

DT0049.1 | TRUMBORE  
THE GLEAM | CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Full Score

# THE GLEAM

for Soprano, Flute, Clarinet,  
Violin, Cello & Piano

daletrumbore  
c o m p o s e r

## TEXT

We dig deep into the earth, Nina.  
We cut it up.  
We do not try to fix it.  
We lurch in circles underneath,  
we string lights where there is no light,  
we will do anything to go faster  
than we can go alone.  
We point our guns at people we do not intend to kill.  
Sometimes we kill them.  
We shove our men into a ring  
and they shove each other until they bleed and swell.  
We boil lobsters alive.  
We whip adulterers.  
We adulter.  
We skin deer.  
We rape our altar boys.  
We strike pedestrians, who die instantly.  
We die instantly.  
We shear our corneas with lasers.  
We burn our neighbors' orchards,  
we slice our thighs with razors,  
we turn our backs to sobbing daughters  
every day of the whole first month of first grade  
so they will learn to leave us.  
We give birth, Nina,  
we give birth incessantly.  
We ravage our cuticles,  
we explode entire mountains,  
we forget nearly everything,  
proportionally speaking,  
and decide who does and does not have the right to live  
in the new luxury apartment building,  
and prop up museums over the ruins  
of massacred villages, and stride with purpose  
past the glue-sniffer convulsing across the street.  
We sniff glue,  
and drink until we say things we don't mean,  
and introduce feeding tubes into our grandmothers' tracheas,  
and lock adolescent girls into the backs of trucks  
with a mattress underneath them,  
and ink our skin, and perforate our faces,  
blend ice to foam, break horses,  
disappear, disappear others, maim verbs,  
and put away childish things,

(TEXT, cont.)

and ignore the men we loved,  
and speak of love in tenses that are not the present tense,  
and fling ourselves from airplanes,  
and flay our children until they can't speak our native tongues,  
and throw our sewage to the sea,  
and lie, Nina,  
and lock our hands around the throat of what we desire  
until both throat and hands go white.

We do.

Yet it's also true

that we pull softened butter across a slice of bread  
with a softened knife.

We entrust our bones to bus drivers,  
the napes of our necks to hair-cutters,  
the lobes of our ears to the cloudy mouths  
of lovers who may love us or not love us  
but touch us as if they could.

We brush the birch bark with our fingers  
as we pass by.

We share our blood,  
distribute lollipops to grown men  
to prevent them from fainting when they're done.

We nurse the shoots that burgeon from potatoes.

We wait.

We burn the rice, we eat the rice,  
we dog-ear books,  
we seek a single face in every passing face  
and find it, or don't find it,  
and trudge up the hill, and sled down the hill,  
and sing with our eyes squinched shut,  
and shut our windows against the parade  
so we can lie down together and hear everything we say,  
and let the house fire have its way  
with what we own.

That we have no choice  
is not the point.

We yearn.

We confess to deeds we haven't done.

We wash our feet.

We laugh until we're sick.

We let the turtle go.

We're certain that we're right.

We come, which is a curious way of saying  
that we go away,

(TEXT, cont.)

with a joy that would be desolation  
if it weren't so joyful.

We are told that we must first learn joy,  
so we can later bear the desolation.

No.

We are told that we must first learn desolation,  
so we can later bear the joy.

No.

We bear what we can bear.

No.

We do not know what we can bear.

Don't we?

I don't know, Nina,

I don't know.

I've seen a schoolboy drop to his knees  
in a posture of prayer,  
or betrayal,

or cartilage injured during a soccer game,  
so what do I know?

I've seen an aging woman wrench her limbs  
from an embrace  
in a gesture of rancor,  
or sorrow,

or desire passed over,  
or rheumatoid arthritis,  
or missing her mother,  
or old terrors made new,  
and what, Nina, can we do?

We do what we can do.

No

I know

a man who,

years ago,

would hover at the highway's edge  
to feel the eighteen-wheelers pass and feather  
his body backwards, to feel the minefield  
between the yellow line and his own two feet.

The mine. The field.

How does the body get to where the world  
has told it not to travel?

I'm asking you.

Our choices, in the end, are few.

