

frank j. oteri

the nurturing river

14 sonnets of james r. murphy
for wide-ranged male voice and piano

Transformatal Music (ASCAP)

frank j. oteri / james r. murphy

the nurturing river

introduction

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About *the nurturing river*

Though now 30 years old, *the nurturing river*, a song-cycle based on 14 sonnets by James R. Murphy for high male voice and piano composed between 1981 and 1982, is very much like the music that I still write. It is the earliest of the 10 cycles I have composed thus far which takes the words of a single poet and transforms them through music structured to mirror the meanings of the poems and cadenced to match the rhythmic inflections of the spoken English of the texts. But it is the only one of these works in which I actually worked closely with the poet. Murphy was originally a high school teacher of mine and has served as a mentor to me throughout my life. The “nurturing” of this process of collaboration gave me the confidence to subsequently embark on indirect collaboration with poets from other places and times such as Richard Brautigan, E. E. Cummings, Margaret Atwood, William Butler Yeats, Kenneth Patchen, Dylan Thomas, and—most recently—Stephen Crane.

But *the nurturing river* has had a somewhat unusual history. I began composing the music, with no particular singer, pianist or performance in mind, jotting down various mnemonic ciphers (rather than completely worked out musical notation) during my senior year at the High School of Music and Art (subsequently consolidated into the Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music and the Arts). I completed a fully notated musical score during my freshman year in college, at Columbia University, while studying composition with Max Lifchitz who was extremely supportive despite warning me of its impracticalities. But it remained unperformed for decades. From time to time I would show my handwritten manuscript to singers in the hopes of engendering a performance, but invariably would be told that the vocal range I wanted was humanly impossible. So after a while I stopped actively advocating for it, chalking up the fate of *the nurturing river* to its being a by-product of the idealistic and unrealistic musings of youth.

However, in 2009, my wife, keyboardist Trudy Chan, began collaborating with an extraordinary singer named Phillip Cheah who performs as both a baritone and male soprano, effortlessly maneuvering between the two ranges. Hearing him rekindled my interest in *the nurturing river* and when I spoke about the piece to him he was intrigued. But when I looked around for the manuscript of the score I could not find it. James Murphy unearthed among his papers a tattered 8 ½”x14” photocopy I made for him back in the early 1980s, but since the original was written on 9”x12” paper, some pages were cut off (my music frequently spilled over the margins); worse still, other pages were missing entirely. I nevertheless began re-engraving it on my computer hoping that by refamiliarizing myself with this music I would be able to reconstruct the passages that were now gone. Then, before it had to come to that, I discovered, much to my surprise and delight, that I had deposited a copy of *the nurturing river* in the American Music Center score library which had since become a part of the American Music Collection at The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts. Thanks to George Boziwick, Chief of the NYPL’s Music Division, and Jonathan Hiam, the Curator of the American Music Collection, I was able to obtain everything that had been lost and therefore was able to complete the digitally-engraved score exclusively from what I had originally written.

Apart from some very minor alterations, most of which were fixing clear mistakes in the score (e.g. missing rests, accidentals, incomplete dynamic markings, etc.), everything is how I had originally conceived it back when I was 17 years old. Admittedly there are a few things that I'd probably be less inclined to compose now, but I still stand by it. And eventually this music has finally found its ideal performers. Phillip can easily navigate the extremes of these vocal lines and actually make them sound not only perfectly natural but beautiful. (Several listeners who have heard him perform these songs initially assumed they were actually written for him.) Plus Phillip and Trudy's ongoing musical partnership has allowed them to fully internalize the various chance elements and extended techniques scattered throughout the score and bring to them exciting interpretive nuances. The three final songs of the cycle were first performed, by Phillip and Trudy, at the Church of St. Luke in the Fields as part of a program of American art songs called "American Dim-Sum" on July 3, 2010. They performed these three songs again as well as the first, second, and fourth songs as part of Symphony Space's 2011 Music Now marathon at the Leonard Nimoy Thalia Symphony Space on February 21, 2011. (An audio recording of that performance is available for streaming at www.symphonyspace.org/live/musicnow2011.) And now Phillip and Trudy have worked through all of the 14 songs and will give the first complete performance of *the nurturing river* at the Tenri Cultural Institute as part of a program that will exclusively feature my music on February 23, 2013.

