Bred In Stillness

Text by Emma Delarosa Music by Sam Dvorin

CHILD

The juvenile mind swirls around all that's fresh – Caught in waves that Squeeze the neck in strain, Indulging in kinetic fantasy.

Confined to compact walls, My feet hurdle with potential, Moving with silent mastery. And if "the walls don't tell, None will."

I'm left to dream, to wander in my thoughts, to remain An observer at the window sill. My ambitions, trapped In a glass cage of dreadful humidity; And "You, unsuspecting, feel for me Almost a loneliness."

But sensations assure me
There's thunder in my ears and insects crawling up my side.
There's a room, promising safety by
Smothering growth.
"Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath!"
Movement I can feel but cannot see.
So for now, I watch them run in animations.

SHEPHERD

Through Green, a body, White, stirs. What choices, Abundant as waves! "What liberty A loosened spirit brings!"

I, learning to swallow envy, Leave it to simmer. Bubble in heat – to marinate in desire. An impious green desire.

In another life, I'd be God's appointed observer, A shepherd is but a defensive leader of people. I'd be In a position of grand nobility. In place of scepter, I hold my staff "For heaven is a different thing"

But here, I stand, I watch, A witness to life's whims, waves, and tides. Should I remove my envy from the flame? Should I mind the monotony? "I should fail, what poverty!"

I become privy to delicate particulars.
The ingredients of existence that others
Can't bother to detect
This is why I am God's appointed observer.
I can see the waves in dense layers of wool:
languid movement, clear upon my inspection.
Feel the wind's heartbeat in summer's pulse,
Taste the changes in the grass as
Spring's Nectar washes over March
I learn to swallow envy

Simmer, swallow I stand again

FALLING

Once, we sanctioned transparency. I admired your passion. I indulged your promises to Explore vast canyons –

But those canyons were craters. Ragged, suffocating. You left me stranded In places unthinkable to you.

Yet, as I fall,
"I shall forget the drop of anguish
That scalds me now, that scalds me now."

I've found myself in tepid water, Sinking into stillness. I focus on movement. Dreaming of currents that could twist my legs. Contort, squeeze, inflate pressure into my chest Until a final, clear inhale.

The water is still,
My body creates first tide,
I swim to the nearest shore.
Smashing rocks together in an attempt
To ignite your fervor.
Where has it gone?

"A wounded deer leaps highest,"
"T is but the ecstasy of death,"

I find myself in thrashing water.
High tide.
The current recedes far back into its body,
But instead of detonation,
We meet silence.
Disturbed stillness.

RISING

Staring up from the canyon,
"In the scarlet prison"
I extend my arms to the gallows in hopes
Of rising
To hover over

I want to escape, But I find myself Running in place, Sentenced to stagnation of my own volition.

Sand weighs down my feet An anchor sits on my chest. Face down on the mattress. I can't breathe and I'm sick.

But still
"If I couldn't thank you,
Being just asleep,
You will know I'm trying"

Reaching up again,
The opportunity has escaped me.
I've slipped down rocks, tumbled down cliffs,
Carefully and willingly to see what
Might await at the peak.
Now I've met its barren nature – its dry nothingness.
I'm afraid there's no way down.

"Within my reach!
I could have touched!"
My fingernails crumble the solid walls of sediment.
I extend my arms to the water below

FISHERMAN

To indulge in ancient pastimes;
To carry on rituals of sitting and waiting,
To succumb to mother nature's suspense.
These are important to me
The pole, material in my grasp,
Gives me strength

I've never minded tranquility; We are both virtuous. What should we do to remedy our position stuck in Constant chaos other than savor the passing with Patience in heart, rod in hand.

Whether for survival, commerce, or in my case, Quiet, we all yield to those things out of our control. I seek stillness. I beg for its hush to whisper In my ear, telling me to revel in its serenity. To admire its poise. To absorb its grace.

"With will to choose or to reject. I choose"

Why should I force myself into movement; To exist at the whims of the forces of the unnatural?

I've found myself in water, Powerless before what will follow There's thunder in my ears And waves crawl up my side.

"I like a look of agony,
Because I know it's true;
Men do not sham convulsion,
Nor simulate a throe.
The eyes glaze once, and that is death.
Impossible to feign
The beads upon the forehead
By homely anguish strung."

WOMAN

It's a hum – a drone – that quietly vows my fate. Sonorous, it follows clearly from the present. It is nothing but bone –

I'm clinging.
These fingers
Grasp to bouquets of red
I can't wrap my hands around yet.

Perhaps I've done this before, And have been doing so I turn around and see myself "And then I said softly"

Maybe I've never known stillness before.

Moments of riptides, dry plummets, and restless witnessing
Compile into a painting of my existence.

But no half-drank glass of wine in still life,
A green glow in a worn corner.

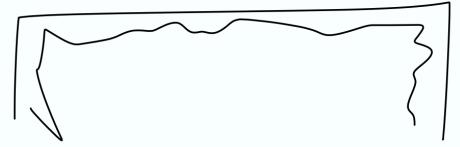
"How well I knew the light before! I could not see it now."

At the end, I find myself in still water, But It is nothing to fear or gnash teeth over, It's never once been still — It's an escape, Something to confront at a later date. "And the children no further question. And only the waves reply."

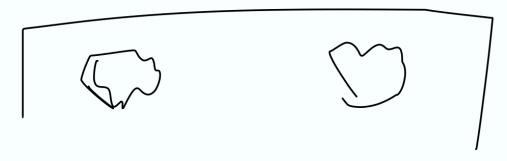
Once I find it, I am prepared to grasp stillness In my palm. To hold it true for the first time. I focus on movement.

We meet silence.

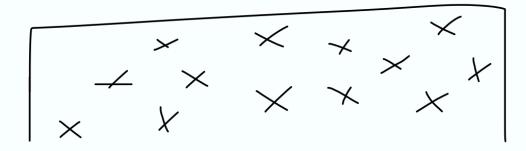
Around the walls (I-III)



In two distinct groups (IV - VI)



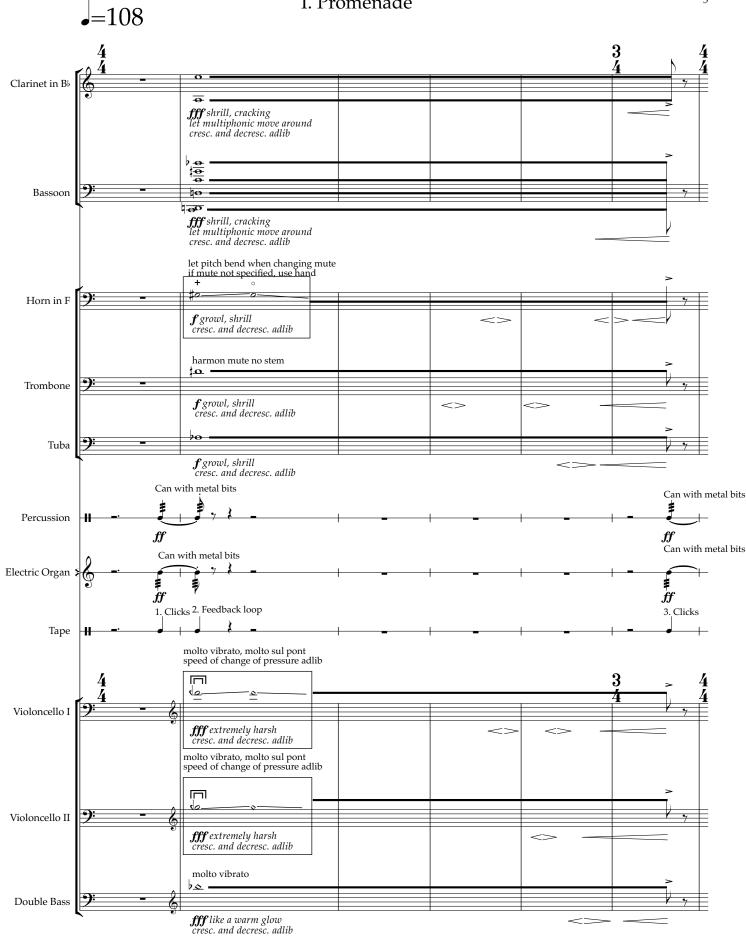
Isolated (VII - IX)



