

Insomnia

Delmore Schwartz

Joelle Wallach

Agitato
♩ = 100

mf In the na-ked bed in Pla-to's cave, *mf* Re - flect-ed head-lights slow-ly slid the wall, *mf* Car -

poco p pen- ters ham-mered un-der shad-ed win-dows, *mp* wind troub-led win-dow cur-tains all night long. A fleet of

f trucks strained up - hill, grind-ing, ceil-ing has light-ened a - gain slant-ing di - a - grams

p slid slow-ly forth. *mp* Hear-ing the milk-man's

chop, his striv - ing up the stair, the bot - tle's clink. I

rose, lit a ci-gar-ette walked to the win-dow: the ci-ty street dis-played the still-ness in which build-ings stand,

the street-lamp's vi-gil, the hor-se's pa-tience, the win-ter's sky turned me back

to bed, ex-haust-ed eyes. Strange ness grew, the loose film grayed. Shak-ing wa-gons, wa-ter-falls of

mp doloroso

fec-tion-ate, hun - gry and cold. So O

subito p

poco rit. *a tempo* *p* *mf* *mp*

So, O son of man, ig - no - rant night, the tra-vail of ear-ly

poco rit. *a tempo*

mf *mp* *mf*

morn - ing. Mys - te - ries of be - gin - ning a - gain and a - gain while his-to - ry is

mp

un-for-giv - en.