Aside from being my earliest song cycle, *the nurturing river* is also the earliest piece of music I composed which I feel represents my own compositional voice. It is my first in-depth exploration of a new type of modular tonality that is informed as much by the motivic development of minimalism as it is by the procedural concepts of serialism and the unpredictable serendipity of indeterminacy. Basically, the vocal melodies for the 14 songs of *the nurturing river* are all variations of the same basic phrase. Each piano accompaniment is constructed from a single interval which changes for each song, initially expanding to larger intervals and then contracting back to smaller ones. (E.g. the harmonies of the first song are all derived from the interval of a second [both major and minor]; the second song uses only major thirds; the eighth song uses thirteenthths; the final song uses only minor thirds; etc.) For contrast, these intervals are treated in a variety of ways: vertically as chords, horizontally as countermelodies, as tremolos, etc. Each song ends with a hint of the interval contained in the following song with the last song ending with hints of the very beginning, making a full circle. This structure seemed an appropriate musical device to convey the structural manipulations of James R. Murphy's 14 sonnets, each of which is a Petrarchan sonnet divided into two quartets and two tercets, and each of which has the identical acrostic "To Maxine Deseta" with the "x" of Maxine represented by the word "cross." Though this may all appear to be highly formal both verbally and musically, the poems often break the traditional iambic pentameter of classical sonnets in favor of modern American prosody. The rhythmic irregularities of the poems are reflected in metrical devices in the music which contains a great deal of indeterminate rhythms so that ideally no two performances would ever be identical.

—Frank J. Oteri (October 18, 2012)

the 14 murphy sonnets

1

the nurturing river runs in sweetness
of water's downward plunge, in a souging
midnight wind of lulling call, in the lap
around the shallows behind around the bend.

crossing when it's flooding tears apart the soul,
inundating thrust in swirling thorough hold.
needing when it's trickling satisfies the mind,
erasing disappointment in its filling find.

don't jump in the water pulling close apart,
ease into the current flowing past the sight
seeking like as like in steadiness of will.

end the searching movement in constancy of thrill
tossing precious fluid sparkling in the night,
arching in the aching spending of the heart.

2

the soothing slip to sleep in nestling arms
our expected end to reach for all new days.
motion stills so the mind can skip away
and the ways we are meander dreaming's storms.

crisscrossing fears protect our inner screens.
inwardly moving, cutting shadows show
needs to be explored in learning how to know
each edge as vanished sight of soundless scene.

doubts are projected onto a bursting shell,
events unroll in waves of sense's seas
salvaged by their buoyance of crazed unreal.

expansive holding unravels knotted hell,
thoughts of love evolve in changing keys
as doors unlock in showing how i feel.

3

towns grate around my bed their civil noise,
offer vibrant stench in some peddler's fall,
mask a lover's thought in concrete of city hall,
ask a calm acceptance in a doorman's poise.

crossing below my seeing is fitful stopping flow,
in inundating web of forces known,
next my very window this all is show,
endless other windows searching for a key.

driving manic action, dust and roar and doom,
endless other windows light with humming tune
seeking for the motion a sailor walks alone.

endless are the changes the waves a deck will see,
timeless in their balance of rhythmic changing moon,
and endless folding difference cordoned off as rooms.

