Three Lessons

for voice and guzheng

I.

Another festival today—a banquet for our family's ghosts across the seas. Grandma sends their invitations by incense and greets them warmly as they come: fathers, mothers, aunts and uncles introduced by forgone names—those voiceless artefacts she aims to bind to her blood, and to ours. She tells us where to place the bowls and we obey: pour tea and wine in shallow cups, curl golden paper squares to ingots, clasp and pump our hands in prayer: luck and health, success and love. Jasmine smoke unfurls a promise, loosely swirls

Grandma tries her best to feed the crowd but can't transform the hot roast chicken, plastic-wrapped, to baahk chit gai or languid oats to hearty mounds of rice. The old ghosts sigh around the coffee table crammed in the garage an altar space our car will gladly fill when she departs with all her guests—their voices lost, a dried mirage

Π.

Across the seas and centuries, we play
the voices of the dead to life; invite
their legacies borne not by blood but flight
of ink and spirit—spring of all delight
My teacher curves my fingers to fit her palm
and teaches me to sing in foreign tongues:
bourrée, chaconne, gavotte, courante, allemande
I learned the ways of old when I was young
and now I sit beside the keys and guide
my students, children, towards the famous ghosts
I try my best to conjure joy and pride
in charming hammered felt to well-formed notes
but present tides are strong and ever changing
the seafloor's form, always rearranging

12121212 12121212	13131313 13131313
14141414 14141414	12121212 1212 1
$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	$\begin{array}{c ccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$
$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	12121212 32323213 6
$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	$\begin{array}{c ccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$
$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	13131313 6161 6 6
$\frac{66134561}{11} \frac{35376313}{11}$	$\frac{66134561}{1} \frac{7}{3537} \frac{6}{1}$
<u>55135612 31532542</u>	$\begin{array}{c} \overset{\textbf{i}}{3} & \overset{\textbf{5}}{2} & \overset{\textbf{5}}{2} & \overset{\textbf{3}}{3} & 535 & \overset{\textbf{i}}{3} & 535 & \overset{\textbf{i}}{3} & 531 & \\ & & & & & & & & & & & & & & & & & $
<u>25612356 66134313</u>	25612356 66134313
$\frac{551235\dot{1}\dot{3}}{1}$ $\dot{2}$ $\dot{2}$ $\dot{2}$	$\begin{array}{c} \overset{\textbf{i}}{3} & \overset{\textbf{5}}{2} & \overset{\textbf{5}}{2} & \overset{\textbf{3}}{3} & 535 & 1351 \\ \underline{3} & 535 & 2535 & 1535 & 1351 \end{array}$
<u>06130613 06130613</u>	06130613 06130613
6 5 <u>6</u> 5	6 5 6 5
$\begin{array}{c ccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	<u>06134313</u> ⁶

III.

Songs of blood are hard to sing—believe me, I've tried everything: martial arts, calligraphy, language classes, recipes none of which rang deep or true enough to call a song, myself a singer

So I tied a line around my waist and cast it back a few millennia when ancient poets plucked drunken tunes in bamboo groves and zithers were all the rage. I hoped my stubborn blood would resonate with the instrument, which shredded

my fingertips and stiffened my thumbs—a hardening my ancestors knew as the grind of a shovel, the back-heat of working fields. Grandma brings me chrysanthemum tea when I practise and lingers to listen, sometimes hears a memory:

a red song for breakfast; twirling with friends in the square when she's gone, I'll invite her to dance

6 6. <u>1</u> 6 6	2 2 1 6 6	5 3 ¹ . <u>3</u> 2 <u>12</u>	3 3. 5 3 2
³ / ₁ 6 <u>5</u> 6 6	$\begin{vmatrix} \frac{\dot{2}}{2} \dot{2} & \dot{1} & 6 & 6 \end{vmatrix}$	i ² . <u>3</u> 2 <u>765</u>	6 3. 5 3 35
<u>66616661</u> ⁵	<u>3335333¹1</u>	<u>222322765</u>	33353355
<u>6666¹6611</u>	2222 ⁷ 2211	<u>711171765</u>	<u>6661</u> 6 <u>35</u>
6 <u>61</u> 6 <u>35</u>	6661663	$2 \frac{2123_{5}^{2}}{4}$	$ \ \frac{3}{3} \ \frac{35}{35} \ $
§ 5	$\begin{vmatrix} 6 \\ 3 \end{vmatrix} - \begin{vmatrix} 6 \\ 3 \end{vmatrix}$	5	035612
	<u>5321</u> 6 <u>63</u>		
$\frac{6}{3} - \frac{6}{3}$	$\begin{vmatrix} 2 & -6 & 6 \\ 5 & -3 & -3 \end{vmatrix}$	2	0356123
$\begin{array}{c} 6\\3 \\ \underline{61} \\ \end{array} \begin{array}{c} 6\\\underline{1} \\ \underline{5} \end{array}$	$\frac{6}{3661}6\frac{6}{3}$	$\begin{array}{c ccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	$\left \begin{array}{cc} \dot{3} \\ \dot{\mathbf{i}} \end{array} \begin{array}{cc} \dot{3} \dot{5} \\ \underline{35} \end{array} \right $
63636363	63636363	52525252	\ / \ -
6 65 6 16 6 65 6 16	53216 532166	2 23 21 65	$\left \begin{array}{c} 6\\ 6\\\underline{35} \end{array} \right $
63636363	<u>52526363</u>	52525252	$\left \begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$
0 65 0 35	$0 \stackrel{65}{\underline{,}} 0 \stackrel{63}{\underline{31}}$	$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	$\begin{array}{c ccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$
66 33 0 33 0	$\frac{66}{33}$ 0 $\frac{66}{33}$ 0	$\begin{array}{ccc} 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 &$	\$\frac{66}{33}0 \ \frac{33}{33}0
6 3 6	⁶ / ₃	-	国格器国 医第四
\ / \ /	/ \\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\	-	