Four Saiser Love Songs

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poems: Marjorie Saiser

Weekends, Sleeping In

Randall Snyder
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Languid $q = 72$

Soprano

No hitting the deck

Violin

No bare feet

slapping the floor to bath breakfast to jump-start the day

Dozing instead in the nest like I suppose a

ppp $< mp$ $pp$ $< mf$
pair of go- phers un- der ground
in fuzz and wood shav- ings

A Little Faster \( \bullet = 80 \)

curl of bod-  y tang- le of limbs
One

jos- tles the o- ther in closed- eye lux- u- ry

Tempo 1 \( \bullet = 72 \)

Dark cave warmth we our- selves have made

pizz

mf
We are finally perhaps what we are un-combed un-clothed mortal Pulse and breath and dream.
Our hands swing-ing as we walk side by side our
knuck-les some-times al-most touch-ing we walk our two
mi-les our two mi-les of put-ting one
foot in front of the other
your

long legs' stride my short shanks
I day-dream

and we stride and stride
you carry

my bottle of water
you carry more than that

a tempo

fp

mf

rit.

a tempo

mf

mf

mf

mf

p

p

p

f

pp

f

p

f

p

mf

f

p

f

p

f

p

mf
you carry and I carry some mornings

in to the second mile

leectric hanging around you me

us
a few atoms brushed off the
bot--tom of the shoe

---

give their charge to the


larger body


pizz
each electron a small moon leaving its orbit

a few thousandions store up in each of us

poised to make the leap when the distance narrows

so huge a leap
Tempo 1 $\text{=} 84$

Let go one world become something

new the gift of friction

Slower $\text{=} 76$

the big bang all over again the spark that flows between us

pp
The clerk shows him cologne thinking that what he means.

No he says softly his check book open flat on the counter.

No in his bargain haircut e-co-group-tee-shirt No he says again Per-

Flowing $d'=48$

fume
She brings out the white box-es

one-quarter ounce  one-third ounce  one-half ounce

and tells him the price of each which he

sort of knows from last time
And I in my five-year-old gray sweat-shirt and my hair all over the place with rain and wind

and the wrong shampoo

know what she doesn’t he’ll take the real thing the

big size
and because I further know if I should be so foolish as to give up the ghost

kick the bucket cash in my chips

he would not that he's fickle - e-ven-tu-al-ly buy some good brand for some other woman

Flowing $ \cdot = 48 $
I make my plan - the universe being thrown together as it is - to live to be the substitute for the real one hanging in there beside him.

While he writes the check and signs it.
and draws a line under his name

Expansive $\frac{d}{4} = 69$

*I Want To Say Sky*

I want to say sky___________ and hold it like a huge

bowl___________ over us in the desert___________ I want to say cactus___________

and have night fall___________ and a single head-light star___________ show up between the arms___________
_of a sa-guar-o___________
I want to say

dry____ and not dry______
and have the Gua-da-lu-pe

wash fill with blue wa-ter____ and emp-ty a-gain____ to show

white sand____ and hun-dreds and thou-sands of blue blos-soms____
like a narrow river through the dry spaces

fragrance of those flowers so very light as to be imaginary

and you real and

I real in a room with six windows old soft couch
with faded floral print we sit our bodies on and sink into

re-lax to-ge-ther our cot-ton-shirt lives

o-pen-ing our gold foil-wrapped chocolate lives o-pen-ing

o-pen-ing