

Ours Evils Amputated

Quietly decorative, brutal and astute, *Songs of Praise for the Heart Beyond Cure*, wobbles the offal's in my autonomic system. My sympathetic and parasympathetic ganglia draw short straws to babysit in Emily and Coopers jittery world, full to the brim with ignoramuses, unable to see the literal forest for the subliminal trees.

As *Songs...* unfolds my diaphragm flips a coin with my colon for which one will play night watchman over my anxious digestion of this story, which one will encourage my weak bile towards its job at dissolving the bedrock of our substantial folly. With ear-buds pressed in tight to my little ear-drums, I sing along to *Songs...* I learn the words easily and follow along willingly thanks to a grey karaoke blood that feeds me throughout and a cartoon crack head who assures me he's happy.

With one foot on the accelerator and one foot on the brake, Emily and Cooper have my breakdown paced out well, bringing in the back-talking wizards, the jelly-bean sized magic babies and the flash frozen fauna just in time to keep my child heart from breaking.

Songs... stands tall at cliffs edge as a celebration of our breakability, a condemnation of our stupidity and a beautiful video lament for our lost remote control. It is a plastic, burning, mini musical staring a melodic map of our self-annihilation, a hymnbook full of hives, a rape, a pillage, a shrew and a garden of Eden full of little brown seeds in the ground, accidentally sprouting....

Written About: *Songs of Praise for the Heart Beyond Cure*
14:40, 2006, by Emily Vey Duke and Cooper Battersby
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