

OP. IV  
PAVANE POUR  
CALLA LILY

OP. IV for inkjet on uterine vellum  $\frac{4}{4}$   
violin/voice 1

[sussurro]



there

where

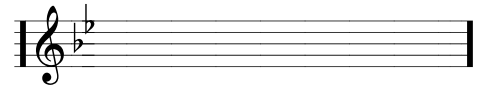
- -stay

- -stay

you were

OP. IV for inkjet on uterine vellum  $\frac{4}{4}$   
violin/voice 2

[lento]



what your shoulders meant to then  
be lethargy the water of our patience

on the gate keepers brow is a narrowing  
parapet- -hungry for the untoward

who has eaten as quickly time in an arch  
over the gate keepers dream- -they

react in temperatures near premonition  
atop the tower last left your amateur

has eaten as quickly time in an arch  
over the gate keepers dreams- -wade

through their heights -as the katydid  
is not to meet its heights -your amateur

dried the lips- -on your knees sipping  
its slim shadow a soft composition soft

hair and heather- who built the hands  
that built this- -and slowly

dried the lips- -on your knees sipping  
the slim shadow of the tower made

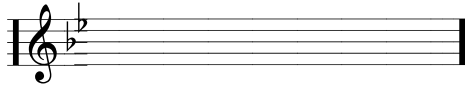
hair stand feather- -who built the hands  
that built this tower

barring light- umbrage whets  
the language- the tongue may embalm

the fetishes chiding and slowly  
holding air turn chance turn we are

OP. IV for inkjet on uterine vellum  $\frac{4}{4}$   
violin/voice 1

[pizzicato]



our mother in the mouth of the tunnel  
shut eyes inside and back- -held sun

the blood of first born calf sings in half  
life- -marrow in her cheekbones adorn

her children like red vine  
climbing her a hiding linden

traffic moving around her- -purpose  
as rotund eyes to her children all weighs

our mother in the mouth of the tunnel  
before the rail strike lightning

her nail to black cormorant- long neck  
to navigate the cavern space

the subterranean edifice she has become  
intuition in the mouth of her sun

unconvinced she will be there when the  
tunnel collapses -the bearer of lilies

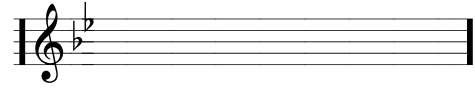
in the mouth of my  
sun

has she come? your one  
calla lily

-and from who

OP. IV for inkjet on uterine vellum  $\frac{4}{4}$   
violin/voice 2

[espressivo]



pressed forward -eyes questioning  
what my shoulders meant -to then

press between- your teeth

stained with wine  
-and wrong givenness nod

we begin again  
and

when your amateur has left- -your one  
calla lily- -beloved will you nod

when one lily away will not do