S LENCE

11 works for
piano with spoken word
and
piano solo

Poems by Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens

S LENCE

1. S lence I (solo)
2. Paper Devils
3. Not They
4. Of Summer's Passing
5. In Silence
6. S lence II (solo)
7. Within Dark Streams
8. Shadows
9. Pity in the Poetry
10. I am the Enemy
11. S lence III (solo)

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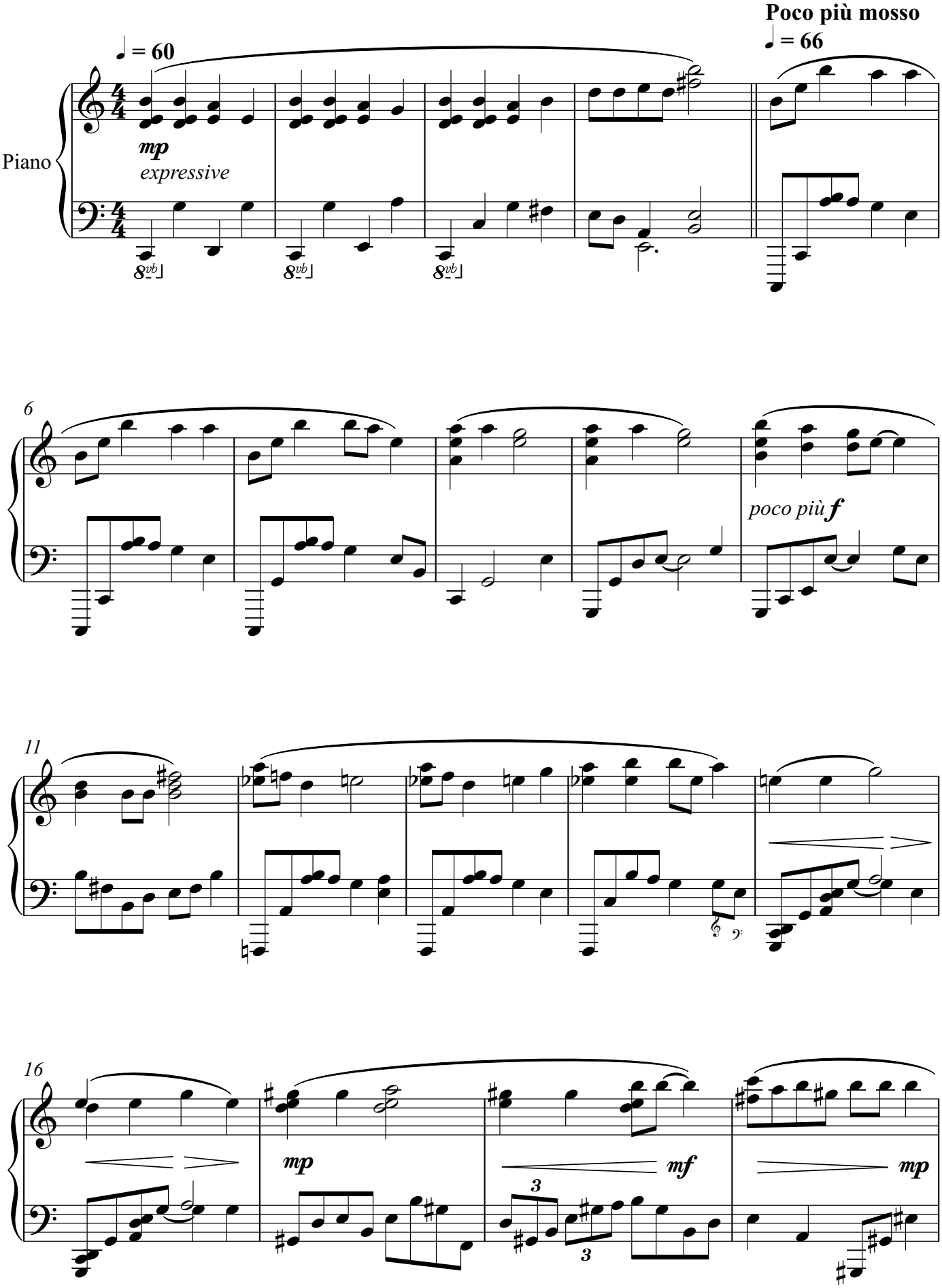
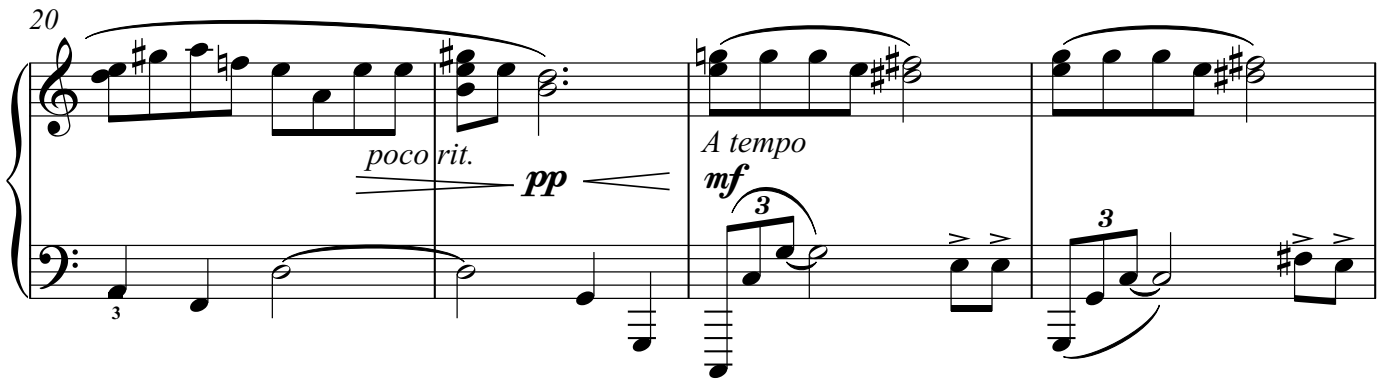
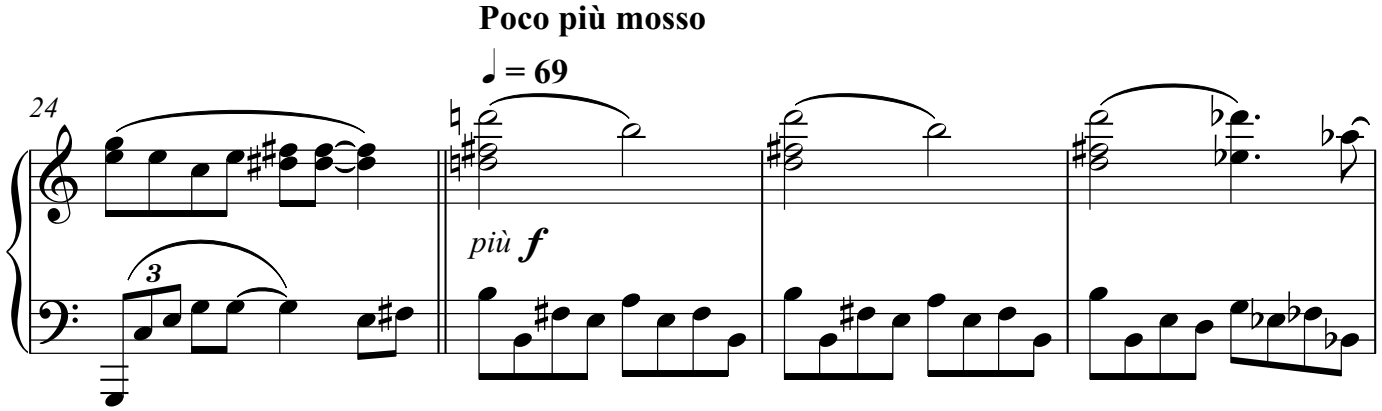
CORBEAU

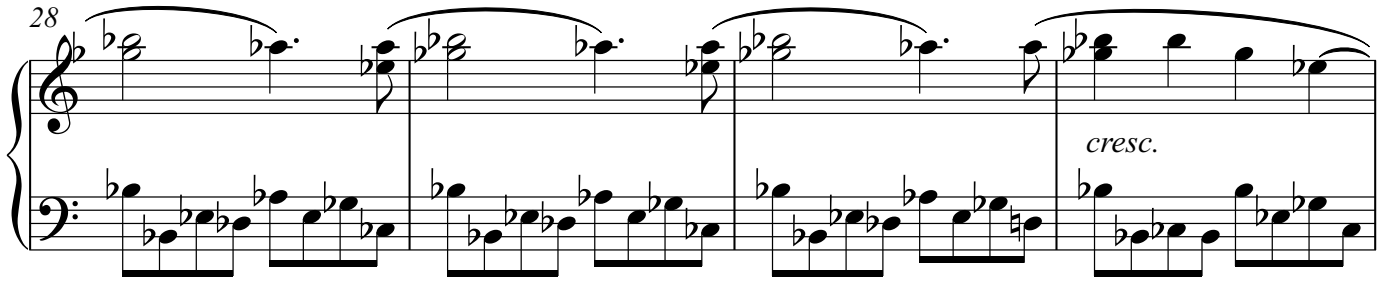
S lence I

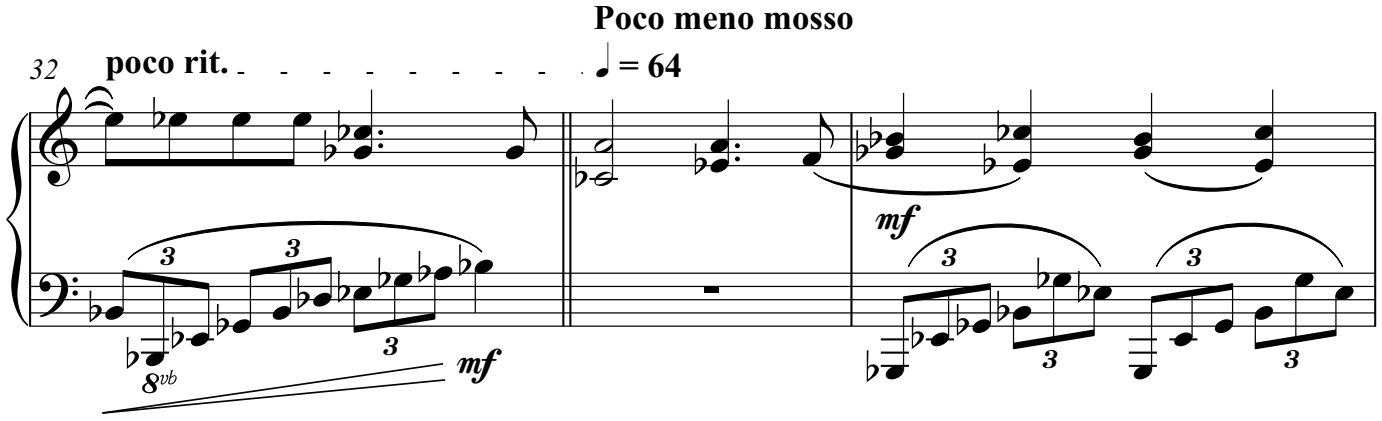
Peter Vukmirovic Stevens

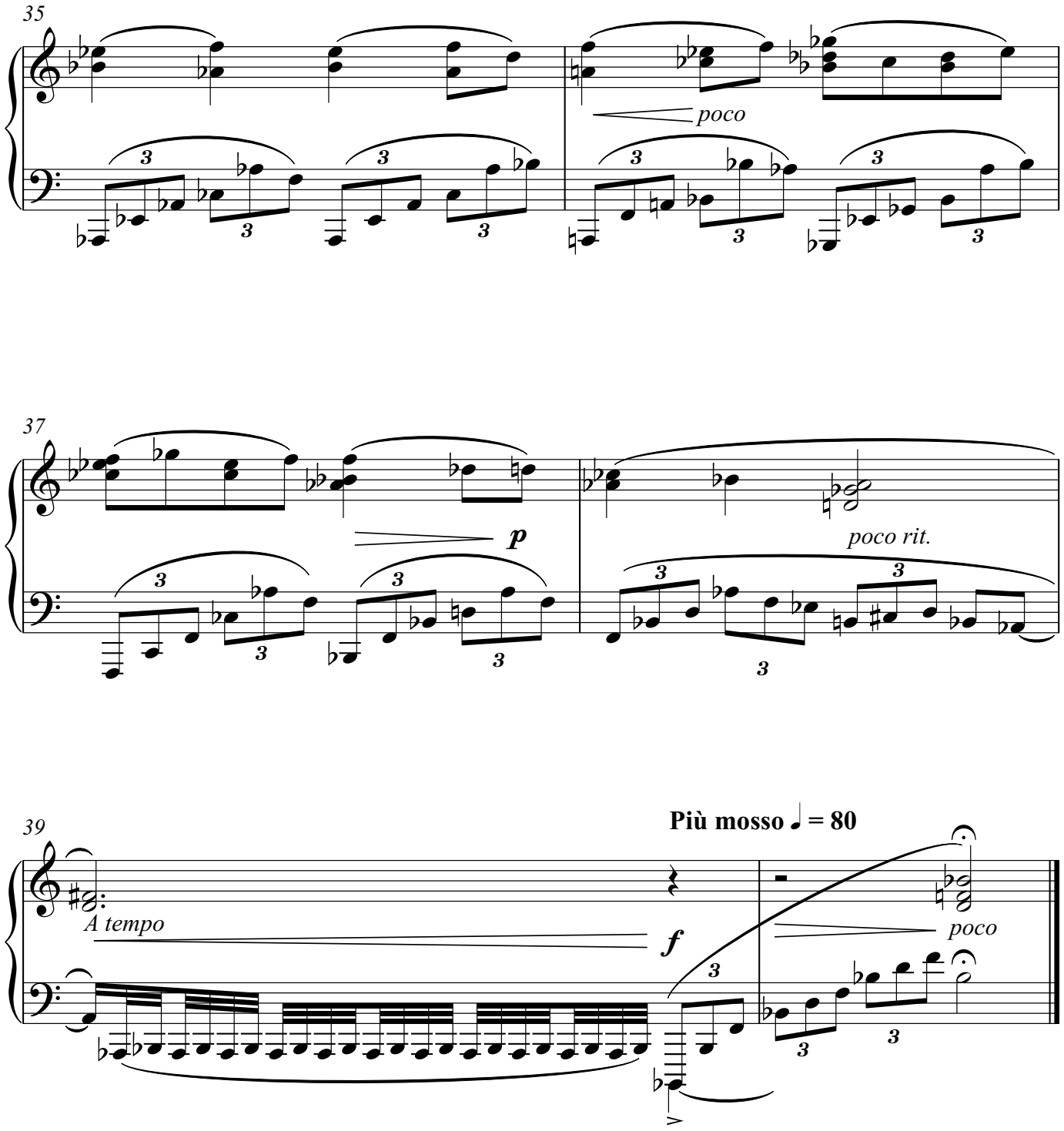



20
poco rit.
pp
A tempo
mf


Poco più mosso
♩ = 69
24
più f


28
cresc.

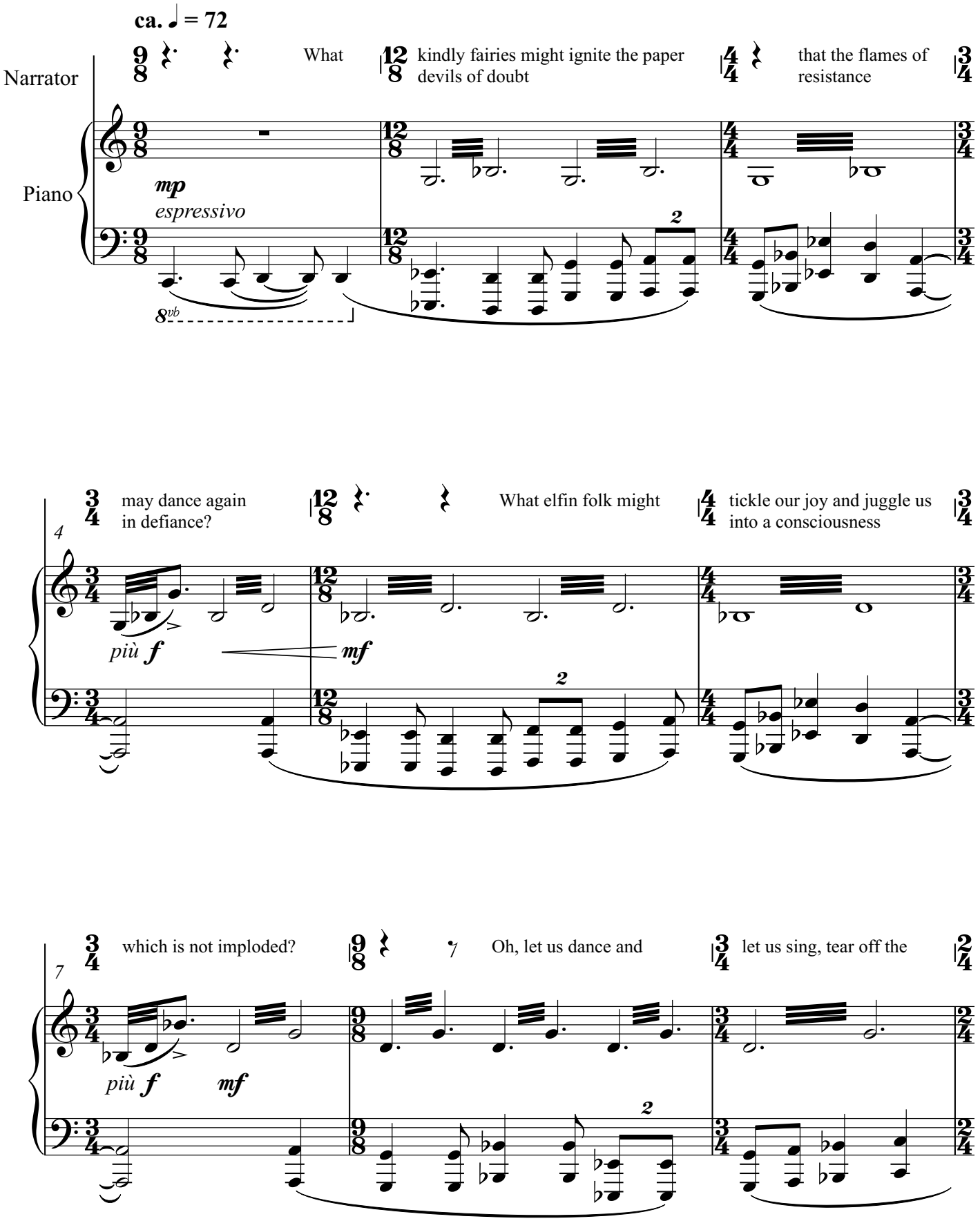

Poco meno mosso
32
poco rit.
♩ = 64
8vb
mf
mf


35
poco
37
p
poco rit.
39
A tempo
f
Più mosso ♩ = 80
poco

Paper Devils

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens



10

chains that we be free again. Oh, we sing a

più f *mf*

molto rit. A tempo

13

song of want, and our thirst is the thirst of the desert wanderer whose shadow is stronger that its master.

rit. e poco dim. *mp* *calmly*

16

We sing a song of want, and our hunger is the hunger of the mountain hermit whose footsteps are stronger than

poco più f

19

its master. We sing a song of want, and the loss is the loss of the city

mp

22

vagrant whose drunken ramblings are stronger than its master. But also we sit with dreams,

poco più ***f***

25

two hours, maybe three, attempting to define them, to give them

mp

rit. **A tempo**

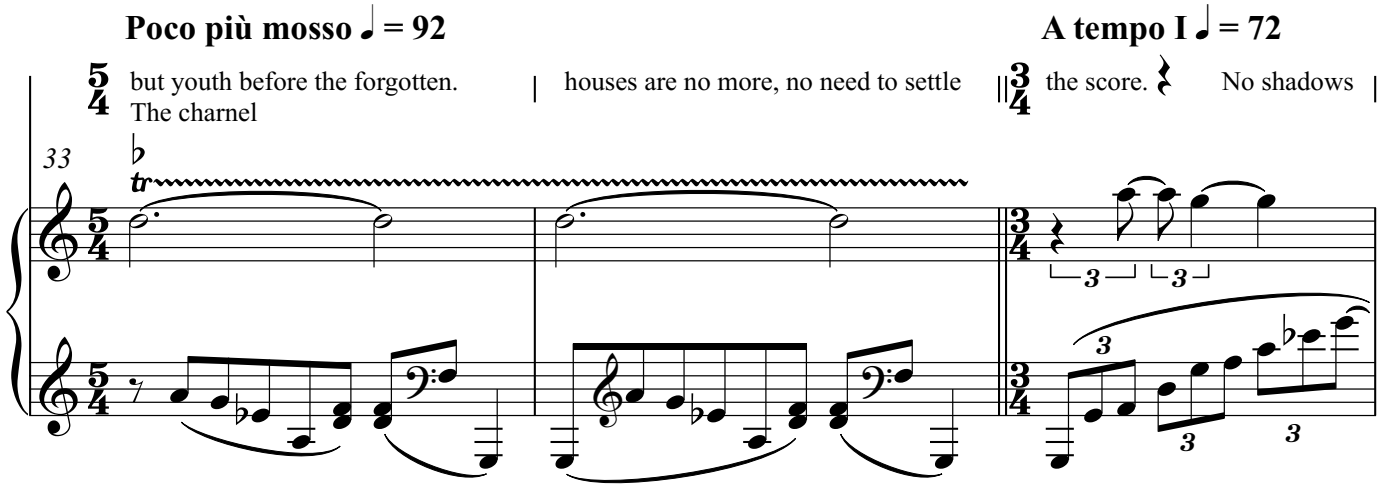
27

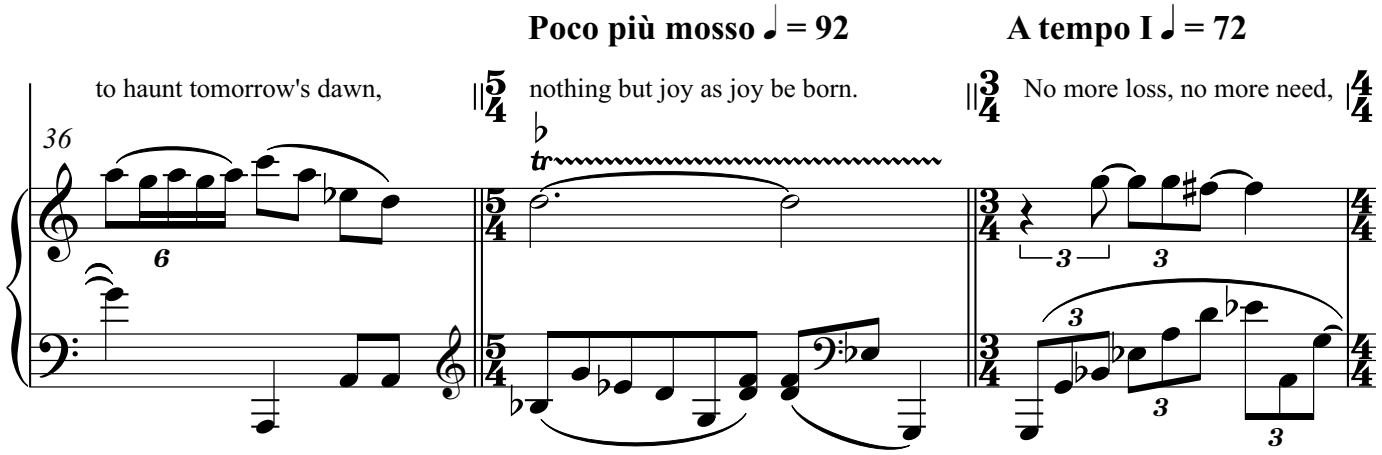
contour, or is that to over-refine them? Here this then, the carnaval,

