



# **Portions of Conversational Assemblies**

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My music is the spiritual expression of what I am — my faith, my knowledge, my being ... When you begin to see the possibilities of music, you desire to do something really good for people, to help humanity free itself from its hang-ups ... I want to speak to their souls.

John Coltrane

# **Portions of Conversational Assemblies**

—after Paul Bley's *Nothing Ever Was, Anyway*

Thus the disguise of remorse  
subsequent to reinvented primal tones  
    awash  
        upon designated  
folderol, garish  
lullaby  
    used  
to confuse remnants of the  
  
voice's  
                corporeal designation,  
sole passion for invisible  
legend of jewel-tone  
    reciprocation.

—after Enrico Rava's *Luna Urbana*

Her  
silken  
argent  
hand-woven brand of  
communication  
splanchnic  
holds by  
delineated motility a  
voice-full bouquet of curious definitions. Night  
yes, opacity strong strolls with achromatic  
wheels whirling, untainted; moon, her  
whitened  
corona  
gaze-half version  
open-whole rendition  
sits  
silent  
behind erect concrete position  
of  
building's architectural  
articulation. Motionless  
thus  
target of braiding gazes  
neighborhood of calm  
restless until dawn  
becomes light's translation of welcome  
disparity.

—after Eberhard Weber's *Eyes That Can See In The Dark*

Of mirrors  
etched  
morning's angular emblems  
hiding remedies of  
excavating hankerings. They  
harm or  
divide  
concepts within  
various hours  
hunting exposed  
wingless  
forms of sustenance.



—after Aaron Parks' *Afterglow*

Orchestrated halo

hides

until

beneath

verbal masterminded prompts

re

appear

donning dawn's curvature of muted

declarations

tones of tonal brilliance

draped upon shoulders

muscular dexterous

faculties of might

divided by light's angled

edge of sorted

crisp designation,

mountain's royal symmetrical aliveness

syncopated sanctum.

—after Red Garland's *Second Time Around*

This childhood will remain  
constant, verbally praising  
sights of original excogitation: become, understand, reinvent.

—after Bill Charlap's *Blue Orchids*

Erupt

                    from canopy of soil

begetting's sequence

                    cascade of scent

reaching fabrics of recreated gall

priorly nude, abstract. Blooms of on-switch bulbs

beautiful renditions of

                    geometric fabrication

soft-slant

    growth

                    from palm of replanted clay

holding eyes and sensory occasion

lost

    by the handholding venture of hitherto conjure

lamentably

                    unaware.

—after Chick Corea's *Crystal Silence*

created careful delineated                      Apotheosis  
needed    apathy  
                inborn, threaded steel  
unbroken possibility  
                                thereby erasing  
crowd's  
                        ideological conflicts  
crossing  
  conversational entanglements  
cathect              thus              causation  
mirrors  
                fogged by leisure and  
  dedicated forms of  
chaotic imputations.

—after Henry Threadgill Zooid's *Do The Needful*

assume assistance

acclimates to the voice's  
promotion of hankering's prior negligence

hoping  
with stylized mission

to  
undo now's version of anxious motions  
relevant bodily unknowing and

symptomatic breaks from copacetic healing?

—after Dave Douglas' *Passing Through*

Halls of moments' ailments  
closed by darkness' residue of aging hands  
    pulling  
walls within body circumference  
    relaying terra incognita

shapes the mind's vernal reconstruction  
following age's au courant following  
of societal misuse of ideological  
    fabrications.

—after Contemporary Noise Sextet's *Unaffected Though Flow, Part 2*

Theirs

the

rummaging

passive

nonchalant revoking of

verbal

mastication

following

wound wet with

articulated pain, struggle

the pour of it

drenching

side of body's whole reality, heal

or heal alone, either

bodiless causation has dissipated, reticent.





—after Tomasz Stańko's *Third Heavy Ballad*

Inenarrable

cortex of voiceless  
obligations; stating of indefinable smoke-rising

dexterity (ascent; distant; vacuolar shape, synonym of fresh)

mobile but brilliantly still.

Sung from

aptitude of winged ability

visa mirror facial  
convenience

knowing a love wraps self with armed self  
around body of flesh's unraveling  
antiquation.

—after Jason Moran's *Pas de deux - Lines Ballet*

The voice of each line  
begins whisper-light, thinned  
supposed study  
into light's angled gaze

holding the body's lines  
soft

in the happy manner mother hold's new range of breathing  
baby,

quietly. Tempo

exposes ability's

variant exhibitions

totality of motional constructs

denies and too invites

twirls from the watchers' eyes, tumble drift ignite,

each  
passionate delve  
opens  
into workable clay of solidities dance,  
open

jewels of

elegant posture.

