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Moonsong

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Moonsong

poems: Marjorie Saiser

I The Moon Feels Smug

Randall Snyder

(1998)

for

Helen Pridmore

and

Timaeus

The Moon Feels Smug
could be bored to death

she could be waiting
waiting for him to say what he has decided to do. She could be doing the dishes the pies the


macaroni casserole from Norma's recipe
Cl.

Mar.

Vc.

She could be com po sing a Christ mas let-ter her hus-band's boss would like

A Tempo I

Fl.

Cl.

Vc.

Bet-ter to o - pen both hands this way as an

Pf.
owl's wings open in the night in the winter as the talons open and take the lead to catch and squeeze

the quick gray mouse of luck.
II The Scholarly Moon

Pensive \[ \text{\textbullet \text{-nno}} \]

The Scholarly Moon studies hard

want-ing to suc-ceed

In the day-time
when no one watches
she fades
to a cirrus white

turns her back
pours over maps and charts
Those nights when the sky is a black
the stars dream of, she sits at the back of the house,
plot-ting e -

Recitative  \( \text{\textit{\textbf{III The Moon in Winter}}} \)

She de cides for once to look up and sure e-nough

the stars as the dark comes on gra.____ ze like sand-hills cat-tle
this landscape of silence,
A pretty good life, this hanging around.

A white curve lying across her face
the tail of the coyote

she settles in.
Think of the moon last night
wrapped as she was in a
Think of the way she made you make me lay down my paper and take your hand.

made me follow
you your boots' long steps to my bare feet on the tiles to the yard so she made us step back so she would be uncrowded by the
black lines of the roof and the cupola a white ball

be-tween black tres
to be held to be en-fold-ed arm of oak arm of ash
When I walk up the hill a bent-neck streetlight strikes the moon.
The moon
a puck

The moon
a white pen-ny
face of a gin-ger-bread
Fl.

Cl.

Vc.

Mar.

Sop.

Pf.

Fl.

Cl.

Vc.

Mar.

Sop.

Pf.

man face of my grand-father

Slower Than Before \( \cdot = 100 \)
The lake

Slower $\frac{3}{4} = 92$

a flat sky
the black geese skate on