

Beings of Sound

When I was told that the word person means "being of sound", It made me think of the dull crash of water my mother made when she dove into the pool fully clothed to save me from drowning when I was 3,

It makes me think of flatlines, traffic, clacking heels, sex, spoons in teacups, church, fryolators, guns, apples, chalkboards, faucets, typewriters, firecrackers, double dutch, snorting coke, helicopters, pool tables, ringtones, matches, John Cage in a soundless room listening to his own heartbeat and scenes of bodies falling:

Chris hit the bathroom floor loud enough for his mother to hear and come running to find him dead from heroin again, revived from ambulances again, a week before Christmas. His mouth vacuumed air at bullet speed and it sounded like Silver Bells. He tells me about it later, casual as a convenience store.

Uncle David dropped to the pavement scratching his face against the tarmac with the click and jangle of handcuffs. Policemen will help your body fall if you don't want to let it. Policemen's bodies fall into bed at night, fall in the line of duty, fall but never noiseless, we all do.

One time I fell from a hammock in Nicaragua because a feral dog pushed me. It was pretty funny. Sand doesn't make much noise. Coconuts hitting tin roofs do. There was a man named George Washington there. He wasn't that George Washington. He wanted to dance. His hands were rough from years of fishing with just the line and no pole. He said, "You can't waste music" like some day we're going to run out of it. It was slow calypso, and you could hear our sweat in it.

Someone once told me that the word person broken down meant "being of sound". It could have been a book, but I swear I heard it rattle and fire neurons. It made me think of clacking sex, chalk matches, zippers, snorting double dutch, guncopters, cokeolaytors, church in teacups, typecrackers, traffic heels, John Cage in a soundless room listening to brainwaves and thinking of all the words that sound good together but don't have any meaning yet. Like unborn languages.

It made me think of langueseeds that grow symbols every time the bass beat from a car stereo leaks under the sidewalk. It made me think that the Earth's core is a bass beat humming upwards using cars for a voice. It made me think that we are all falling bodies dropped from some unknown winged thing made of cellos and turntables and harps and speeches falling down into each other. we are. bodies of sound pulling our children out of prison and gasping, resuscitated and grabbing at oxygen like it was handcuffed to our children, we are beings of sound and sometimes when we fall down it looks like dancing because our brainwaves are bass beats.

When George Washington told me "you can't waste music" he meant the sound of being was too precious to be wasted falling in killing fields, and that if we aren't dancing now, then when will we?