—after Jason Moran’s *Study No. 6 – Slow*

X

of crossed-legged cloud  
sits  
opposition with  
blueorange  
curled wax of Picasso’s  
abstract physiological dimensions. Sky  
yes its body bleached by organic scenery: various  
definitions hope and portend  
renewed voice  
visceral in problematic cliché  
anti-book (logic, disposition, deconstruction of allowed understanding),  
thus blank in  
decisional occupation. Who  
where does  
do we collide  
among the voice of painting’s occupational belief? Drift  
walk hurl such hugging lines  
created by an hour’s diligent composition, layered, lost, decomposition of  
longitude of praise.

—after Jason Moran’s *Thelonious*

I will write your tone  
against my interpretation; seems  
docile in effect, ravenous once      though  
prior  
    to societal greed appearing gracious  
amid perception’s altered  
logic of allowing unbiased entrance.

Cannot  
    control  
my  
    variation  
of  
    sound  
  when my virtue is the reflectional  
gather                                   hoping  
  to find hallucinatory greatness  
near  
  the relevant appeal  
found much later  
    subsequent your disappearance, genius of  
rhythmic  
    happenstance.

—after Hank Mobley's *I See Your Face Before Me*

Creating  
contours of rain's electric shadows,

clay of rudimentary joy, waiting,  
malleable, smiling formation.

Until death  
is the sequenced ending of  
devotional mirrors  
my hold will consist  
pleasant miracle  
etched into cultivated  
unobstructed effort.

—after Joe Henderson's *Photograph*

Gray of wilted sadness.  
Veneration  
neighbor manifold  
near death though  
scent variegates beyond wrinkled  
texture, abhorrent blends of  
forgotten bodies:  
tragic soon decomposition.  
Rose, her  
symbolic gift of cliché  
exaltation, no longer  
extends hands of reaching green,  
thus coins of falling flesh  
pay tribute to soil of now's  
contagious burial: soon of  
relevant and posthumous declaration.

—after Anthony Braxton's *Composition 40 F - Composition 23 J*

Jeweled

toned

x's 2

multiple hands carving extracting interpreting functions of skin

cunning

lasting

well-worth

finality's

opening grandeur:

morning's light's

passive invasion of shape-holding

shadows.

—after Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers' *The Drum Thunder Suite*

Flails

                                echoed rhythms

reverberating science

                                silhouetting mayhem

conduit laughing fear's

                                rendition of time

distance upon epochal designating ventures. Heard

yes

                                hollowed

tubes talk into the ear

  yelling blatant wisdom

of culminated sound-textures,

  altered homes for

runners away from solace into home of another's brand of peaceful

ventilation.



—after Joe Henderson's *Ask Me Now*

Upon my listening reaction  
thoughts construct  
deconstructed moments

hiding  
such contrasts of

answerless bodies  
roaming toward meaning's orchestrated  
denial. Now, ask me  
and my momentum to require altered understanding  
will

howl into understated wisdom  
logic beholds amid bifolding lessons of neoteric  
dissent.

—after Keith Jarrett's *Part II b*

Part II a: ascertained, completed.

Now's

version

consultation brand    echo of calling bodies

touch

rejoice

rekindle

exposed breaths gone

as yesterday's joy of fulfilling hankering's diverse understandings. What's

becoming is the coming virtue unfelt until near the surplus of emotional

happenstance

delving

beyond

cultivated muses

seen near fire of opening's

comprehension.

—after Marc Johnson's *Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair*

Her strands  
silken  
woven timelines of  
aged transformation, crawling  
explanation mention surplus dying: prior strokes of a brush's  
gilded teeth, taught of sacred motions  
kiss  
condense  
vertical embrace  
gone  
to the leaving motion she becomes  
walking from the mirror of her morning  
routine.

—after Paolo Fresu's *Rock*

Ridged variants

color voice whisper

held memory

forgotten solid explanation: focus sync

up-staring light of

angle's

organic bathing shadow.

—after Ran Blake's *Lost Highway*

Parallel to absence. Humans  
cannot reside  
ambulating through  
air's finite

alabaster tunnels.  
Much belongs here,  
's dead. resting

or

substantiating melodies

those

somberly sung  
denoting burial of existence  
within soil of sound

bouquet of trembling, isolated visits.

—after Geri Allen's *It's Good to be Home Again*

draperies  
time-intersected  
embrace-touching  
around neck of long  
day of notions. Into  
door of her smiling operation, scent  
of the evening meal  
proclaims promise of warming  
besotted salutation.

