

# I. The Poetic Consciousness

poems by Colin Blundell

Andrew Toovey (2018)

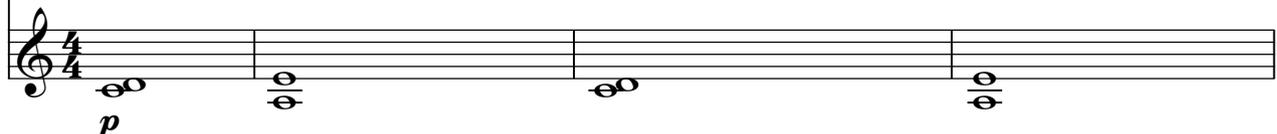
$\text{♩} = 60$  *mp*

Voice



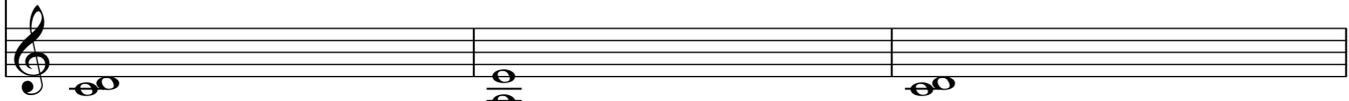
the po - e - tic con - sciousness coiled like a spring in the heart of

Violin



*p*

ev - ery - bo - dy:— fright - en - ing the bats lac - ing up the eve - ning sky;



con - su - ming the di - li - gence of in - ter - lock - ing per - sons the ti - mi - di - ty and



per - sis - tence of cats in their dai - ly ha - bits



the well bal-anced man cy - cling to - wards a sic - kle moon the heap of

books at my el - bow the creak of the clock

## II. everyone knows the story

$\text{♩} = 66$   
*mf*

ev - ery - one knows the sto - ry of the trav - ell - er in Nap - les who

*p*

saw twelve beg - gars ly - ing in the sun; he off - ered a

li - ra to\_ which - eve - er one should con - si - der him - self to be the la - zi -

est: e - lev - en

of them jumped up so he gave it to the twelfth.

*slight rit.*

## III. at a railway station

♩ = 100

*f*

at a rail-way sta-tion a black and white— hand - some dog stands in— and ap-

*f*

pa-rent - ly pa - tient man - ner by his— mas - ter while he— fid-dles a - round—

with his bag— on a seat on the plat - form the dog looks at

me through the win-dow of the train wai-ting for de-par-ture in an ap-par-ent-ly be-

see - ching man - ner when I smile he looks a - way as

though he can no lon - ger bear hu - man e - mo - tions or con front the

un - known or the un - tra - velled in an ar - cane man - ner of

speak - ing

*sudden stop*

## IV. they came to Knighton

$\text{♩} = 76$  *mf*

they came to Knighton by train lad and lass those many years ago;

all she remembers was the main street of the town built ill

its tilt its containment by fir forests and the long walk

at the end of the day with misery in both their hearts at the inevitable ending of an

*mp*

4:3 4:3

un-like-ly dream the stars turned a-way from the Earth\_\_\_\_\_ and the val - leys came a-

drift yes it was rain-y in Knigh-ton\_ that day\_those ma-ny years a-go and the mist

hung in the tops of the hills rea-dy to weep; there was not\_\_\_\_\_

much\_\_ com-fort in Knigh- ton

*pp*

## V. and as you hear these words

$\text{♩} = 50$  *mp*

and\_ as you hear these words\_ you\_ may not know it but\_

*p*

During these scales, drones strings will be heard, ad lib.