4

twice again the sun returns as fresh
orange wall beyond a slivery window's pain.
masks the crude brick in a pulsing fire of flesh—
a dancing ephemera of dawn refrain.

crossing in mind to room's controlling depth,
i note the somber pause in slow cloud's dance;
note again how briefly fullness of feeling health
entrances gaze on a sudden moment's chance.

down on the street below this quickened breath
erratic sounds remind of bitter scene,
shadows of the gritty gutter growing pale.

erratic thoughts all, grey images of death
tearing through this brutal clarity i've seen
alone above in soft ease of inward well.

5

the echoes of their voices are low heard,
our dead return to the mind's inner sight,
march in solemn tribute one more time
around the kitchen table after coffee.

crossing on my plate's parading ground
in rough remembered line of lost years' flight,
new patterns form in beat to now's salute
entrancing me with tiny trampling feet.

desire for all beguiles this unique strangeness,
extracts in show the then of this pen's strength,
sends searching sounds to test this moment's fate.

each of us is heard a thousand moments,
the thens of each our own repeating song
attaching bone to feeling rush of home.

6

time again the clouds have burst, loosing fresh
occasion; the rumbling gift splattered harsh
morning with its slate grey thoughts, lives this night
as misty lights—probing halos of blind sight.

crossing wipers show my way toward home,
inward doubts fade beside these hissing wheels,
nodding love holds to arm; the thrusting storm
enmeshes swirling fears in moment's chills.

deep shivers wrack my balanced act, my care
exhausts my seeming calm, the tears now come.
senses reel as spray against the shell i guide.

everything is touched within cocoon i bear,
the outward shield so artfully spun is numb;
as long as massive flood conceals, i cry.

7

the pools lie stagnant in my mind, each one
only collecting water to evaporate,
motion is denied except as disappearance,
actionless thoughts fester without mention.

crossing from puddle to puddle, i grate
inside, and lurk as lurching hulk, clearance
needed for my bulk; i, bumbling for a pattern
end in hip deep murky depths with no lantern.

dragging for bodies pulls up bilious moss,
every sweetness of liquid roils in this mess,
surety of growth stops in this feeling.

each connection for flowing damns in its choice,
the vital sharing of knowing is lost in my chest,
all cedar smells are trapped, foiled in their sealing.

8

the harbor is a hung silence of grey,
only water calms to this balanced field;
my directive purpose stalls, soul weightless
as the summer settles in, sun concealed.

crossing sight's expanse, now fresh wholeness comes,
in its sliding sense of time's demise.
now again limits are just beyond limb's reach,
each separate thinking stretching canvassed end.

drowning in color i'm lost in my mind,
eating by seeing, i touch all of this time,
seeking by telling, i make feel as i say;

earning in closely packed sense of each line
this morning—though its message is only a day,
an ordered sense of nothing, an otherness of rhyme.

9

the oysters are too small and cling to rocks.
our fetch is hard, and yet i labor on;
my fulfilling is to earn this food so free
and so to share with those who live around.

crossing through my mind's background--no clocks,
indicating waves, concentrate of rippling on;
now i need no more and end this playing sea,
eking out my catch to hear a total sound.

design insures survival as my ketch blows
east toward home, the tidal estuary
seething, moving cauldron strewn with dead homes;

east toward sunrise, with water north and south,
and tidal rhythm pulling, pushing—working
at my back, my fronts: i'm lost with the bay.

10

this day's mildness belies it's november,
our fevered storing haste is wrenched awry.
morning slows til a summer's basking calm
asks mindless leisured joy in nature's eye.

crossing fingers entwine our wishing's lives,
inward doubts sluff in outward blissful clime,
nearness presses all to the nearness smoothing palm,
evening lengthens into warm seeing time.

dropped from the shoulders our habits are open,
each liquid moment flesh of soothing ties
stitched in quiet knowing to remember,

each solid thought of closeness packed to cart away
tight to winter's quarters, when all will happen
again, and once again, in shared retelling sighs.

