

Dinos Constantinides

LISTENINGS
AND SILENCES

for voice alone

LRC111

CP



Conners Publications



#264

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?