

# Unbreathed (2017)

for string quartet

Inside, withheld, unbreathed,  
Nether, undisclosed.

Souffle, vapour, ghost,  
hauch and dust.

Absent, silent, void,  
Naught beside.

Either, neither, sole,  
Unified.

The skull is enveloped in a profound silence that seems nothingness itself. The silence does not reside on the surface, but is held like smoke within. It is unfathomable, eternal, a disembodied vision cast upon a point in the void.  
Hard-boiled Wonderland and the End of the World, Haruki Murakami

"...I'll never know, which is perhaps merely the inside of my distant skull where once I wandered..."  
The Unnamable, Samuel Beckett

"...one day to be here, where there are no days, which is no place, born of the impossible voice the unmakeable, and a gleam of light, still all would be silent and empty and dark, and dark, as now, as soon now, when all will be ended, all said, it says, it murmurs."  
XIII, Texts For Nothing, Samuel Beckett

" This corporal revenge. A genuine, concerted and systematic undoing of grace. Every promise discovered too late to be a fucking lie told badly. The promise of intimacy and the promise of beauty ripped away to reveal a gawping, hyperreal brute..."  
US DEAD TOLD LOVE, A primer for Cavaders, Ed Atkins