesbanden

Christ lag in Todesbanden

B A C H

B

A

C

H

Loudly  
Loudly  
Loudly

Forte  
Forte  
Forte

Pianissimo  
Pianissimo  
Pianissimo

Quietly  
Quietly  
Quietly

C H

B A

Christ lag in Todesbanden,  
für unsre Sünd gegeben,  
der ist wieder erstanden  
und hat uns bracht das Leben.  
Des wir sollen fröhlich sein,  
Gott loben und dankbar sein  
und singen Halleluja.  
Halleluja.

Wer Wenn, ich Schrie

He dreams and screams into night.

He dreams and screams into day—

Screams all night long....

Heard among the angelic orders

Another minor chord.

Another major chord.

Minor chord.

Major chord.

Minor chord.

Screaming holds

Holds

Holds

Holds—A—cross...the sky...

Into the evening of the clear night

Hopes and dreams and fading tears

Tears falling

Falling

Descending

Into despair

Into puddles of liquefied brain—

Nothing is more real than nothing—

Swing fall crack--Arpeggio arpeggio

Swing fall crack--Arpeggio arpeggio

The journey of a thousand chords

The journey of a thousand arpeggios

Crack swing hack

A string breaks

Broken chords

up bow

down bow

up down up down up down up down

up bow

down bow

Double stop

Double stop

Double stop  
arpeggio arpeggio  
starry starry night  
galaxies  
universes  
stars  
moons

And the voice of God...screams...A...cross...the sky....

Sein Oder Nichtsein, das ist hier die Frage:

Ascent  
Descent

Ascent  
Descent  
Ascent

Happiness is never again possible

Hopes and dreams

Fade into broken crystallized shards of glass—

Never

Never

Never

Do you love me?

Do you love me God?

Chaconne

Chaconne

Chaconne

Up bow, down bow, up bow, down bow

Arpeggio arpeggio

Another improvisation

64 variations...

Ratio of gold...vision of god...proportions of man...heavenly delight...

Eli Eli lama sabachthani

Eli Eli lama sabachthani

Eli Eli lama sabachthani

Christ lay in Death's dark prison,  
It was our sin that bound Him;  
This day hath He arisen,  
And sheds new life around Him.  
Therefore let us joyful be  
And praise our God right heartily.  
So sing we Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah!

My god my god why hast thou forsaken me

Why  
    Why  
        Why  
Hast

Thou

Forsaken

Me?

And the whore of Babylon stands before you.

memories of the past, of the woman you had loved...  
sing—SCREAM—A—CROSS—THE—SKY—

From the minor to the major to another minor key...

Tender and sweet...

Chaconne...caressing...loving...song...

Moving through the past...moving through history...moving through time...

O'er Death no man could prevail,  
If mortal e'er came near him;  
Through guilt all our strength would fail,  
Our sinful hearts did fear him.  
Therefore Death did gain the day,  
And lead in triumph us away,

Henceforth to dwell emprisoned  
Hallelujah!

down bow  
up stroke  
down bow  
up stroke  
down bow  
up stroke  
down bow  
up stroke  
down bow  
up stroke

up bow  
down stroke  
up bow  
down stroke  
up bow  
down stroke  
up bow  
down stroke  
up bow  
down stroke

down bow  
up bow  
down bow  
up bow



down bow  
up bow  
down bow  
up bow  
down bow

Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten!  
Die früh sich einst dem trüben Blick gezeigt.  
Versuch' ich wohl euch diesmal fest zu halten?  
Fühl' ich mein Herz noch jenem Wahn geneigt?

Das Ewib-Weiliche!

The Eternal Feminine....

Once more you near me, wavering apparitions  
That early showed before the turbid gaze.  
Will now I seek to grant you definition,  
My heart essay again the former daze?....

Once more I sense uncertain shapes appearing.  
Dimly perceived in days youth long past.  
Now in my heart I feel the moment nearing  
When I can hold those phantom figures fast....

Uncertain shapes, visitors from the past  
At whom I darkly gazed so long ago,  
My heart's mad fleeting vision—now at last  
Shall I embrace you, must I let you go?....

Es ist ein Schnitter heißt der Tod.

Es ist ein Schnitter heißt der Tod.

Es ist ein Schnitter heißt der Tod.

There is a Reaper, Death yclept.

There is a Reaper, Death yclept.

There is a Reaper, Death yclept.