you are im-pelled for ward\_\_\_ in a lin-ear al-pha-be-ti - sa - tion\_ of\_\_\_ dumb

space time\_\_\_ ex - peri-ence when you pause to con-si-der the ge-stalt it's at

least pos-si-ble that the stream\_\_\_ of\_\_\_ words will\_ ed-dy in the cra-ni-um to\_\_\_ form a

small pool where in - no - cent stic - kle backs bask in Au - tumn sun - light

wood pi - geons in the trees \_\_\_\_\_

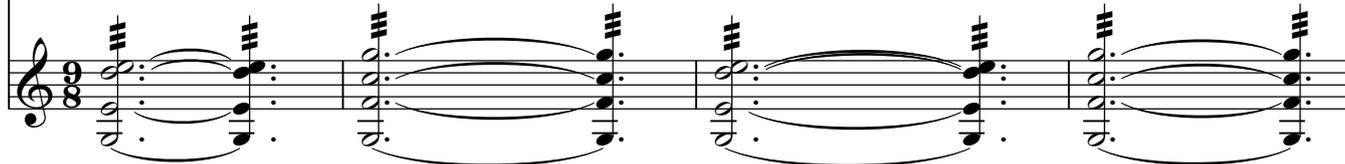
# VI. the gnat

♩ = 60

*mf*



the gnat at the end of the gar-den gets for-gi-ven for the it chylump on my hand;

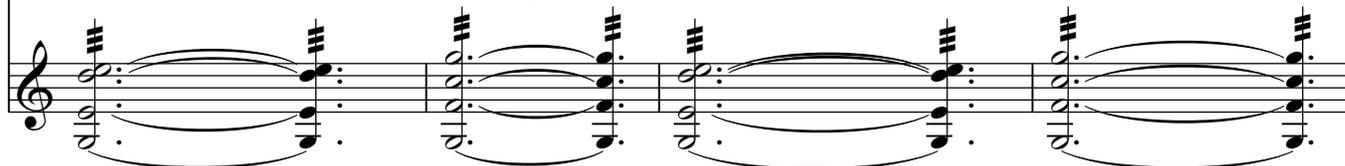


*ppp*

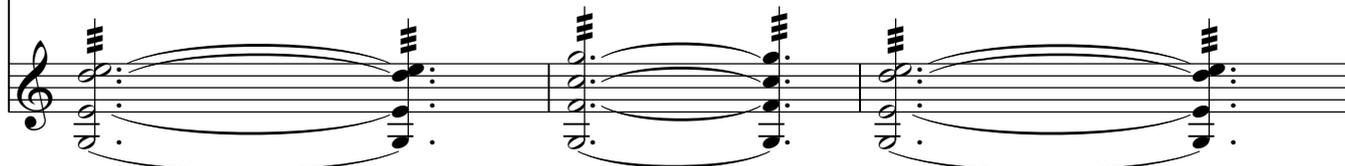
(very delicately)



I in- vite it in for din-ner one eve ning- how ev-er what it hears is by no means my in-ten-tion



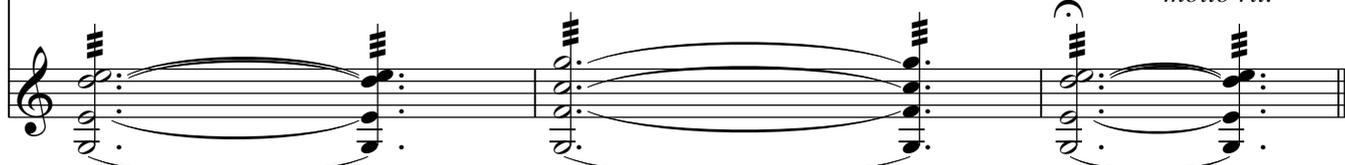
but a ter - ri - fic vi - bra-tion of thun - der: it is terr - i - fied as if at