11

tidings come in unexpected waves of fear,
overflow narrow depths of emotional fjords,
mark a surge of living flood in line of tears;
attack, and crest in rumbles of creaking boards.

crossings all ended in cul-de-sacs, angling
intersections become pointed break, moving
needed feelings come full, forcing, mangling,
every future echoes in this damping proving.

details of message are lines of gritty facts
etched by water's passing; in ebbing's flow
scarred, fixed as final resting for this time.

each subtracting oneness is seen as regressive tax,
the sin of knowing succeeds as a falling foe,
and shows now in dis-ease, this telling rhyme.

12

the sun i see corrupts my sight: i'm blind.
only color of the mind builds up whole form.
my fantasies are all i have: i bind
all inside, and hold to self with secret arms.

crossing this threshold faults the visional field,
inflying vortices pinpoint their shifting souls—
nothing is cozy and feathered: nothing is real,
eager nothing is attention to a particular role.

doubts disappear in remembered ease of ends,
edges blur til haloed stage comes all,
silence draws its curtain to yield an inner sight.

each other steadfastness can only pretend
to become freeness centered, certain to fall,
accepting the vanishing me of my fright.

13

the window is closed so wavy glass becomes
one link to all that's left so far behind.
my mind constructs a wind to blow about,
around apartment's sense of space in blind

crossing to inner self, a protective shield
in place, dropped before the eyes can see—
needles of thought rebounding on the walls,
etched as shown framework; end in furnishing me.

despite green leaves, despite limb's dance
enmeshed in true earth's change, the sense of real
sits in this chair and orders all to be

enmeshed in time, cocooned in place, my sight
turned back to see the gathered host of all i've been—
all astounds afresh with its patient waiting.

14

the boat it is which moves the car we ride,
our common chariot easing from its berth:
motion is seeing and felt in cold wind's search,
as sparkling reminder laps at railing's side.

crossing to the island, leaving man behind,
inching toward being, quiet, protected, free;
needing only self and finding it to be
endlessly enfolding depth in my love's mind.

deep beneath this water pulses other thought,
ebbing when it reasons, flooding when it feels,
senses loosened like these glittering waves i see—

etching in this day and its free wandering; caught,
tied in memory of black and white, sealed
as totally moving love, as you, as me.

1. the nurturing river

Slow, but steady

mp **>**

the nur - tu - ring ri - ver runs in sweet - ness of

(Without a firm rhythm) **Slow, but steady**

mp

(Play with one hand and mute strings by placing fingers of the other hand on strings inside piano as close to the tuners as possible.)

The musical score for the first system of 'the nurturing river' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time, starting with a mezzo-piano (mp) dynamic and an accent (>) on the first note. The lyrics are 'the nur - tu - ring ri - ver runs in sweet - ness of'. The piano accompaniment is also in 4/4 time, marked 'mp' and 'Without a firm rhythm'. It features a steady, slow progression of chords, primarily triads, in both the treble and bass staves.

5

wa - ter's down - ward plunge, in a sou - ghing

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts at measure 5 with the lyrics 'wa - ter's down - ward plunge, in a sou - ghing'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same steady, slow progression of chords.

8

mid - night wind of lul - ling call, in the lap a - round the sha - l lows be -

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts at measure 8 with the lyrics 'mid - night wind of lul - ling call, in the lap a - round the sha - l lows be -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same steady, slow progression of chords.

12

hind a-round the bend. ***f*** cross - ing when it's flood-ing tears a - part the

16

soul, in - un - da-ting thrust in swir - ling tho-rough hold. need-ing when its

20

trick - ling sa - tis - fies the mind, e - ra - sing dis - ap - point-ment in its

23 *mf*

fill-ing find. don't jump in the wa - ter pull - ing close a - part, ease in - to the cur - rent flo - wing

27

past the sight seek-ing like as like in stea-di-ness of will. end the search-ing

30

move-ment in con-stan-cy of thrill toss-ing pre-cious flu-id spark-ling in the

33

night, arch-ing in the ach-ing spend-ing of the heart.
(indeterminate rhythm)

2. the soothing slip to sleep

5

Fast

f **Fast**
the soothing slip to sleep in nest-ling arms our ex -

f **Fast**
(on the piano keys)
(only left pedal throughout)

5

pect - ed end to reach for all new days.

