

Dinos Constantinides

Reflections VII-To Music

*for reader and chamber orchestra*

LRC 144



magni

**Magni Publications**

Dinos Constantinides

Reflections VII – To Music  
For reader and chamber orchestra  
LRC 144  
Poetry: Pinkie Gordon Lane

Duration: 8:00 min.

Instrumentation

*Reflections VII-To Music* is written for reader and chamber orchestra on three poems by Pinkie Gordon Lane. All three poems deal with music, hence the title of the work. *To Music* was commissioned by the International Heritage Celebration Festival of Baton Rouge and dedicated to the composer's daughter Lenna, who is a first-generation Greek American. *Reflections VII* was premiered in Baton Rouge on October 22, 1994 with the poet Pinkie Gordon Lane as a reader.

*Reflections* is a series of works written for chamber groups and voice. The music evokes images based on either the composer's past experiences or the poetry.

The music of Dinos Constantinides has been performed throughout the world. He is the recipient of many grants, commissions and awards, including first prizes in the 1981 Brooklyn College International Chamber Competition, the 1985 First Midwest Chamber Opera Conference, and the 1997 Delius Composition Contest Grand Prize. He also received the 1985 American New Music Consortium Distinguished Service Award, the 1989 Glen Award of l'Ensemble of New York, several Meet the Composer grants and numerous ASCAP Standard Awards. In 1994 he was honored with a Distinguished Teacher White House Commission on Presidential Scholars.

Additional scores available from Dinos Constantinides 947 Daventry Drive • Baton Rouge, LA 70808 • (504) 766-3487

"To Music"  
On Poetry by Pinkie Gordon Lane

I Violins

I love violins

If violins were people,  
they would dance like Debbie,  
sing like Mattawilda,  
poet like Rita

They would leave one long  
line of remembrance  
a balancing act of recall  
or one departing wish  
to pass on to the compassionately  
loved and the tenderly touched.

Those delicate piercing strings  
would reach into every corner  
of a world still raw to the bone  
and make a magic of healing  
with music that calls up colors of blue

or red, becomes a canvass of the space  
in between.

Violins transform darkness  
into light, yet know  
the *chiaroscuro* lends character  
and form, that *pianissimo*  
and *fortissimo* capture the moment,  
sending forth sounds touching  
nerves of response,

sending us soaring like doves,  
like eagles in a sky's winter night  
like the poem whose words remained  
dormant  
till taught to sing by the violin's flight.

II To Singers of Song

Stay beautiful  
with your strength  
and your towering bronze  
voice  
lighting the sky  
where a curtain of darkness  
would hide us

Lest we forget, we  
were not meant to rage  
and weep alone  
not even to flee  
like the lost mad dog  
in the wilderness

Even when we wither  
in the spirit's faint cry  
the bright jewels of the  
gifted remind us of this:  
*the dust of earth  
does not bind us  
nor will the worm dictate  
the mandate of flesh  
we will find a voice  
in the winds that sing in the fields  
and in the shaft of light that halts  
bitterness  
and like the last leaf of autumn  
we will not forget the spring*

III Lyric: I am Looking at Music

It is the color of light,  
the shape of sound  
high in the evergreens.

It lies suspended in hills,  
a blue line in a red sky.

I am looking at sound;  
I am hearing the brightness  
of high bluffs and almond  
trees. I am tasting the  
wilderness of lakes,  
rivers, and streams  
caught in an angle of song.

Violins play upon water  
that glows in the dawn  
Motion tumbles in earth-life  
hidden in mounds.

I am dancing a bright  
beam of light.

I am remembering doves.