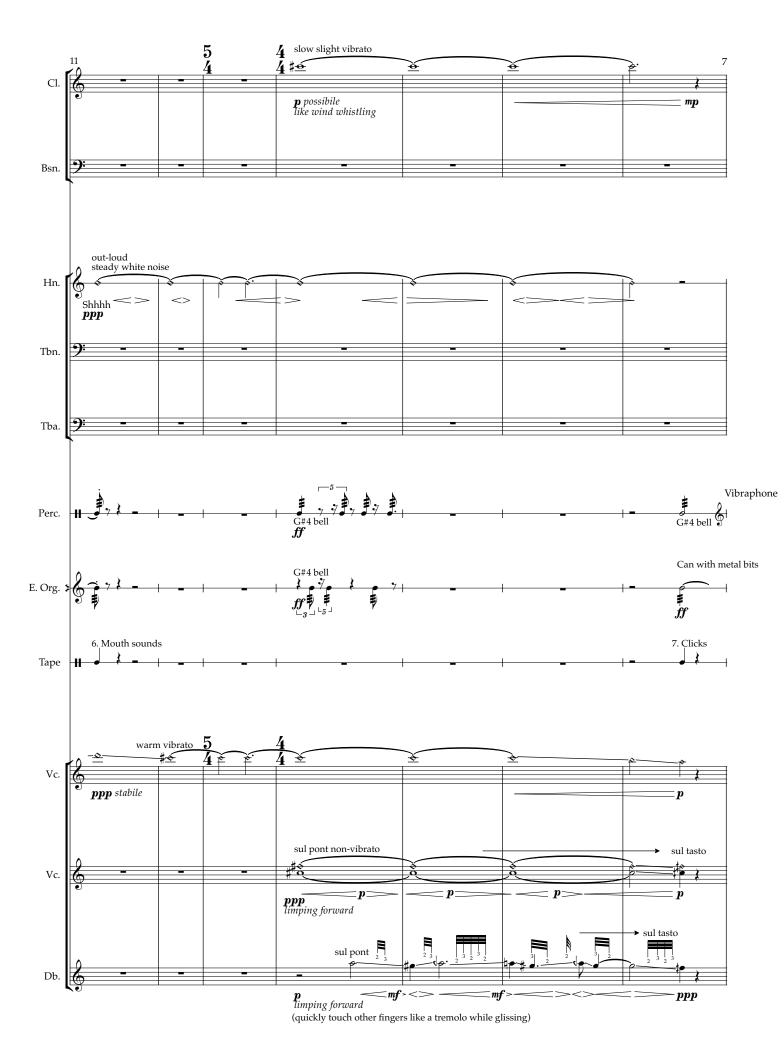
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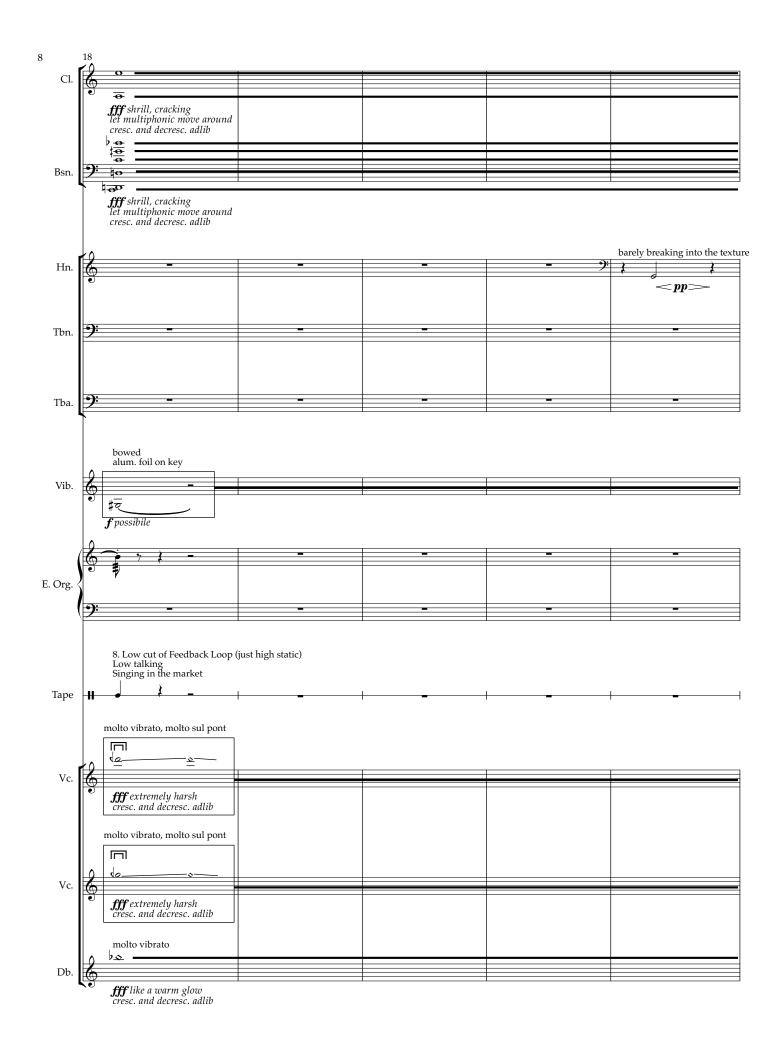
Score in C