Arpeggio  
Arpeggio  
Arpeggio

semiquaver

semiquaver  
semiquaver

Demi semiquaver  
Demi semiquaver  
Demi semiquaver

up bow  
up bow  
up bow

down bow  
down bow  
down bow

ascent  
descent  
ascent  
descent  
ascent  
descent

Forte forte forte

Piano piano piano

Legato legato legato

Pianissimo—

Adagio

Adagio

Adagio

GOTT

NICHTS MEHR

NICHTS MEHR

NICHTS MEHR

Allegro

Allegro

Con brio

Con brio

Con brio

Tod tod tod

Death death death

Screaming

Schrecklichen

Sing of the Rage

Sing of das Menschen—

Liebestod—

Pulsing chords

Strike—

4th position

Third fingering on the board

Pulsing pulsing pulsing

Pushing pushing pushing

Trying trying trying

Failing failing failing

Falling falling falling

Doing doing doing

Dying dying dying

Screaming screaming screaming

Ascending ascending ascending

Descending descending descending

Ascending

descending

ascending  
descending

ascending  
descending

Christ lag in Todesbanden,  
für unsre Sünd gegeben,  
der ist wieder erstanden  
und hat uns bracht das Leben.  
Des wir sollen fröhlich sein,  
Gott loben und dankbar sein

S  
C  
R  
E  
A  
M  
I  
N  
G

C  
R  
Y  
I  
N  
G

D  
Y  
I  
N  
G

Screaming crying dying  
Screaming crying dying  
Screaming crying dying

Dying crying screaming

Dying crying screaming

Dying crying screaming

Crying  
Dying

Screaming

Crying  
Dying  
Screaming

Crying  
Dying  
Screaming

Singing

writing

loving

cycling  
Circling circling  
Circling circling  
cycling

Arpeggio arpeggio arpeggio

Arpeggio arpeggio arpeggio

Arpeggio arpeggio arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling  
Circling circling  
cycling

Arpeggio arpeggio arpeggio

Arpeggio arpeggio arpeggio

Arpeggio arpeggio arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling  
Circling circling  
cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling  
cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Cycling circling cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Whirling whirling whirling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabachthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabachthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
arpeggio

Liebst du mich, Gott?

Do you love me God?

Liebst du mich, Gott?

Do you love me God?

Liebst du mich Gott?

Do you love me God?

S  
C  
R  
E  
A  
M  
I  
N  
G

C  
R  
Y  
I  
N  
G

D  
Y  
I  
N  
G

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

cycling  
Circling circling  
Cycling

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio

Arpeggio

    cycling  
Circling circling  
    cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

    cycling  
Circling circling  
    cycling  
arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

    cycling  
Circling circling  
    cycling

Screaming crying dying  
Screaming crying dying  
Screaming crying dying

Dying crying screaming

Dying crying screaming

Dying crying screaming

Crying  
Dying  
Screaming

Crying  
Dying  
Screaming

Crying  
Dying  
Screaming

Dancing swirling curling

Twirling twirling twirling

Whirling whirling whirling

Dancing swirling curling

Twirling twirling twirling

Waking walking running

cycling  
Circling circling  
cycling

Arpeggio

arpeggio

Arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling  
cycling

Arpeggio

arpeggio

arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling  
cycling

Arpeggio

arpeggio

arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling

cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

cycling  
Circling circling  
cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Cycling circling cycling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Whirling whirling whirling

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
arpeggio

Liebst du mich, Gott?

Do you love me God?

Liebst du mich, Gott?

Do you love me God?

Liebst du mich Gott?

Do you love me God?

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

cycling  
Circling circling  
Cycling

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

cycling  
Circling circling  
Cycling

Eli Eli lama sabacthani  
arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

cycling  
Circling circling  
Cycling

Eli Eli lama sabacthani  
arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Christ lag in Todesbanden

cycling  
Circling circling  
Cycling

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

arpeggio  
Arpeggio arpeggio  
Arpeggio

Christ lag in Todesbanden

cycling  
Circling circling  
Cycling

Eli Eli lama sabacthani

Maria

Maria

Maria

Loving

Loving

Loving

Cycle of Life

Circle of living

Liebchen

Liebchen

Liebchen

Du....

Du....

Du....

32nds 32nds 32nds 32nds up down up down up down

B A

up down down up 32nds 32nds 32nds up down up down

C H

Up down up down 32nds 32nds 32nds up down and look around

CHACONNE....

piercing...

the...

air...

screaming...A--CROSS...

THE SKY—

O Love

O Death

O God

O Time

O Maria...

II.

Bach sings—

Sanctus

Bach sings—

Sanctus

Bach sings—

Sanctus

Johann

Maria

Johann

Maria

Johann  
Maria

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her.  
Ich bring' euch gute neue Mär,  
Der guten Mär bring ich so viel,  
Davon ich sing'n und sagen will.

Maria...

Maria...