8

mo - tion stills so the mind can slip a - way and the

11

ways we are me - an-der dream - ing's storms.

15

criss - cross-ing fears pro- tect our in - ner screens. in - ward - ly mo - ving, cut - ting

18

sha - dows show needs to be ex - plored in this learn - ing how to

21

know each edge as va - nished sight of sound - less

24

scene. doubts are pro - ject - ed on - to this burst - ing shell, e -

28

vents un - roll in waves of sen-se's seas sal - vaged by their

32

buo yance of crazed un - real. ex - pan - sive hold - ing un-ra - vels knot-ted

36

hell, thoughts of love e - volve in chang - ing

39

keys as doors un - lock in show - ing how i feel.

Ped.

*

(gradual sprechstimme)

(*simile*)

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24 (full voice) *ff* (gradual sprechstimme as before)

key driv-ing ma-nic act-ion, dust and roar and doom, end-less o-ther win-dows light with hum-ming

30

tune seek-ing for the mo-tion a sai-lor walks a-lone. end-less are the chan-ges the waves a deck will

36

see, time-less in their ba-lance of rhy-th-mic chang-ing moon, an (full voice)

40

end-less fold-ing dif-fe-rence cor-doned off as rooms.

(L.H.) (R.H.) (R.) (L.) (R.) (L.)

4. twice again the sun returns

Brisk and Jubilantly*(NOTE: The first two beats of each measure are fixed, but the remainder is indeterminate.)*

twice a - gain the sun re-turns as a fresh

Brisk and Jubilantly

fff *R.H. 8va* *L.H.* *ff* *(L.H. / R.H. simile)* *Ped.* *

o - range wall be-yond a sli - ve-ry win-dow's pain.

8va *Ped.* *

10 masks the crude brick in a puls - ing fire of flesh: a

8va *Ped.* *

26 *(quasi indeterminate meter as before)*
 ff
 down on the street _____ be - low this quick-ened breath _____ er -

30
 ra - tic thoughts _____ re-mind of bit - ter scene, _____ sha-dows of the grit ty gut - ter_

34
 _____ gro-wing pale. _____ er - ra - tic sounds all, grey i - ma-ges of

39

death tear - ing through this bru - tal cla - ri - ty i've seen a -

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

43

lone a - bove in soft ease in - ward well.

(hold until no longer comfortable to do so)

Ped. *

49

Ped. *

5. echoes

Tenderly

the ech - oes of their voi - - ces are low heard, _____

Tenderly

p

5 *Red.*

our dead re - turn to the mind's in-ner sight, _____

9

march in so - lemn tri - bute one more

** Red.*

13

time a-round the kit - chen ta-ble af-ter cof-fee. _____ *mf* cross - ing on my

mf

** Red.*

17

plate's pa - ra - ding ground in rough re-mem - bered

* Ped. * Ped.

21

line of lost years' flight new pat - terns form in beat to now's sa

* Ped. *

25

lute en - tran - cing me with ti - ny tramp - ling feet. de -

mp ff

28

sire for all be - guiles this u - nique strange - ness, ex - tracts in show the

p

* Ped. *

6. time again the clouds have burst

17

Slowly, but deliberately

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in 3/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Slowly, but deliberately'. The score consists of four systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the next two lines. The fourth system contains the final line of the song. The piano accompaniment features a steady, slow-moving bass line with occasional chords and a melodic line in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'time a - gain the clouds have burst, loo - sing fresh oc - ca - sion; the rum - bling gift splat - tered harsh mor - ning with its slate grey thoughts, lives this night as mis - ty lights: pro - bing ha - loes of blind sight. cross - ing vi - pers show my way toward home, 8va-----'.

time a - gain the clouds have burst, loo - sing fresh oc - ca - sion; the

rum - bling gift splat - tered harsh mor - ning with its slate grey thoughts, lives this night as

mis - ty lights: pro - bing ha - loes of blind sight.

cross - ing vi - pers show my way toward home, 8va-----

12

in - ward doubts fade be - side these his - sing wheels,

14

nod - ding love holds to arm; the thrus - ting

16

storm en - me - shes swir - ling fears in mo - ment's chills.