I love this man whose body said  
it did not want

(TEXT, cont.)

to go.  
And I loved you,  
who went.  
Love, not loved, my friend;  
forgive me.  
We know not what  
we do,  
as awed before  
the green corn gleaming in the field  
as with a foot into the mine.  
We go, we go, we go,  
Nina.  
We gleam.

Robin Myers

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# The Gleam

for Soprano, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, Cello & Piano

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore

**Hushed and mysterious; ♩ = ca. 76-80**

Soprano: We dig deep in to the earth,

Flute: (pitch) ---> (breath)

Clarinet in Bb

Violin: sul tasto

Violoncello: sul G, molto sul pont. ---> molto sul tasto

Piano: **Hushed and mysterious; ♩ = ca. 76-80**  
una corda

9 *p* Ni - na, We cut it up. We do not try to fix it.

breathy

(sul tasto)

sul tasto

*p* *mp* *mp* *p* *ppp* *molto sul pont. ---> sul tasto*

*pp* *mp* *pp* *ppp* *mp*

*p* *ppp*

\*Brackets indicate a brief gesture that should be repeated for as long as indicated by the following arrow. Notes should alternate rapidly in any order; ebbing and flowing gently between the speed of 16th notes and 8th notes throughout. When small notes are shown floating above an arrow, they demonstrate a precise duration for that rippling gesture.

16 **A**

*mp*

We lurch in cir - cles un - der - neath, we string lights where there is no light, we will do

*pp* *p* *p*

sul pont. (sul tasto) *pp* *p* *molto sul pont.* *sul tasto*

*p* *mf* *sub. pp*

16 **A**

21

*f*

a - ny - thing to go fast - er than we can go a - lone. —

*pp* *p* *mp* *mf* *ff*

*mf* ord. *mf* *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

*molto sul pont.* ord. (ord.) *molto sul pont.*

*f* *p* *ppp* *ff*

21

25

pp 3 3 f

pp mf

pp 3 3 f

25

sub-ppp mf

29

**B** ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  throughout, unless otherwise marked)

*p* *mf*

We point\_ our guns at peo-ple we do not in - tend to kill.

*ppp* *mf* *mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp*

ord. sul tasto *mp* *pp*

ord. sul tasto *mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

29

**B** ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  throughout, unless otherwise marked)

*pp* *mp* *pp*

tre corde Ped.

42

swell. We boil\_ lob - sters a - live. We whip a -

*mp* *mf*

*pp* *mp* *pp* *p*

*mf* *pp* *mf* *ppp* *mp* *ppp* *p*

(ord.) sul tasto sul A, E sub. *ppp* (sul tasto) molto sul pont. ord. *mf*

42

*pp*

tre corde

49

dul - ter - ers. We a - dul - ter

*f*

*mf* *p*

*mp* *pp* *p* *mf* *f* *mf*

49

54

*mp* We skin\_ deer. *pp* We rape our al - tar boys.---

*mf*  
sul G, sul tasto

*p*  
sul tasto

ord.

*p* *pp*

*pp* *p* *mf* *p* *pp*

54

*mf* *pp* *p*

61

*mf* We strike pe - des - tri - ans who die in - stant - ly.---

*ppp* *mf*

*ppp* *mf*

ord.

*mf*

ord.

*mf*

61

*ppp* *mf*

65 *f* *mp* *rit.* . . . . *accel.*

We die in - stant - ly.

65 *rit.* . . . . *accel.*

69 **Tempo 1** (♩ = ca. 76-80) **C** *p* *mf* *<*

We shear our cor - ne - as with la - sers. We

69 **Tempo 1** (♩ = ca. 76-80) **C** *mf* *p* *mf*

86 *mp*  
leave us.

*p* *mf* *p* *mf*

*p* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

*p* *mf* *p* *mf*

sul tasto sul E

93 **D** *p* *mf* *f* *mp*

We give birth, Ni - na, we give birth in - ces - sant - ly... We ra - vage our cu - ti - cles...

