12-20-1991

Sarah's Work

Randall Snyder

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Sarah's Work

poems: Hilda Raz

Sarah's Wing

Randall Snyder

1991

On the teak table bare except for a spring.
primrose brought home from the grocery.

I've never seen it before.

called cloisonné.

turquoise and lapis lazuli.
the colors she calls from the kitchen of Egypt

verse where the feather spines would lie if they were real

flat against the frail skin the wing
the wing

palm

am

rit.

A Tempo

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken

spoken
Sarah's Waltz
Wistful • mos

wing

Now she is gone

is dancing here in the Kitchen

the oven cold bare table a platform where she pounds her

feet one two three one two three

A Tempo
J

nine

her

old

teak's

oil

rising

to

meet

her

to

warm

as

twirls

linseed

(a)ting

now

she

bows

and

dips

and

bends

(A Tempo)

toward

and

now

she

raises

her
arms years ago I grew her as easily

as the clay pot holds the primrose
Slower

A Tempo

in her palm as she turns

light catches and flashes on crystal-

line bells she has fashioned

Slower

carries and releases and catches

and releases into this silence their chime
Freely

where-ever you are com-po-ser

hid-den be-hind the ar-ras wo-ven in-to wheat hang-ing i-ly drop swa-ying on its

fil-a-ment frac-turing the moon as she pivots and whir(ls) and scat-ters her clam-or

please cap-ture for us - Sar-ah's heart-beat sing it now!

accel... molto rit.

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Lincoln, Nebraska