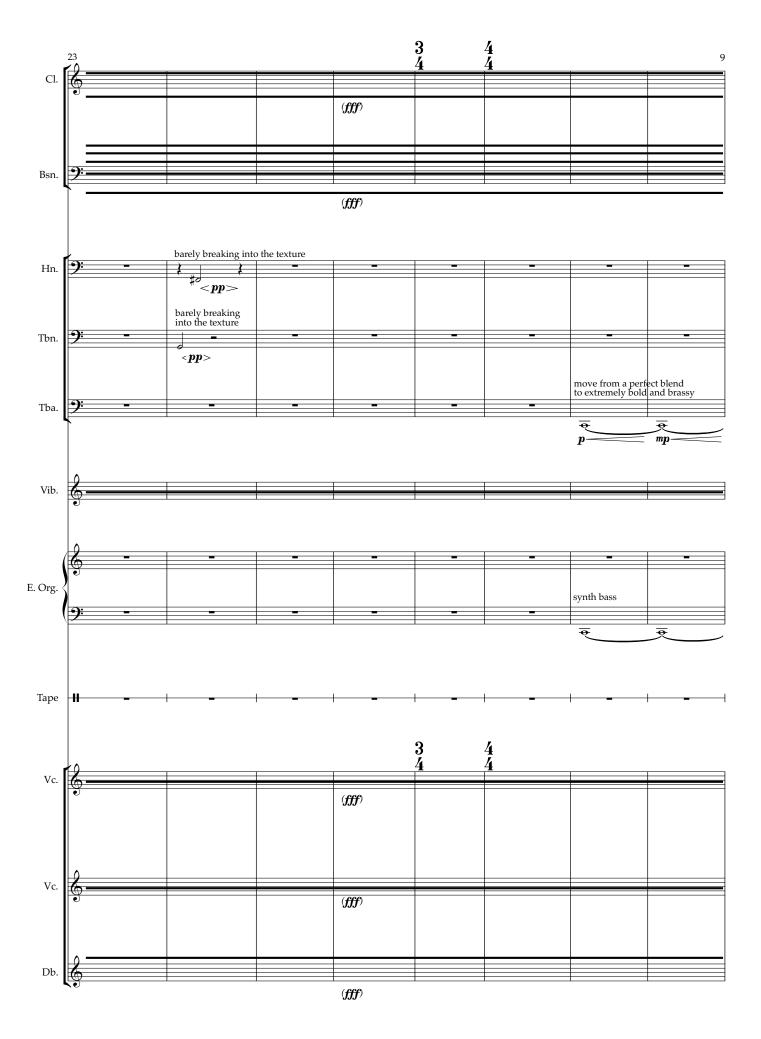
Runtime approx 25 min



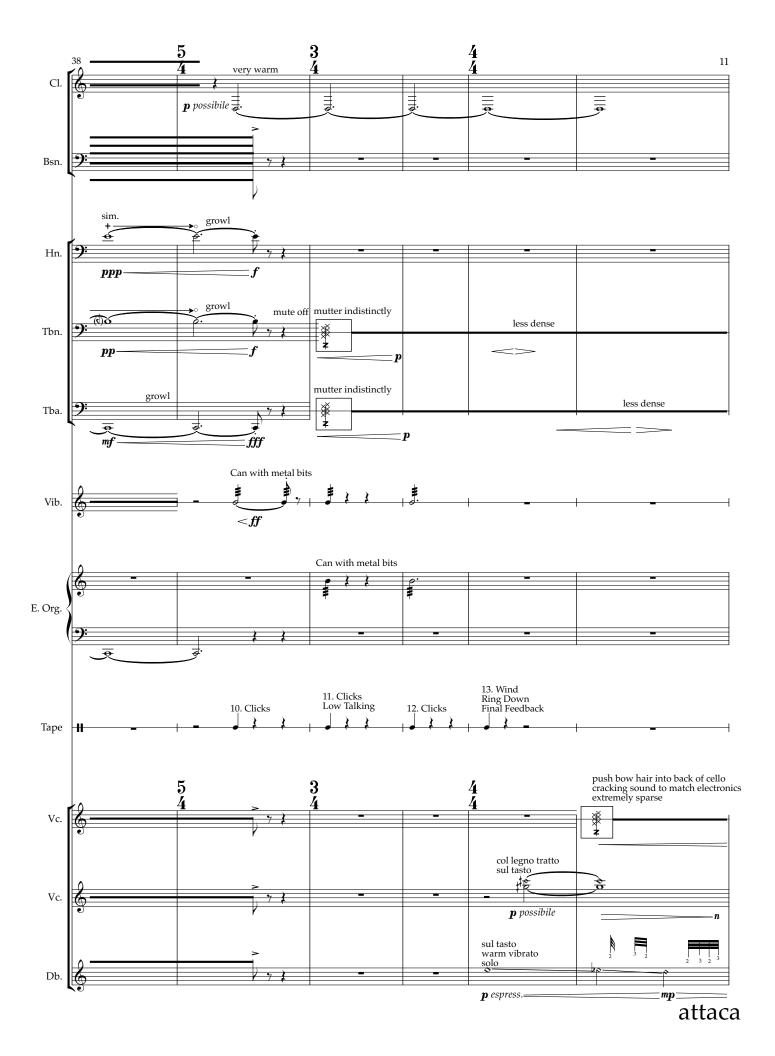


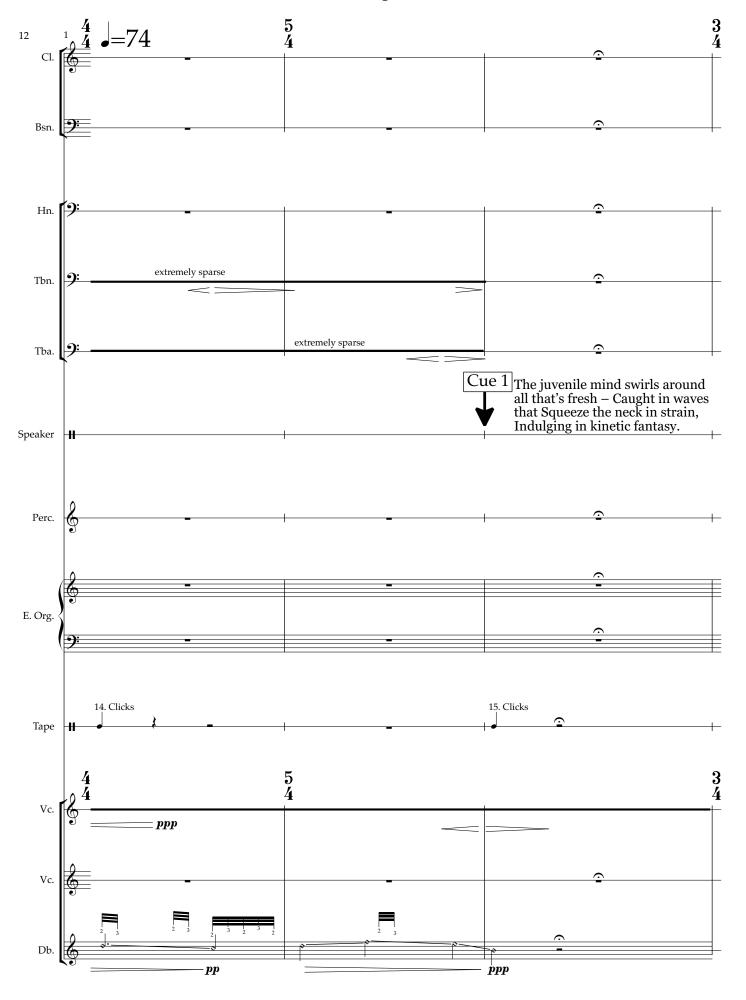


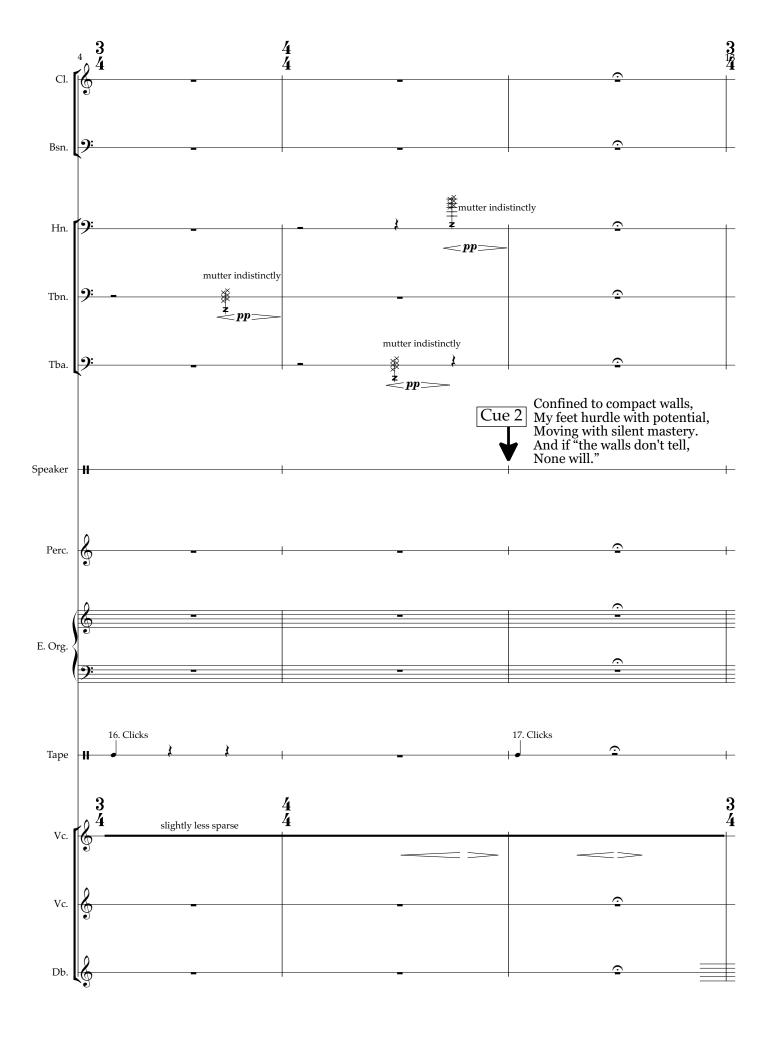