Maria...

How happy you were?...  
How happy you were?...  
How happy you were?...

trilling trilling trilling  
trilling trilling trilling  
trilling trilling trilling

Was ist und?

Jesu, deine Passion will ich jetzt bedenken;  
wollest mir von Himmelsthron Geist und Andacht schenken.  
In dem Bilde jetzt erschein,  
Jesu, meinem Herzen, wie du, unser Heil zu sein,  
littest alle Schmerzen.

Jesus, to Your Passion's hour I turn my reflection;  
Unto me from heaven pour Courage and devotion.  
Show to me Your image now in my heart's depiction  
as Your suff'ring here below purchased our salvation.

When Wilhelm was born  
When we first met so happy was I  
I could see your face at the Church

Ich küsse ihre hand madame

Carl  
Carl  
Carl

Das kind das Ich war  
The child that I was

Natur  
Natur  
Natur

Aus meines Herzens Grunde  
Sag ich dir Lob und Dank  
In dieser Morgenstunde,  
Dazu mein Leben lang,  
O Gott! in deinem Thron,  
Dir zu Lob, Preis und Ehren  
Durch Christum, unsern Herren,  
Dein eingebornen Sohn.

My inmost heart now raises,  
In this fair morning hour,  
A song of thankful praises  
To Thine Almighty pow'r;  
And so I have begun  
This day, my God, my life shall be  
Begun and closed with praise to Thee,  
Through Christ Thy only Son.

Dass du mich hast aus Gnaden  
In der vergangnen Nacht  
Vor G'fahr und allem Schaden  
Behütet und bewacht.  
Ich bitt demütiglich:  
Wollst mir mein Sünd vergeben,  
Womit in diesem Leben  
Ich hab erzürnet dich.

For Thou from me hast warded  
All perils of the night;  
From every harm hast guarded  
My soul till morning's light;  
Humbly to Thee I cry,  
Do Thou in grace the sins forgive  
That anger Thee each day I live,  
Have mercy, Lord most High!

Du wollest auch behüten  
Mich gnädig diesen Tag  
Vors Teufels List und Wüten,  
Vor Sünden und vor Schmach,  
Vor Feur und Wassersnot,  
Vor Armut und vor Schanden,  
Vor Ketten und vor Banden,  
Vor bösem schnellen Tod.

And keep me of Thy kindness  
From every harm to-day;  
Nor let me in my blindness  
To Satan fall a prey.  
My cup with good o'erflows,  
My soul and body, goods and life,  
My home and friends, my child and wife,  
Thy bounteous hand bestows.

What is Home for you my love?

We would walk down the Aisle...  
Play the organ in the local church....

A toccata and fugue for you...mein Liebchen—

Geist...Spirit...Liebe...

Arpeggio Arpeggio Arpeggio  
Arpeggio Arpeggio Arpeggio  
Arpeggio Arpeggio Arpeggio  
My future love  
My future love  
My future love

Fourth finger

third finger

second finger

first fingering

Minor Thirds

Up bow Up bow Up bow

down

descent

Ascent

ascending scaling descending scales

Du...

G string

D string

A string

E string

Trill trill trill

Sei mir willkommen, edler Gast!  
Den Sünder nicht verschmähet hast  
Und kommst ins Elend her zu mir,  
Wie soll ich immer danken dir?

Jesu, lehr bedenken mich dies mit Buß und Reue,  
hilf, daß ich mit Sünde dich martre nicht aufs neue.  
Sollt ich dazu haben Lust und nicht wollen meiden,  
was du selber büßen mußt mit so großem Leiden?

Jesus, teach me how to view this with true repentance;  
help me not by sins anew to repeat Your sentence.  
Shall I joy in this alone, its grim truth avoiding:  
that You must for me atone with such pain and suffring?

Finger tap  
Finger tap  
Finger tap

Davon ich allzeit fröhlich sei,  
Zu springen, singen immer frei  
Das rechte Susanne schon,  
Mit Herzenslust den süßen Ton.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz  
Dein ist mein ganzes Herz  
Dein ist mein ganzes Herz

Maria  
Maria  
Maria

From heaven above to earth I come  
To bear good news to every home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
Whereof I now will say and sing:

Look there Look there  
into air into thin air

Were earth a thousand times as fair,  
Beset with gold and jewels rare,  
She yet were far too poor to be  
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Du

Du

Du

Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man His Son hath given!  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad New Year to all the earth.

LYRICALLY

Ich kusse ihre hand madame

MARIA

Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her.  
Ich bring' euch gute neue Mär,  
Der guten Mär bring ich so viel,  
Davon ich sing'n und sagen will.

broken chords,  
broken hearts,  
broken pathways,  
the broken strings of the Chaconne  
break  
into something more eternal—  
Lost Time.