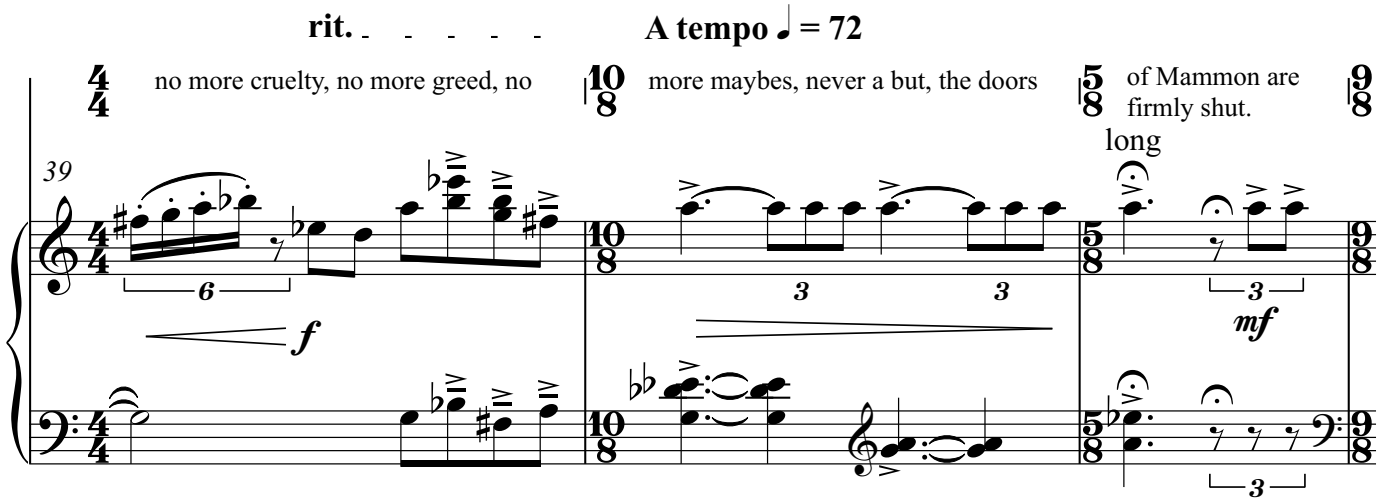
dim. ***pp*** ***mf***

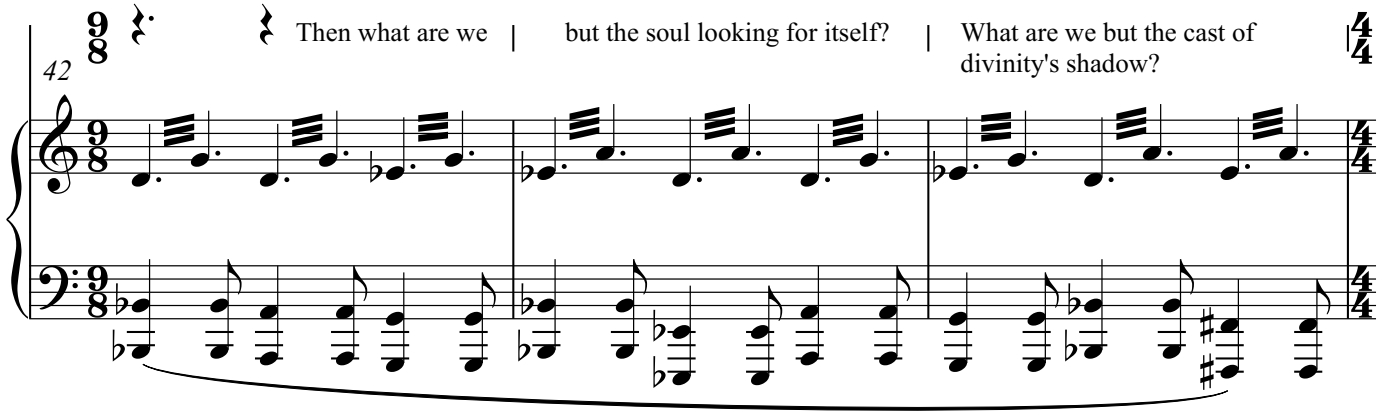
30

begone before begun. Nothing but beginnings before begotten. Nothing


Poco più mosso ♩ = 92
A tempo I ♩ = 72
but youth before the forgotten.
The charnel
houses are no more, no need to settle
the score.
No shadows
33


Poco più mosso ♩ = 92
A tempo I ♩ = 72
to haunt tomorrow's dawn,
nothing but joy as joy be born.
No more loss, no more need,
36


rit.
A tempo ♩ = 72
no more cruelty, no more greed, no
more maybes, never a but, the doors
of Mammon are
firmly shut.
long
39
f
mf


Then what are we
but the soul looking for itself?
What are we but the cast of
divinity's shadow?
42

45

What are we but the shapeless | form of arrival, |

con forza

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

a silent voice in the wilderness of reason. | dancers beneath the face of death. |

47

cresc.

fz *mf*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

8vb

49

Then what madness | that we turn from the beauty of | love and the joy |

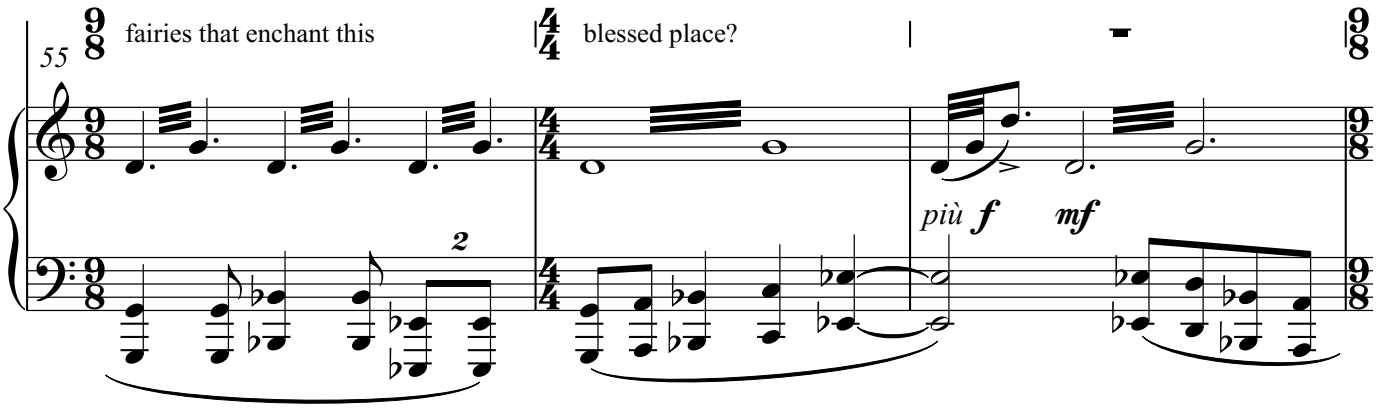
più *f* *mf*

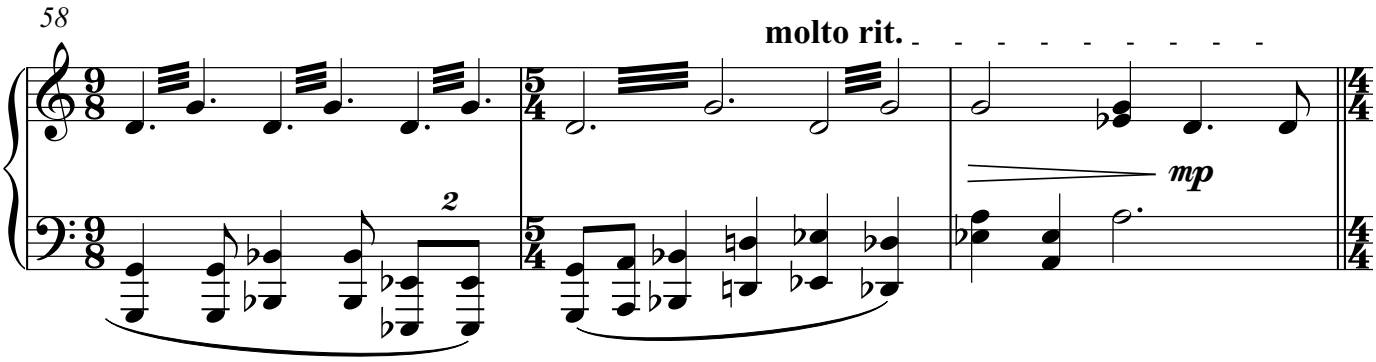
(8)

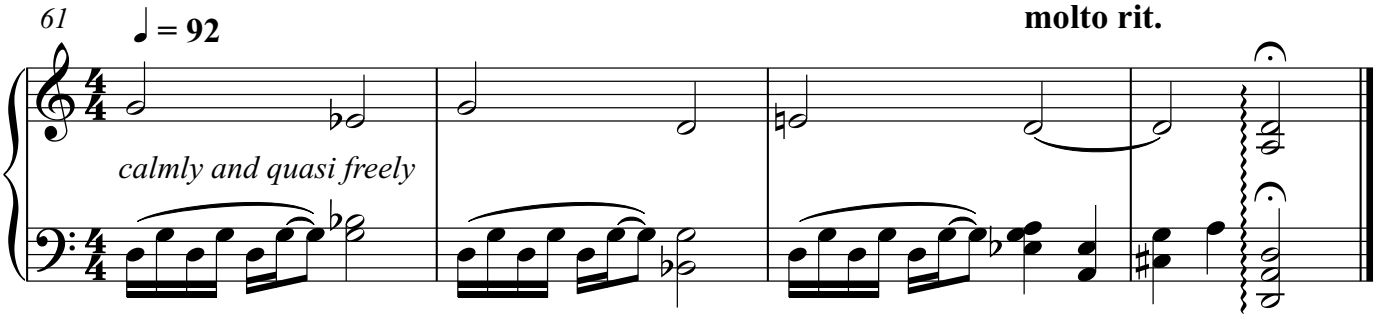
52

of its perfect grace. Tell me, then, | for all the heavens above, | are there not kindly |

più *f* *mf*


55
fairies that enchant this
blessed place?
più f
mf

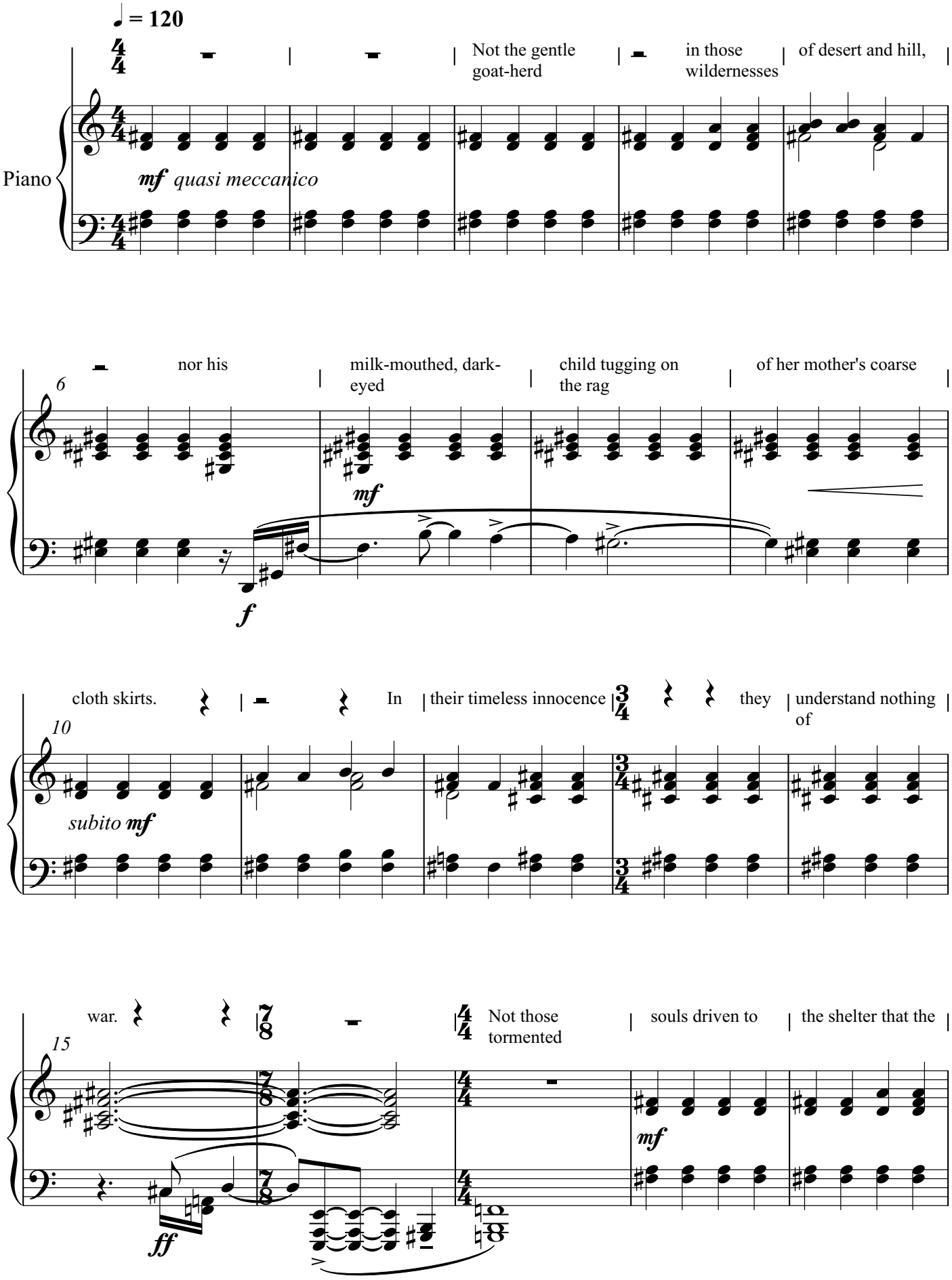

58
molto rit.
mp


61
♩ = 92
calmly and quasi freely
molto rit.

Not They

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens



20 whining shells of | Mammon might defile | compassion, destroy | grace and erase |

f

24 love. | They were neither for | nor against, | yet in their |

subito mf

28 multitude it is | they who were mowed | down, they, always

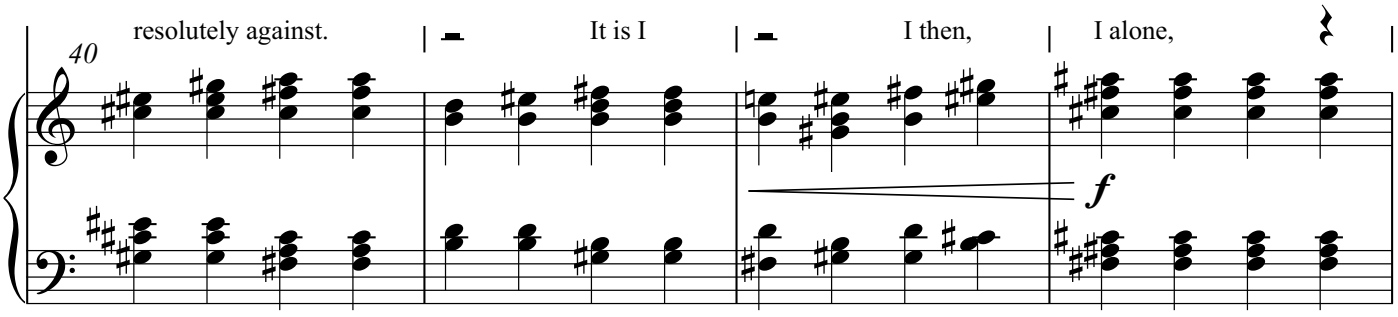
ff

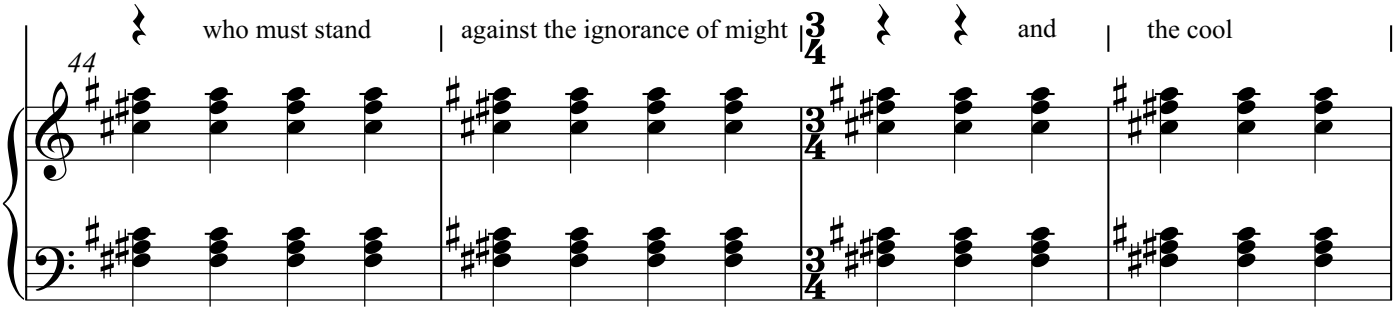
32 they. | Yet it is I, | I who | knows the fearsome |

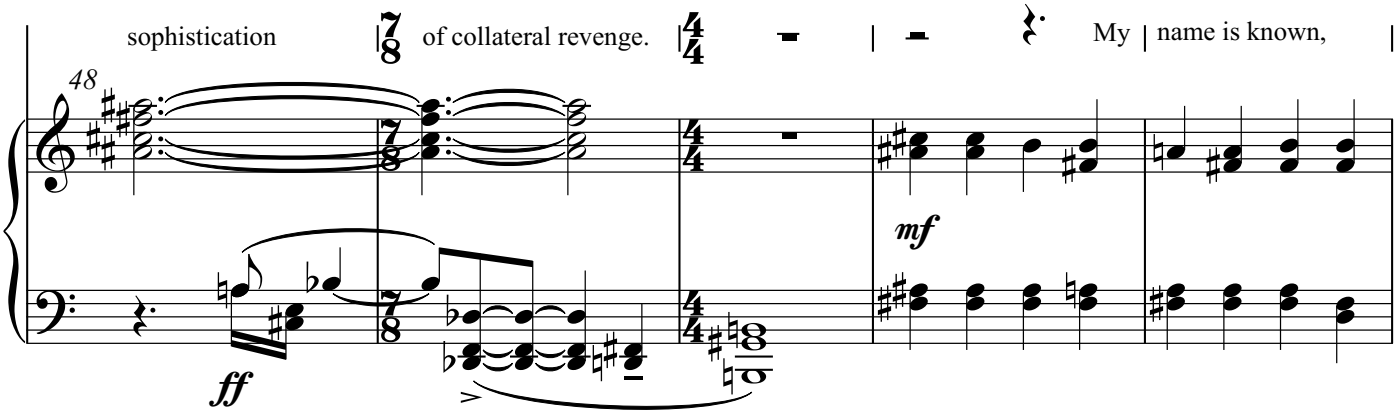
mf

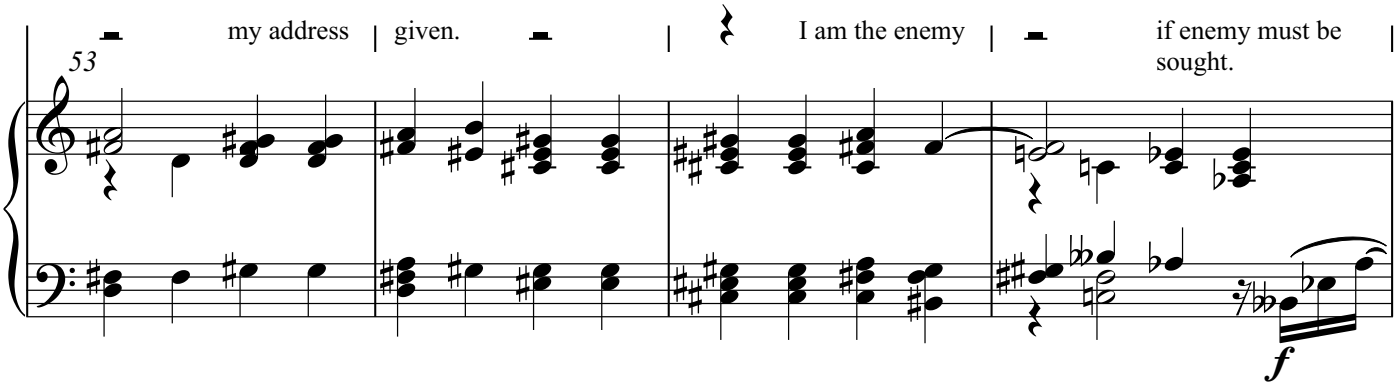
36 intellect of war, | born of it, | torn by it, | I the politic, |

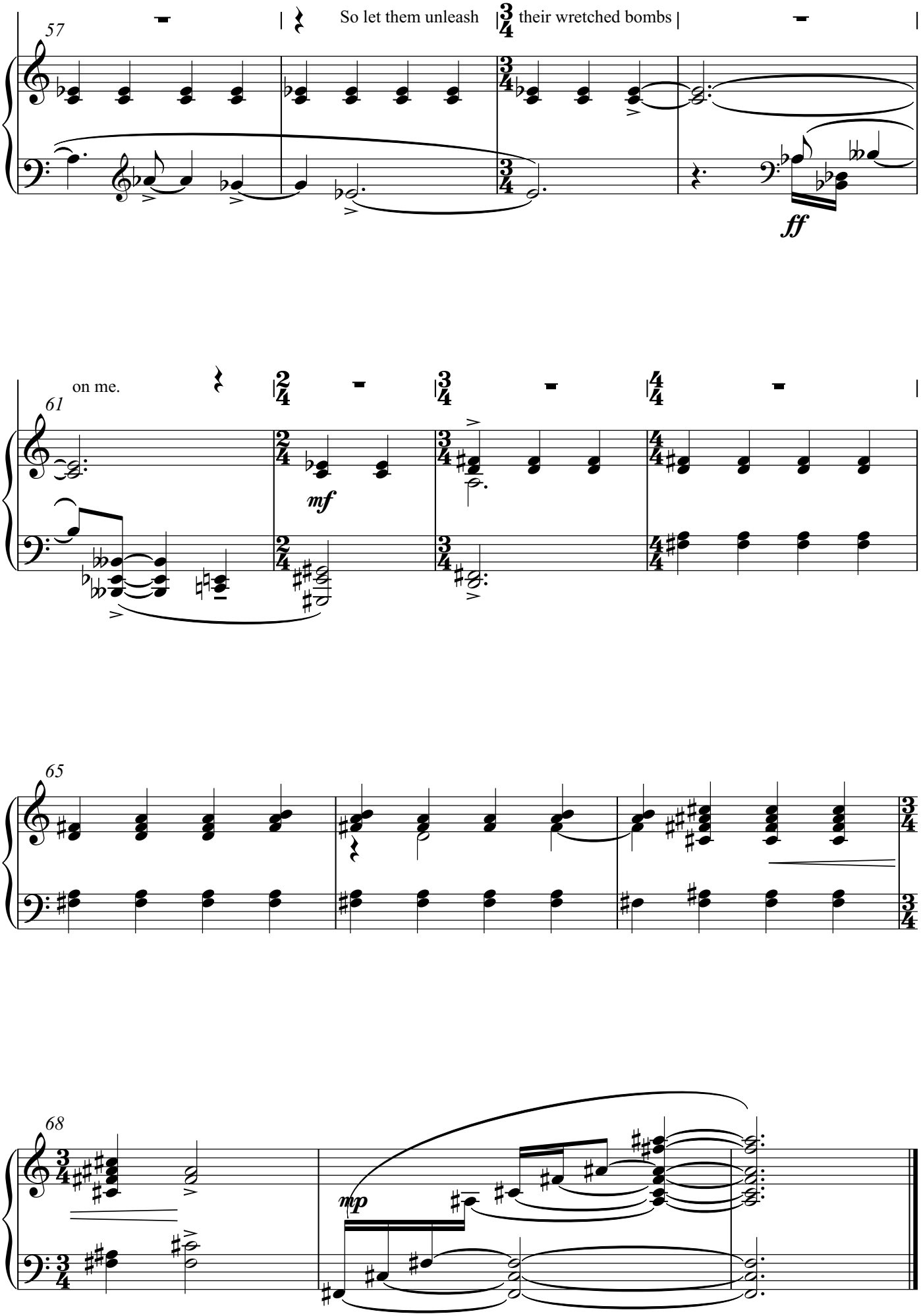
f


40
resolutely against.
It is I
I then,
I alone,
f


44
who must stand
against the ignorance of might
and
the cool


48
sophistication
of collateral revenge.
My
name is known,
ff
mf


53
my address
given.
I am the enemy
if enemy must be sought.
f


57
So let them unleash their wretched bombs
ff
61
on me.
mf
65
68
mp

Of Summer's Passing

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens

♩ = 52

Narrator

Piano

Held in thrall, yet curled about the trajectory, today the swallows will depart to reclaim their Nile. But now, still early, they circle on

mp

molto espressivo

warm thermals in memory of summer's joy, awaiting the compulsive drive. The stone sphinx also awaits, smiling,

5

mp

feline, in the sands. Listen, the falcon, the buzzard, the hunting birds: beware.

9

mf

mp

mf

Listen, then, the distant call of unspoken warnings: the whisper. There is France, mist-cloaked

12

mf

Poco più mosso
♩ = 58

15

and argumentative. There are ice-wrapped Alps, toothy old Dolomites. There is ancient Italy, umber brown, sensual sleeping.

18

There are gorgeous seas, yet always the hunters. See the shadow and see yourself in

più f *mp*

21

flight, yet know also the talons, know the strike. And still the swallows drift,

rit. **Tempo I** ♩ = 52

mf

24

awaiting the call. Within the conspiracy of doubt, we are the mechanic, bruised, oily and blackened with

mp dolce

false desire. This is not the passion | nor even its mirror. Did not Michel- angelo work in stone and learn the

27

poco più ***f*** | ***mf*** *dolce*

hardness of it, or Giacometti pinch at clay | to re-enact The Creation? Oh, you strange masters, you conspiracy.

