

TOM CHANDLER
MY NEW CD

Sliding my ears into that music
was like riding a swan into the light.
The harmonics were ice melting in the dawn.
The shift to a minor chord felt like
falling down the well of an abandoned farm,
hoping desperately to drown, then bobbing
back up into the startled sun of a major 7th.

And the silence! It announced itself between notes,
then described itself, declared itself independent
of any melody, harmony, bass line or percussion,
set itself apart like a tiny country, waiting patiently
for justice. You could hear the slight squeak of
his calloused fingertips sliding down the frets,
hear the echo of love that was lost then won
then lost again, this time forever.

Listen, I said. If you walk far enough inside this song
you can hear the sadness that caused its birth, you can
hear how the mic even picked up his faint breathing.
Why would you want to hear all that? You replied.