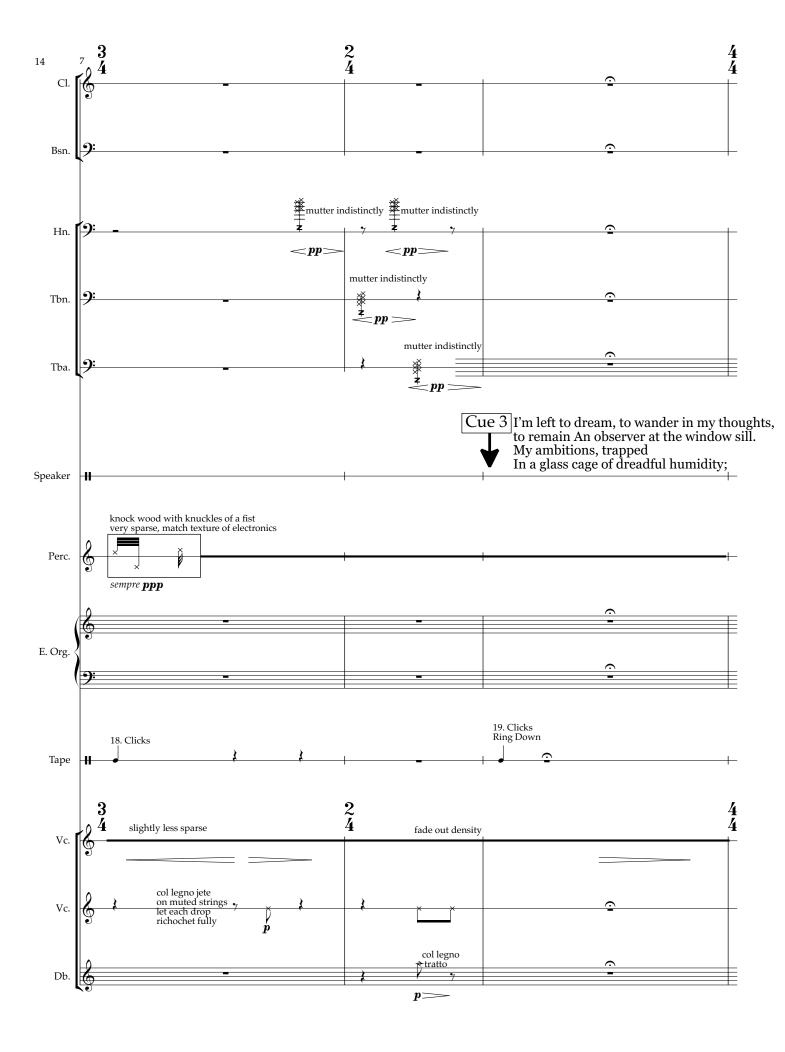


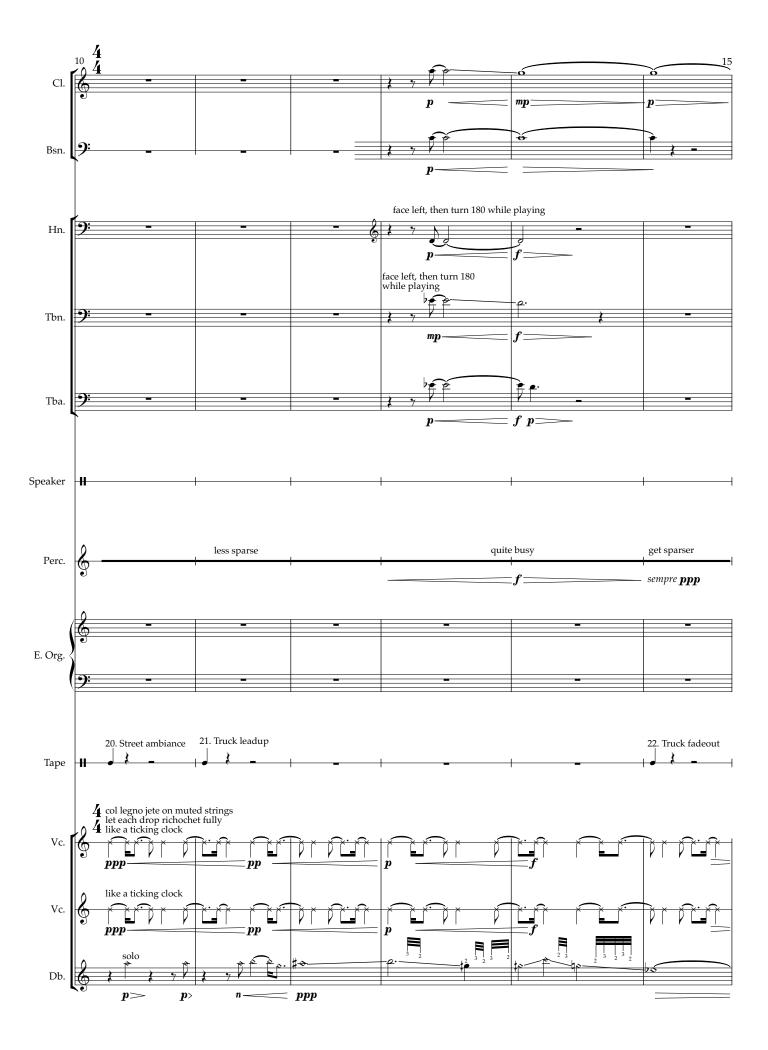




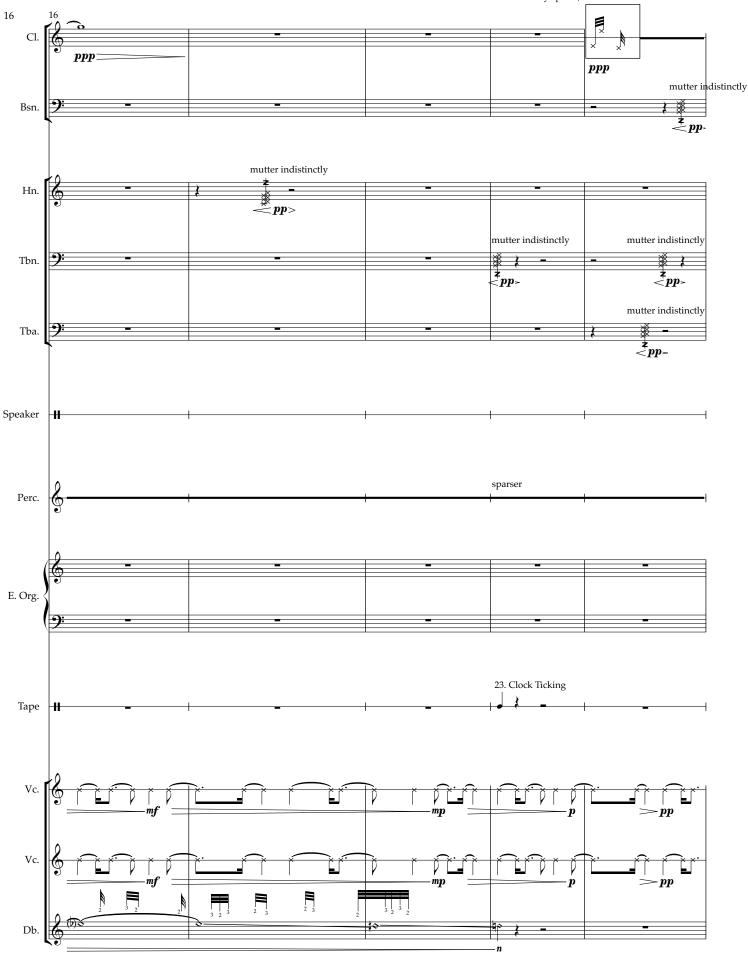


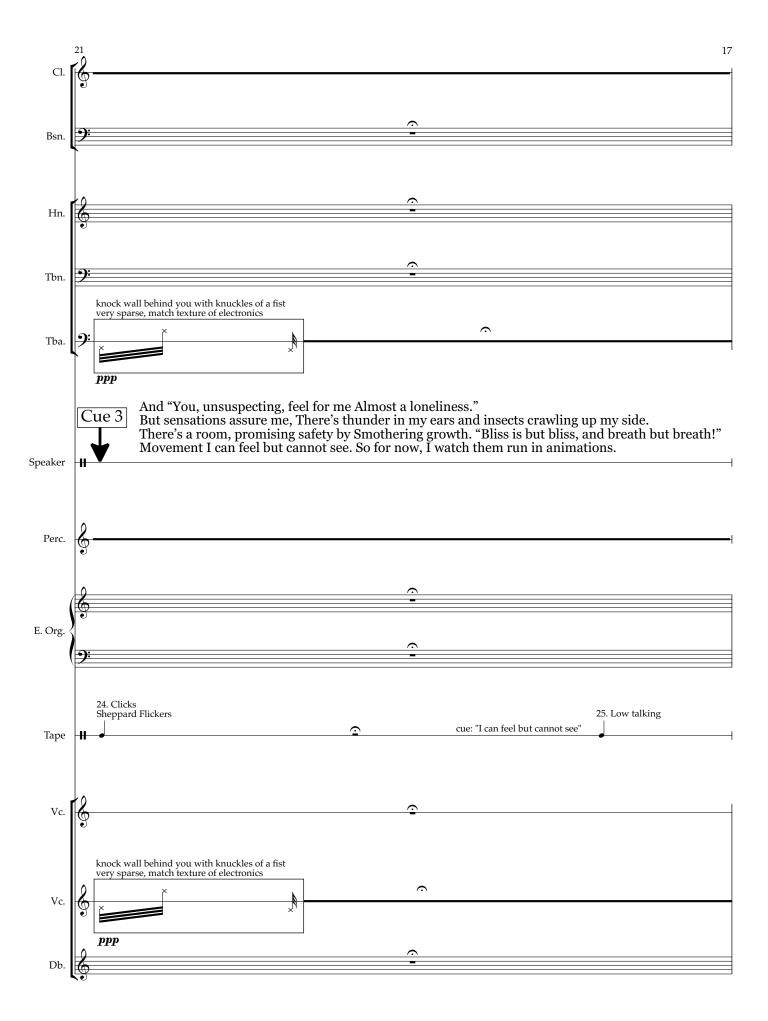


