

## About « Chāoyuè chénmò 超越沉默 »

### **Poem (to Amanda)**

*Two time-spaced heartbeats, raindrops falling from another sky  
dampen the light dust in her eyes. Is there a morning mirroring face  
out there that would be mine?*

*Beyond the flocks I see, they laid down this shadow path.  
The swept dust will float in this time gap... or might it be my own  
trembling thoughts that choke the voice into the heart?*

The composition « **Chāoyuè chénmò 超越沉默** » came from a dramatic event in my life. A housecleaner friend, widow, at the age of 35, lost her 15-year-old daughter to undiagnosed meningitis, who died suddenly.

By that time, my son was only 3 months old. Deeply moved, I went to the funeral and discovered that the relatives still needed to raise money from the relatives to pay for the wake and burial. Being from a more vulnerable social class, I walked to the building administration without saying anything to anyone. Once there, I learned that the burial schedule was full that day, and so it was necessary to pay upfront for a reservation tomb as soon as possible. So, without flinching, I offered to pay all the expenses and felt relieved. So my friend would not have to go through the pain of seeing her daughter displaced to another funerary house (cemeteries).

On that day, I shared a post on Facebook, which is...

Yesterday for the first time I went to Jardim Ângela. On other occasions, I was about to go, but I was stalling. Marcia, for ten years when she came to my house, never once complained about the distance. She once said she would make him a nightstand that was missing from her house, to which she said, "Really? But are you going there?" I did not go.

Yesterday, I went for the first time to the wake of his daughter Amanda, a girl he raised with so much care and hard work.

Every day standing at five a.m., facing collective crushes and long distances, to go and sweep other people's houses around there; folding sheets, brushing clothes, dusting, and returning to the end of the day under new squeezes and long distances that I hadn't covered once, until yesterday. When they told me that their only child had entered the hospital with a slight headache, and soon she died, I froze. Daughter of many days of work and dedication was gone in the blink of an eye.

They said meningitis; others are allergic to the medication. All moulded in the strange, distant and encrypted routines of hospitals. Amanda left when she was almost fifteen years old and left Marcia on this side with no family, she who had already lost her husband in one of those stupid and fatal accidents (a slip in the service area). I went to the wake carrying unbearable pain. 27 km. Location of the funeral: beautiful!

Family and friends, many hugging. Mothers, sons and daughters. hugged her as much as I could, feeling myself so ashamed... such a sweet young soul. People were fainting, crying everywhere...

When I returned to my house, I put my son to sleep, and still tired and saddened, I sat at Qin's table and played: two notes (harmonics) alternating in low beat, like "*Two time-spaced heartbeats*" (See the poem at the beginning). The feeling of unspeakable sadness passed through the strings, and a melancholy chant emerged, passed through me, without thinking, without hesitating, just flowed... This piece symbolizes loss and grief. Two hearts beating faintly, and a lone voice that echoes in space in search of itself.