30

f | ***mp***

Should I reach out that we might

33

f | ***ff***

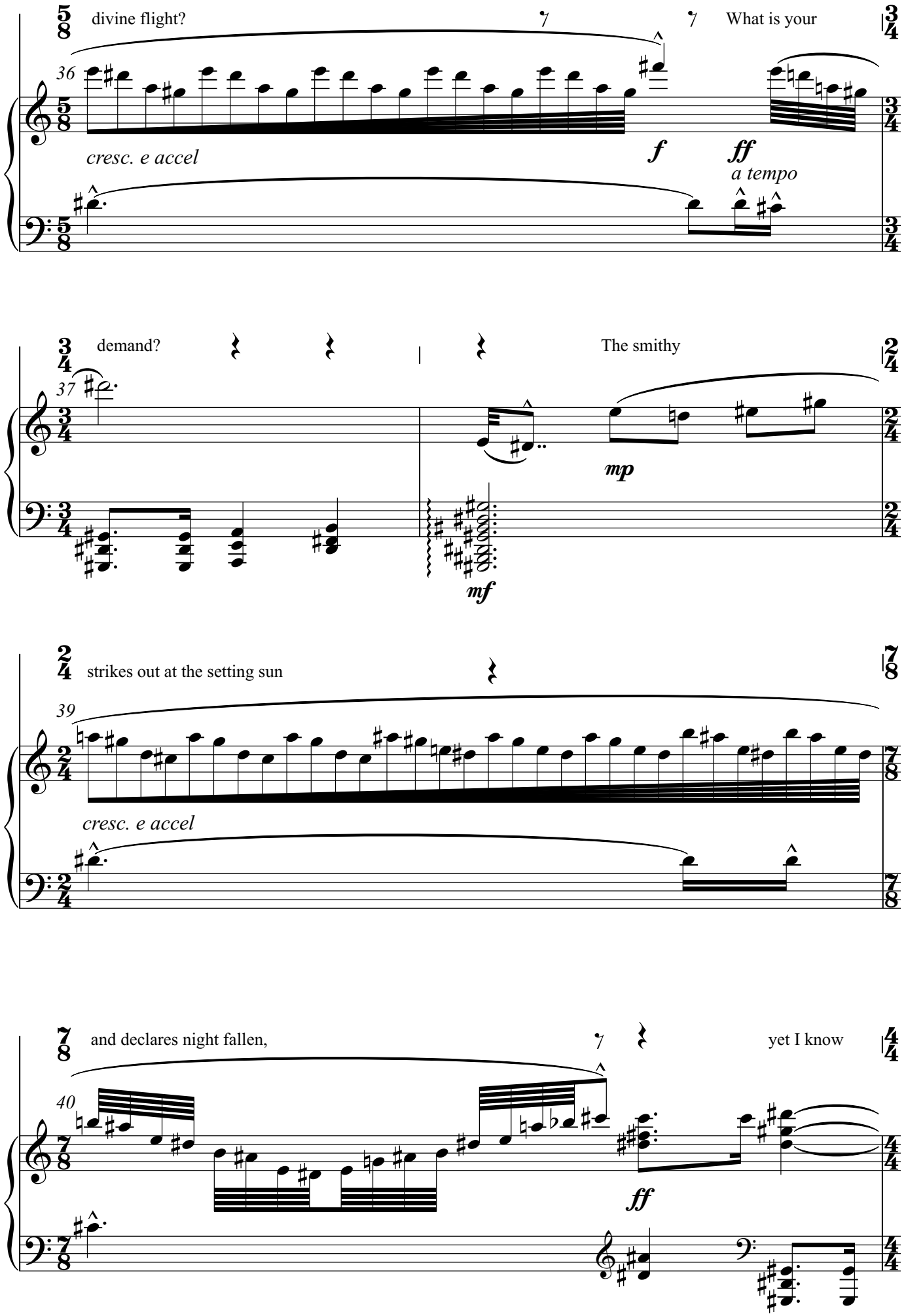
cresc. e accel | *a tempo*

touch hand to hand, | or swirl against you in

34

mp

mf


divine flight?
What is your
36
cresc. e accel
f
ff
a tempo
demand?
The smithy
37
mp
mf
strikes out at the setting sun
39
cresc. e accel
and declares night fallen,
yet I know
40
ff

41

this as declaration of a dream that there I

too might celebrate those darker depths

and

dim. e poco rit.

short

mp
a tempo

8vb

Ped. ✻

43

hear compulsion's call.

Like the swallows,

I

8vb

Ped. ✻

poco rit.

45

wait.

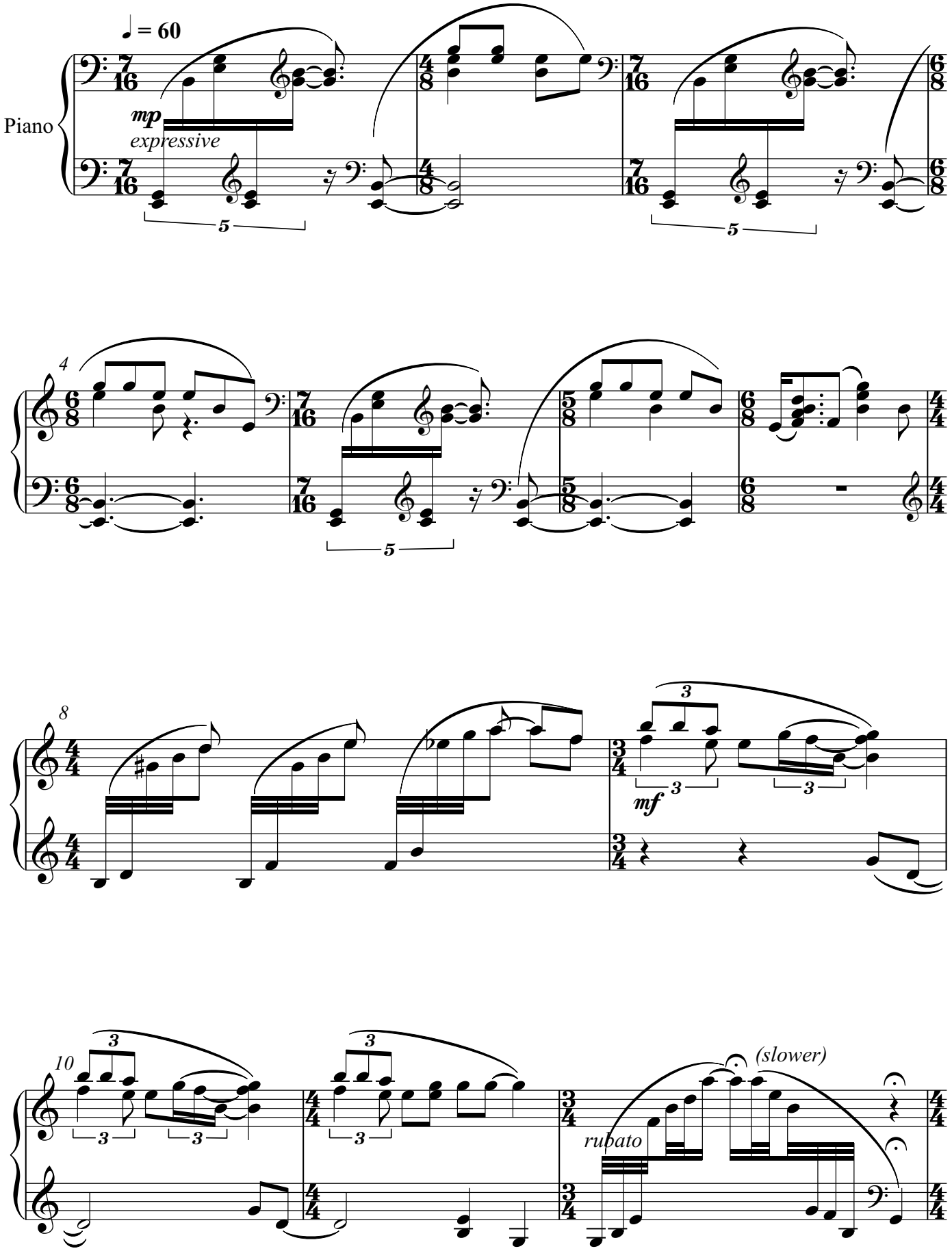
poco

For Richard

In Silence

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens



Narrator

13

a tempo

Rung to some deeper tune,

mf

you turn toward the landscape, and the wind, which is my fingertips lifts you away. Here

15

perfume, dreamt or spent, olibanum sandalwood, clary sage, or the damp musk of woodland caressing

18

poco più f

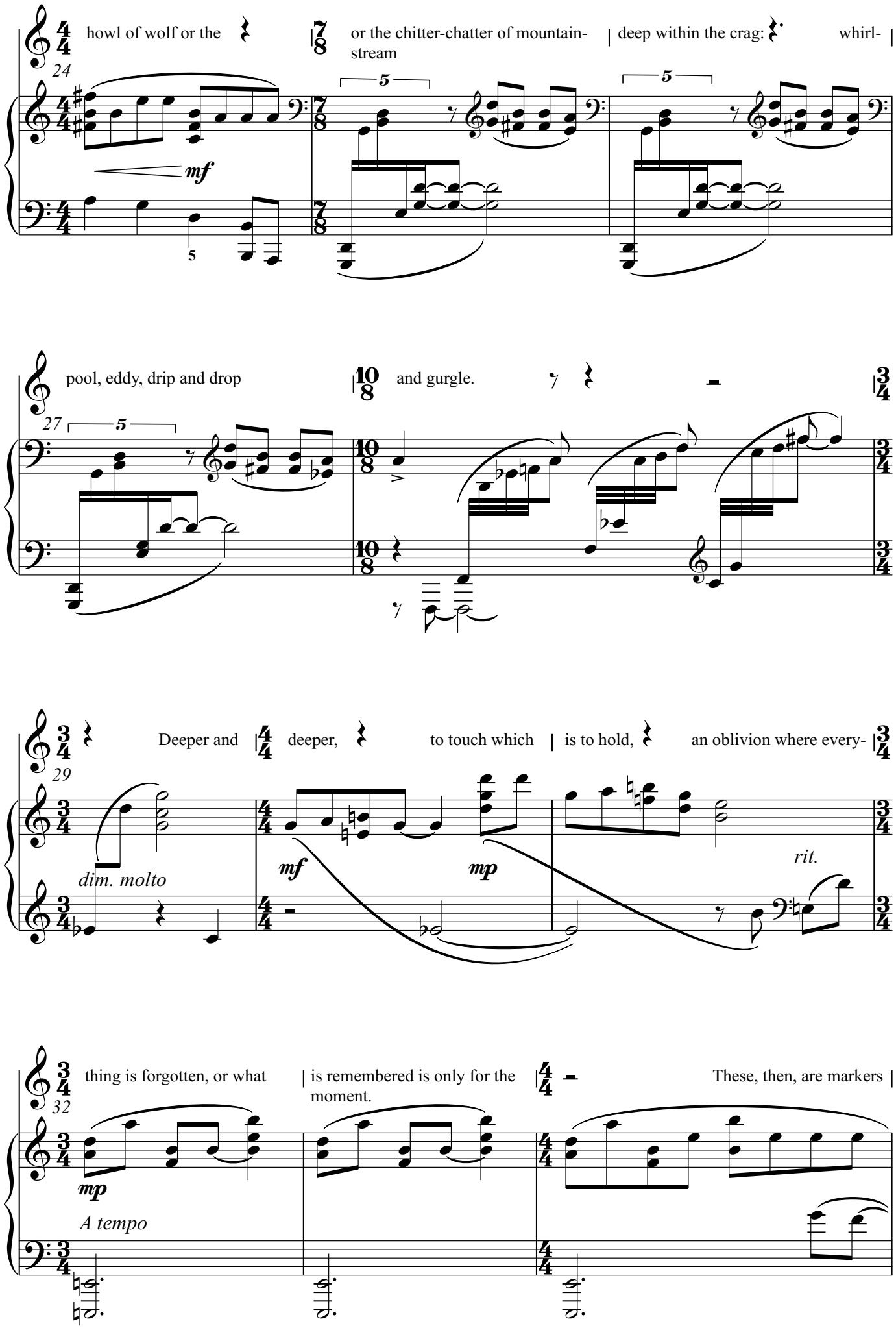
Più mosso ♩ = 72

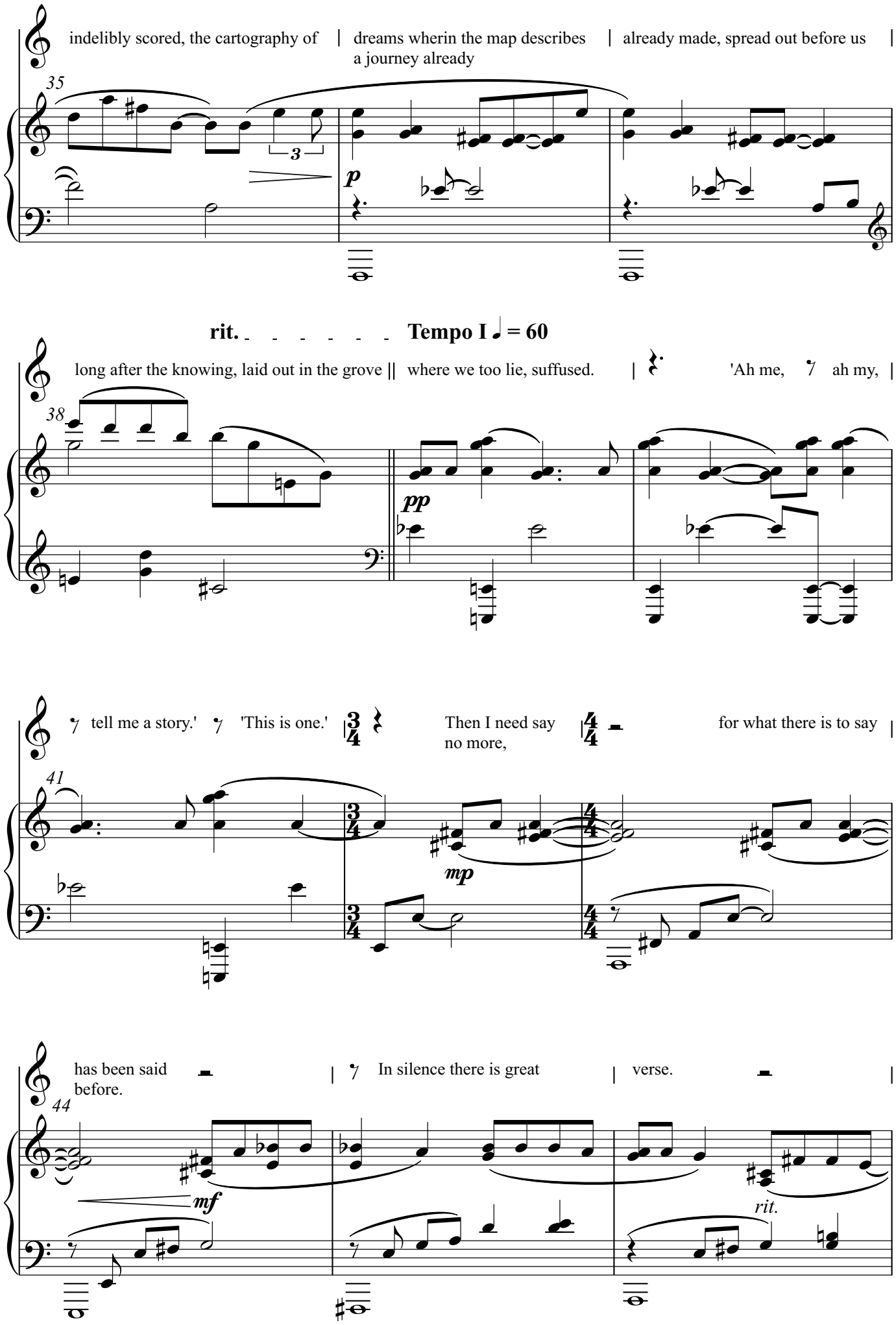
mp *più f*

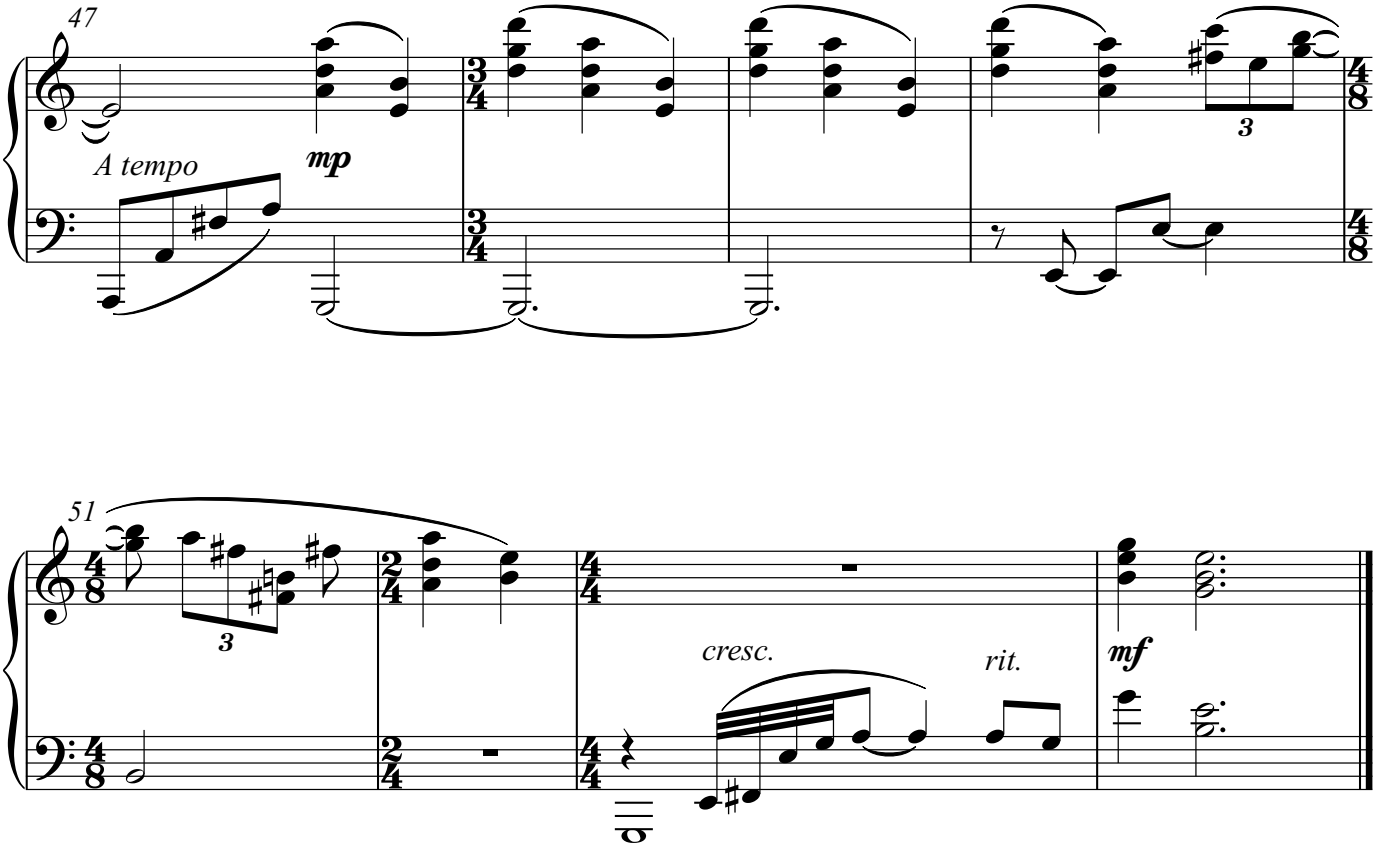
our dancing feet. And now I twist and turn, tussle-headed, to hear the cry of gull or

21

mp *più f* *mp* *più f*

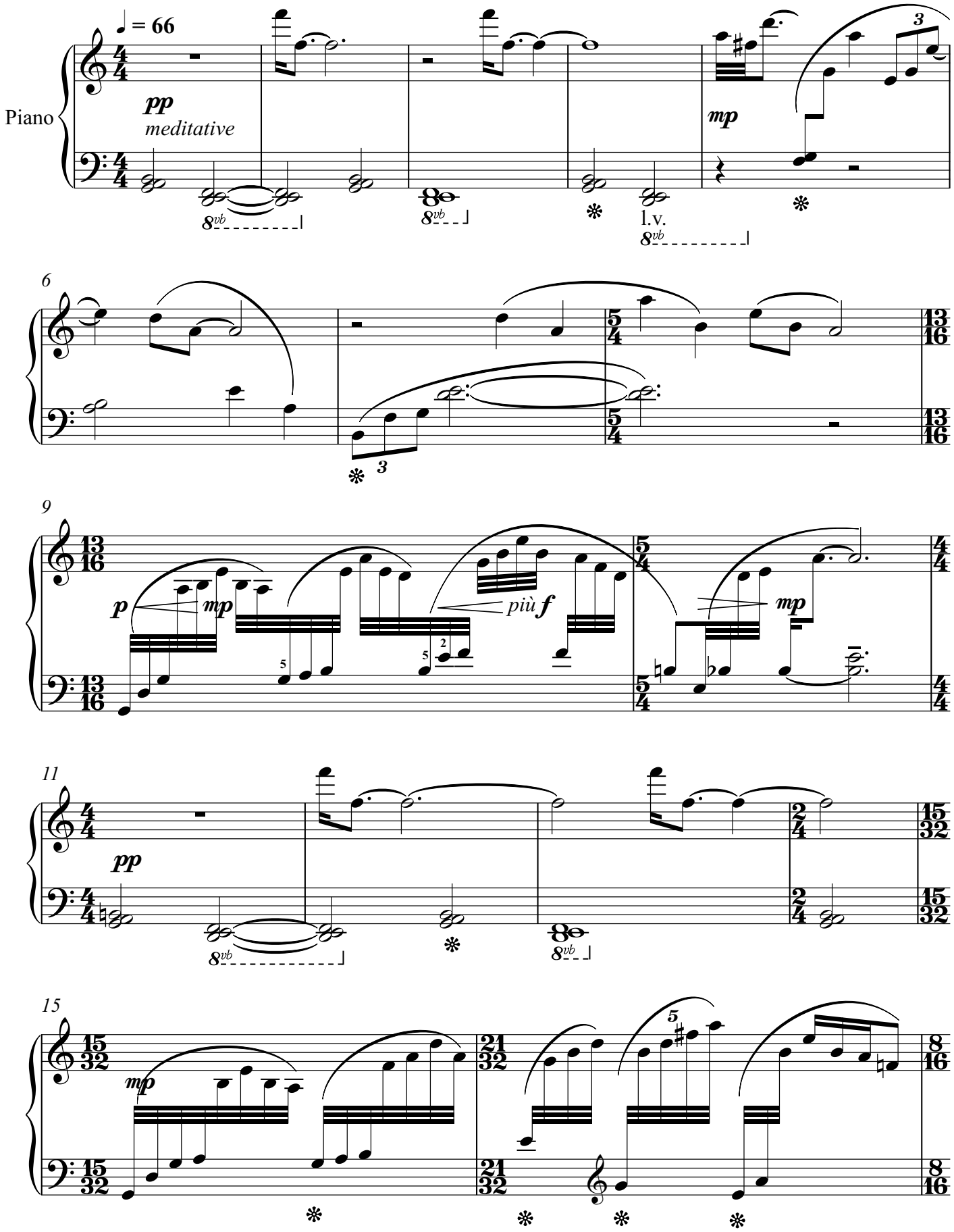

howl of wolf or the
or the chitter-chatter of mountain-stream
deep within the crag:
whirl-
mf
pool, eddy, drip and drop
and gurgle.
Deeper and
deeper,
to touch which
is to hold,
an oblivion where every-
dim. molto
mf
mp
rit.
thing is forgotten, or what
is remembered is only for the moment.
These, then, are markers
mp
A tempo

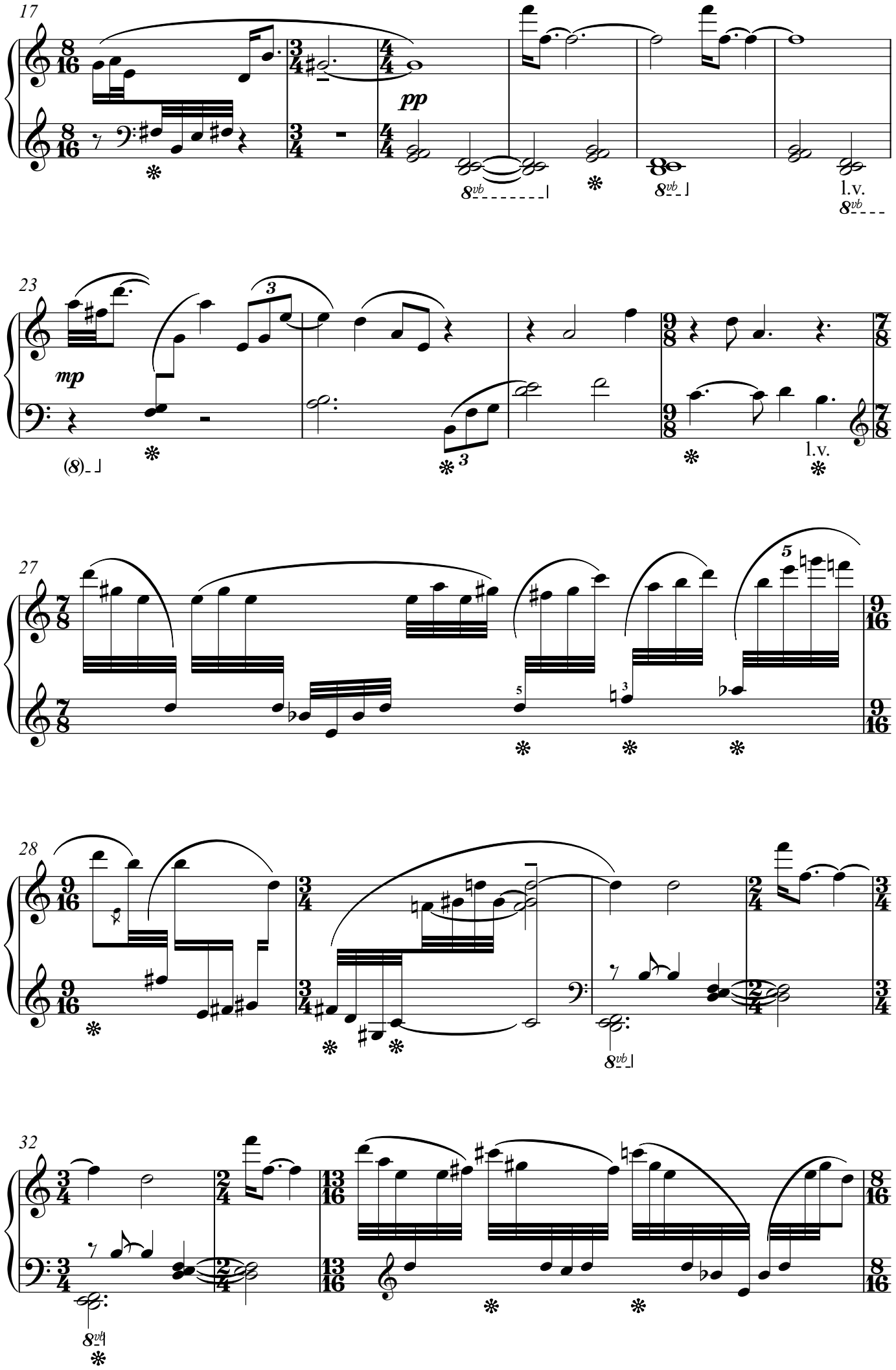

indelibly scored, the cartography of
dreams wherin the map describes
a journey already
already made, spread out before us
35
p
rit.
Tempo I ♩ = 60
long after the knowing, laid out in the grove
where we too lie, suffused.
'Ah me,
ah my,
38
pp
tell me a story.'
'This is one.'
Then I need say
no more,
for what there is to say
41
mp
has been said
before.
In silence there is great
verse.
44
mf
rit.

