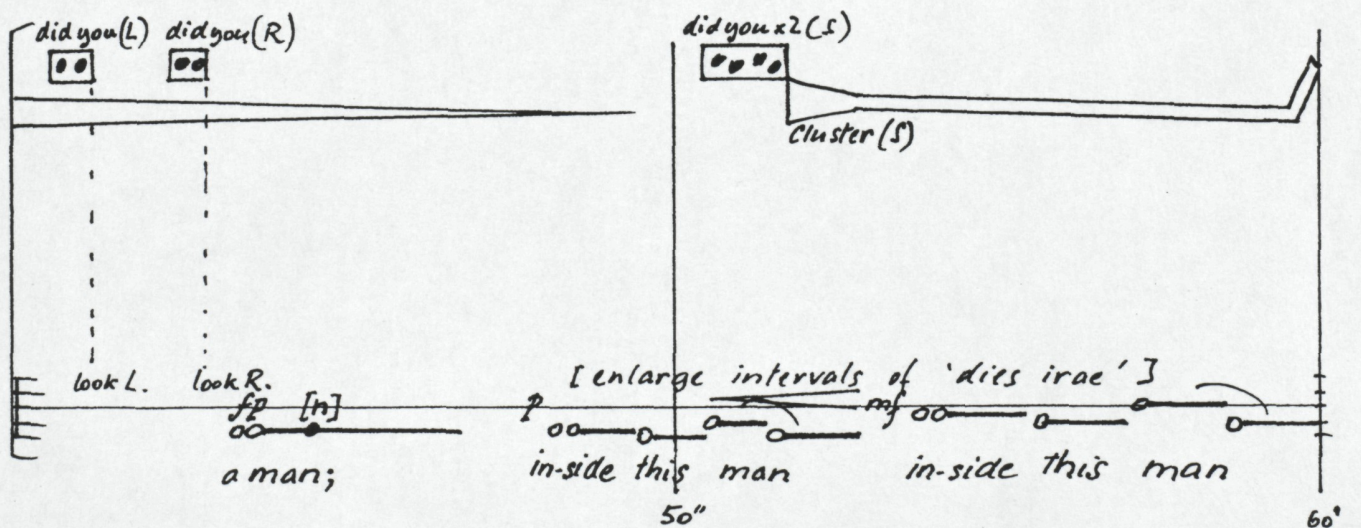
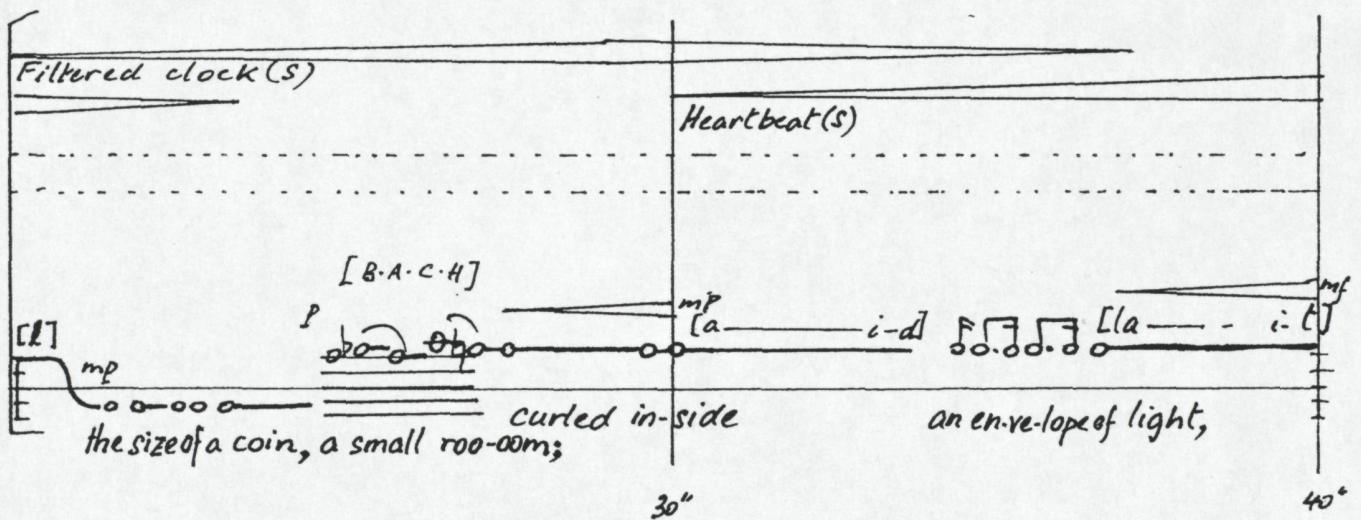
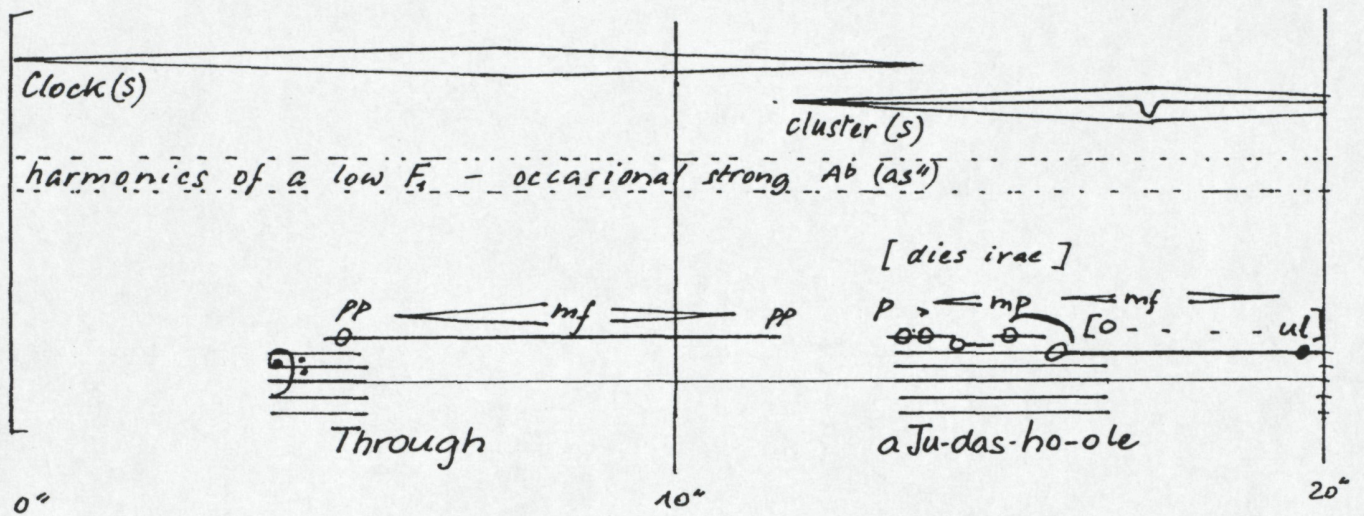


