

Click (2011 – 6:14)

Click was a response to a call from artist Ian Baxter who was resident at Bank Street Arts in Sheffield whilst undertaking an MA in Sonic Art at The University of Sheffield. He organised composers and poets to work together, firstly offering the poets a chance to write in real-time while composers played new sounds, then recording each poets' work, finally offering these (recorded) texts as inspiration for the sonic artists on the Masters programme. I got involved – as did a few others – with the following poem by Marian Iseard as it exhibits a very obvious display of sound colour and a cohesive form. My work follows the poem quite closely. *Click* was made at The University of Sheffield in July 2011 and first performed at Bank Street Arts on the 29th July 2011.

Marian Iseard - Click

Click, clack, the latch. Shuts. Plucks

Its own sound from the smack

Of metal on wood.

The whisper of hands slipping,

And the tap, tap of the nib as it nudges

The faint ruled page

Sends a tick, tick into the air,

And now I'm nearly there.

Shimmy across the floor

And softly open

The door that sticks,

Enter the room

We should have discovered

Where the rain dripped through.

Is it still there?

Is it in the blink of an eye,

The wink of your eye, to me,

Unguarded in a moment of truth,

Is it there?

The years circle,

Send slivers of hours

Into dusty corners

Where they shiver and settle, layer

Upon layer, gossamer threads,

Tiny moments that
Spark and glitter
Above the weight of dead time.

Cold. I'm cold.
A telephone rings -
A spiralling sound
That takes me down, and
The afterlife of its call
Will clutch my heart, squeeze
Until the tears flow, and freeze.