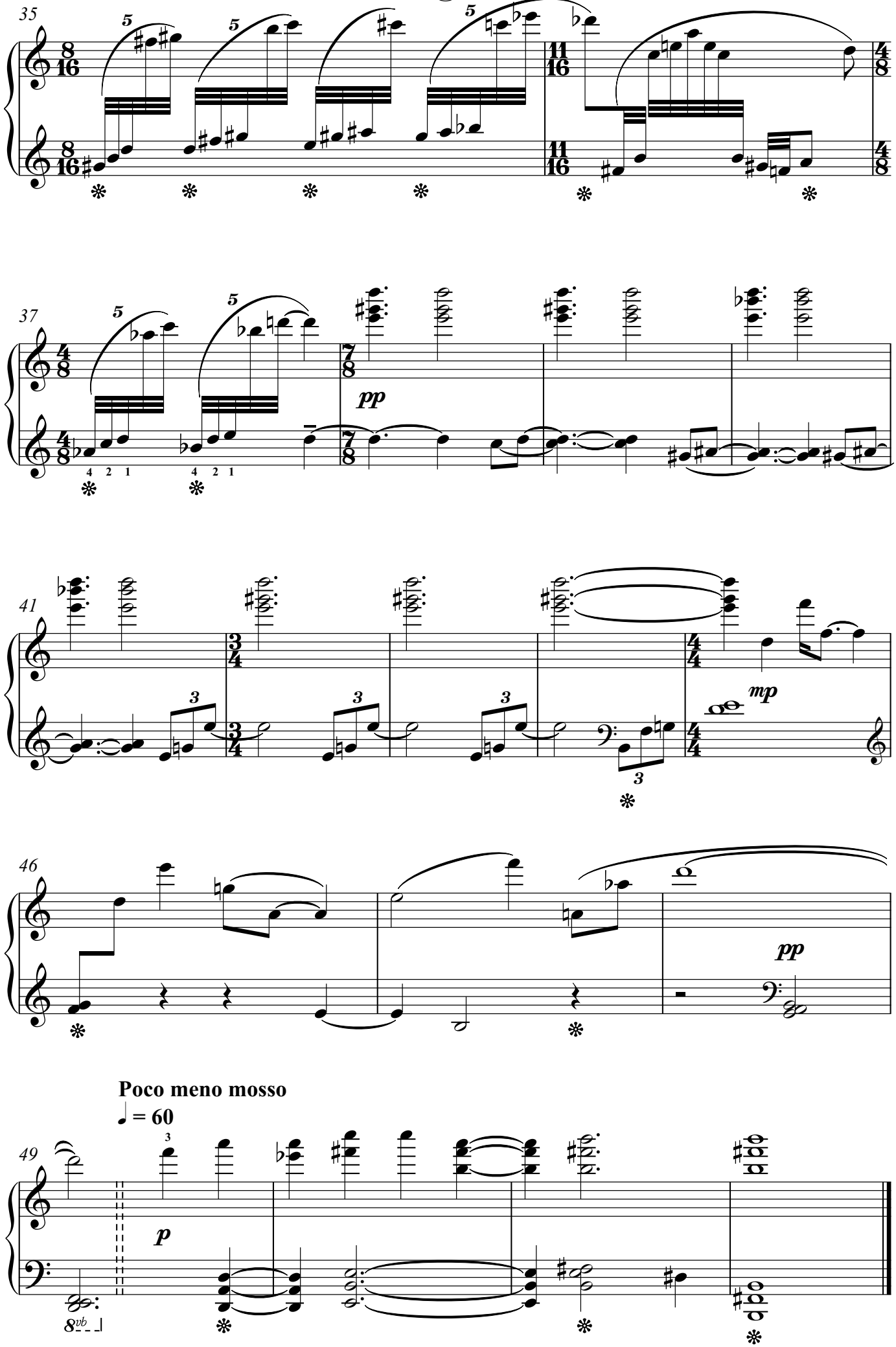

47
A tempo
mp
3
51
3
cresc.
rit.
mf

S lence II

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens



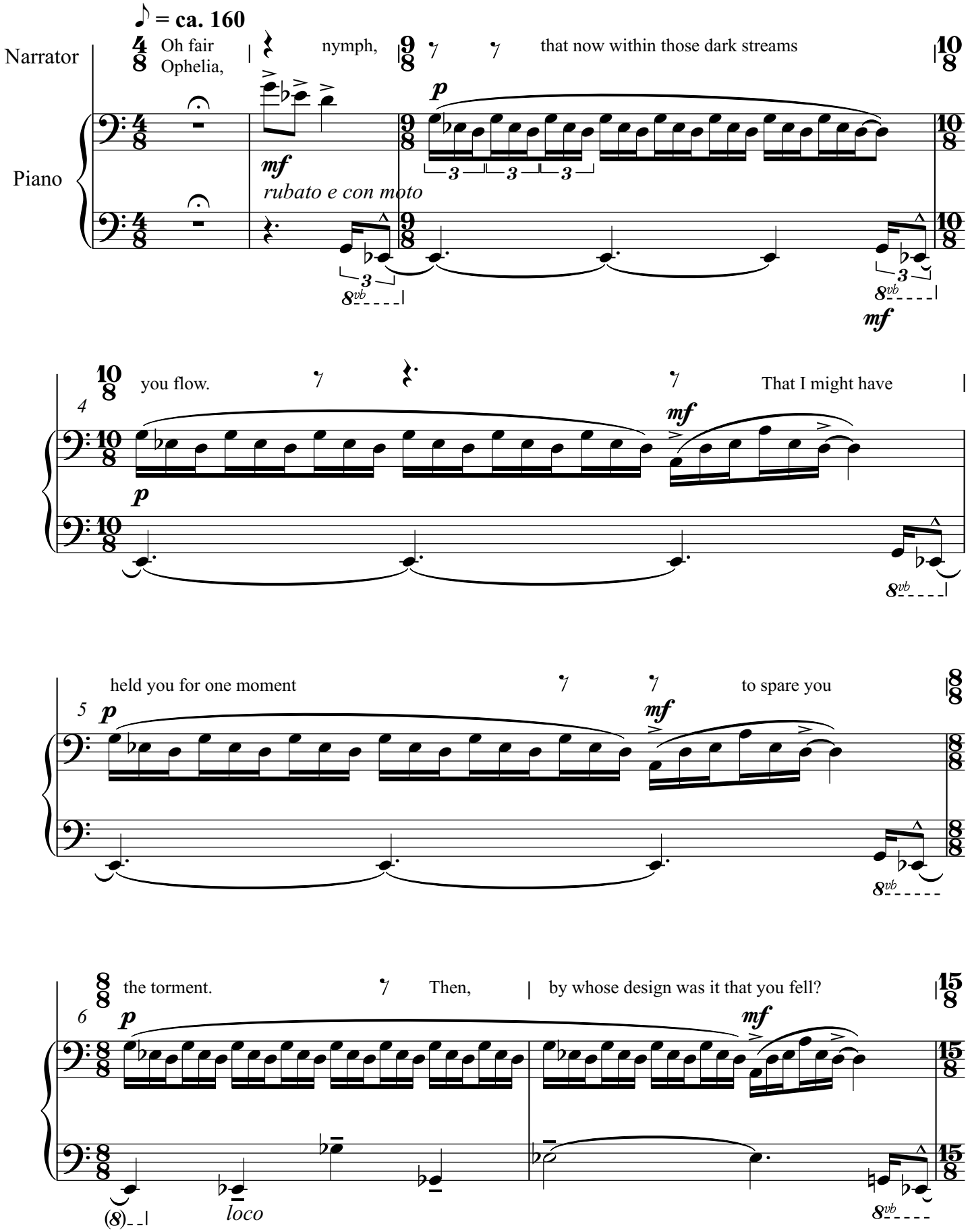

17
pp
8vb
l.v.
23
mp
(8)
3
l.v.
27
5
28
32

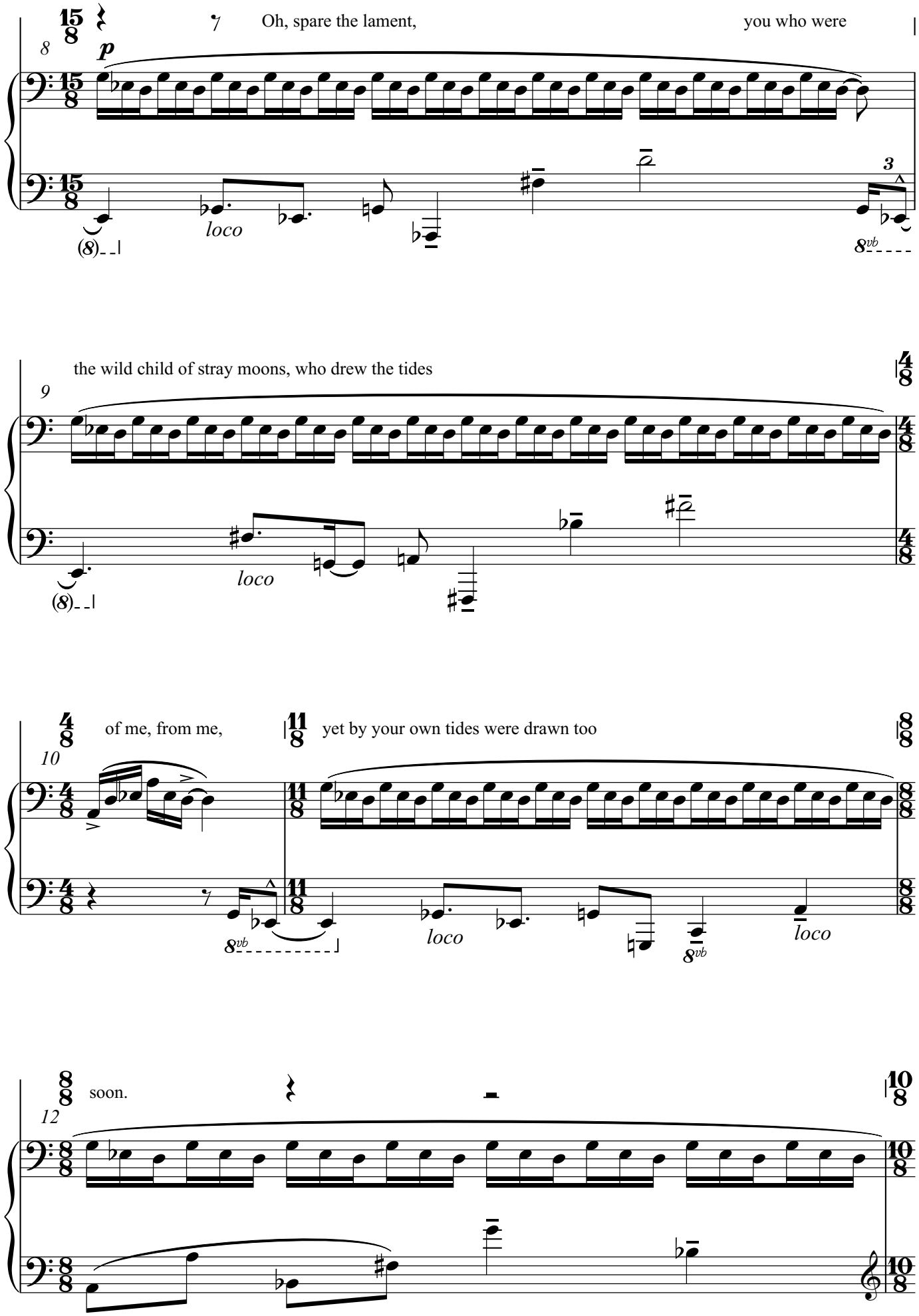

35
37
pp
41
mp
46
pp
Poco meno mosso
♩ = 60
49
p

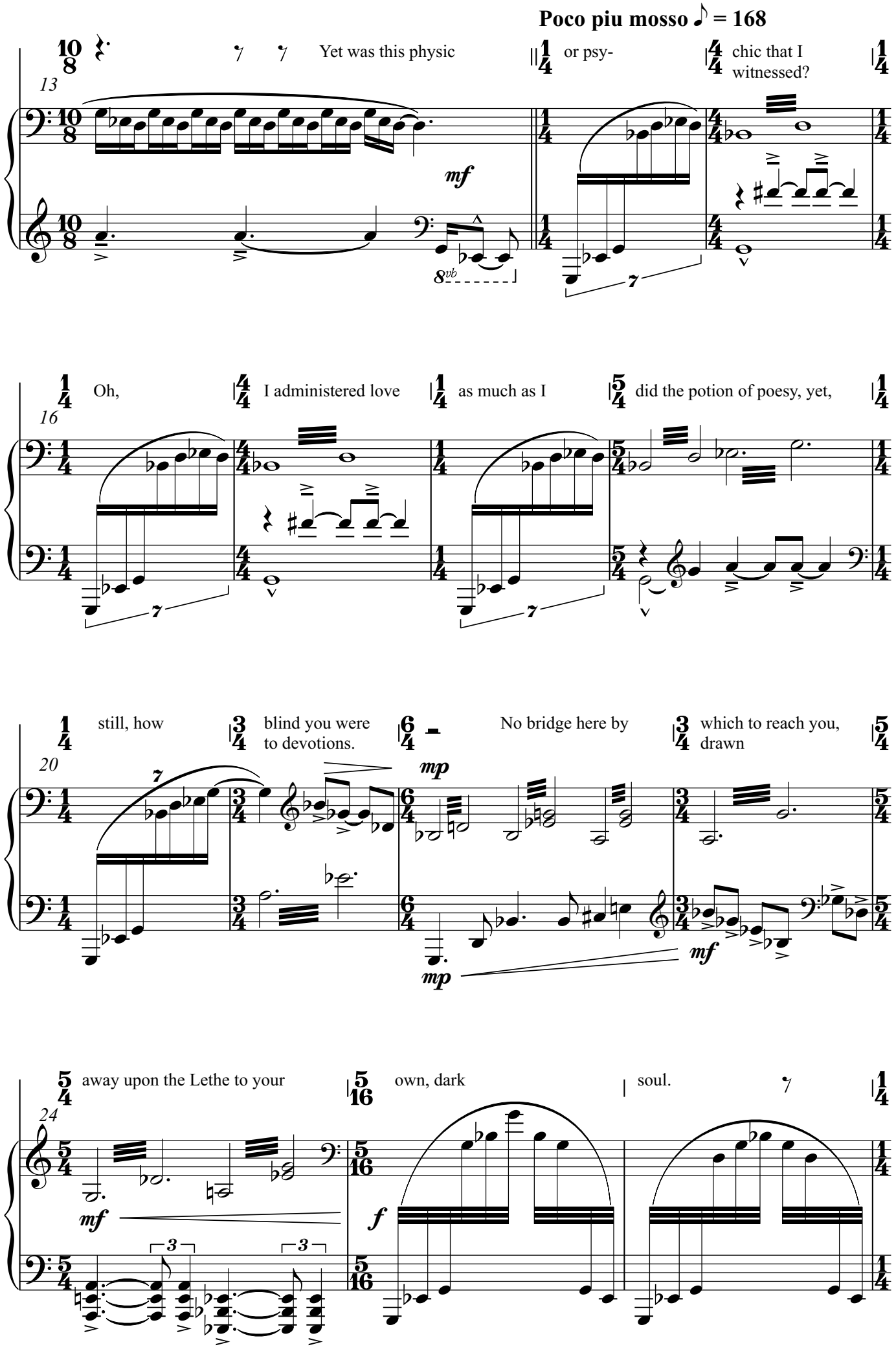
Within Dark Streams

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens




Oh, spare the lament, you who were
the wild child of stray moons, who drew the tides
of me, from me, yet by your own tides were drawn too
soon.
p
loco
8vb


Poco piu mosso ♪ = 168
13
Yet was this physic
or psy-
chic that I
witnessed?
mf
8vb
16
Oh,
I administered love
as much as I
did the potion of poesy, yet,
20
still, how
blind you were
to devotions.
No bridge here by
which to reach you,
drawn
mp
mf
24
away upon the Lethe to your
own, dark
soul.
mf
f

27

And now you are drifted by, all

mf *pp*

Poco meno mosso ♪ = 160

30

centre where left and right are mere flamboyance or 'swamp' as you might have it before the swamp had turned you deaf to

mf *dim.molto* *p* *calmly*

34

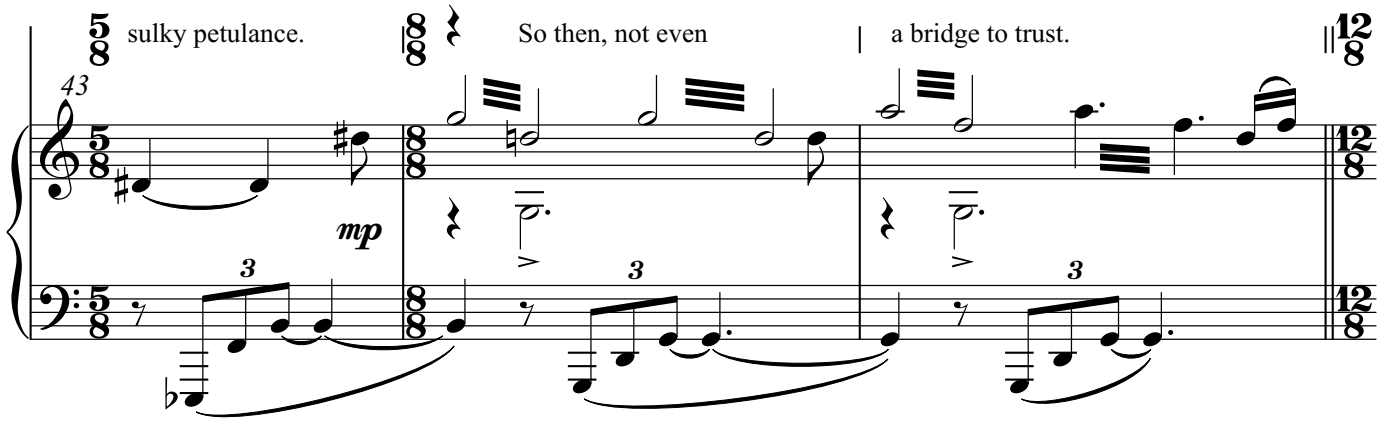
earlier wisdoms. Then, might I return to those streams and find you gone? Ah, but no,

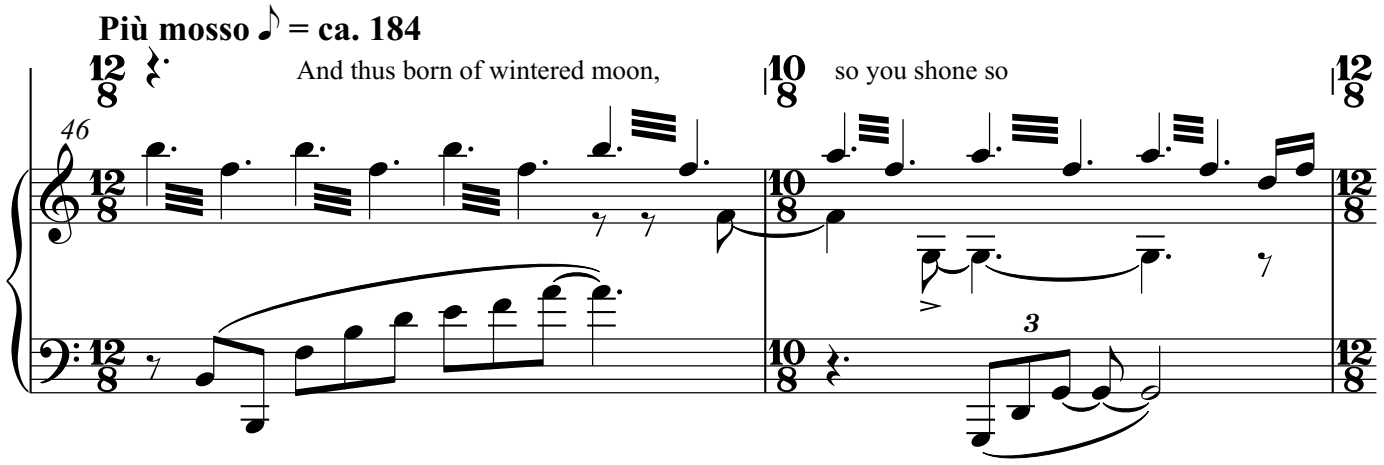
mp *p*

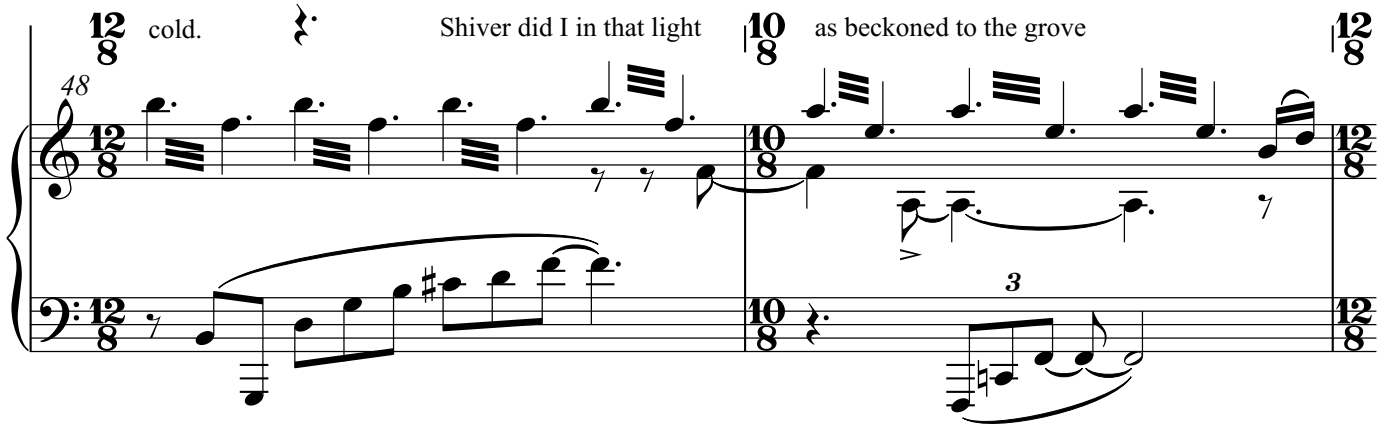
39

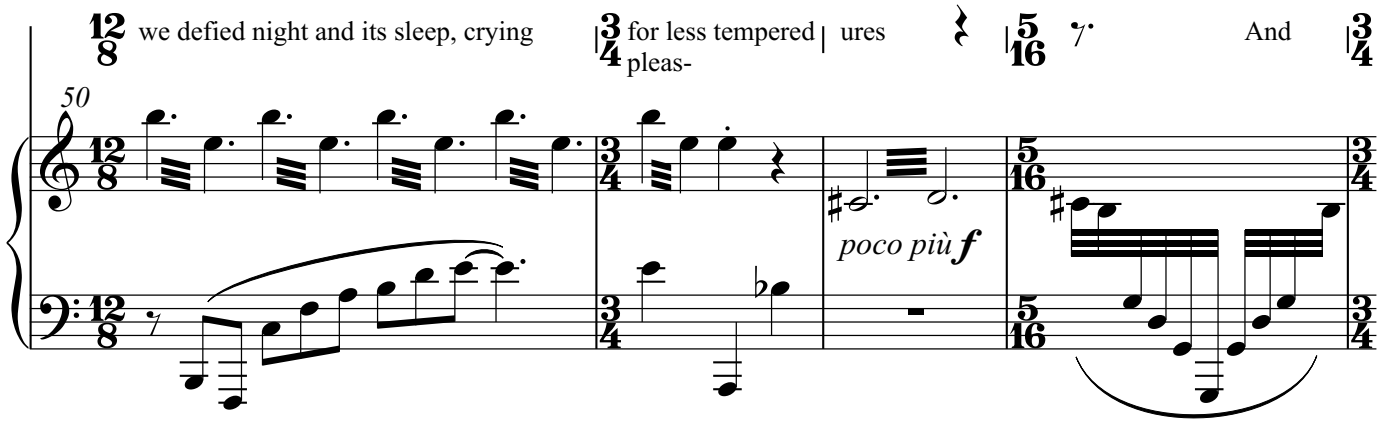
where it was that you were found you claimed to be lost, chiding other reason but your own childing in all

