Kory Reeder

This life. How to put it down.

for organist, alone (2021)

Open Duration (rather long)

Beginning very faint Perhaps unheard

One tone, alone An E to start

Then moving anywhere on the page

Slowly

Gradually

One tone becomes many

Very long/quite long

Sustained

Wading in the deep

Held for so long

Sounds become Place

Within the tones

Changes in color

Slowly pulling out stops
Pausing at each step

Feeling the beating

Kory Reeder kory.reeder@gmail.com www.koryreeder.com I listened longer to prove space I sat waiting to make sound felt

Although I think that's what someone else said I have time to figure this out

But if they were right I would have forgotten where I started

Although that now seems to be the case I've noticed my enjambment may prove pace

Although I think I've stood here long enough to feel pulse in the beating. The space has pushed me to stand

Here and feel time. At least that's what I thought you said. I've forgotten where we started. Beginning with

One; becoming many; then suddenly the faintest tone was held alone for so long I forgot it was there. The

Space having been filled, we moved to the next one. I left before I found out; I don't want to see how it ends.

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