

Underscore

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Introduction

Underscore emerges as a confluence of story, dream, image, tangibly audible song show shows its layers in streamed whispers and overtones (those overt ones). Where expectation might have proffered the predicted story, sound hurries in (or tiptoes), only to address the gray tones as primary casts of characters prone to synesthesia (“Watch with your voice”), reminding further that “I learn from being in the storm”).

The combination psyche of KSEM arrows our way in varying geometric / geo-mantric modes that we prepare to depict upon a score what we decidedly hear, alongside emblematic crows that sound themselves and show themselves across the work. They are our center as they anchor narrative and feeling, spanning multisensory tree-staged colorific definitions.

Whispers are that. Spokes of thought are that. Paying attention “to and toward” containments, vivid and soft, questioning the moves, the mood, refresh-engineering the skeletal beginnings of perception in dimensions at once stems and laces with stretch marks. The sky has secrets. The yield? “just a text / slim voluminous / trim tuned / obstacle / to deference / the more / I play.”

Shared aspirations (“I wanted / to fly / us / for you fly / in perpetuity / fall / tresses / past”) commit to pale background that persists as “slight snarl in traffic” and “transit.” Trance consistently obeys its youth. “I will fly from practice” points our wandering in the direction of a quest for definition. “I am / a crow?”

“Stained glass starts out” (and the next word, “empathy,” not “empty”) and we venture to hear hollowness as full. Concurrency is alive and thriving as we consistently allow what turns to “layered feast.”

“The wind speaks / to tell me to / find friends.” Here, “sentence / text / to sense” tells us of cliffs, metal sculpture, wings, sound sleep, lead us. We are “fastened be / neath / complicit / wilderness.” The stanzas are what make us (fly). The iris inside sleep is live and yet a trembling treble clef. That image, that gesture of particulates, the finding of ourselves as reckless inside cream “violet thinking sans sequential light.”

We keep seeing something we must sing “each / one to / another / around / sleep.” Is there are remark(able) iris, “a child / in the air,” a premise that discovers us? It all makes sense, visual sense. Sound sense.

Word sense. “Stand with / the crow” we say. “Should /ers” bracket us and speech is heard “sh / rill / tones” so we are aware (again) of “these / integers / for winter” where “the sun” is “a vision.”

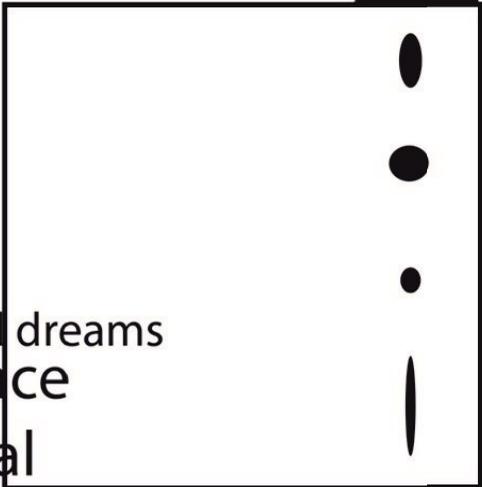
At each moment, “a likely window” through which “each error friends a renaissance.” That being forwards itself in a discovered configuration of whatever is located at the branch point of “new trees, redwoods” living the lean upward in our shared mind.

The adaptable adaptation, apt and adept, is where we locate stamina. “to quit is to die” and lifespan, after all “is one gone / in a thought / flash.” We stow away “with our hopes.”

— KSEM



the glass starts
out —new trees,
redwoods,
whisper about
crows ●



● and dreams
countenance
that cymbal

thrash

against
a likely
window

stanzas
and stamina



each error friends a renaissance



hollow as full

from crows



I
expect



caw caw
caw

notify
[blot]
sin(e)cure

but
now
this crow

If I ask him
will he
tell me



secrets?



I
am a
crow
he says



no matter

slaythings



stained

we are
our own
hopes
about
storms

glass starts out

empathy
when the wind blows storms
dwindles

we sit **gray**

when the storm
comes
we need

trees
antler
crows

t a m a
s a n i

Watch with your voice

a habitat

insects call
water

understorm
arises

I expected words

teak but now once

buds in a while

sure so much more

I learn from

being

in the storm