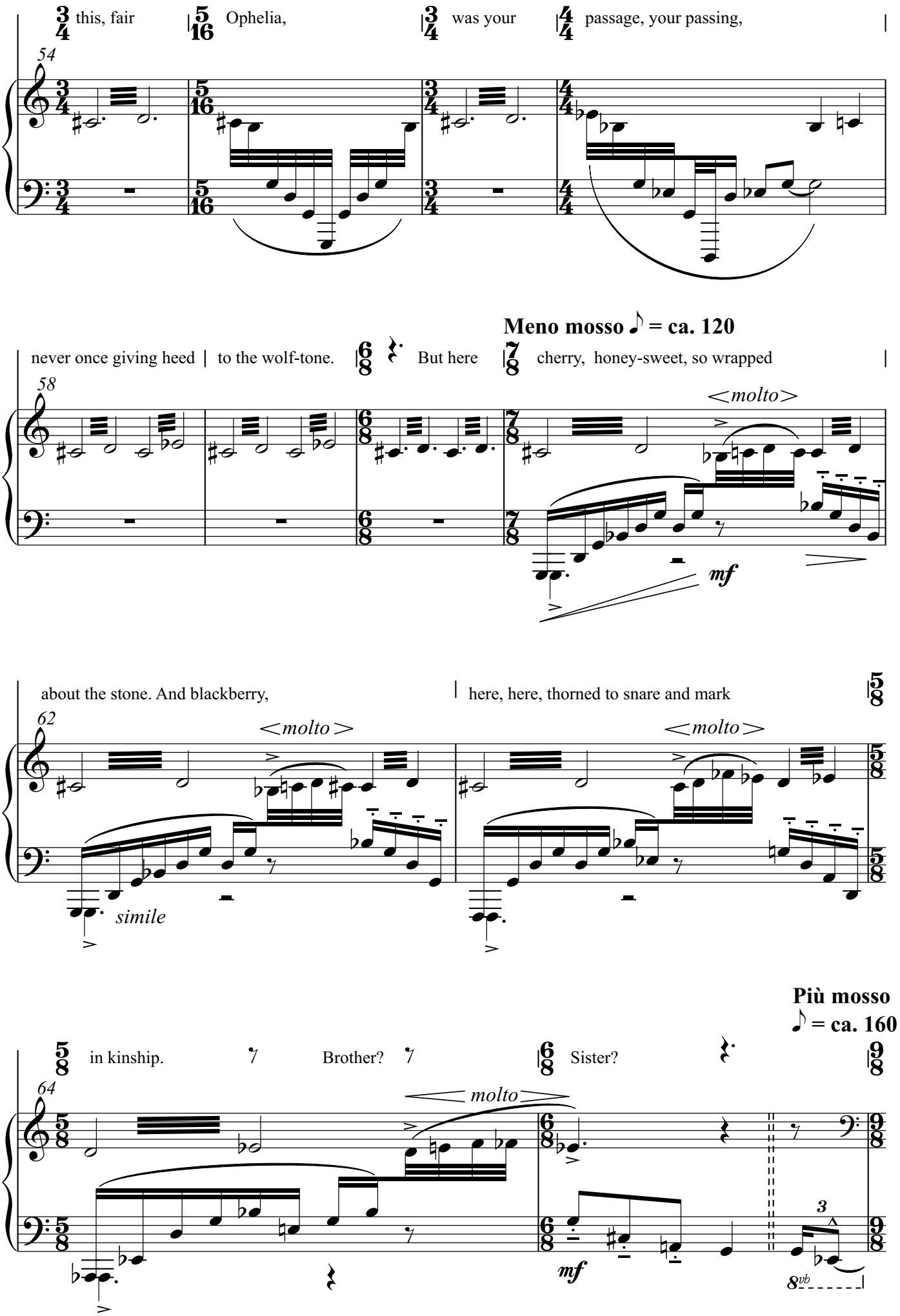
mp *dim.* *p*

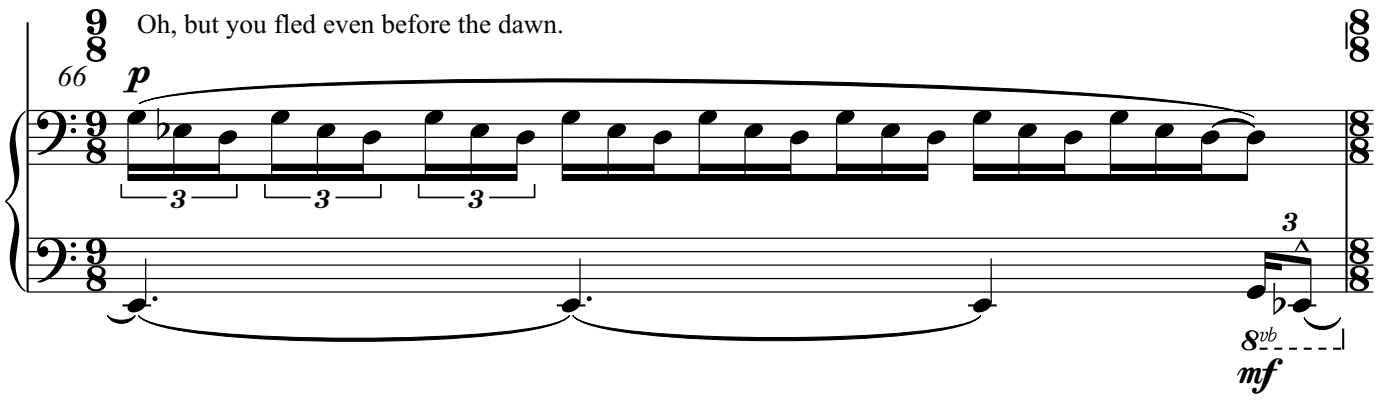

sulky petulance.
So then, not even
a bridge to trust.
43
mp

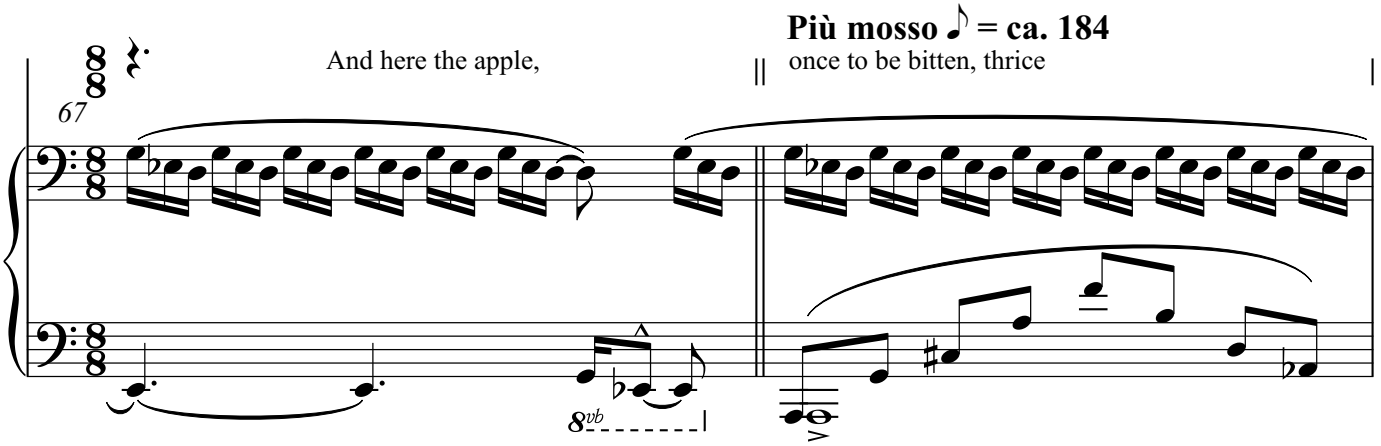

Più mosso ♪ = ca. 184
And thus born of wintered moon,
so you shone so
46

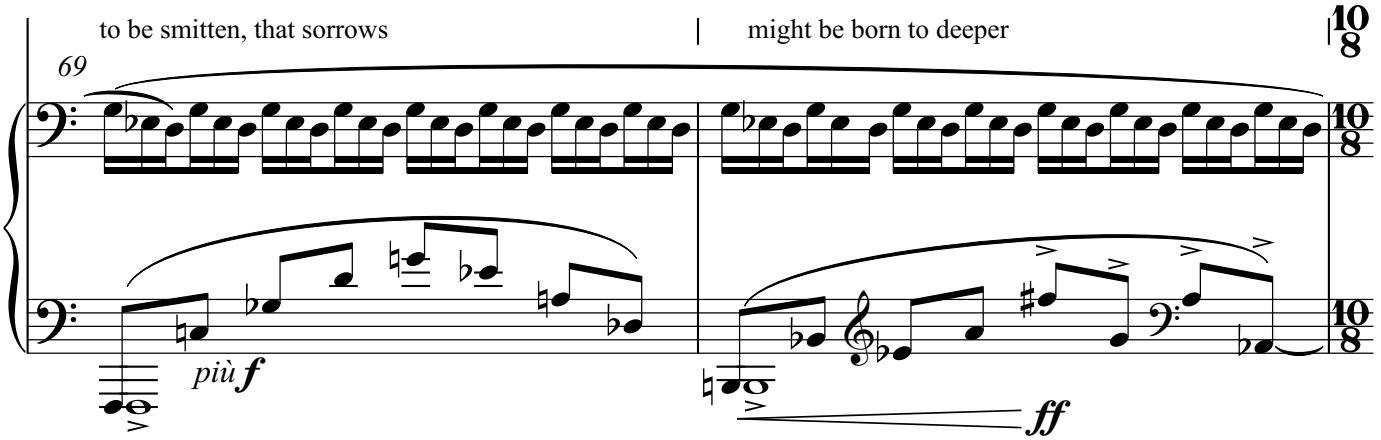

cold.
Shiver did I in that light
as beckoned to the grove
48

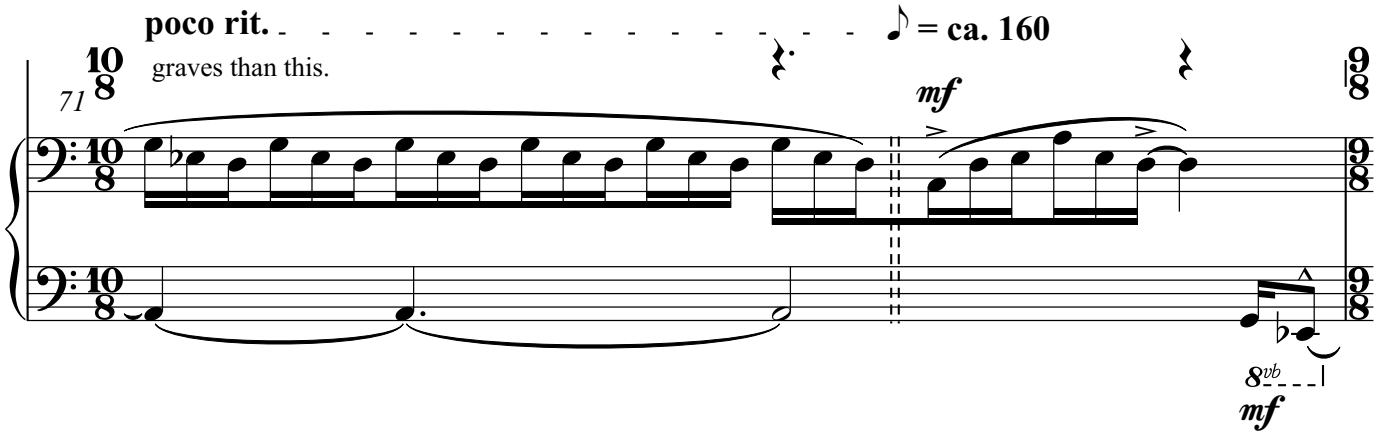

we defied night and its sleep, crying
for less tempered
pleas-
ures
And
50
poco più f

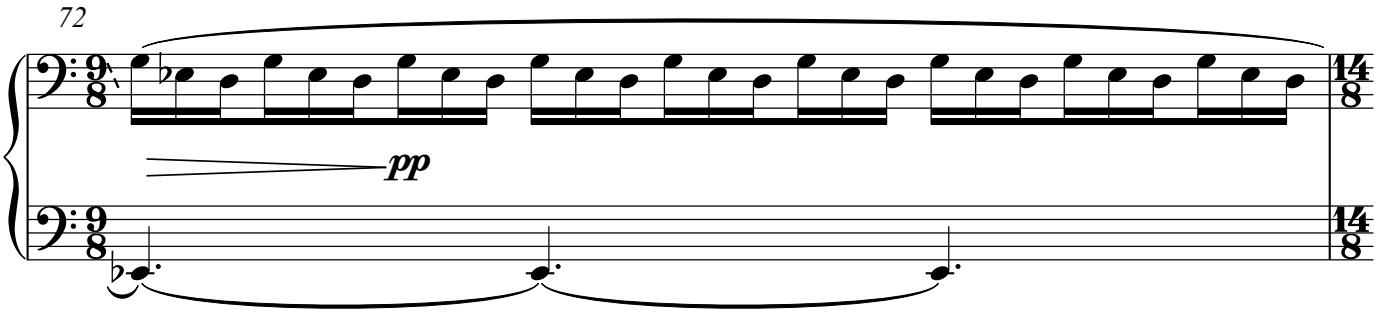

this, fair
Ophelia,
was your
passage, your passing,
54
never once giving heed
to the wolf-tone.
But here
cherry, honey-sweet, so wrapped
Meno mosso ♪ = ca. 120
58
<molto>
mf
about the stone. And blackberry,
here, here, thorned to snare and mark
62
<molto>
<molto>
simile
in kinship.
Brother?
Sister?
Più mosso
♪ = ca. 160
64
<molto>
mf
3
8vb