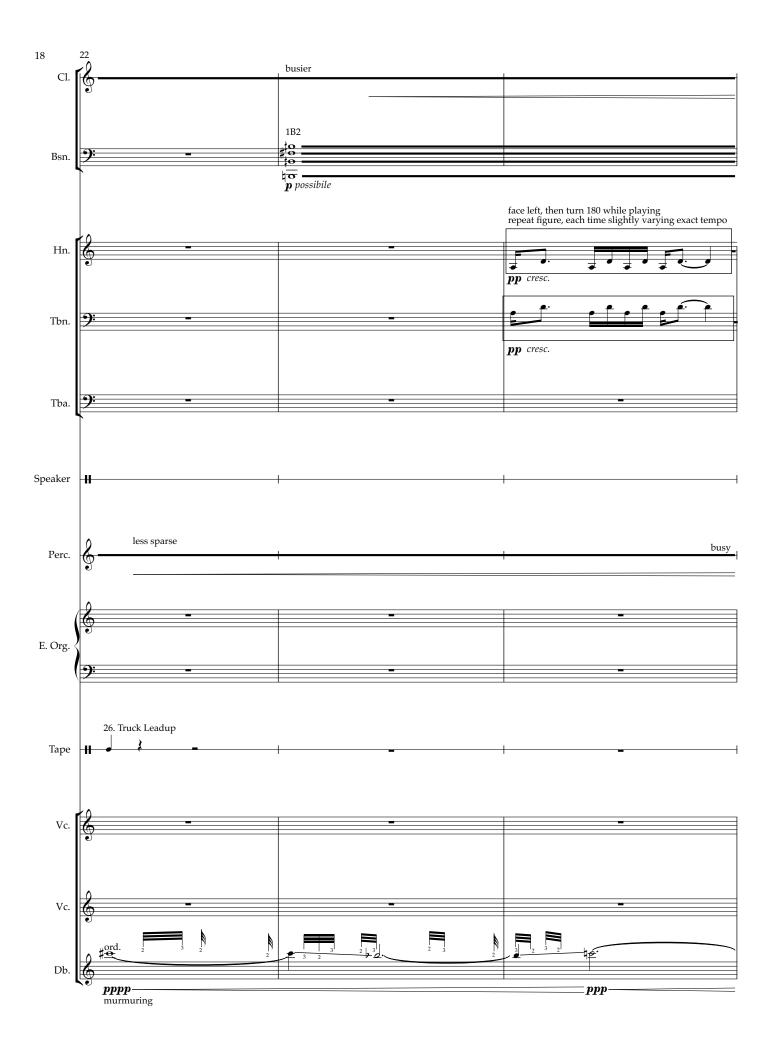


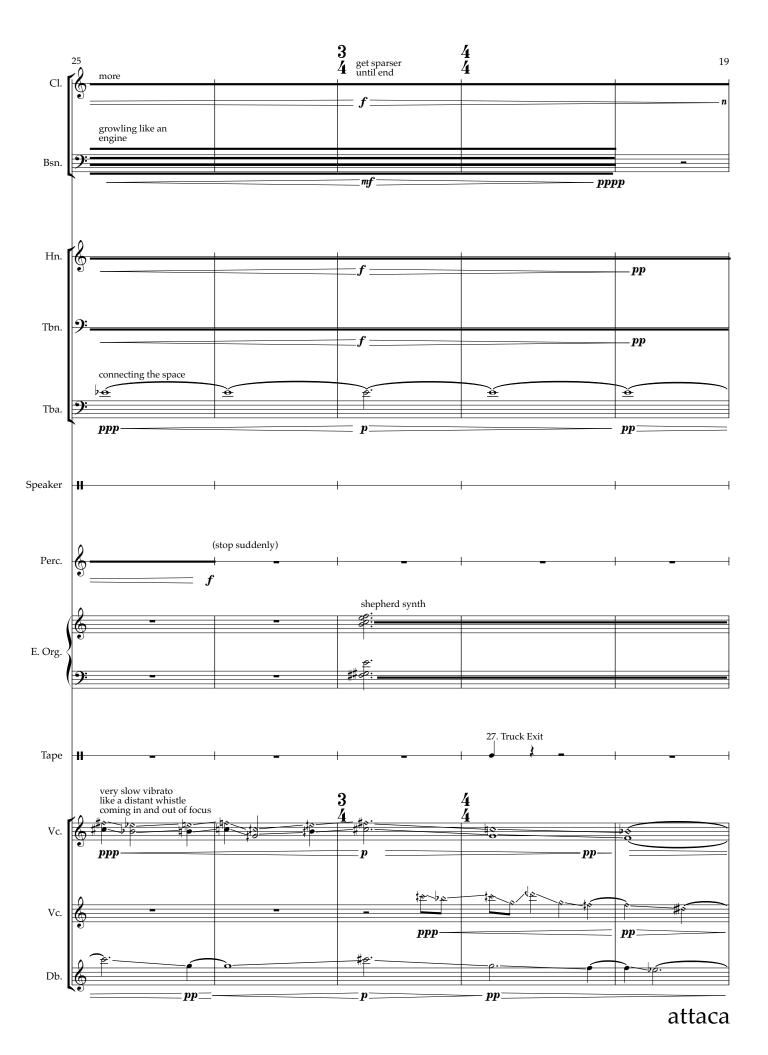


knock wall behind you with knuckles of a fist very sparse, match texture of electronics

