



long lines

Jeff Gurek  
Marjorie Van Hatteren

Does it further to cross the great water

9 in the first place

6 in the fifth place

9 in the sixth place

the well

I crossed the great water

no blame

the well!

danger no blame

no blame

penetrate

(I penetrate nothing)

no blame

penetrate

(I penetrate nothing)

no blame

the town may be changed

but the well may not be changed

the generations come and go

the well

Voice 1

He said he'd come  
(call a plumber)  
how long how long  
bricolabricolaybricobrico  
less than perfect  
things undone  
never done  
you wash  
I'll dry  
he said he'd come  
call a plumber  
never done  
never come  
(and with the watering can and tomato sticks in my courtyard just)  
Rust  
what the rain has brought  
Rust

Voice 2

line line line line line line line  
the imaginary of wires  
sparagmos

Voice 3



... all the remaining lines drawn from the following lines...

"long lines beaming lofty into the dark along longer lines leaning hailward into the rose of last nights beginning

long rows of the traum-tone extending beyond what seeing as i can't describe orders back oblivion and goes on to seem so or only so

runs on before me as some kind of road going onward and nowhere resolving the brim of the convexity

rays of running light or the running lights of rays riding on the ruins of aural memory

and again long lines dipping into luminescent trails or rails run off from trains the heaving of lungs bewail lines shining starless or stars themselves unseen in the self-origin of their setting nimbus tripped into evaporation

glistening in the listening to themselves pining oracles of their over-arching senility they travel younger than time and still

as monotony slivered with scintillating splinters of an abiding cacophony remain emotional as in moving and unmoving

texas or new mexico where lingering rickety leans of fences hem the yellow green munch and sun-pickled sanddollars of cattle manure

there is a theory in all this that has nothing to prove outside of its practice where theory itself is the mode of seeing waves and everything just begins again puffling

to swell over the sucking ears that sleep and vibrate their eternal tinnitus jesting the brain with inconsolable mares

shooting fluted runnels or rills of air resembling or reassembling the imaginary of wires weighted with pulsar parameters

boundary nexus of multilinear gravitational pulls permitting the sparagmos of inertia and the scandalous capers of two-bit stars

spittle drip off the stem spout tensile ingnotum clasping the floor of feral algae fed upon by whales moaning lonely songs

over the mountain hump of the last expected galaxy and further without backward glance coming from behind everything nevertheless and merging into infinite slittament

these are the smiles of gasping through the stem to stern spiral of the lines of longing that never ends

these are the manglers of the daughter of man already eaten by the kingless queen unrealming the night's hand on day

with my brittle anthology of unhinged syllables and leaky teapot i go sit on the roof to hear you fall a thousand deaths into my small life

and i paint your portrait with wine-stained fingers on the back of my love whom i place between two mirrors and sleep when we decide we can rise again tomorrow to decipher what it means

salva adesso salve adesso salvete line line line"

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Marjorie Van Halteren

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Long Lines (Live Concert, Liège, Belgium)

Jeff Gburek: prepared guitar, electronics, voice, field recordings  
Marjorie Van Halteren: sampling keyboard, voice, field recordings

Recorded by Raphaëlle Duquesnoy, Le Noize Maker studio.

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