Four Saiser Love Songs

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Four Saiser Love Songs

poems: Marjorie Saiser

Weekends, Sleeping In

Randall Snyder
2006

Soprano

Violin

Languid $\frac{q}{4} = 72$

No hitting the deck
no bare feet

slapping the floor
to bath break - fast
to jump-start the day

slap ping the floor
to bath break - fast
to jump-start the day

accel. ..............

Do - zing in - stead in the nest
like I sup - pose a

pp
pair of go-

phers un-
der

ground

in fuzz and wood shav-
ings

A Little Faster $\bullet = 80$

curl of body tangle of limbs

One

jos-tles the other in closed-eye luxury

Tempo 1 $\bullet = 72$

Dark cave warmth we ourselves have made
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
knuck-les some- times al- most touch- ing____

mi- les____ our two mi- les____ of put- ting one

Our hands swing-ing as we walk side by side
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

long legs' stride my short shanks

and we stride and stride

my bottle of water you carry more than that
you carry and I carry some mornings

into the second mile

something else

lectric hanging around you me

us
a few atoms brushed off the bottom of the shoe

give their charge to the larger body

pizz
each electron a small moon leaving its orbit

a few thousand ion store up in each of us

poised to make the leap when the distance narrows

so huge a leap
Tempo 1 \( \bullet = 84 \)

Let go one world become something

New

The gift of friction

Slower \( \bullet = 76 \)

The big bang all over again the spark that flows between us
Perfume Counter, Dillards
(psychodrama)

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 bar-gain hair-cut e-co-group-tee-shirt No he says a-gain 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.

Freely accel...
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 eventually 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 no-substitute the

real the one hanging in there beside him

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

and have night fall and a single head-light star show up between the arms

I want to say sky

I want to say cac-tus

Expansive $\bullet = 69$

I Want To Say Sky
I want to say

of a saguaro

and have the Guadalupe

Flowing \( \frac{d}{=60} \)

wash fill with blue water and empty again to show

white sand and hundreds and thousands of blue blossoms
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 choc-olate lives o-pen-ing

o-pen-ing