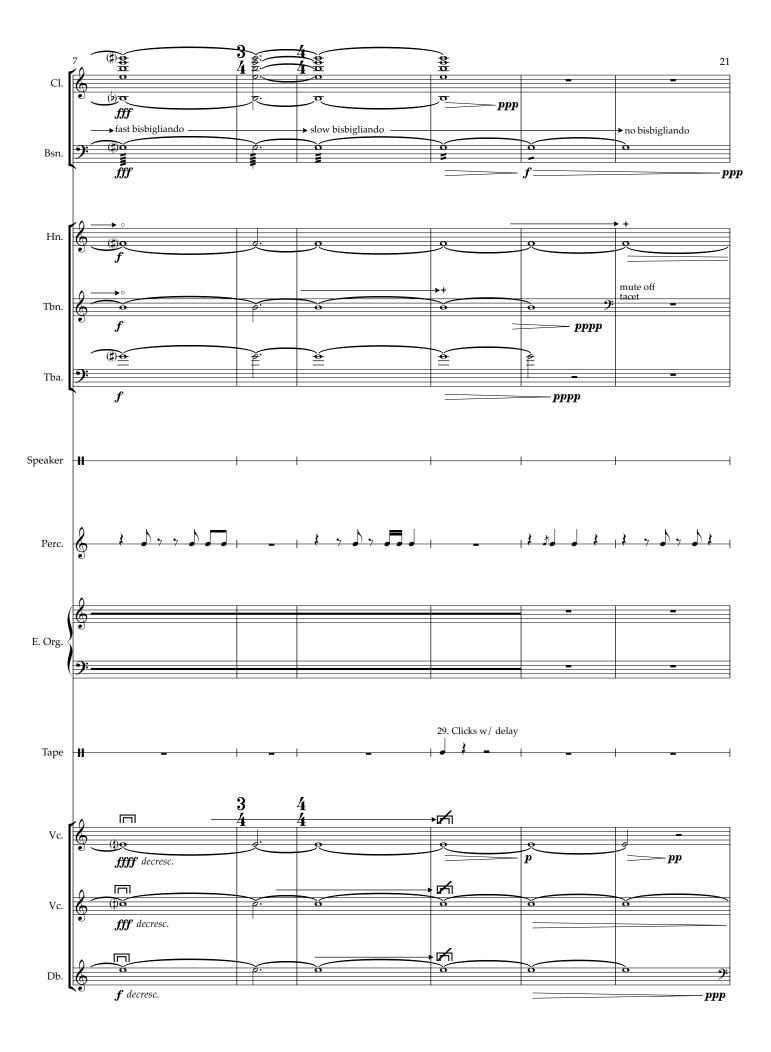


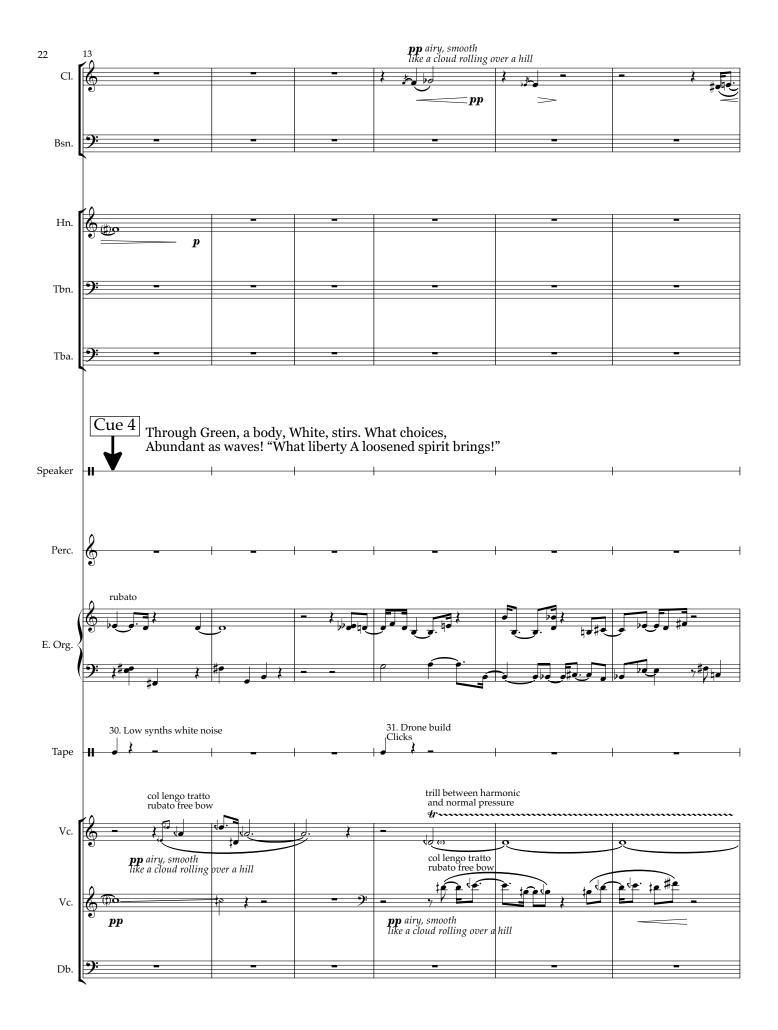










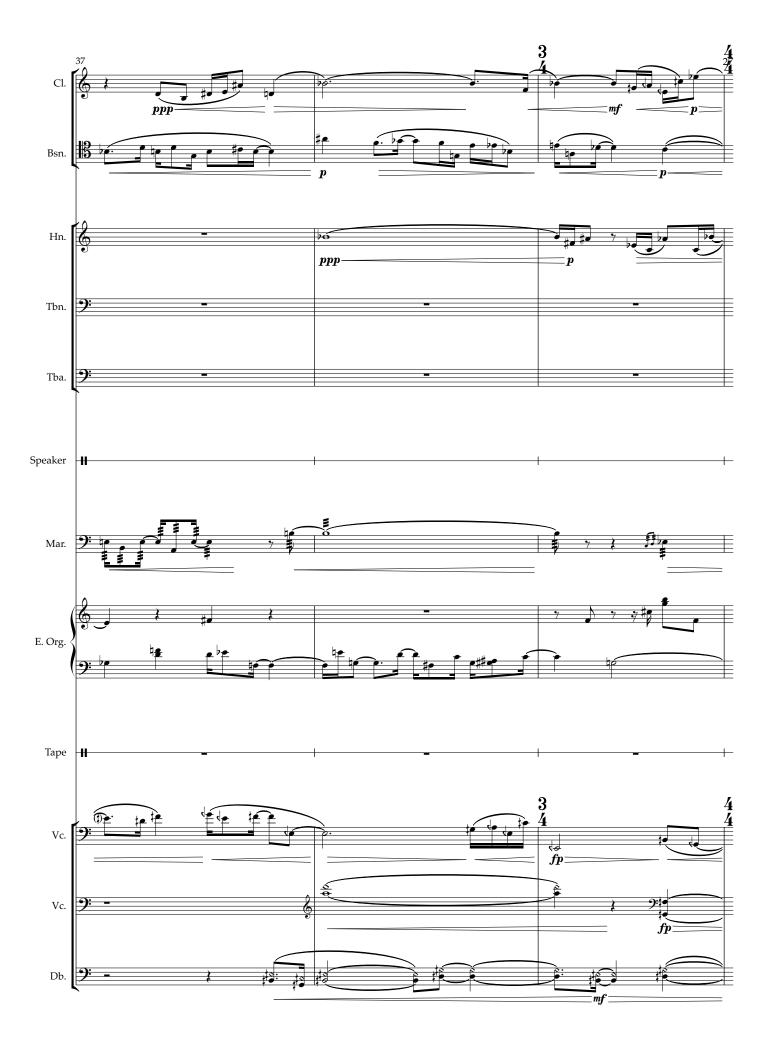














