A Revisitation of Myth

four songs for viola, piano and medium voice

Joelle Wallach (1998)

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four songs for viola, piano and medium voice by Joelle Wallach

I Icarus Swims

II 3 Ms Lot

7

24

Think of it, love, what if the tales, the priceless paintings, all were wrong. What if they lied because the old cults thrived on sacrifice ...and had to say he died.

What if the sun was midwife at a birth, melting the wax, letting him plunge naked to the christening sea, with infant mirth, with joy amphibious. So much is staked

on our courage to recast the myths.

I love you, sear you, cut you loose to fall....

.....We must save ourselves, and him. Imagine it, imagine it, and swim. Luann Keener

III Hymn to Eros 17

O Eros, silently smiling..., hear me. Let the Shadow of thy wings brush me.
Let thy presence enfold me, as if darkness were swandown.
Let me see that darkness lamp in hand. this country become the other country sacred to desire.

Drowsy god, slow the wheels of my thought ...listen... to the snowfall hush of thy circling.
Close my beloved with me in the smoke ring of thy power, that we may be, each to the other, figures of flame, figures of smoke, figures of flesh newly seen in the dusk.

Denise Levertov

Well, if he treats me like a young girl still, That father of mine.. And we're still travelling into the hills -But everyone on the road knows he offered us To the Strangers when all they wanted was men, And the cloud of smoke still over the twin cities And mother a salt lick.... Who's going to want me now? Mother did not even know She was not to turn around and look. God spoke to Lot, my father. She was hard of hearing. He knew that.... What kind of father is that? He offered us to those men. They didn't want women. Mother always used to say: Some normal man will come along and need you. Muriel Ruyeyser

IV Abraham and Orpheus

Abraham and Orpheus, be with me now:
You saw your love's face abstract, the weak-kneed stilts,
You saw and knew, and knew how near "no more"...
How poised on nothing, weighted on air,
The touched, seen substance... of care:
Surround me, be round me, be with me...
Abraham and Orpheus, be with me now.

Love, love exhausts and time goes round and round, Time circles in its idiot defeat, And that which circles falls, falls endlessly, Falls endlessly, no music shapes the air Which did, can, shall restore the end of care, For love exhausts ...and time goes round and round, I shudder in traffic, buildings stand, Will fall, and night will fall, the electric light be snapped To spread its yellow genius on the floor, And you knew too who knew and knew "no more" That love exhausts ...and time goes around.

Abraham and Orpheus, be with me now:

No longer the grandstand...

Love sucked me to the moving street below,

I see the price of care, turning to keep,

I am a price, I turn to keep, I care,

But time which circles dissipates all care,

As you knew too, who lifted up the knife,

And you, musician in the after-life,

Drowning in the shadow all love always bears,

As every solid thing must shadow into light:

...Abraham and Orpheus, be near, be near.

Delmore Schwartz

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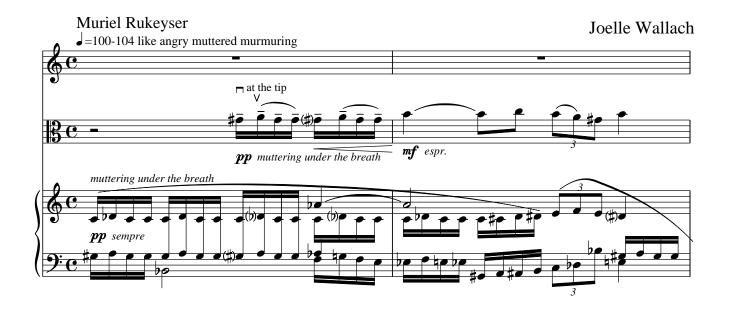






II Ms Lot

(a whining adolescent tantrum)

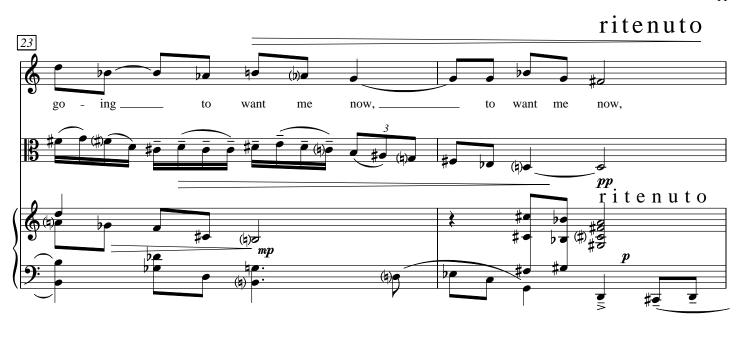


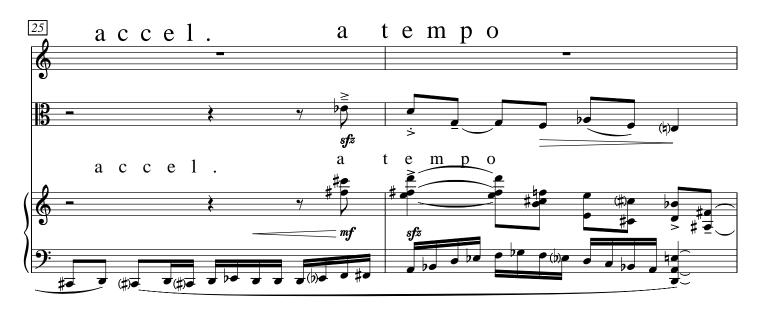


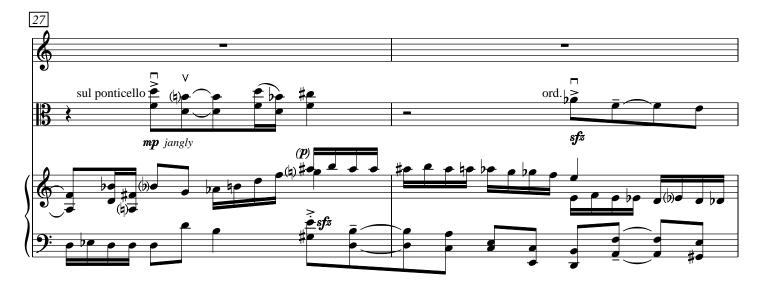








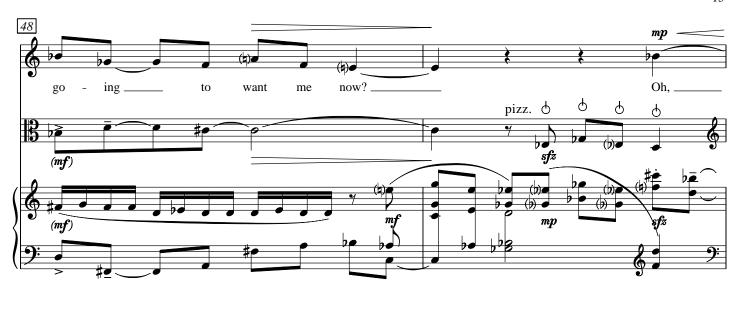


















III Hymn to Eros















IV Abraham and Orpheus