Wearing  
of respect, woven, hand-woven  
draped  
hovers

—after Muhal Abram Richards' *Before and After*

Before

morning's mauve

realism, (Monet of tone

rich semblance, attire of roaming beauty)

rose

interpreting angled variations

much aligned with bountiful

after

night's mantle of illusion

fondled

abbreviated hours'

tonal panchromatic

levels of tone-blind

counteraction,

sky

changed, though unchanged in conceptual

understanding,

tone

achromatic

dispensation definition roaming

untamed verbal dynamic,

much of man drifted with

eyes permanently perched

worshipping

wanting

design of specialized night's

manifest

configurations.

—after The Great Jazz Trio's *The Shadow of Your Smile*

Erupts ironic color

as

shadows highly hold

imperial diagrams of

depressed connotations

her smile

soft curled-edged

relatable to syncopated happiness, heirlooms

given

fractioned of previous worth though

highly sacred, indigenous delight.



—after Keith Jarrett's *Be My Love*

Approved. Sincerity softly sings,  
hollow whispers  
bells' variations of end-time

echoes

slight

buzz-tongued

talking into distance's  
absolute cultures, freed, content. Be my love

and I will dress your eyes, hold the waist of your moving  
near,  
embrace  
become

our mirror talks into our subjective watching.

—after Ketil Bjørnstad's & David Darling's *The River VII*

Connective conformation, deep  
elegance of bodiless body, voiceless clarity  
talking  
to the mindless congregates : awaken  
to the damage deeper  
than topographically believed : I am aware

desensitized concepts  
curate minds of ideological demise : quotidian  
angles  
accumulated norms, societal  
disengage  
from rudimentary understanding. Saddened

I am muscleless, cannot predict or posit angry responses—

instead : hope  
the motif of change  
hovering amid my thoughts of arid  
possibilities.

—after Fred Hersch's *The Peacocks*

Neon walkers.

Beautiful adaptations, angled plumes  
congratulate tone  
functional conjured

memory  
adult adulation      proclaims      marker, crayon

tools of these created prosodic curiosities. Prance  
near vertigo's resignation, the end of  
daze  
hereditary motions      sedentary in beauty, such  
orchestrated movement,  
tears to the sacreds' tangible interpretation.

—after Art Blakey's *Confirmation*

Of butterfly wings  
marigold flakes  
glass of stained premonition  
    gathering  
                    loops of contoured air  
realigning thrust  
    with  
orthopedic fabrications  
                    man mostly made  
of net catching sequence  
actuating predetermined  
luster of  
                    organized fallacies, flagrant mayhem  
causational impairment.

—after Marcin Wasilewski Trio's *Vignette*

Together, drawn by validated hands:

creators, collocated, upheld bridges

together

connecting

physical exhalations

delivered into

sufficient definitions,

unnneeded

to mirror-self

after

a

mirrored self of unnatural

architecture. The movements will come, too, return. Highlighted

functions

those

of pleasant curves of swallowing angled light

italicizing moments of inducing recognition, yes,

your physiology

was once painted:

Recall

your blue-gray clay

leaning into pouring tangible

recognition?

—after The Miles Davis Quintet's *Orbits*

Glow of dilapidated halo

high

blanket of softened bodies  
rarely

related  
to the contoured beauty

revolving

around belt of tributary  
actions.

—after Fabrizio Brasso's *The Nearness of You*

Shapes

delicate variant of  
hard-edged shadow  
mutilated skin-hang decision:

alone, my words circle  
into the throat of my softly needing,  
then

as does a window's tongue  
speak into an opened version of  
burgeoned occupation

common

is your voice  
braiding  
mine with dialectical mirrors  
filming hope, sudden  
joy  
jumping  
like Winter's cool, adequate layers of white.

—after Dave Douglas' *Catalyst*

Builds of the broken,  
bridged avenues

volition

return absent  
motional  
solitude thus smiles

into directional

point  
finding  
circles of dedicated chaos  
dissipating

wholly

away from

awareness'

surgical fulfillment.



—after Bobo Stenson's *Goodbye*

The silent  
tongue  
waves  
into the listener, lacking  
qualitative  
portions  
of desirous components  
by the speaking silhouette:  
comprehended  
again, never  
will lips combine skin of  
lined  
corporeality  
holding  
in the crosshatch of hands  
thought, persona  
aggregated motions of  
together's disposition.