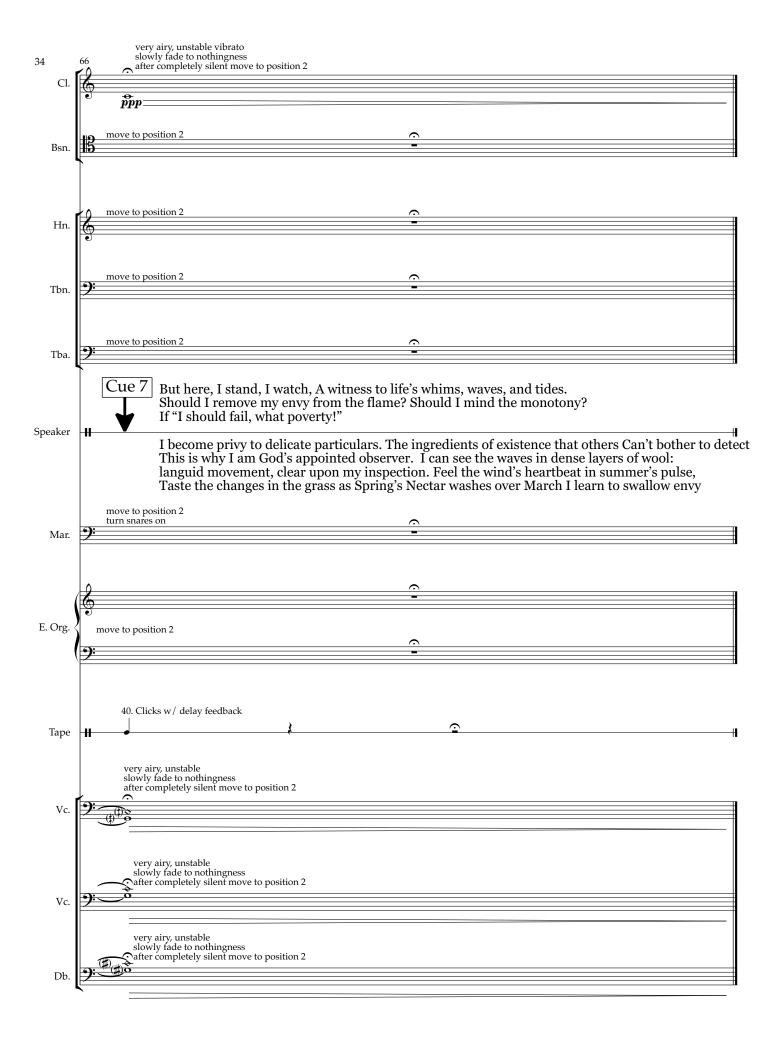








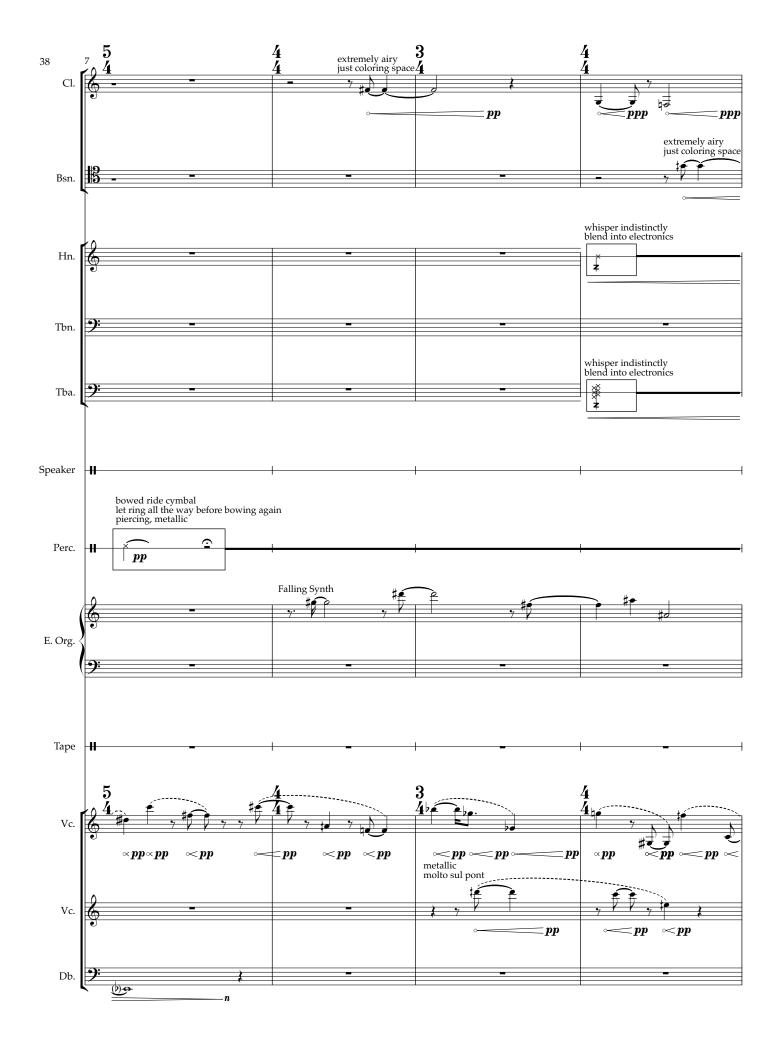




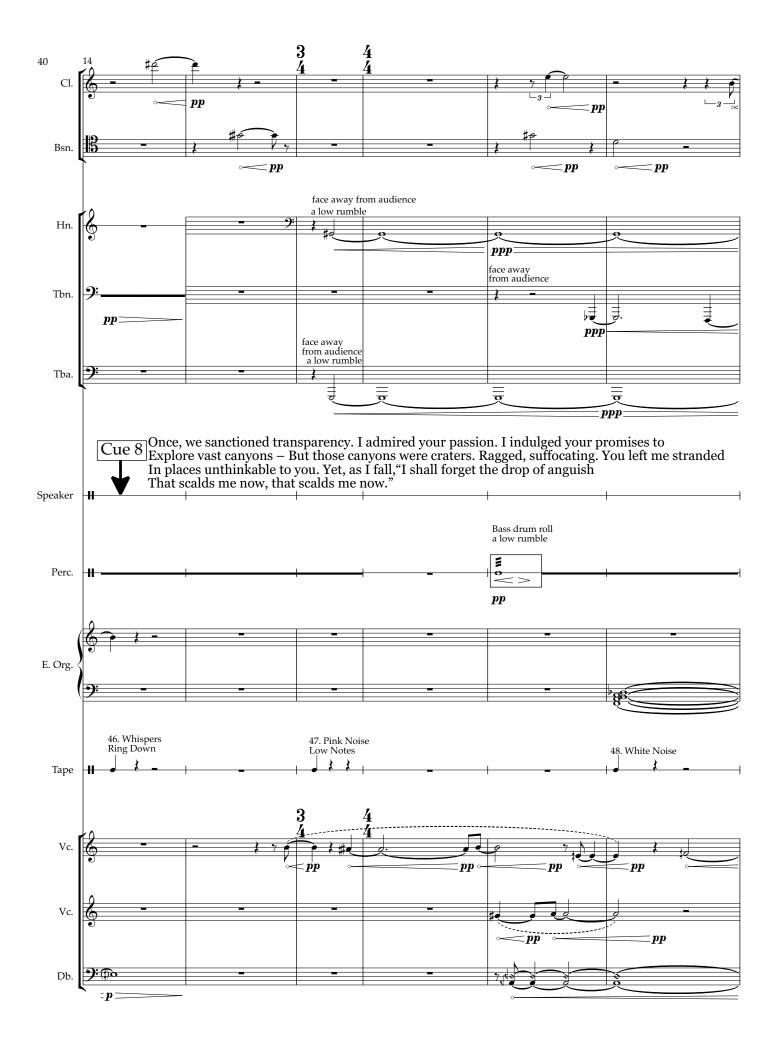






