

composing listening

(2011)

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While the tub fills, he sets up a small CD-player and looks for his most recent bath mix. He tests the water occasionally, adjusts the volume on the small CD-player. Not too loud. Making the already tinny sound even thinner. It blends with the rush of the faucet. He strips, gets into the tub one foot at a time, slowly lowering himself into the hot water. Easing the more sensitive parts of his body in. The tracks on the CD are essentially static – instrumentals, soundtracks, lower tempo dance numbers. Often, he immerses his head in the water, hears through it. The CD repeats. As the temperature changes, he lets out water to make room for more hot. The hairs on his body sway. His genitals float. He comes close to sleep. He adjusts his body to the metal of the tub, listens with one ear submerged. The CD repeats. He imagines, fantasizes, masturbates a bit. His fingers and toes prune. He washes himself, leaving the water foamy. He stays in the tub as the water runs out, feeling its light receding tug and his own weight returning. By the time he's standing, he's returned, forgotten listening.