Lost forever;

Understanding is beyond contradiction

Without you

I was nothing...would be nothing

What is the journey of the Chaconne?

Ein Zwei Drei

From heaven above to earth I come  
To bear good news to every home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
Whereof I now will say and sing:

The journey will never end without you....

end of the dream

We'd sing into the stars,  
we'd talk,  
we'd walk beside the lake,  
we'd hope to return,  
we'd kiss,  
we'd hug,  
we'd hold hands,  
we'd dance a gigue,  
we'd listen to a sarabande,  
we'd sing in the streets of Kothen,  
we'd die of old age together,  
we'd make love,  
we'd raise Wilhelm and Carl,  
we'd walk down the aisle,  
Our Lord who art in heaven,  
would give you back,  
And you would be in my arms again.

Maria

Maria

Maria

Ich liebe dich...

III.

Bach cries—

Nun lob, mein' Seel', den Herren,

What do I do without you, reading?

What do I do without you, writing?

What do I do without you, singing?

Warum hast du Maria Genommen?

Mein Gott...

Warum hast du Maria Genommen?

Mein Gott...

Warum hast du Maria Genommen?

Mein Gott...

Bach prays...

Now praise, my soul, the Lord,  
all that is in me praise his name!  
He adds to his acts of kindness,  
do not forget this, oh my heart!

He has let us know  
his marvelous justice and his court,  
and also his boundless kindness,  
nothing is lacking in his compassion,  
he lets us off his anger,  
he does not punish us according to our guilt,  
he is unstinting in his mercy,  
to the foolish he is graceful.  
His kindness is valued highly  
by those who fear him.  
As far as the east is from the west,  
our sins are from him.

Oblivion

Music  
Logos  
Speech

Love

Music  
Logos  
Speech

Love

Music  
Logos  
Speech

Love

Minor key  
Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor

D major

D minor

Love

Maria

Maria

Maria

LOVE

Minor key

Major key

Minor key

Love

D minor

D major

D minor

Love

Maria

Maria

Maria

LOVE

Minor key

Major key

Minor key

Love

D minor

D major

D minor

LOVE

Maria

Maria

Maria

Love

Minor key  
Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor  
D major  
D minor

Love

Maria  
Maria  
Maria

LOVE

Minor key  
Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor  
D major  
D minor

Love

Maria  
Maria  
Maria

LOVE

Minor key  
Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor  
D major  
D minor

LOVE

Maria  
  Maria  
Maria

Minor key  
  Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor  
  D major  
D minor

Love

Maria  
  Maria  
Maria

LOVE

Minor key  
  Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor  
  D major  
D minor

Love

Maria  
  Maria  
Maria

LOVE

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  Major key  
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Major key  
Minor key

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D major  
D minor

Love

Maria  
    Maria  
Maria

LOVE

Minor key  
    Major key  
Minor key

Love

D minor  
    D major  
D minor

LOVE

Maria  
    Maria  
Maria

Ich liebe dich...

...Home—

Music  
cannot  
Be  
the  
Same  
Without  
You—

Zeit...  
What

    Is  
    The  
    True  
    Meaning  
of  
Music?

Zeit...

That  
Purer

Air  
That  
Musicians  
Have  
Breathed  
For

The  
    only  
        true  
            music  
                is  
                    the  
                        Music  
                            that  
                                we  
                                    have  
Lost....

...CHACONNE....

...Sing...Chaconne...piercing...the...hand...screaming...A...cross...the sky—out of the past—in search of  
lost time....

O God

O Love

O Death

O Beauty

O Maria...

What's it going to be then, eh?

Never again...

Maria....

[May 14, 2013, Claremont, California — July 7, 2020, Chicago, Illinois]

# To the Woman I worked with at Whole Foods

by OISÍN HARRELL

*After Rudy Francisco*

we're not starcrossed anything—

we talked a handful of times  
during the small pauses in our shifts,  
trading laughter at the expense  
of retail playlists

you thought I had good  
taste in wool and plaid,

I liked your blonde algebra—

I never learned  
your relationship status,  
or saw the bottom  
half of your face,

but the possibility of catching  
your glimmer made me want to jump  
out of bed for the first time in—

well,

I haven't written anything  
in months that could stand  
without crutches—

this heart has more holes than any flute,  
its mouthpiece rusted shut for well over a year

(love begins with calligraphy,  
ends with a scrawl—)

and while this might not  
be kindling for marital fires,  
I hope another writer  
tells you everything you need  
to hear without stretching,

or leaving you  
on an em dash—

**End Issue 4**