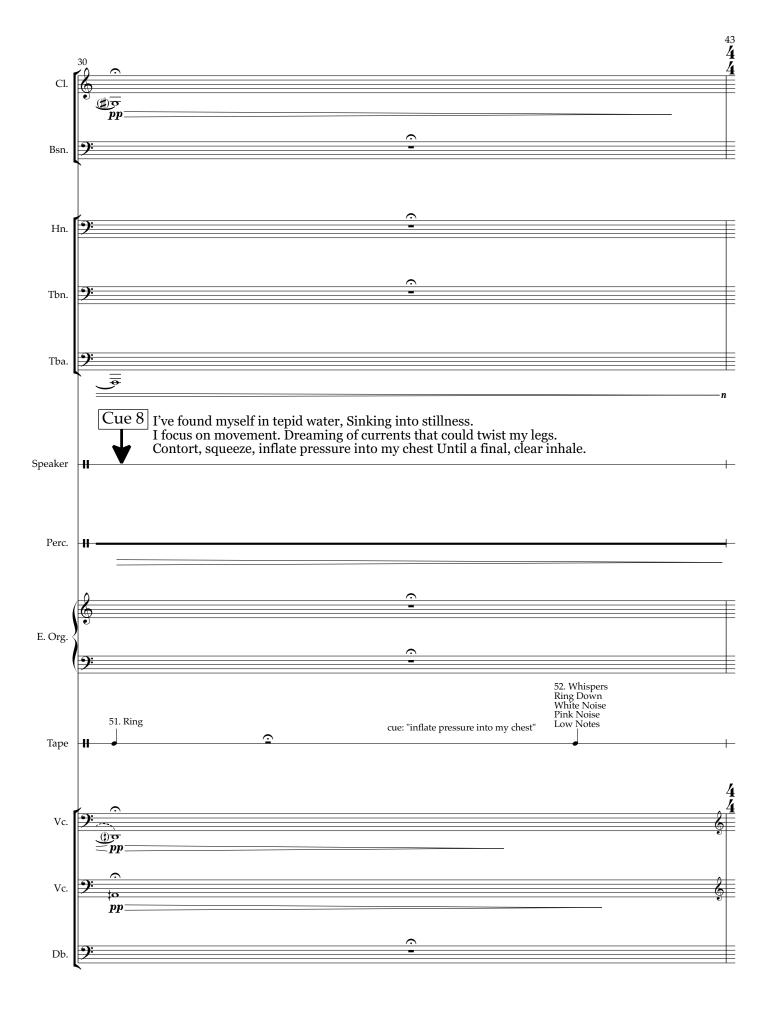


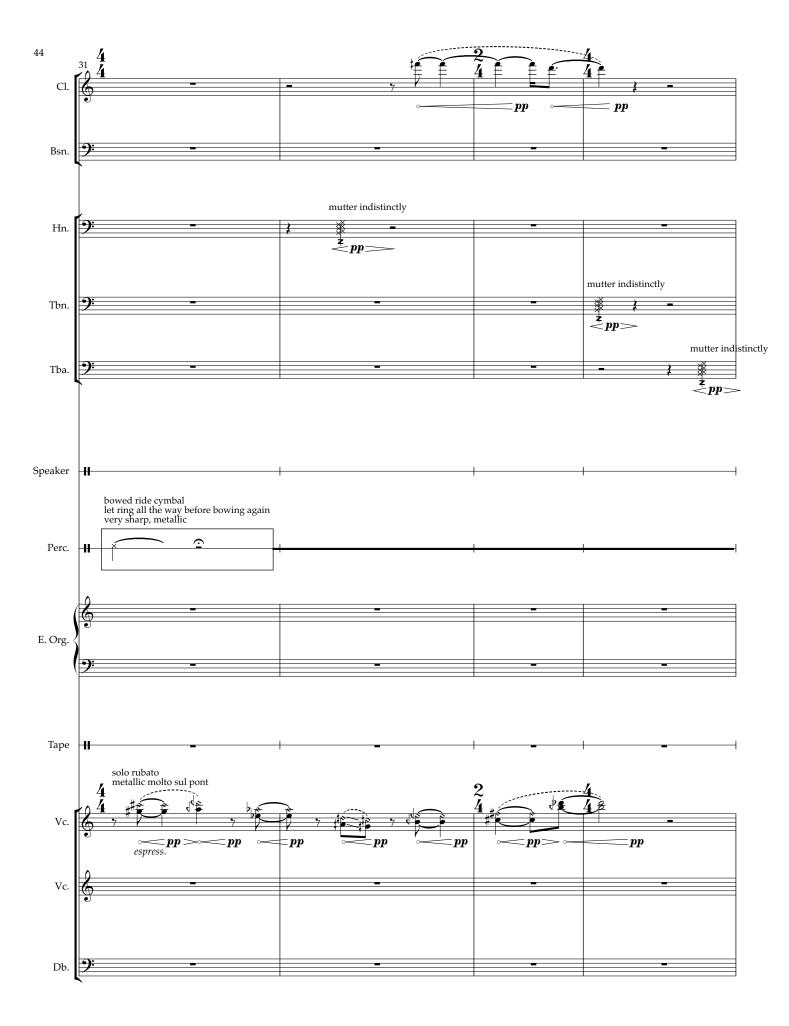






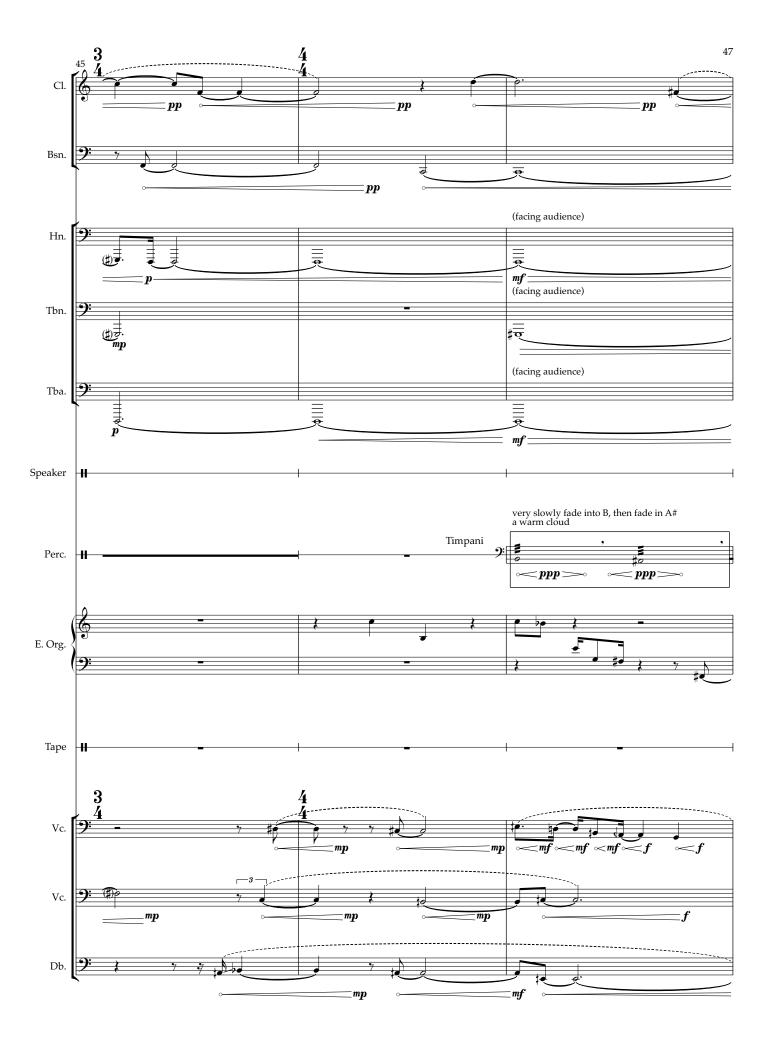












- **pp** stabile