—after Cannonball Adderley's *Jubilation*

Insisted focus, hesitant crowds of thoughts,  
fulfillment. Excited

versions of the tongue's spiral syllables  
stuttered

scenes

from an overt portion of the mind's

delegated

fathoms.

—after Cecil Taylor's *Enter, Evening (Soft Line Structure)*

Following

panting

air provides, hunting (ironic

oxygenated tones

of prior-time's elegant, self

-control)

dusk's wavering gray  
weighted ghost

visit daily, just before  
a flower's pivot

into

death.



—after Eric Dolphy's *Abstraction*

Curled

sliced  
silvery shadow

encased

by hand woven

particles

associated with dime-sized venues of isolated  
spatial

occupation,

positioned near  
crosshair

diligence, awaiting

developed moment of

articulating exposure.

—after John Coltrane Quartet's *Not Yet*

Our moment, not yet physical

waving

hand-arc

semblance: child's horizontal

absence from

mother's

watching love. Yet

not apparent,

as the moment is dedicated, held

by now's cerulean

display, holding

onto ledge of incorporated

movement.

—after Arild Anderson's *Song For A Sad Day*

Many  
would be akimbo in assumption manifest  
  gray  
of ghostly language  
creates  
                    and curtains  
                                aspectual movement of depressed  
guidelines, noon of hiding sun  
dragging feet  
                                as an elderly symptom  
causational lumbar  
architect of painful symbols                exclusive  
portions  
                    holding slightly weighted minutes  
by the contoured, silvery hand  
                                excavating fractions  
of a day's saddened  
realization.

—after Charles Lloyd Quintet's *Love-In*

Fathom, focus  
the  
love of mirrored quantities highlights  
bodies' unbroken  
connected  
tissue of silent collaboration, in—  
sans the outward pressure of societal pleasantry:  
leave, leave! the moment of warming ease  
has dissipated  
wrongly.



—after Arild Anderson's *She's Gone*

Try though

the favorite her

of verbal silhouette

stumbled

directly

distant from the voice of your comfort-call

ex

-changed

for the elsewhere version

of existence's

passive

decorated otherness.

—after Terence Blanchard's *The Water*

The face of resembling its current fade: dusk  
better  
involvement of syllabic descriptions, waltz  
of moments' swaying  
    scented uncategorized splaying. Near the  
hover of copacetic halo: shadow  
of wind's singing movement,  
caressing unlike fondling  
    blue of the water's  
organic dissipation.

—after Thelonious Monk's *Off Minor*

Or

purposely engaged, antagonizing  
energetic pulsations, the winged blur of  
hummingbird's excavating angles,  
alive.

—after Joshua Redman's *Letting Go*

Freedom  
disallows this  
physical conniption, tableau of  
bodily excerpt  
explaining  
hankering's delving into newness, combining hope  
and  
delegated focus.  
Found  
when strength dislocates muscle and mind's ability of coercion  
does now uphold ability to find spatial identity,  
plausible  
reclusive hiding among symptoms of the body's  
vastitude of index.

—after Ornette Coleman's *Focus on Sanity*

Abrupt

    this

architectural liaison, avenue of trusting interior

proclamation, voice's scent

sitting loveliest on wrist, bosom, aptitude of

    multipurpose placement. Subjective

symptoms

    curled

back into focus' intellectual silence

highlighting collocated freedom:

    weightless|sedentary

unbeknownst

to the oracle of mystery

delegating theories beyond rudimentary

verdicts

    ideologies recall

upon organizing logic's versatile

awareness.



—after Wayne Shorter's *Speak No Evil*

Young one; the mother of your wishes  
    striated version of youthful anecdotes: you  
the allegory of aging backwards  
                                statement upheld

unfolding logic  
although  
    tongues of au courant verbs  
leap into conjecture of superlative expletives, manifest. Young  
one:  
    obey the mother of your birth date's winning, her  
womb housed and delivered the skin of your smooth transition

painful.

—after Michael Brecker's *Sometimes I See*

much, the languishing symptoms scar the body's silk. Lovers  
engaged in soil-deep resignations: alone  
each arm of prior embraceable shapes

now broken contours  
fluid escaping (love) breeched contractual  
physical freedom, contorted emotions broken  
skeletons of dusty

apparitions.



—after Joshua Redman’s *Make Sure You’re Sure*

  :  each  
watcher shapes imaginary concepts: smiles  
reshape a flower’s diligent  
original  
  scent  
hoping  
  to solidify abstract meaning  
across limp’s unanswered wrist, misshapen  
gifts, the fashionable style  
used by February paramour  
  expecting  
gifting, legendary veneration.