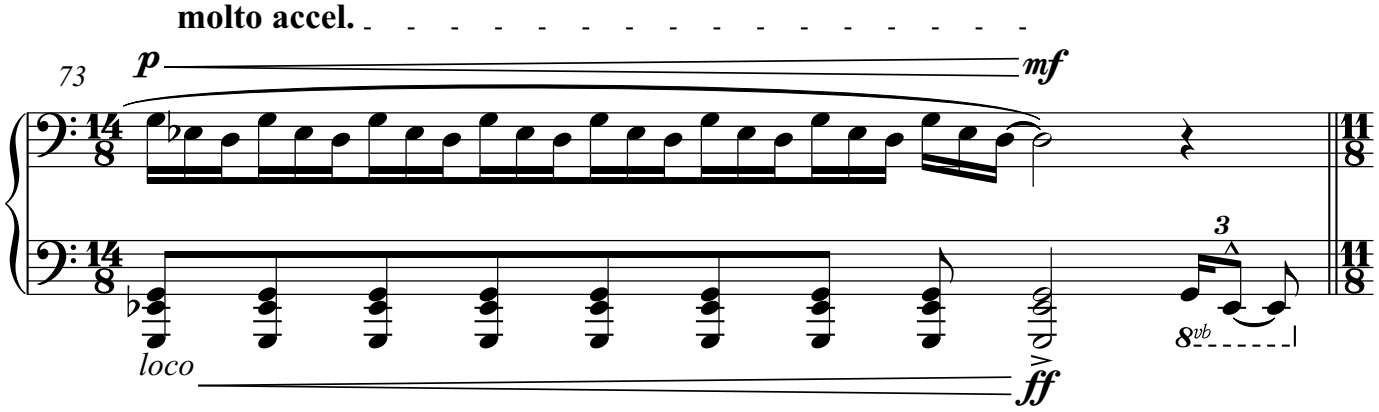

Oh, but you fled even before the dawn.
66
p
3
3
3
3
8vb
mf

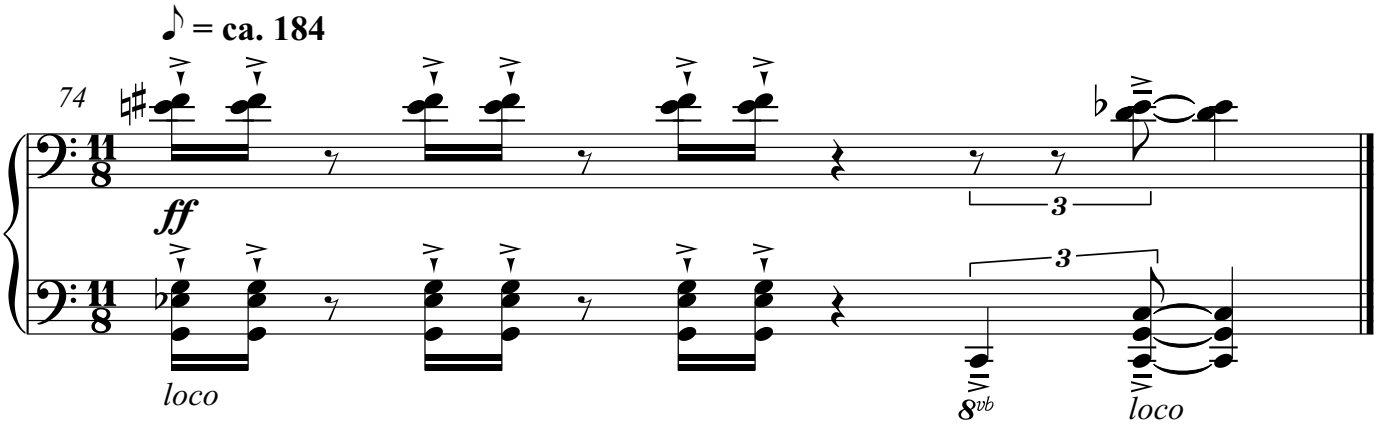

67
And here the apple,
Più mosso ♪ = ca. 184
once to be bitten, thrice
8vb


to be smitten, that sorrows
might be born to deeper
69
più f
ff


poco rit.
♪ = ca. 160
71
graves than this.
mf
8vb
mf


72
pp

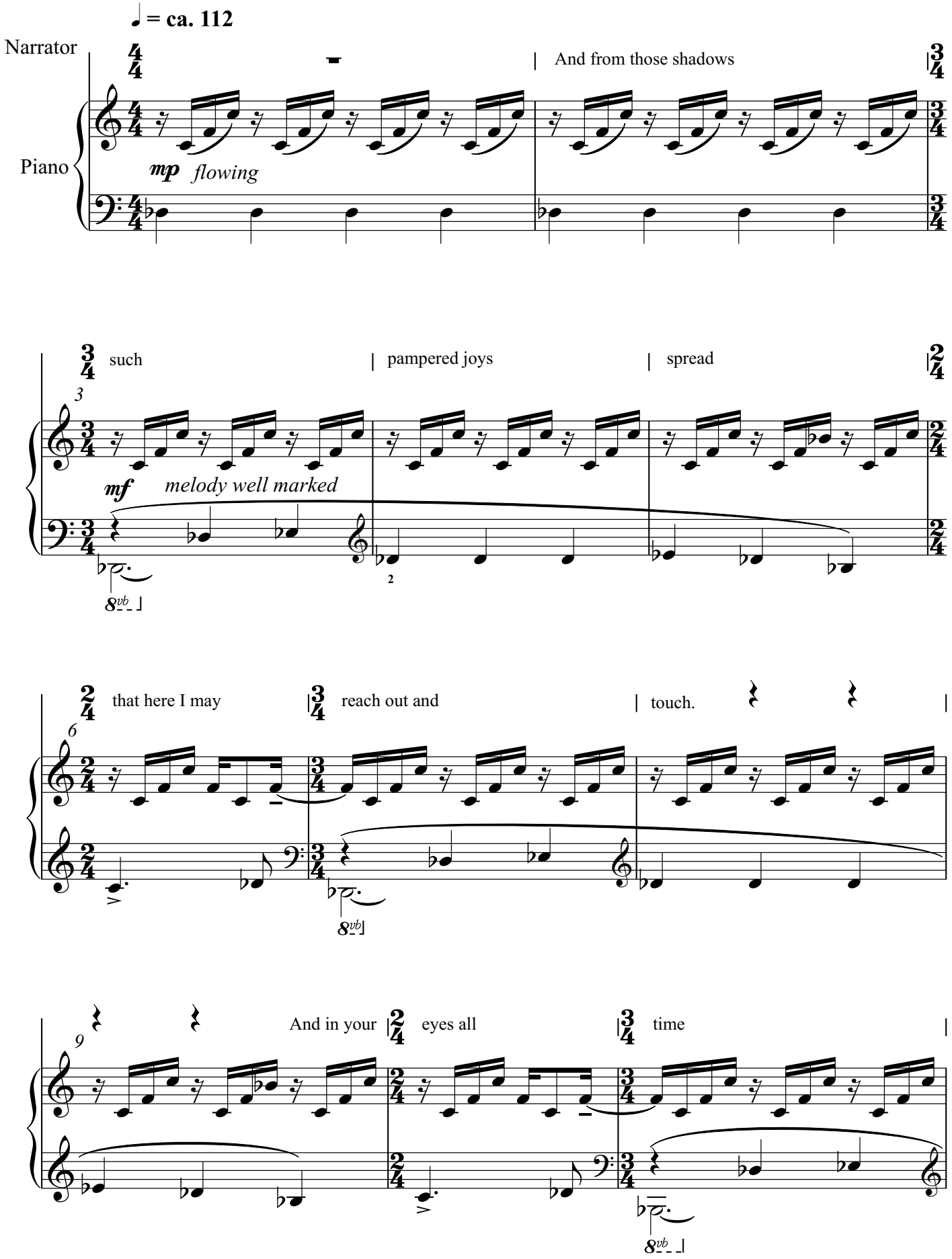

molto accel.
73
p
mf
loco
ff
3
8vb

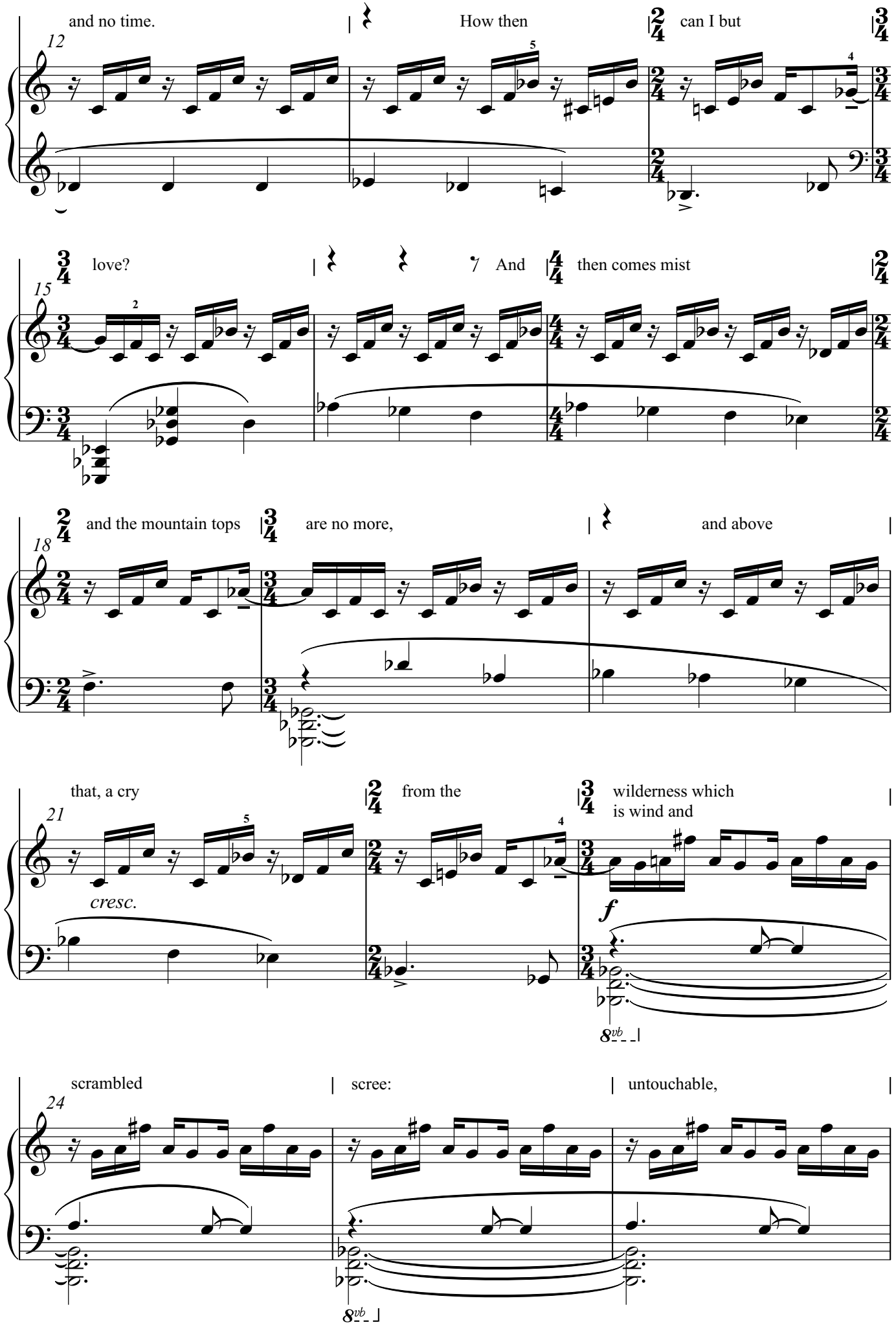

♪ = ca. 184
74
ff
loco
3
8vb
loco

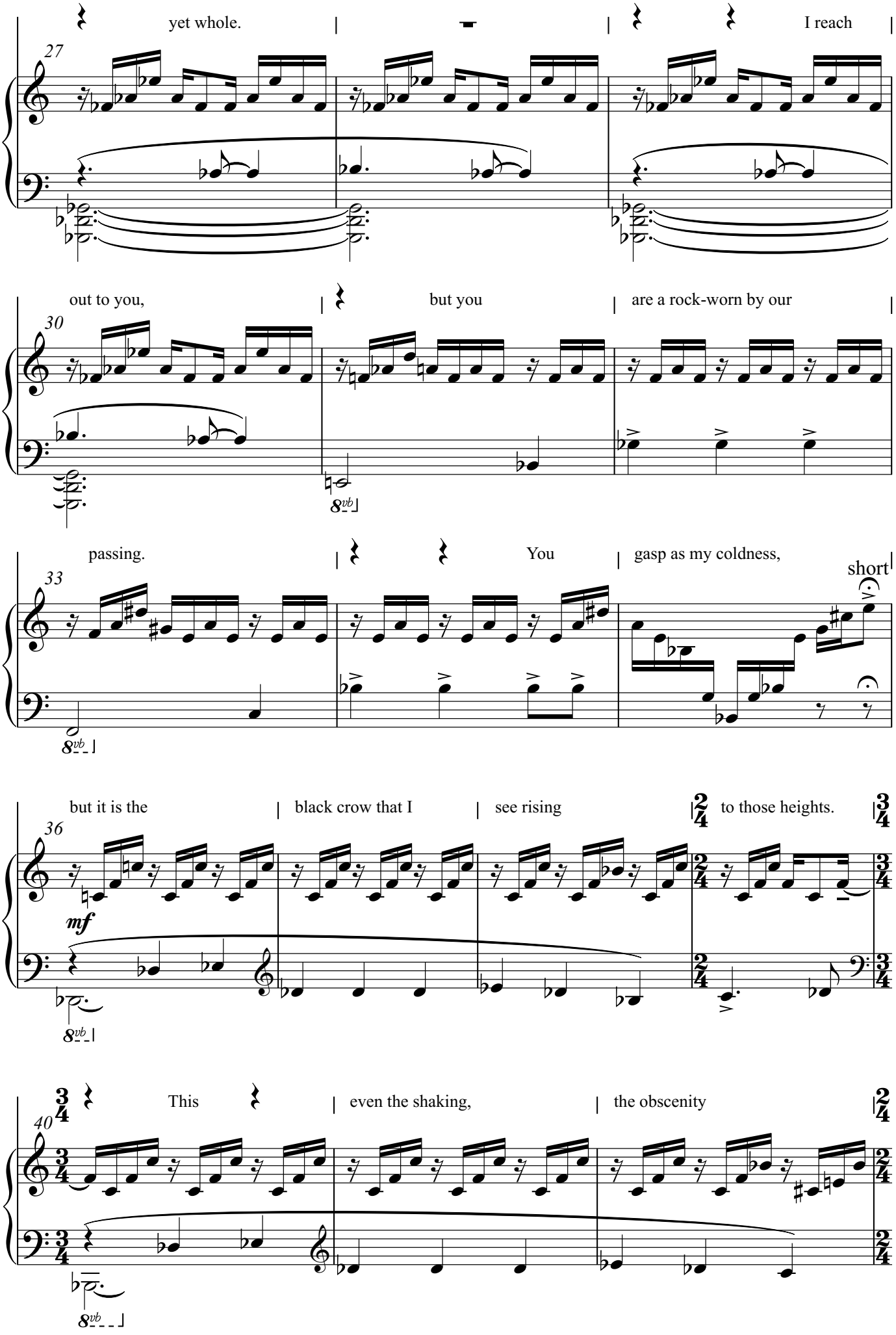
Shadows

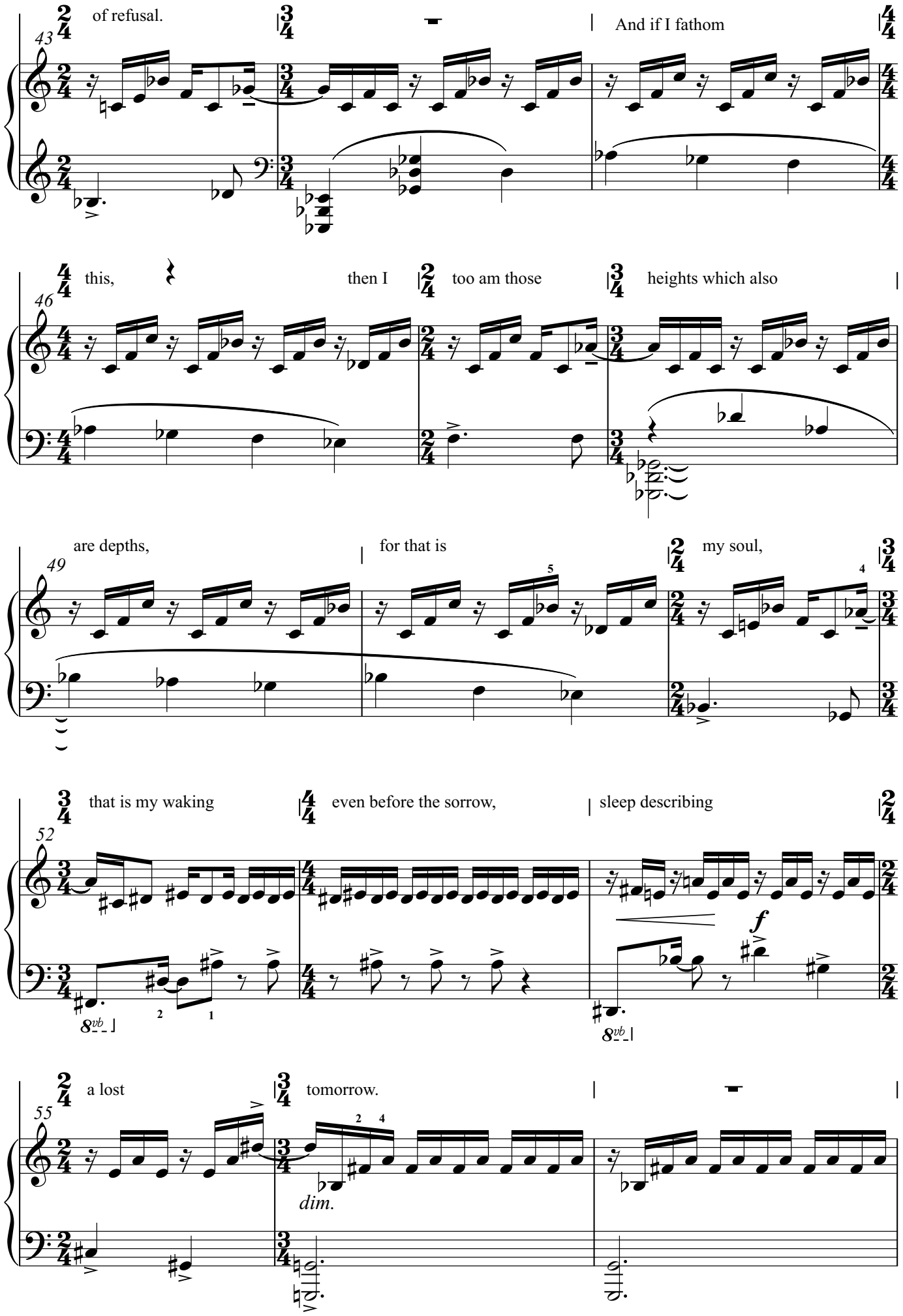
Penny Rimbaud

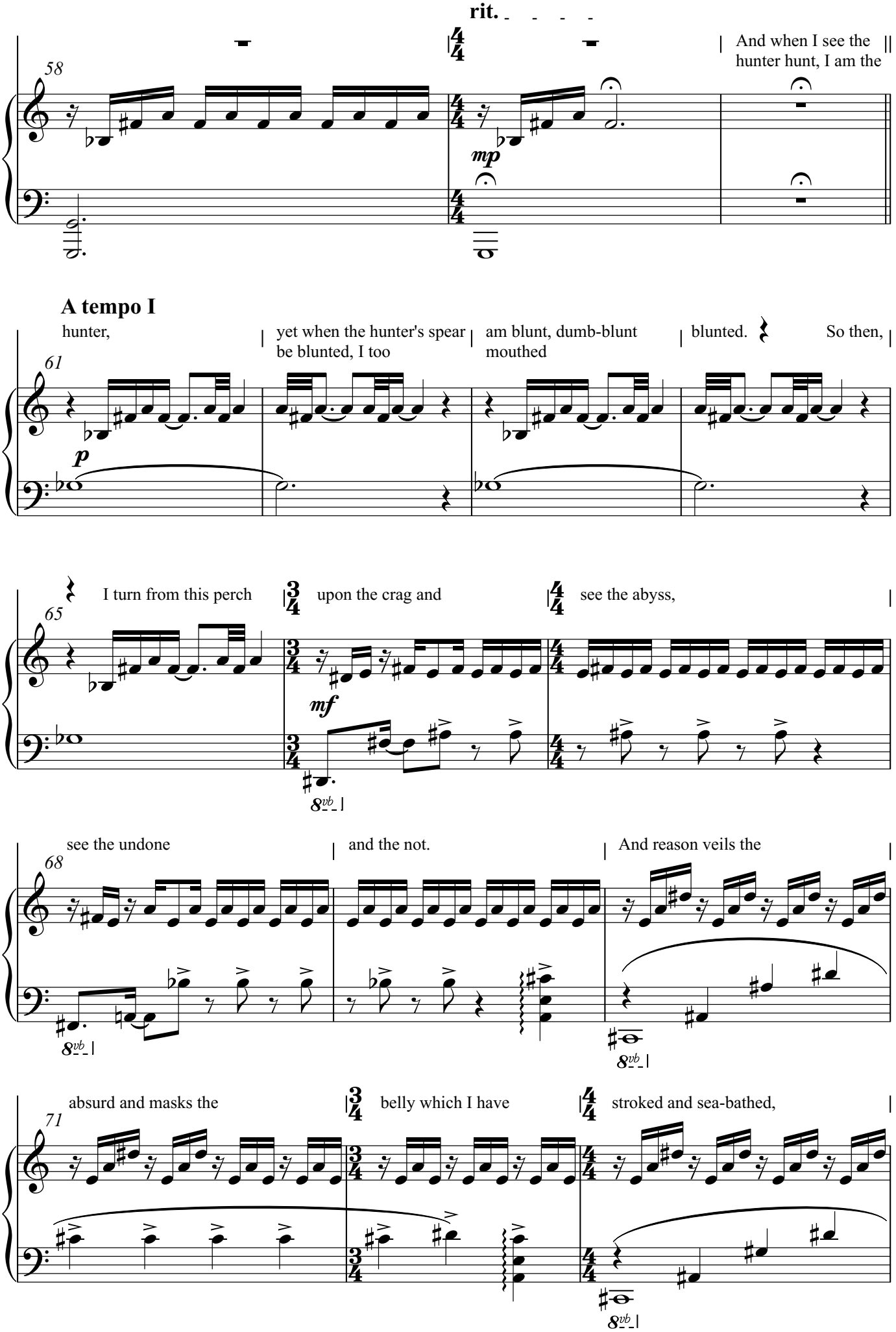
Peter Vukmirovic Stevens

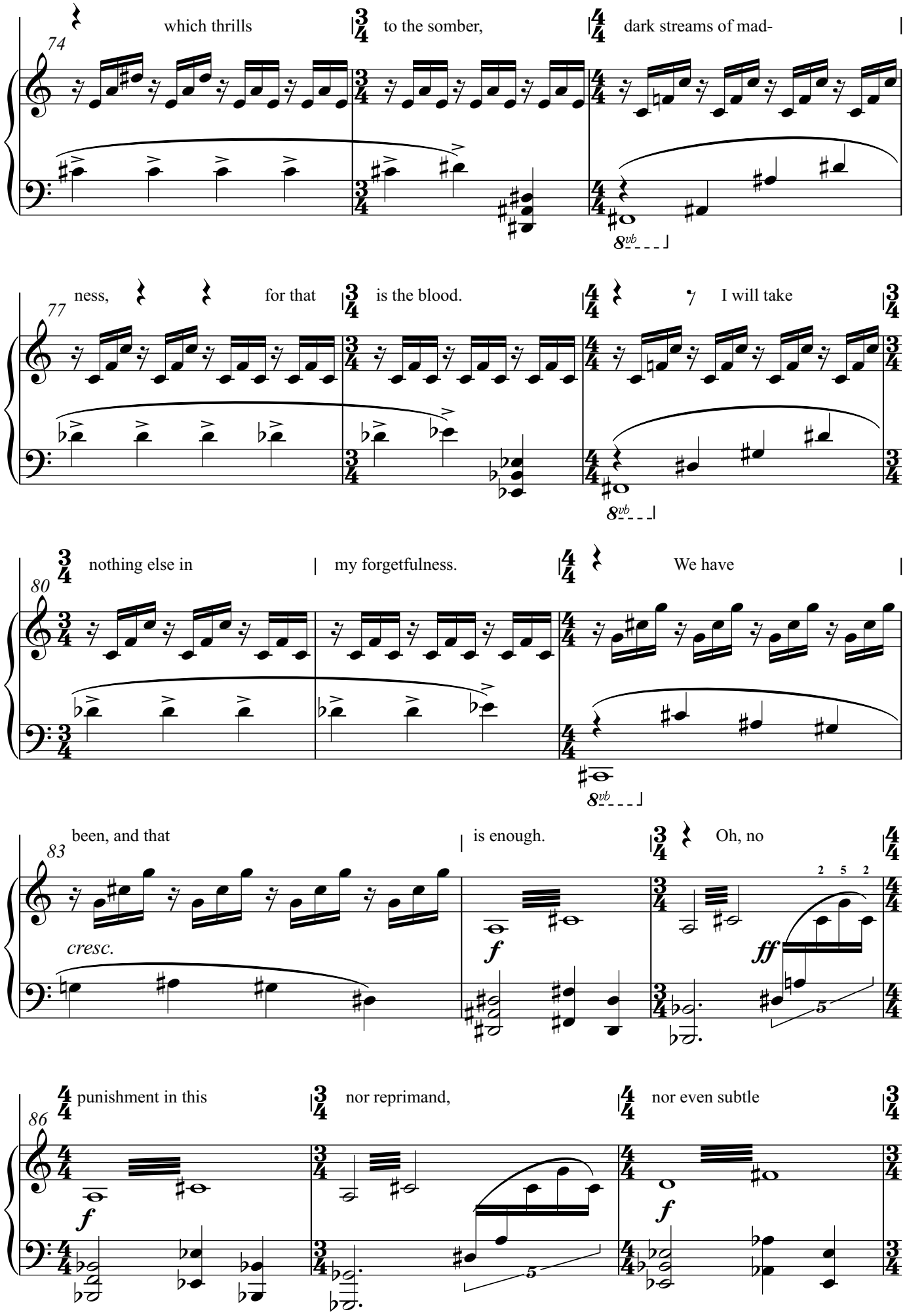


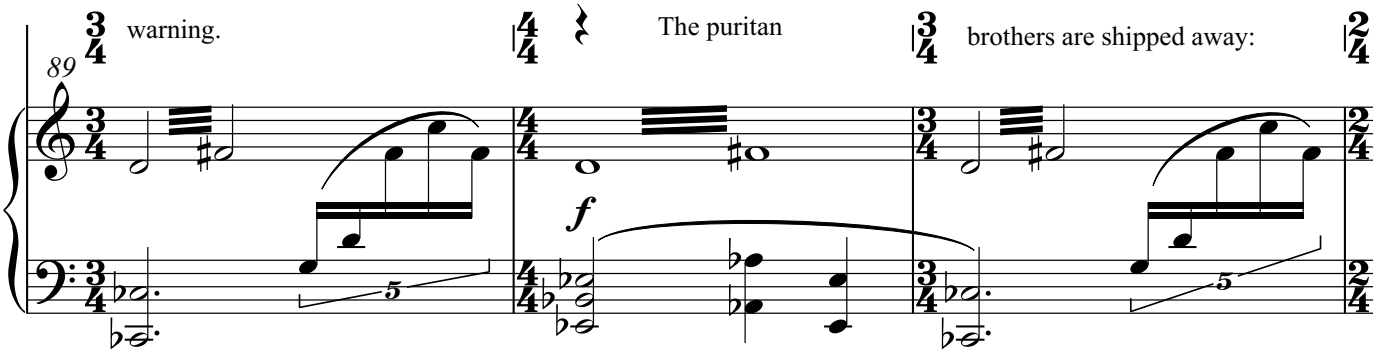

12
and no time.
How then
can I but
15
love?
And
then comes mist
18
and the mountain tops
are no more,
and above
21
that, a cry
from the
wilderness which
is wind and
cresc.
f
8vb
24
scrambled
scree:
untouchable,
8vb

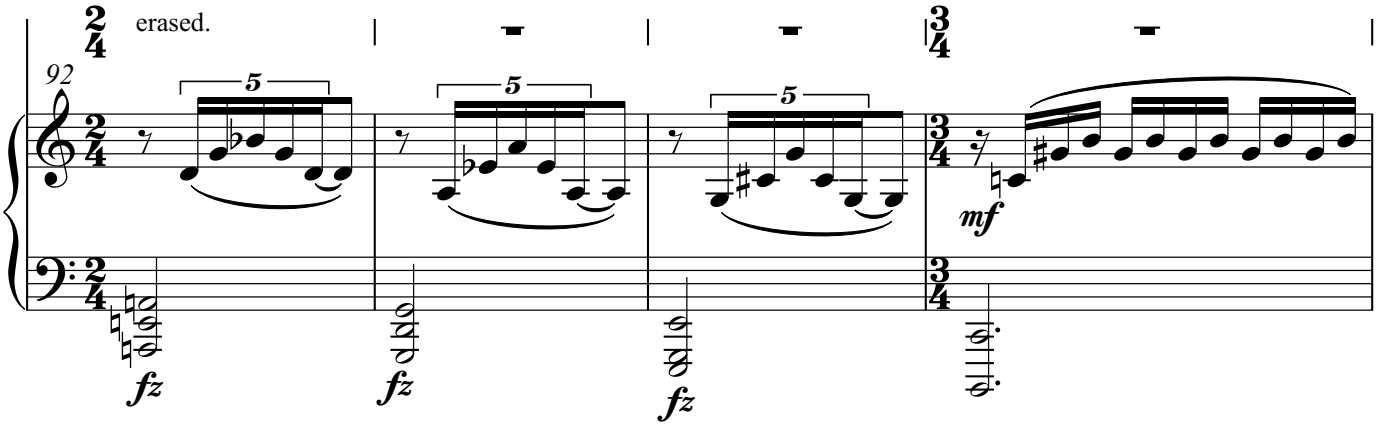

27
yet whole.
I reach
30
out to you,
but you
are a rock-worn by our
8vb
33
passing.
You
gasp as my coldness,
short
8vb
36
but it is the
black crow that I
see rising
to those heights.
mf
8vb
40
This
even the shaking,
the obscenity
8vb

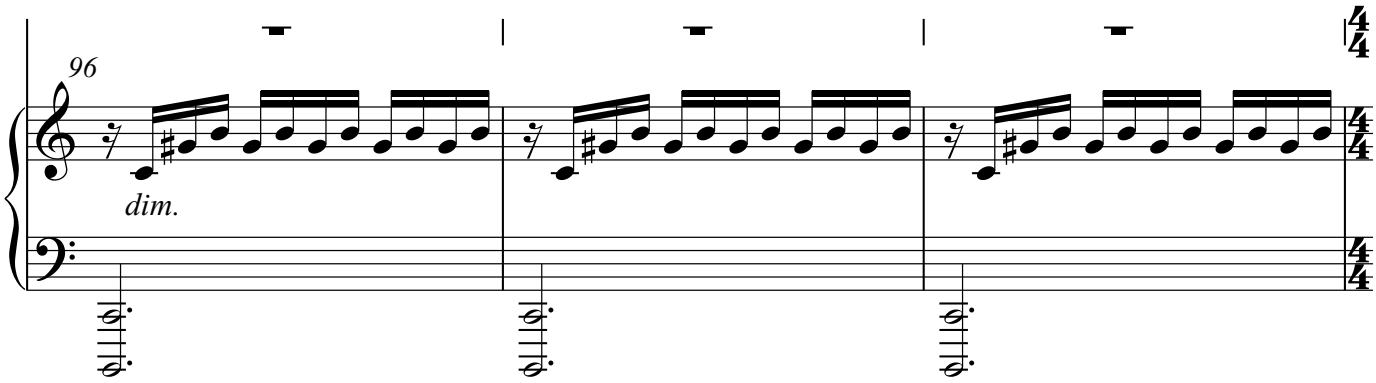

43
of refusal.
And if I fathom
46
this,
then I
too am those
heights which also
49
are depths,
for that is
my soul,
52
that is my waking
even before the sorrow,
sleep describing
f
55
a lost
tomorrow.
dim.