18
 deep shi-vers wrack my ba-lanced act, my care ex-hausts my see-ming calm, the tears now

22
 come. sen-ses reel as spray a - gainst the shell i guide.

26
 eve-ry-thing is touched wi - thin co - coon i bear, the out - ward shield so art - ful - ly

29
 spun is numb; as long as mas-sive flood con-ceals, i cry.

7. the pools lie stagnant in my mind

Slowly and mysteriously
ppp (whisper pitches into piano) , (full voice) (whispering, as before)

the pools lie stag-nant in my mind, each one on - ly col-lec-ting wa-ter to e - va-po-rate,

Slowly and mysteriously
 (pluck strings inside piano)
pp

Ped. (pedal remains depressed throughout)

2 (full voice)

mo-tion is de-nied ex - cept as dis-ap-pear-ance, ac - tion-less thoughts fes - ter with-out men-tion

(whispered sprechstimme: half spoken, half sung on the indicated pitches)

5 *pp*

cross - ing from pud - dle to pud - dle i grate in - side,

6 (whisper) (full voice) (sprechstimme, still full voice) (spoken gutterally)

and lurk as lurching hulk, clearance need - ed for my bulk; i,

8

bumbling for a pattern end in hip deep murky depths with no lantern. drag-ging for bo-dies pulls up bi-li-ous moss,

12

every sweetness of liquid roils in this mess, su - re - ty of growth stops in this feel - ing. each con -

14

nec - tion for flow - ing damns in its choice, the vi - tal

17

(sing away from piano)

shar - ing of know - ing is lost in my chest, all

(remove hands from inside piano)

20

ce - dar smells are trapped foiled in their seal - ing.

(arhythmic tremolos on piano keys)

8. the harbor is a hung silence of grey

23

the har - bor is a hung si - lence of grey, on - ly

ff $\frac{2:3}{}$

p

Ped. (fast irregular tremolo throughout)

5 wa - ter calms to this ba - lanced field; my di - rec - tive pur - pose stalls

p

** Ped.*

9 soul weight-less as the sum-mer set-tles in, sun con- cealed. cross - ing sight's ex -

p

** Ped.* ** Ped.*

13 panse, now fresh whole-ness comes, in its sli-ding sense sense of time's de - mise.

p

** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

17
 now a-gain li-mits are just be-yond limb's reach, each sep-(a)-rate think-ing stretch-ing can-vassed

20
 end. drown-ing in co - lor i'm lost in my mind, eat-ing by see - ing, i touch all of this

24
 time, seek-ing by tel - ling, i make feel as i say; ear-ning in close - ly

28
 packed sense of each line this mor-ning, though its mess - age is on - ly a

* Ped. * Ped. *

* Ped. * Ped.

* Ped.

32

day, an or - dered sense of no - thing, an o - ther - ness in

p *pp*

*

35

rhyme.

p *fff*

Ped.

*

39

fff
(Play tone clusters alternately on white and black keys with forearm)

Ped.

*

43

(random clusters within range)

fff *ppppp*

Ped.

*

9. the oysters are too small

Somewhat listless

the oy-sters are too small and cling to rocks. our

Somewhat listless

pp

8^{va} 8^{vb} Ped.

4

fetch is hard and yet i la-bor on; my ful-fil-ling is to earn this food so

8^{va} 8^{vb} * Ped.

7

free and so to share with those who live a-round.

