



Duration: *circa* 6'30"

***Listenings and Silences***  
**LRC111**

**Text by Pinkie Gordon Lane**

- I. A Quiet Poem (*circa* 2'45")
- II. Poem Extract (*circa* 1'00")
- III. Listenings (*circa* 2'45")

Time and dynamic markings should be strictly observed.

Accidentals are valid for the entire measure, in the indicated octave only.  
Many additional accidentals have been added for clarity.

*Listenings and Silences* (1988) portrays an intimate monologue of one musician based on the text by Pinkie Gordon Lane. Its style is declamatory and its material is derived from various modes. Intervallic relationships pervade the cycle, thus giving unity to all three parts.

The music of Dinos Constantinides has been performed throughout the world. He is the recipient of many grants, commissions and awards, including first prize in the Brooklyn College International Chamber Opera Competition, the First Midwest Chamber Opera Conference, and the Delius Composition Contest. He also received the American New Music Consortium Distinguished Service Award, the Glen Award of l'Ensemble of New York, several Meet the Composer grants, numerous ASCAP Standard Awards, and he was honored with a Distinguished Teacher White House Commission on Presidential Scholars.

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## *Listenings and Silences*

*for voice alone*

by Dinos Constantinides

*Poetry by*

*Pinkie Gordon Lane*

### I. A QUIET POEM

This will be a quiet poem.  
Black people don't write many quiet poems  
because what we feel  
is not a quiet hurt.  
And a not-quiet hurt  
does not call  
for muted tones.

But I will write a poem  
about this evening  
full of sounds  
of small animals, some fluttering  
in thick leaves, a smear  
of color here and there –  
about the whisper of darkness  
a gray wilderness of light  
descending, touching  
breathing.

I will write a quiet poem  
immersed in shadows  
and mauve colors  
and spots of white  
fading into deep tones  
of blue.

This is a quiet evening  
full of hushed singing  
and light that has no  
ends, no breaking  
of the planes, or brambles  
thrusting out.

### II. POEM EXTRACT

Your speaking  
silence  
floods the air  
like rivers.  
You haunt me  
and I listen  
to your eyes.

### III. LISTENINGS

There are running feet  
on my roof's top.  
Mice? or squirrels?  
Or perhaps only the ghost  
of windfall. Why  
do they hurry so – plunge  
to the edge, then back  
again, an endless frantic  
game? Is it a chase  
to beat the evening's chill?  
A pursuit, or a death's race?  
Or only sun, an urgent  
need for fun to tilt  
the scales?

Nothing now.  
Only a shrill call  
and the silence of night,  
grumbings of a distant truck,  
and a dog's bark. I count  
the minutes. Wait.

Will the stillness reach  
the level of pond's water?  
Or carry me out to the  
sea?