the be - gin-ning of some great cos- mic up-heav - al and kneels down to



pray thus we at the sound of the no - tion - al Voice of God *molto rit.*



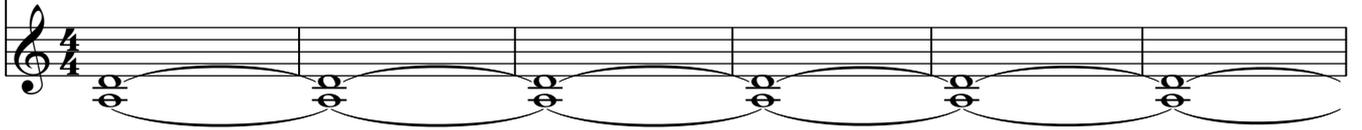
# VII. therefore we must be grateful

♩ = 50

*mp*



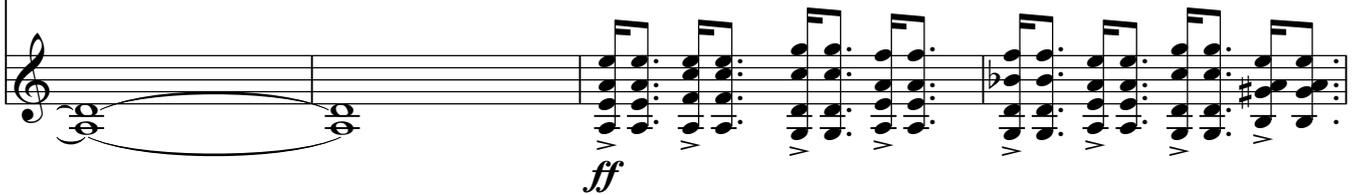
there-fore we must be grate-ful to John Cage who said: one must be dis - in-teres-ted



*pp* (bowing ad lib.)



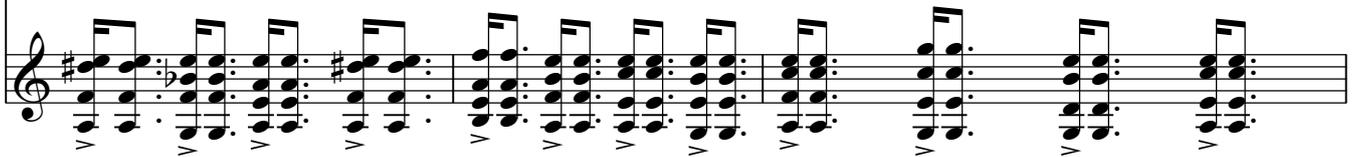
ac-cept that a sound is a sound and a man is a man



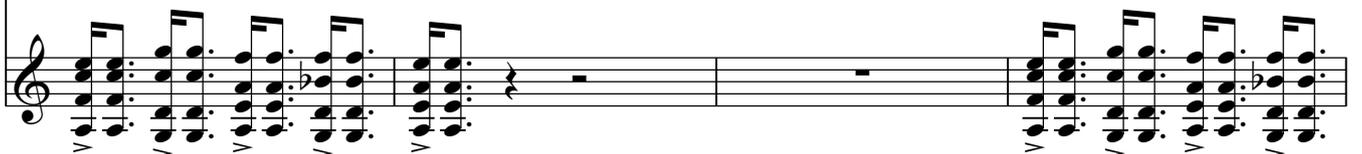
*ff*



(a wo-man is a wo - man and so on through all pos-si-ble per-mu-ta-tions);



give up il - lu-sions a - bout i -deas of or -der



ex - pres-sions of sen - ti - ment and all the rest of our in - he - ri - ted aes - the - tic clap - trap

*ff*  
ever - ry one is in the best seat

(though they may not have eyes to see or \_\_\_\_\_ hear) ev - ery - thing we do is mu - sic...

thea tre is all the time where e - ver one is art ex - ists to per - suade us this

*ff*

is the case and I say a poem exists these days to put you

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The lyrics are: "is the case and I say a poem exists these days to put you". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a steady eighth-note pattern of chords, primarily triads, with a bass line of quarter notes: G3, F3, E3, D3.

in - to a me - ta po - si - tion from which you can pro - ceed to

The second system of music continues the vocal line with a treble clef staff. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The lyrics are: "in - to a me - ta po - si - tion from which you can pro - ceed to". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note chordal pattern and quarter-note bass line.

con - si - der dis - in - ter - es - ted - ly

The third system of music continues the vocal line with a treble clef staff. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. The lyrics are: "con - si - der dis - in - ter - es - ted - ly". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note chordal pattern and quarter-note bass line.

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