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Two Spender Songs

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Two Spender Songs

poems: Stephen Spender

Two Armies

-Part One-

Randall Snyder

1990

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dig their machinery to destroy each other

men freeze and hunger. no one is given leave on either side except the dead and wounded.
except the dead and wounded

these have their leave while new bat-

talions wait on time at last to bring them violent peace

all have become so
ner- vous
and so cold
that each man hates the cause

and distant words
that brought him here
more

terribly
that bullets

Once a boy hummed a popular marching song
once a novice hand flapped their salute

the voice was choked the up raised

fist fell shot through the wrist by those of his own side

from their numb harvest all would flee
except for discipline drilled in an iron school which holds them at the point of the revolver

yet when they sleep the images of home ride wishing horses of escape which herd the
plain in a mass un-spo-ken po-em

finally they cease to hate

hate bursts from the air and whips the earth with

or shoots it up in fountains to mar-vel at
and although hundreds fall who can connect the inexhaustible anger of the guns with the dumb patience of these animals who

Marcato
Veiled \( \dot{=} 66 \)

**Part Two**

Clean silence drops at night when a little

walk divides the sleeping armies each

molto rit

rit
huddled in linen woven by remote hands

A Tempo

when the machines are

stilled a common suffering whiten the

air with breath and makes both one
as though these enemies slept in each other's arms

A Tempo

only the lucid friend to aerial raiders the brilliant pilot moon stares down upon this plain

she makes a shiningmbone cut by the shadows of many thousand bones
where amber clouds scatter on

No-Man's-Land
She regards death and time throw up the furious

words and minerals that destroy
snow we added foot prints

We trudged through static glaring days times
suspended days that was in spring and autumn

warmed

Summer struck water over rocks

Faster

and half our world became a ship with a deep keel near

boom-ing floes and ice-bergs run across by lit-tle birds
187  

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{twittering snow-bunting} \quad \text{Greenland wheat-ea} \quad \text{whisper}
\end{align*}
\]

189  

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{red-throated divers} \quad \text{imagine butterflies}
\end{align*}
\]

192  

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{(1) phurous clouded yellow}
\end{align*}
\]

194  

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{burnish of bees that suck from sax-i-frage}
\end{align*}
\]
there followed winter in a frozen hut warm enough at the kernel
but should you sleep with head against the wall ice glued my hair

Senza Misura
melodramatic

Hate Cuver's loud breathing despise Freeman's fidget for washing

quasi cadenza
Dream Sequence \( \text{\( \frac{\text{accel}}{\text{f}} \)} \) 3 52

214

there is your city

212

notice how they run better on short journeys with a bitch in that, different from us

211

love only the dogs that wine for scraps and scratch

210

notice how they run better on short journeys with a bitch in that, different from us

213

there is your city

accel................. A Tempo \( \text{\( \frac{\text{accel}}{\text{f}} \)} \) 3 52

214

there is your city

213

there is your city

212

there is your city

211

there is your city

210

there is your city
with growing urgency
news - papers de - bates ci - ne - ma ra - di-o

the worst is marr-iage!
I can - not sleep

at night I hear a voice speak through white rifts
was ice your anger transformed? the raw motion-less skies

were these the spirit's hunger?

the un-ending hypnotic

march through snow
A Tempo

233

rit..............

A Tempo

236

will's evasion?

A Tempo

241

p recitative

244

a new and singular sex?