8^{va} 8^{vb} *

The musical score is for a song in 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a repeating eighth-note pattern in the bass clef, with a melodic line in the treble clef that is mostly sustained by a single note with a long, curved line (pedal point) underneath it. The tempo/mood is marked 'Somewhat listless'. The dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo). The score is divided into three systems, each starting with a measure number (1, 4, 7). The lyrics are: 'the oy-sters are too small and cling to rocks. our fetch is hard and yet i la-bor on; my ful-fil-ling is to earn this food so free and so to share with those who live a-round.' There are performance instructions like 'Ped.' (pedal) and '*' at the end of the piano part in the second and third systems.

10

cross-ing through my mind's back-ground_ no clocks, in - di - ca - ting waves,

8^{va}-7

8^{vb}-1

Ped.

13

con-cen-trate of rip-pling on; now i need no more and end this play-ing

8^{va}-7

8^{vb}-1

* Ped.

16

sea, e - king out my catch to hear a to - tal sound.

8^{va}-7

8^{vb}-1

19

de - sign in-sures sur - vi - val as my ketch blows east toward home, the ti - dal

22

es - tu - a - ry see - thing, mo - ving caul - dron strewn with dead homes;

25

east toward sun - rise, with wa - ter north and south, the ti - dal rhy - thm pull - ing, push - ing, work - ing

28

at my back, my fronts: I'm lost with - in the bay.

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ***

10. this day's mildness

Jazzy, fast, and heavily swinging

(pitches are fixed but rhythms can be interpreted freely throughout to maximize swing)

f *>*

this day's mild - ness be - lies its no - vem - ber,

Jazzy, fast, and heavily swinging

mf *>*

(play jazz-like syncopations repeating notated chords, following singer)

5 *>*

our fe - vered stor - ing haste is wrenched aw - ry.

9 *>*

mor - ning slows 'til a sum - mer bask - ing calm asks mind - less

13

lei - sured joy in na - ture's eye.

16

cross - ing fin - gers en - twine our wish - ing's lives, in ward doubts sluff in

20

out - ward bliss - ful clime, near - ness press - es all to the near - ness smooth - ing

24

palm, eve - ning leng - thens in - to warm see - ing time.

28

dropped from the shoul - ders our ha - bits are o - pen, each li - quid

32

mo - ment flesh of soo - thing ties stitched in qui - et know - ing to re -

36

mem - ber, each so - lid thought of close - ness packed to cart a -

40

way tight to win - ter's quar - ters, when all will

43

hap - pen a - gain and once a - gain, in shared re - tell - ing sighs.

11. tidings

f *>*

ti - dings come in un - ex - pec - ted waves of fear, o - ver

3

fill nar - row depths of e - mo - tion - al fi - ords, mark a

5

surge of li - ving flood in line of tears; at - tack and

7

crest in rum - bles of crea - king boards.

9 *mp* >

cross - ings all end - ed in cul - de - sacs, _____ ang - ling in - ter -

pp

11

sec - tions be - come poin - ted break, _____ mo - ving nee - ded

13

fee - lings come full, for - cing, man - gling, _____ eve - ry

16

fu - ture e - choes in the damp - ing prov - ing.

18 *f* *>*

de - tails of mes - sage are lines of gri - tty facts etched by

21

wa - ter's pass - ing; in eb - bing's flow scarred,

24

fixed as fi - nal rest - ing for this time. each sub - trac - ting one - ness is

27

seen as re - gress - ive tax, the sin of know - ing suc -

30

ceeds as a fal - ling foe, and shows now in dis -

33

ease, this tell - ing rhyme.

12. the sun i see

Slowly and secretly

Slowly and secretly

mp

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

5

p

the sun i see cor-rupts my sight: i'm blind. on - ly

pp

Ped.

8

co - lor of the mind builds up whole form. my fan - ta - sies are all i have: i

pp

* Ped.