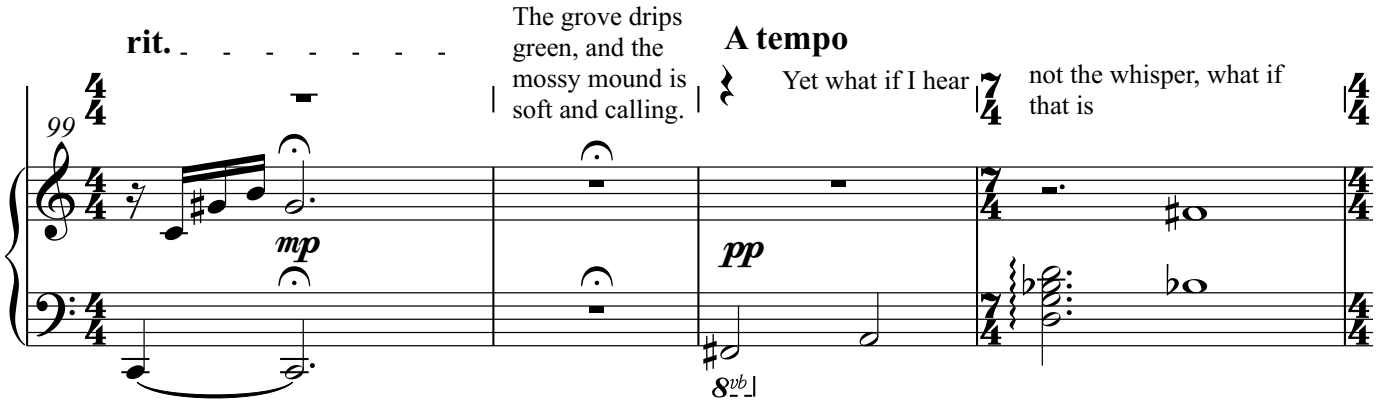

rit.
58
And when I see the hunter hunt, I am the
mp
A tempo I
61
hunter,
yet when the hunter's spear be blunted, I too
am blunt, dumb-blunt mouthed
blunted.
So then,
p
65
I turn from this perch
upon the crag and
see the abyss,
mf
8vb
68
see the undone
and the not.
And reason veils the
8vb
8vb
71
absurd and masks the
belly which I have
stroked and sea-bathed,
8vb
8vb

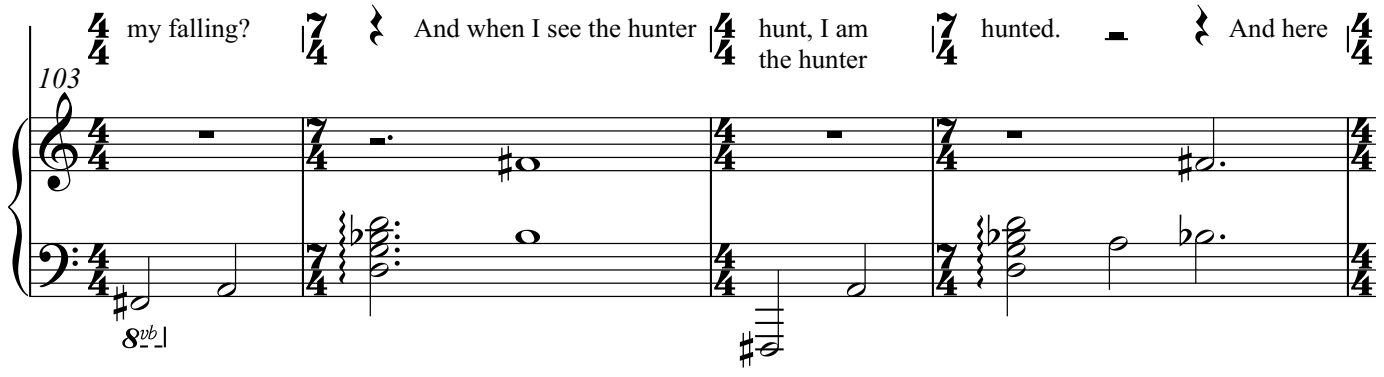

74
which thrills
to the somber,
dark streams of mad-
77
ness,
for that
is the blood.
I will take
80
nothing else in
my forgetfulness.
We have
83
been, and that
is enough.
Oh, no
cresc.
f
ff
86
punishment in this
nor reprimand,
nor even subtle
f
f

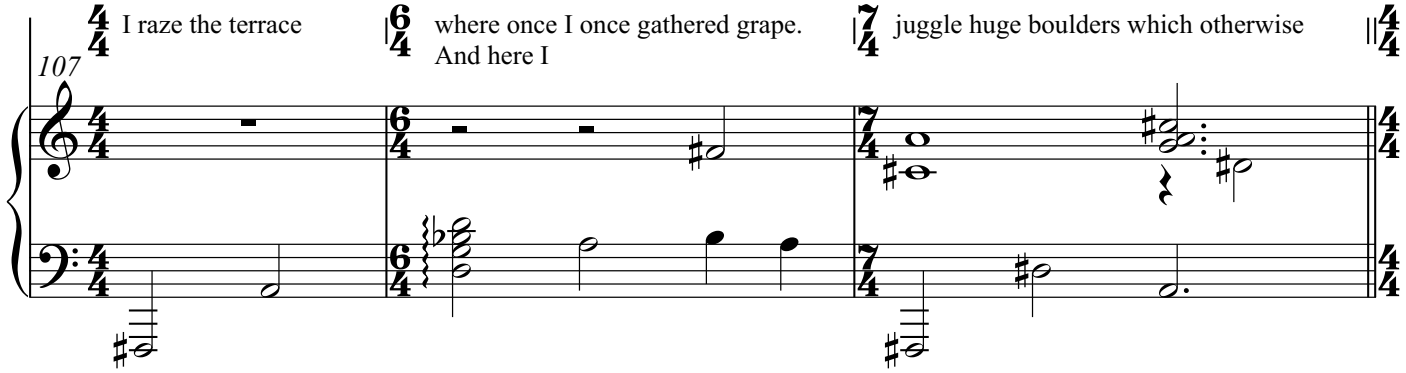

89
warning.
The puritan
brothers are shipped away:
f

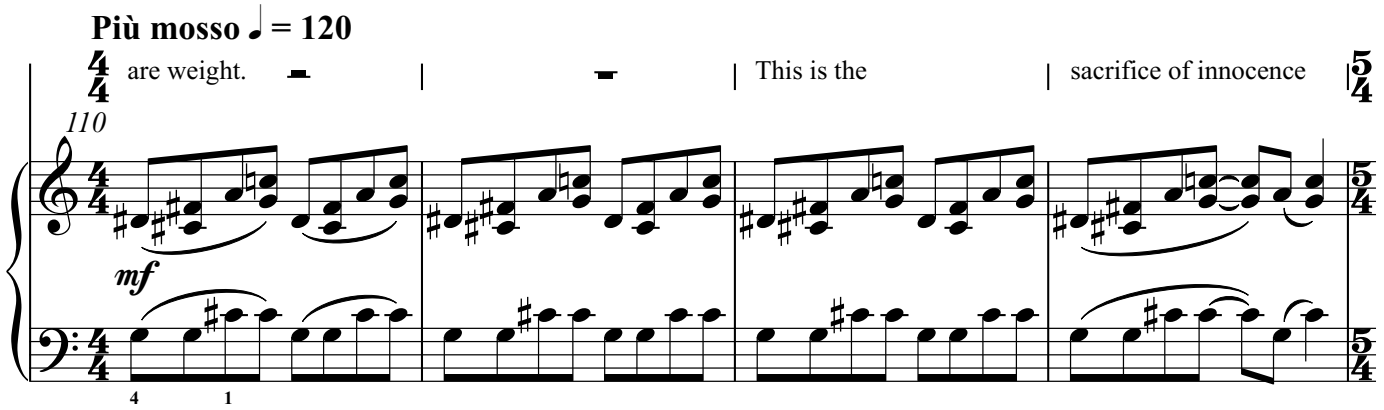

92
erased.
fz
fz
fz
mf

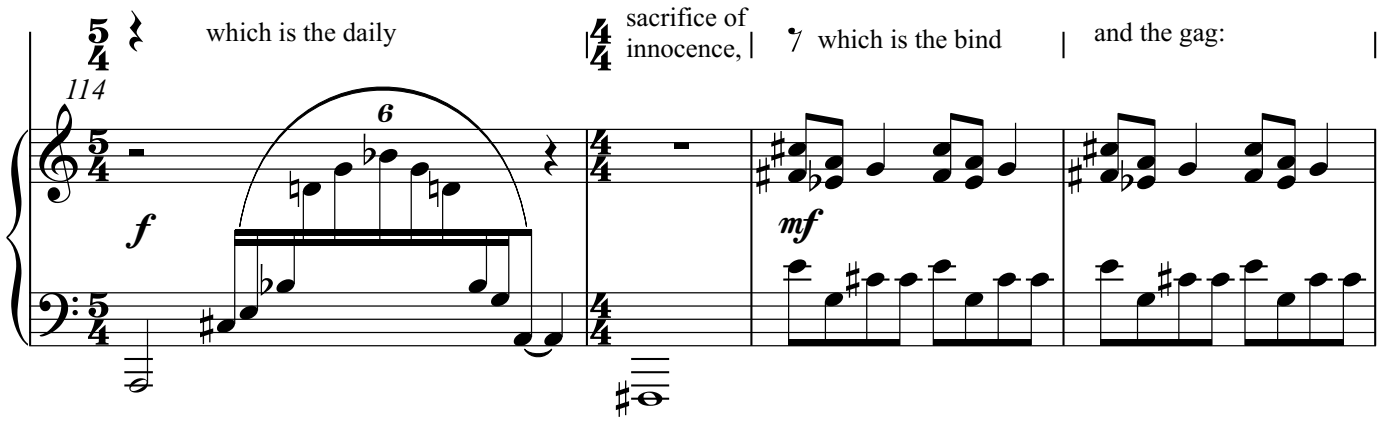

96
dim.


rit.
99
mp
The grove drips green, and the mossy mound is soft and calling.
A tempo
Yet what if I hear
not the whisper, what if that is
pp
8vb


my falling?
And when I see the hunter
hunt, I am
the hunter
hunted.
And here
103
8vb


I raze the terrace
where once I once gathered grape.
And here I
juggle huge boulders which otherwise
107


Più mosso ♩ = 120
are weight.
This is the
sacrifice of innocence
110
mf
4
1


which is the daily
sacrifice of
innocence,
which is the bind
and the gag:
114
6
f
mf

118

the selfish, self-consuming | face of conformity. | Is then the ocean

f

Meno mosso ♩ = 88

121

reckless | in that it contains, | consumes, | subsumes? | Oh, de-

mf

rit.

126

vour this light and this dark. | You run before me and | bow in grace,

Tempo I ♩ = 112

130

and when I see | the hunter hunt,

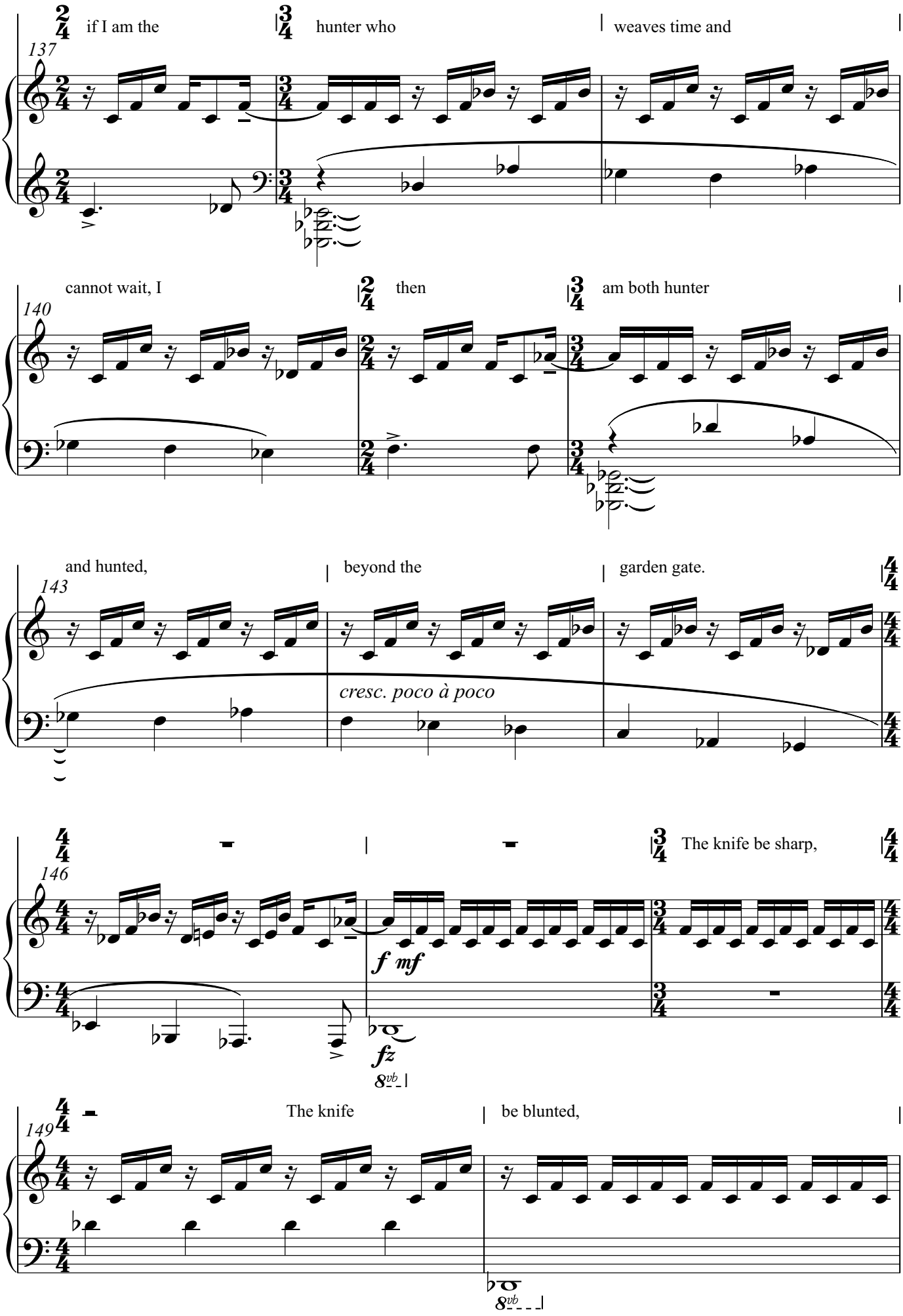
mf

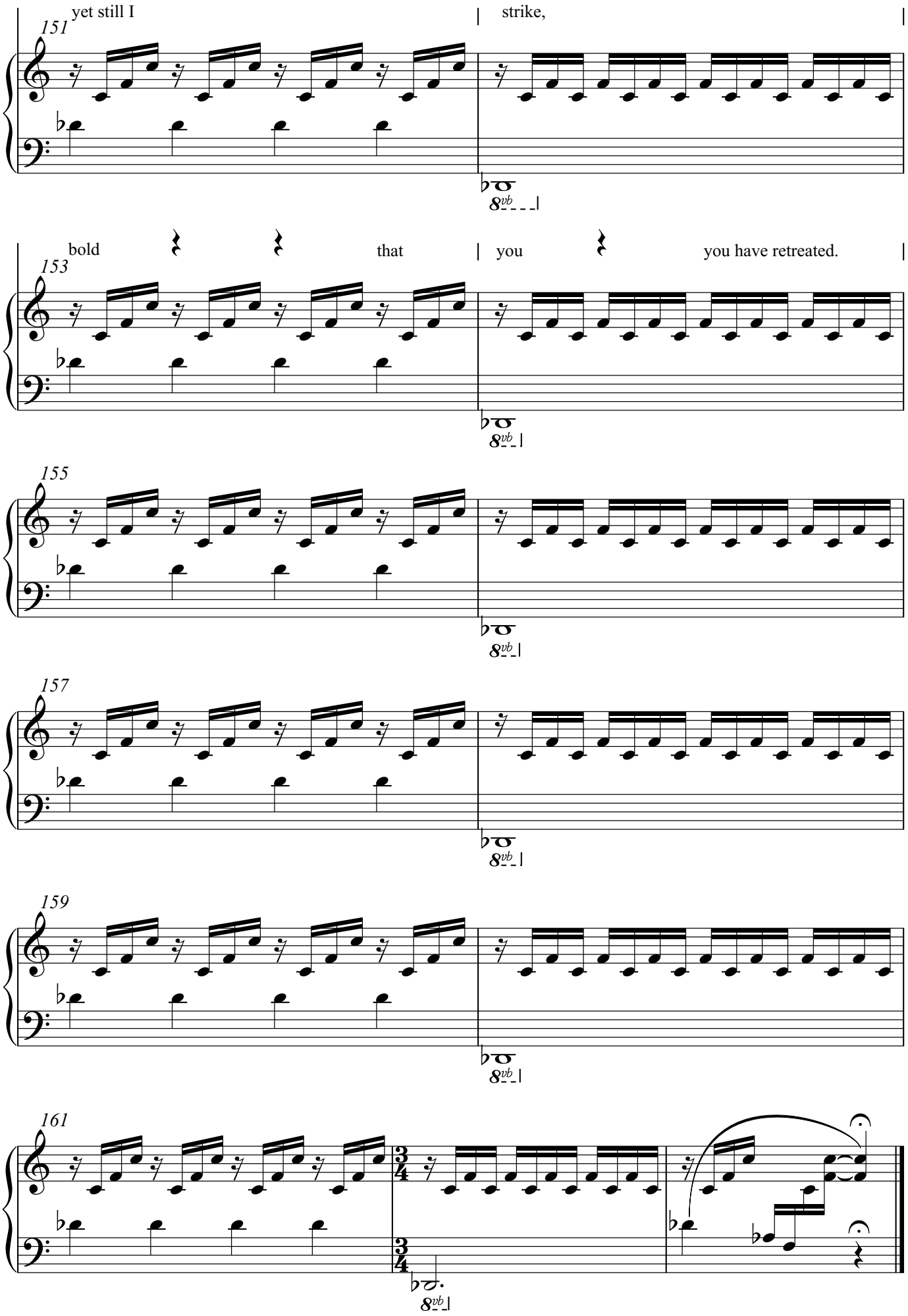
8vb

134

I see the | hunter's face. | But

8vb

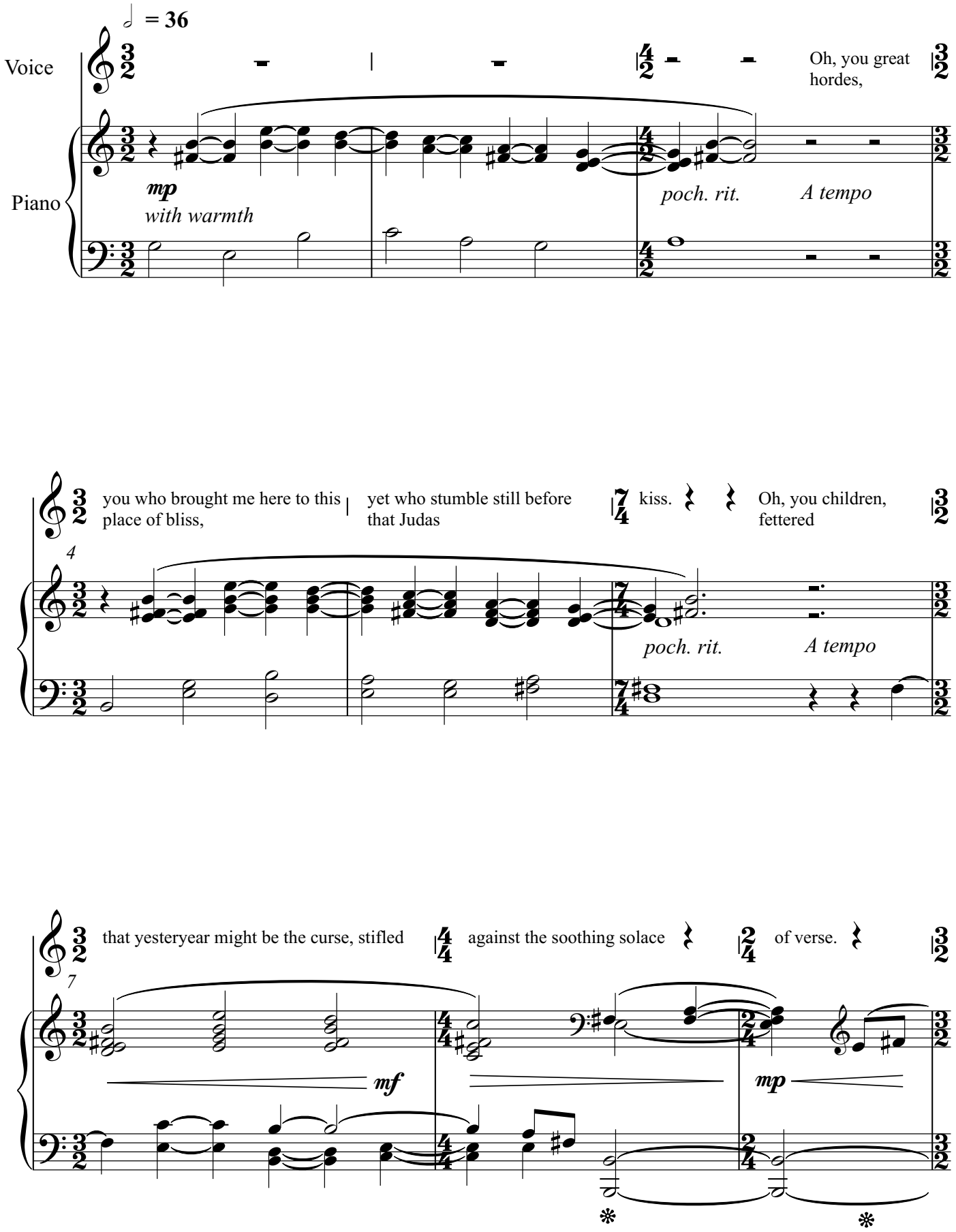

137
if I am the
hunter who
weaves time and
140
cannot wait, I
then
am both hunter
143
and hunted,
beyond the
garden gate.
cresc. poco à poco
146
The knife be sharp,
f mf
fz
149
The knife
be blunted,

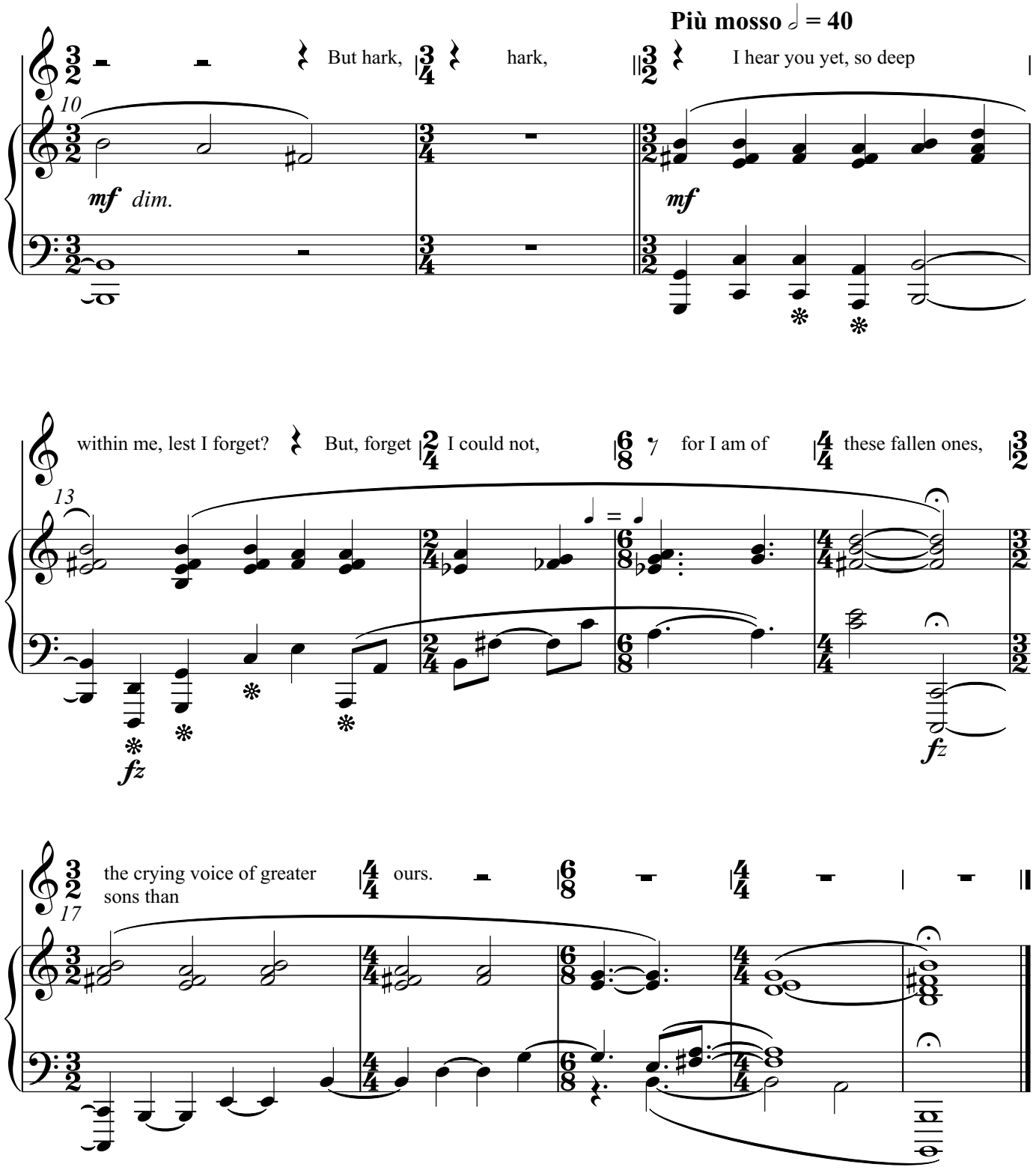

151
yet still I
strike,
153
bold
that
you
you have retreated.
155
157
159
161

Pity in the Poetry

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens

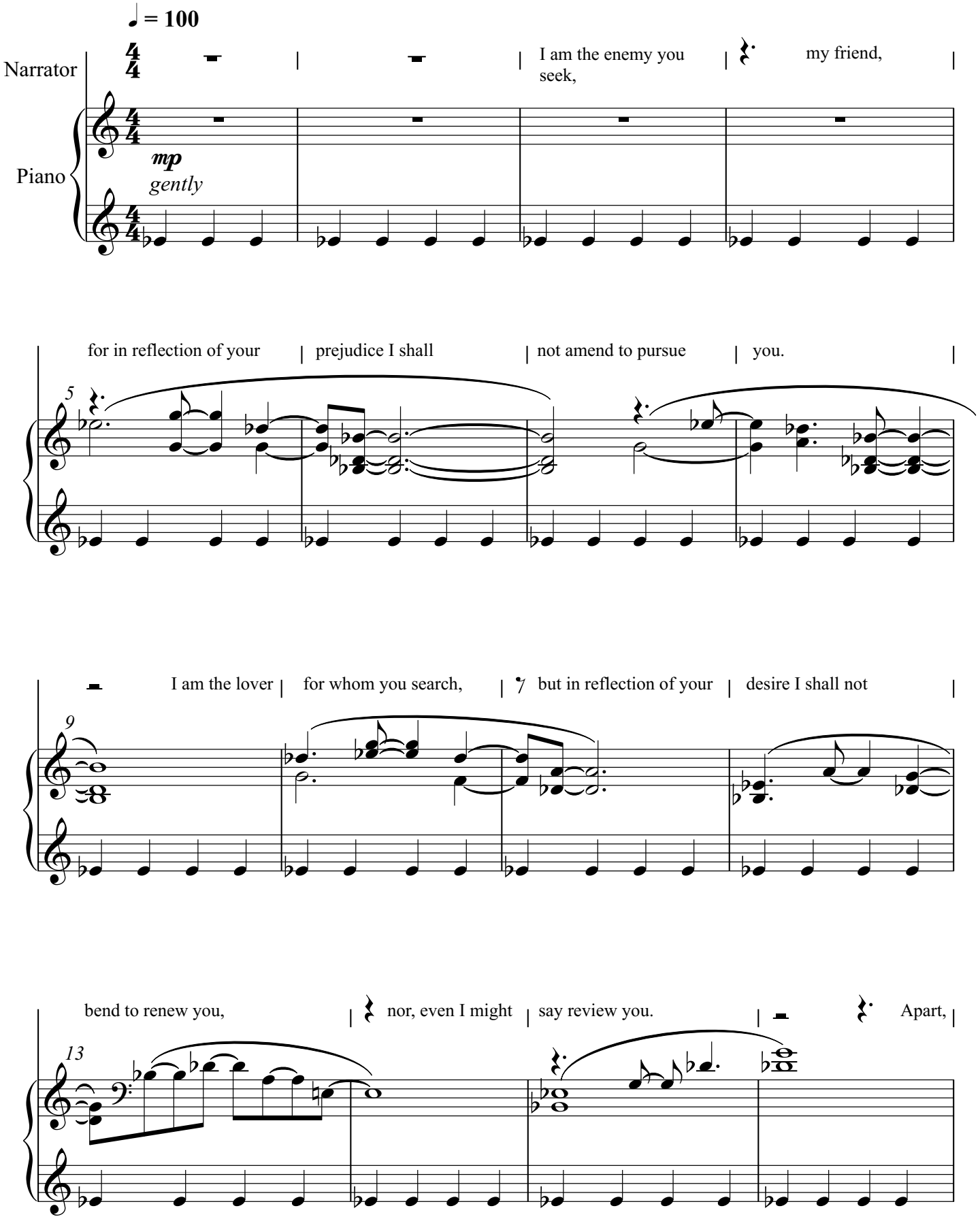



Più mosso ♩ = 40
But hark, hark, I hear you yet, so deep
mf dim.
mf
within me, lest I forget? But, forget I could not, for I am of these fallen ones,
fz
fz
the crying voice of greater sons than ours.