# 1 Did you?





## 2 'Missing the mark'

On the high-wire  
one foot  
in front of the other  
he weaves  
his act together.

On point  
in air, he juggles space;  
jongleur  
without words, his weight  
a fine  
line on the sun's rim.

When we

look to mark his fall,  
we feel  
for the earth under us,  
blow ghost-rings  
into the air; perfect  
accomplices  
we wait under a high cradle  
of wind  
for that dark wish  
to stop  
twitching in our hands.

harmonics of a B<sub>1</sub> throughout

On the high wire/ one foot/ in front of the other/ he weaves/ his act

[7<sup>9</sup>] [12<sup>9</sup>]

the a ha i u a  
 (continuous vowel change for "high wire")

together: On point/ in air, he juggles space;/ jongleur/ without words, his weight/ a fine/

[16<sup>9</sup>]

un fut in frrrrrr nt ov di ja hi  
 one foot front of the other he

line on the sun's rim. On the high wire/ one foot/ in front of the other/ he weaves/ his

[30<sup>9</sup>]



### 3 How it is, is

I have torn my trousers,  
the bees are angry  
In their nests birds are stunned  
by a high hand of wind  
All night I stay awake  
in a pair of borrowed silk pyjamas

Like wasps beating air over a jampot,  
tomorrow we will quarrel  
over a fair share of the morning  
Anger thumbs us darkly

Ten years inside  
a night-coloured fuck is no magic;  
tomorrow we will discover  
that not even simple  
etiquette will do.

We turn mirrors to the wall,  
we look under the bed for broken  
flowers;  
with tidy care for immaculate news,  
we swear  
the earth is part of the solar system.

(♩ = 300)

150 = 30"

low E which moves randomly from left to right

**A<sub>1</sub>**

*molto pomposo*

*f* *ff* *mf*

How it is, is. the earth is

0" 5" 10" 15"

*fp* *f* *[m]* *ff*

part of the so-lar sys-tem it is how

15" 20" 25" 30"