11 3:4

bind all in - side, and hold to self with sec - ret arms.

pp

*

14

cross - ing this thres-hold faults the vi-sion-al field, in - fly-ing vor-tic - es

Ped.

18

pin - point their shift - ing souls no - thing is co - zy and fea thered: no-thing is

Ped. * *Ped.*

22

real, ea - ger no-thing is at - ten-tion to a par-ti - cu - lar role. doubts

Ped. *

26

dis-ap - pear in re-mem-bered ease of ends, ed-ges blur 'til ha-loed stage comes all,

30

si-lence draws its cur-tain to yield in-ner sight. each o - ther stead-fast-ness can on - ly pre

33

3:4

tend to be - come free-ness cen-tered cer - tain to fall, ac -

36

accel.

cept - ing the va - nish-ing me of my fright.

accel.

(no pedal)

13. the window is closed

39

Very fast

f [>]

the win - dow is closed so wa - vy glass be - comes one

Very fast

mf

(no pedal)

4

link to all that's left so far be - hind. my mind con - structs a

7

wind to blow a-bout a - round a-part - ment's sense of space in blind

11

cross - ing to in - ner self, a pro - tec - tive shield in place,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Very fast'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system (measures 1-3) features a vocal melody starting with a forte (f) dynamic and an accent, with lyrics 'the win - dow is closed so wa - vy glass be - comes one'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'mf' and '(no pedal)'. The second system (measures 4-6) continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'link to all that's left so far be - hind. my mind con - structs a'. The third system (measures 7-10) has lyrics 'wind to blow a-bout a - round a-part - ment's sense of space in blind'. The fourth system (measures 11-14) has lyrics 'cross - ing to in - ner self, a pro - tec - tive shield in place,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, often with chords.

15
 dropped be - fore the eyes can see

17
 nee - dles of thought re - boun - ding on the walls,

19
 etched as shown frame - work: end in fur - nish - ing

22
 me. de - spite green leaves, de - spite limb's dance en-meshed in

25

true earth's change, the sense of real sits in this chair and or - ders

28

all to be en - meshed in time, co - cooned in place,

31

my sight turned back to see the ga - thered host of all i've

34

been all a - stounds a - fresh with its pa - tient wait - ing.

14. the boat

Fast and steady

f

the boat it is _____ which moves the car we ride, _____

Fast and steady

mf

(No pedal)

5

_____ our com - mon cha - ri - ot _____ eas - ing

8

from its berth: _____ mo - tion is see - ing _____

11

_____ and felt in cold wind's search, _____ as

The musical score is for a piece titled '14. the boat'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo/mood is 'Fast and steady'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a measure number (1, 5, 8, 11) at the beginning. The first system starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady quarter-note pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'the boat it is _____ which moves the car we ride, _____'. The second system starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and includes the instruction '(No pedal)'. The lyrics are: '_____ our com - mon cha - ri - ot _____ eas - ing'. The third system starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'from its berth: _____ mo - tion is see - ing _____'. The fourth system starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are: '_____ and felt in cold wind's search, _____ as'. The score ends with a final measure in the fourth system.

14

spark - ling re - mind - er laps at rail - ing's side.

17

cross - ing to the is - land, lea - ving man be - hind,

20

inch - ing toward be - ing, qui - et, pro - tec - ted free;

23

need - ing on - ly self and find - ing it to be end - less - ly en - fold - ing

26

depths in my love's mind. deep be - neath this wa - ter.

29

pul - ses o - ther thought, ebb - ing

32

when it rea - sons, flood - ing when it feels,

36

sen - ses loo - sened like these glit - ter - ing waves i see

39

et - ching in this day and its free

42

wan - der - ing; caught, tied in me - mo - ry of

45

black and white, sealed as to - tal - ly mo - ving

48 **molto rit.**

love, as you, as me. (Fade out when out of breath)

molto rit. (Mute piano strings inside)

mp *p*

For more information, please visit www.fjoteri.com.