

# Kevin McNeilly

## Harmonograph

1.

They look solenoidal, like ink  
wires coiled  
around a pair of unseen snail  
shells, fused  
the same way those doomed Siamese  
twins were,  
at the crown, a mollusk push-me  
pull-you,  
the double whorl of star-crossed co-  
sine waves,  
seamlessly involuted,  
cochlear.

2., circa 1857

With a bit more effort, you could picture  
Jules Lissajous in his study, tracing  
out those tremulous ovoids that flicker  
like spirit wings across the paperwhite  
plaster walls, brief angels of his handmade  
oscilloscope, the light's apparatus.

3.

See what you hear, and how:  
a motile plot  
of some soundscape's good signature,  
voiceprints  
unpacking the reams of  
compression waves  
layered along any one a-  
coustic  
moment – the raggedy,  
rich ambience  
in which, unscripted, we embed  
ourselves.