

La Dispute

"Harder Harmonies"

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Like a shadow on a shadow, a phantom in a filmstrip,
Faint glimmer
Of the past trapped in mother's old slides. Sits
still in the
Apartment while sifting through some
pictures Of the child that he
Once was and the sense of hope they framed.
"It's a shame,"
And I fear that fate while the humming from the street
keeps me awake,
He says, "I let life get twisted. Get worn
out, torn up, and
Late with the rent. And now nothing makes
sense except the bench and
That piano. A feeling nearing Order when I'm
pressing down the
Chords." And he plays,
And it swells and breaks, but what'll it take to make my
life sound like
That. And brings a fever, a dream of
sweat and ecstasy. A
Kiss on every hammer hit that follows as The
keys fall down and bring
An order first, then chaos, then a calm, that paints
every shift
In Murals on the wall. And it presses to your
neck, it clutches to
Your hips, softly sings to you of fireworks and God and
art and sex and
It's strange— That it feels so right when
nothing else does.
But all the while he's playing there's a
humming Coming up and
Through the window from outside. And even he
has to admit a certain
Melody in it, But then why can't he harmonize?
It's like the
City's got it's own song but he can't play along.
He sees the notes
As they fly by but always plays them wrong. And
in the bathroom it

Gets blurry gets warm and distorted; "Like light
pushed the orange of
The pillbox he poured in his palm. "It falls to the
floor, he smiles
As it hits, "Sounds a little like an instrument."
Like a voice in the choir, that hum and that drumbeat of
life as an
Art-form and "Fire through the streets that keep
moving us in silence
To phantom baton sweeps, "Keep tapping to the
tempo of our feet.
"And all the ones who seem to fit the
best into the chorus
Never notice there's a song "And the ones who
seem to hear it end up
Tortured by the chords when they fail to find "A
way to sing along.
"And when you sing the wrong thing it all
starts collapsing.
"Starts to ring out and feedback, starts lapsing
and crashing, on
Notes that don't clash but that "Never quite feel
like they match.
"And I never quite feel like mine match.
"There's
A melody in everything, "I'm trying to find a
harmony
But "Nothing seems to work, nothing seems to
fit.
"There's a melody in everything,
"I'm trying to find a
Harmony but "Nothing seems to work, nothing
seems to fit.
"There's a melody in everything,
"I'm trying to find a
Harmony but "Nothing seems to work,
"Nothing fits.

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