I Am the Enemy

Penny Rimbaud

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens



17

apart in this | senseless apparition mere | shadows of life, helpless

20

in our separation. | And what terrible | suffering this trifle causes:

23

the oppositional psychosis | of intractable forces. | One against the other

cresc. poco a poco — short — *mp*

rit. — ♩ = 76

26

where the other is the one | bound within the absolute, | beyond the con- | fines of reason.

Tempo I ♩ = 100

30

So where the charm of forgetfulness | to which | surely we belong? Where | the perfect grace of harmony

8va — *mp* — *p*

if the melody cannot be sung? And love my friend, is never the two, for

34

8va

più f

rit. ♩ = 76

beyond our dualities you are me just as I am you. No other: No other. Only a hidden love

38

(8)

cresc.

f

mf

Più mosso ♩ = 104

to discover. Silence, then, silence; nothing but our eyes dear

41

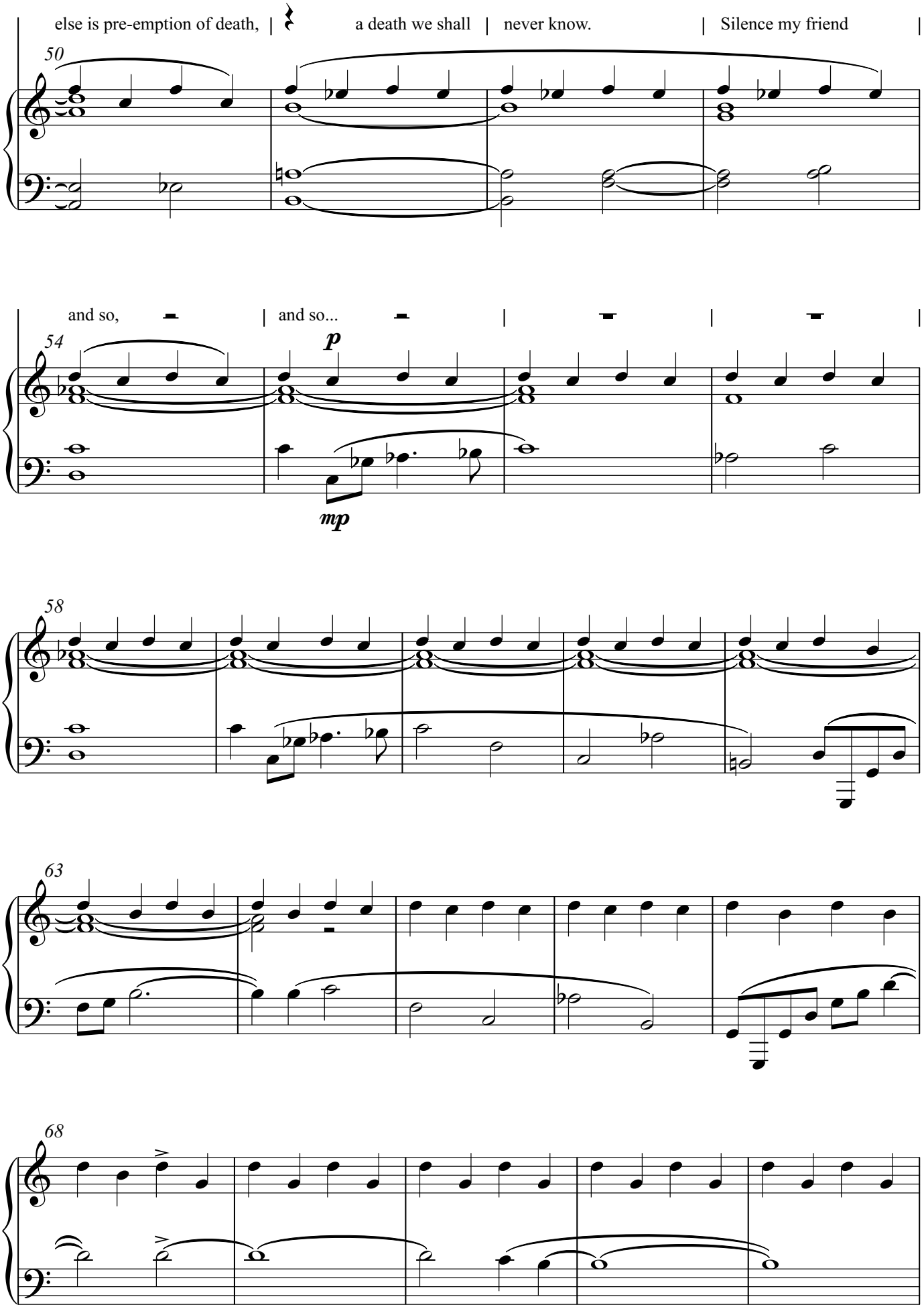
(8)

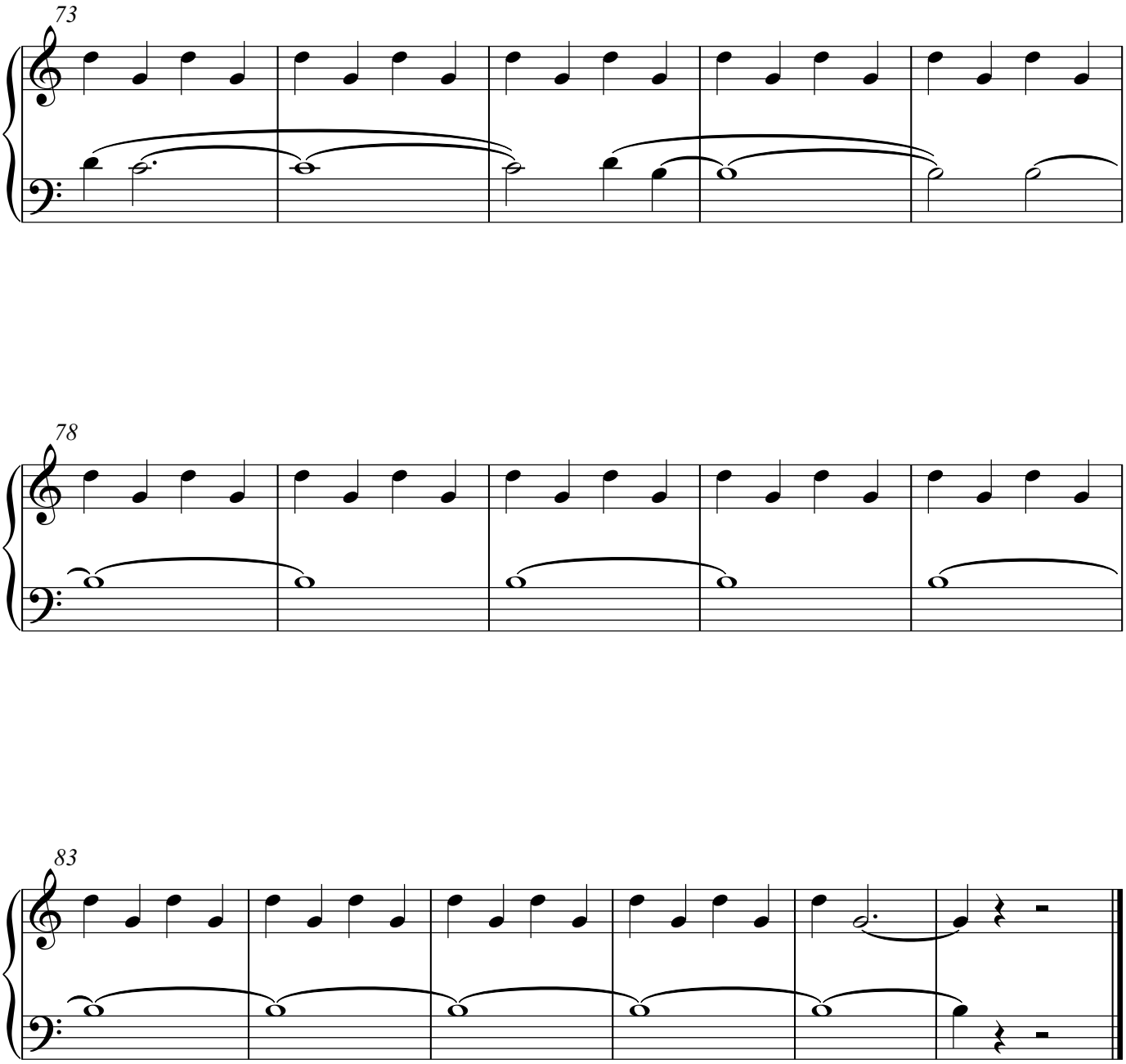
loco

mp

friend, nothing but our breath. Silence; silence; for all

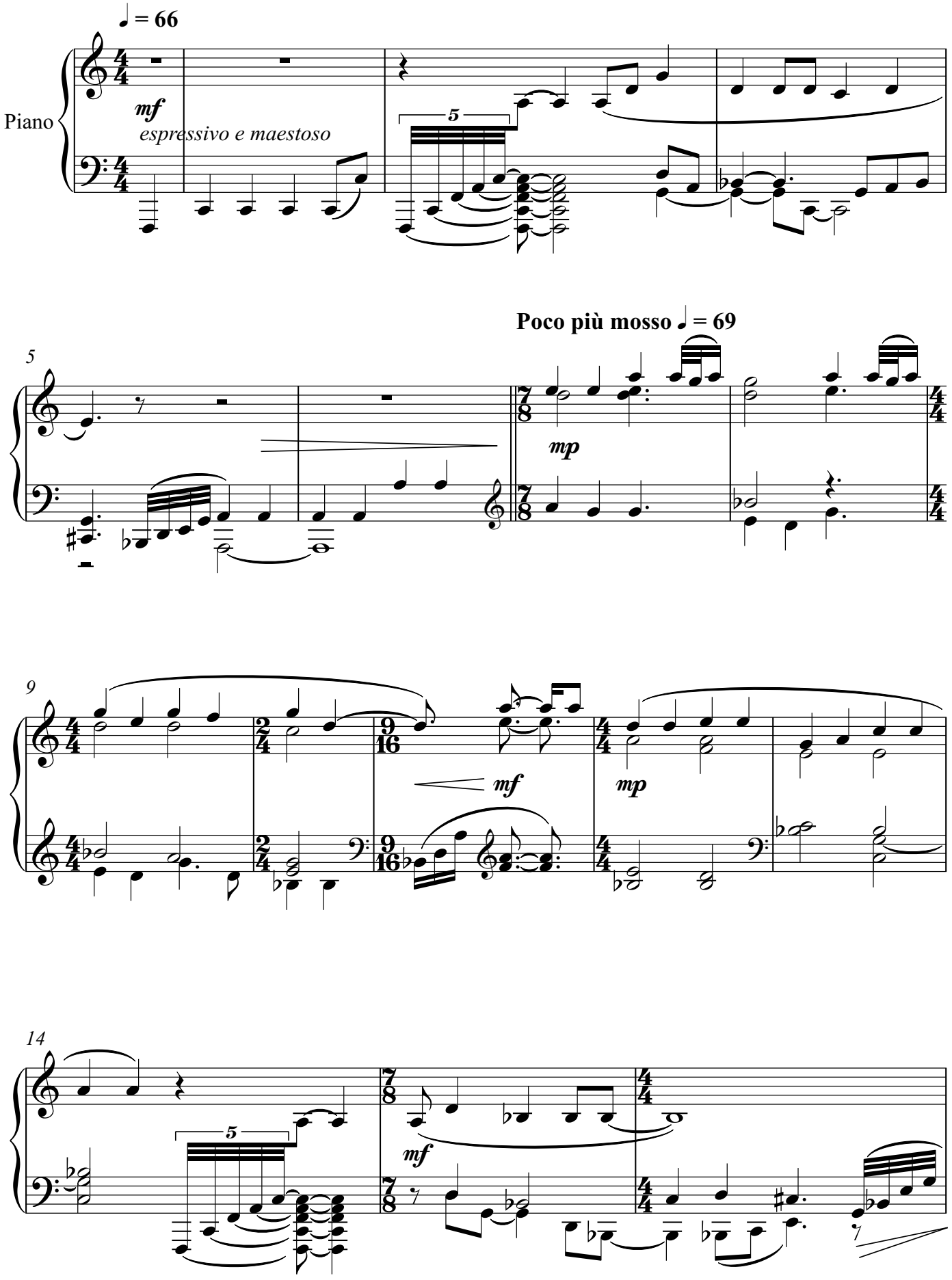
46

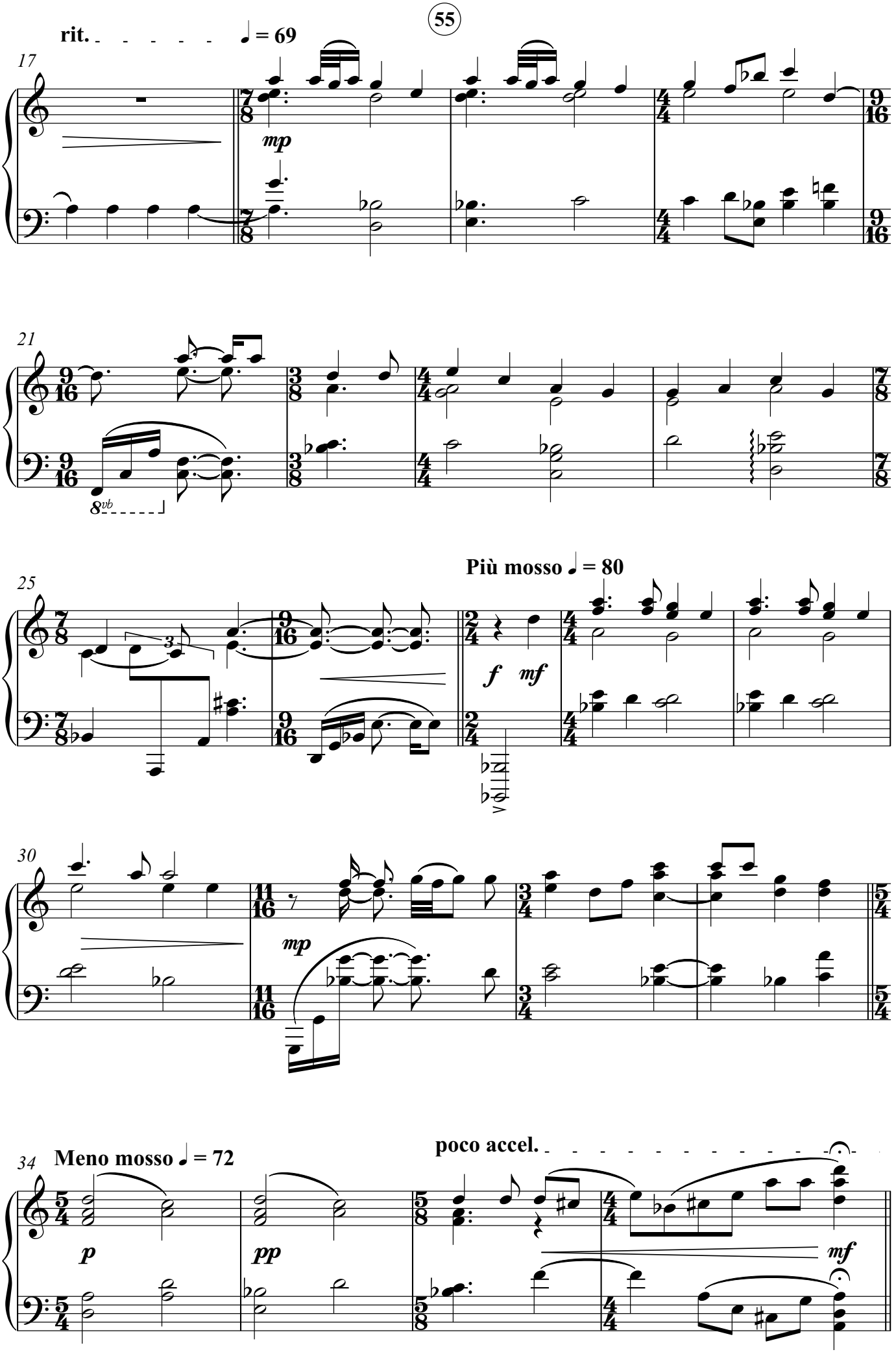

else is pre-emption of death,
a death we shall
never know.
Silence my friend
50
and so,
and so...
54
p
mp
58
63
68

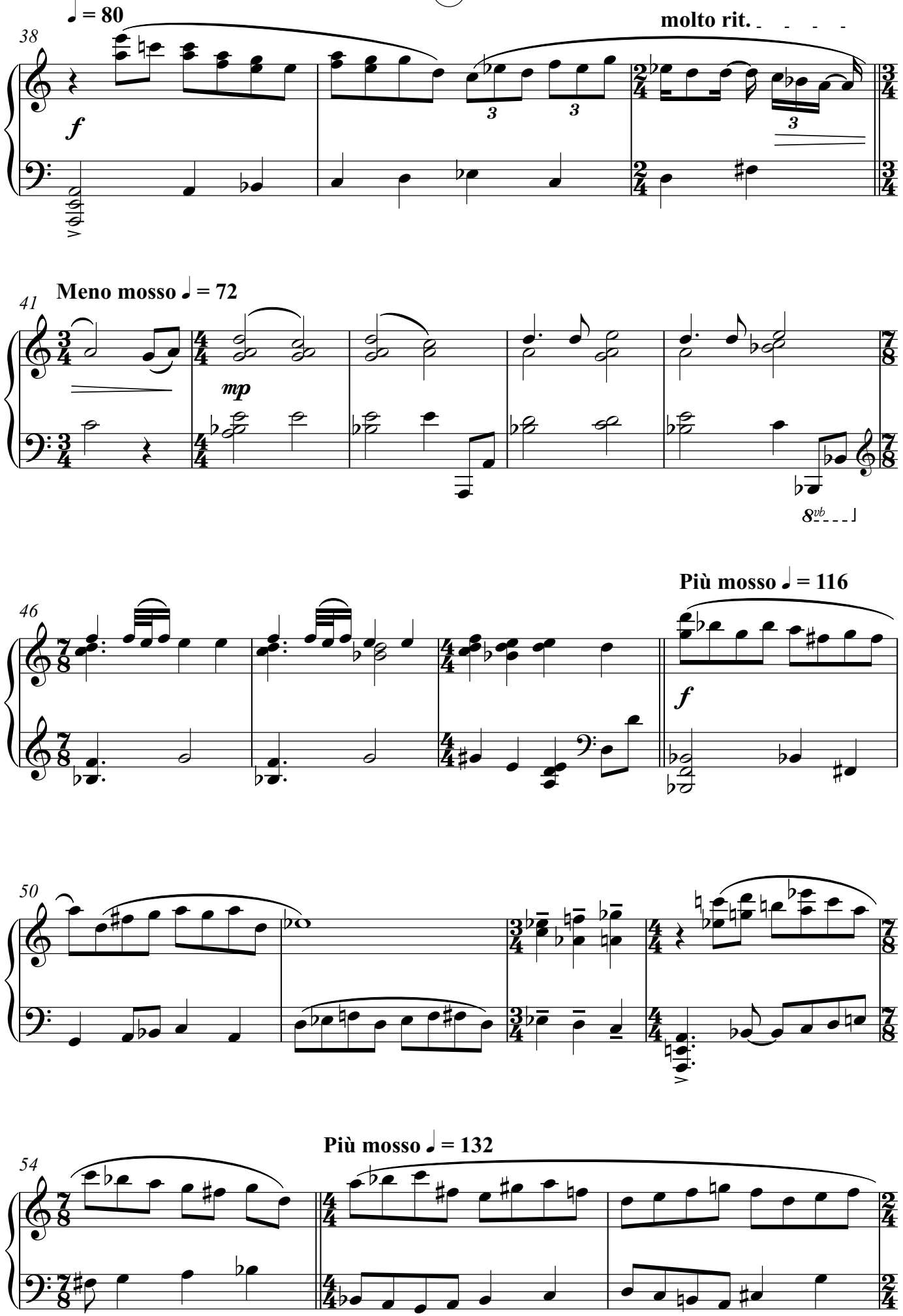

73
78
83

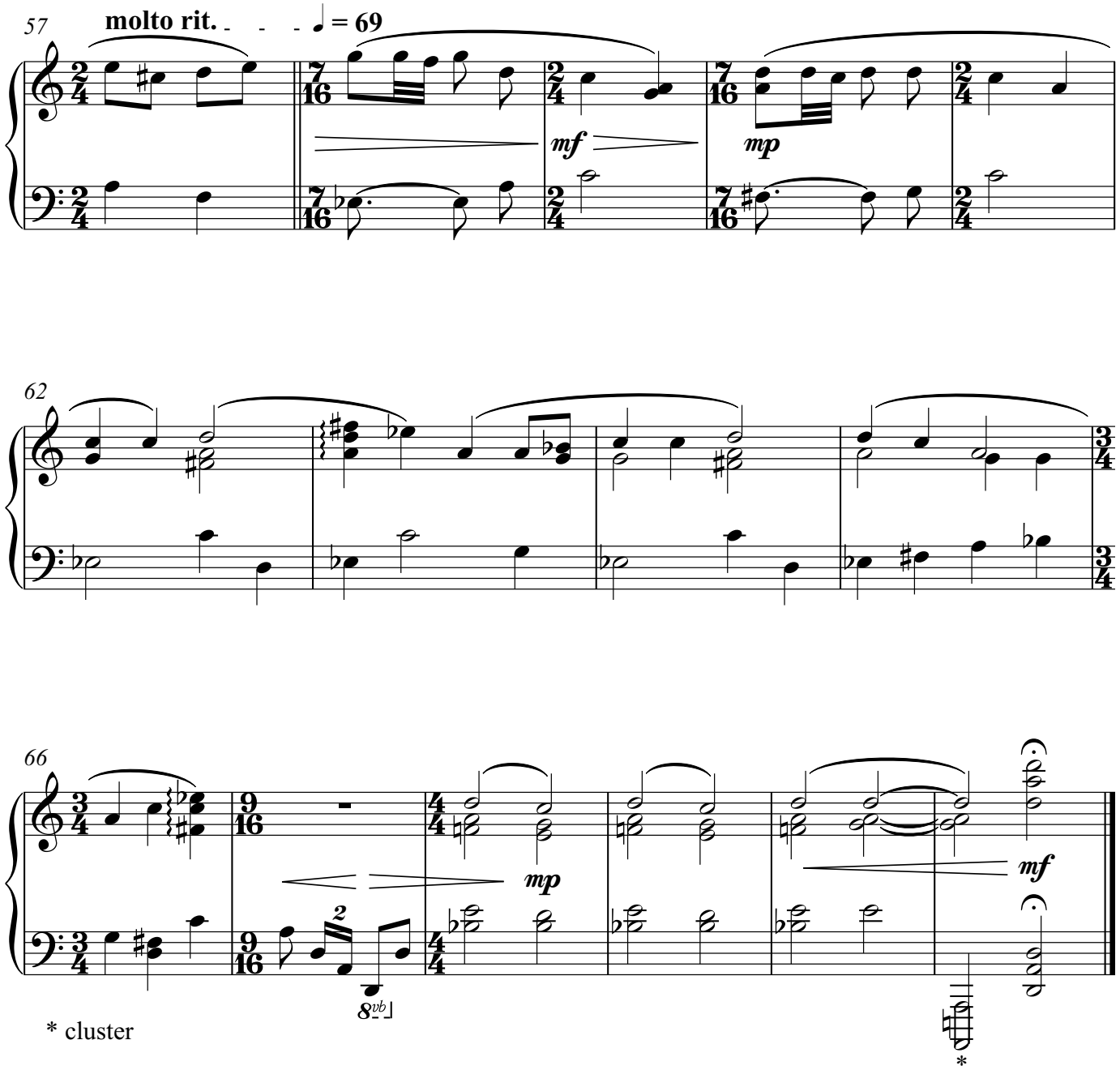
S lence III

Peter Vukmirovic Stevens




rit.
♩ = 69
17
mp
21
8vb
25
Più mosso ♩ = 80
f
mf
30
mp
34
Meno mosso ♩ = 72
p
pp
poco accel.
mf


38
♩ = 80
molto rit.
f
41
Meno mosso ♩ = 72
mp
8vb
46
Più mosso ♩ = 116
f
50
54
Più mosso ♩ = 132



* cluster

Paris - Feb. 2020 to April 2021