Sampleornance

#### **Text**

my shyness rears, bolts, drenched by the dazzle of a world wrung raw;

shyness surging through fissures in my flesh where she has grown green like lichen. surfacing, her tendrils cluster, heaving crystals of air by the handful to a bright churn, as if to sift space

in the jaws of storms for hatching buried desert flowers bursting

when the haze clears into all that sudden light.

pelted with sky, the branches chime, surfacing blotched and dazzled to hear the low-hung twilight being gnawed as darkness shakes its mane over the ringing air.

windowpanes flush and murmur against the inky gallop of rain, and I think of the boy with his small accordion busking barefoot as the sky unravels, and I think of the whirling world whose distance lies tethered to these thin glass jaws.

I lean on the hinge and the glass jaws widen, letting me leap into the throat of the storm to land and kneel among the chiming trees.

and as the storm's heart stops tolling and the leaves grow still.

only fleeting blossoms of their clamour surge from the cauldron of silence.

### Performance Notes

This piece must performed by an ensemble of at least 26 members (including one obbligato percussionist). The ensemble should be laid out as 2 concentric circles with the conductor and the percussionist in the centre (see **Layout Diagram**). Ideally, the audience would be positioned in a circle around the ensemble.

The outer circle should consist of instruments from the same family (ideally strings) and will be playing the four pitched parts. There should be at least 9 players in this group to accommodate the divisi in the parts.

The inner circle will be reciting the text as instructed in the score, as well as shaking small bells (eg. sleigh bells), and will consist of at least 16 players.

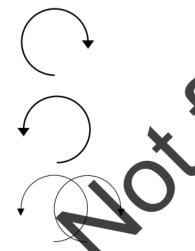
The text comprises two sections. Each of these has been divided into a number of fragments, listed below (see **Fragments**).

In advance of the performance, all members of the inner circle of players are given one fragment from each section. The same fragment can be assigned to more than one performer, though every fragment must be assigned at least once.

In addition to reading the fragment in its entirety at least once, performers may also choose a word or words from within their fragment to read repeatedly during the spoken sections of the piece.

At the moments where the fragments are recited, they can either be read from the page or from memory.

The following symbols indicate how the conductor should cue:

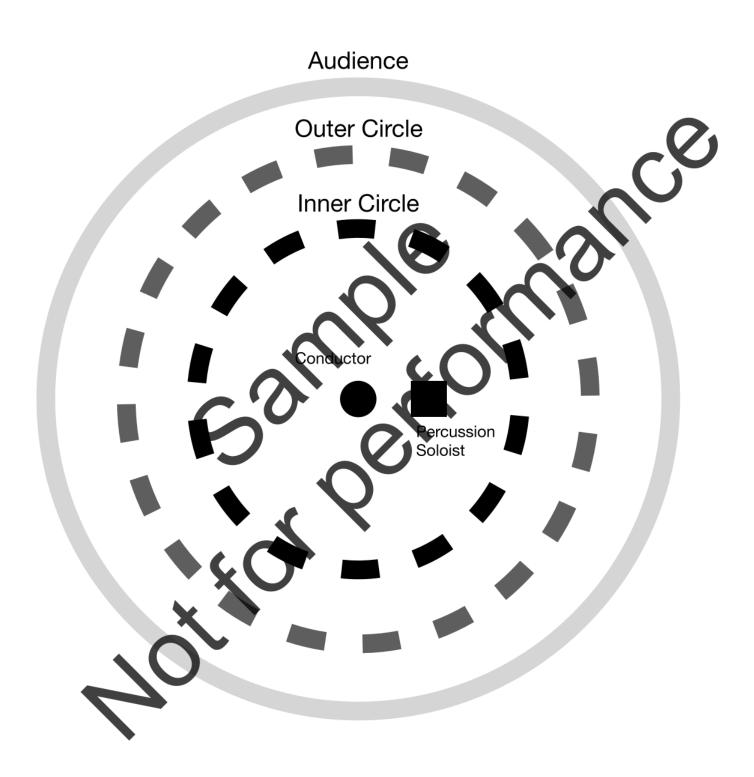


The conductor should cue clockwise around the inner circle

The conductor should cue anticlockwise around the inner circle

The conductor should cue simultaneously clockwise and anticlockwise

# Layout Diagram



# **Fragments**

The fragments from which performers may choose are as follows:

# Section 1:

- 1. my shyness rears, bolts, drenched
- 2. by the dazzle of a world wrung raw;
- 3. shyness surging through fissures in my flesh
- 4. where she has grown green like lichen.
- 5. Surfacing, her tendrils cluster,
- 6. heaving crystals of air by the handful to a bright churr
- 7. as if to sift space

in the jaws of storms

- 8. for hatching buried desert flowers bursting
- 9. when the haze clears
- 10. into all that sudden light

# Section 2:

- 1. pelted with sky the branches chime,
- 2. surfacing blotched and dazzled
- 3. to hear the low-hung twilight being gnawed
- 4. as darkness shakes its mane over the ringing air.
- 5. windowpanes flush and murmur
- 6. against the inky gallop of rain,
- 7. and I think of the boy with his small accordion
- 8. busking barefoot as the sky unravels
- 9. and I think of the whirling world whose distance lies tethered
- 10. to these thin glass jaws.
- 11. I lean on the hinge and the glass jaws widen,
- 12. letting me leap into the throat of the storm
- 13. to land and kneel among the chiming trees.
- 14. and as the storm's heart stops olling and the leaves grow still,
- 15. only fleeting blossom of their clamour surge
- 16. from the cauldron of silence.

Sampleornance

# and the leaves grow still

xia leon sloane