*pp* *p* *p* *mf*

*pp* *ord.* *mf* *p* *pp* *sfz pp* *f*

sul tasto, molto sul pont., molto

sul tasto, molto sul pont., molto

99 *ff*  
We ex - plode en - tire moun - tains, we for -

*mf*

ord. *p* *mf* *f*

sub. *p* *mf* *f*

99 *f*



103 *mf*  
get near-ly ev' - ry - thing, pro-port - ion-al - ly speak - ing, and de - cide who

*mp* *pp* *mp*

*p* *mf*

103 *pp* *p*

3

117 *f*

stride with pur-pose past the glue-sniff-er con-vul-sing a-cross the street. We sniff

*mf* *p* *mp* *f* *pp*

*mf* *p* *mp* *f* *pp*

*mf* *p* *mp* *f* *pp*

117 *mf*

121 *mp*

glue, and drink un-til we say things we don't mean,

*p* *mf*

*p* *mp* *pp* *mf*

121 *p*

rit. . . . A little slower; ♩ = ca. 72

*p* *pp* *mf*

125 rit. . . . . **F** Faster; ♩ = ca. 126  
poco *p* *f*

and in - tro - duce feed - ing tubes — in - to our grand - moth - ers'

*f* *poco* *p* *mf*

*f* *poco* *p* *mf*

*f* *poco* *pp* *mf* *mf*

125 rit. . . . . **F** Faster; ♩ = ca. 126  
*mf* *pp* *poco* *mf*

132 rit. . . . . Slower; ♩ = ca. 96  
*p* *mp*

tra - che - as, — and lock a - do - le - scent girls — in - to the backs of trucks with a

*p* *mf* *pp*

*mf* *tr* (F#) *pp* sul tasto

*pp* sul C, sul tasto

132 rit. . . . . Slower; ♩ = ca. 96  
*p*

140 *poco rit.* **Slow** **G** Increasingly optimistic; ♩ = ca. 72-76

mat - tress un - der - neath them, and ink our skin, and per-fo-rate our fa-ces, blend ice to

*pp* *poco* *mp* *pp* *ord. poco* *mp* *pp* *ord. poco* *pp*

*sul tasto* *sul tasto*

*pp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

140 *poco rit.* **Slow** **G** Increasingly optimistic; ♩ = ca. 72-76

foam break hor - ses, dis-ap - pear, dis-ap-pear o - thers, maim verbs,

*mf* *< f* *mp* *pp* *mf*

*mf* *pp* *mf* *p*

*p* *mf* *pp* *p*

*mp* *mf*

*sub. pp*

*mf* *p*

*Rec.*

162

and fling our-selves from air-planes, and

*p* *mf* *f* *ff* *mf* *f* *mp*

sul A, sul tasto ord.

162

168

flay our child-ren un-til they can't speak out na-tive tongues, and throw our se-wage to the

*ff* *mf* *f* *pp* *mf* *f* *pp* *mf* *fp*

168

174

sea, and lie, Ni-na, and lock our hands a-round the throat of what we de-

*p* *mf* *f* *mf* *p* *mf*

*fp* *fp* *f* *p* *mf* *p*

*fp* *fp* *f* *p* *f* *p* *mf*

174

179

sire un-til both throat and hands go white.

*f* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

*f* *pp* *f* *pp*

179



194

bread with a soft-ened knife. \_\_\_\_\_ We en-trust our bones to bus dri - vers,

*mf* *p* *pp* *mf* *p*

194

199

poco rit. . .  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 40$

the napes of our necks to hair - cut - ters, the lobes of our ears to the cloud - y mouths of

*p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

199

poco rit. . .  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 40$

203 *accel.*

lo - vers who may love us or not love us but touch us as if they

*p* *ppp* *pp* *p*

*pp* *pp* *mp*

*pp* *p*

*mf* *mf*

*accel.*

**||** 208 *Slightly faster; ♩. = ca. 50* **K**

*f* *mf*

could. We brush the birch bark with our fin - gers as we pass

*mf* *f* *p* *mf*

*mf* *f* *p* *mf*

*mf* *f* *mf* *mf*

*mf* *f* *mf* *mf*

208 *Slightly faster; ♩. = ca. 50* **K**

*mf* *f* *mf*

222

*f* *ff* *mf*

We wait. We wait. We burn the rice, we eat the rice, We

*mf* *f* *pp* *mf*

*pp* *mp* *pp* *mf*

*mf* *pizz.* *mp* *pizz.* *f*

*pp* *mf* *f*

222

*mf* *f* *p*

227

dog-ear books, we seek a sin-gle face in ev-ry pass-ing face and find it, or don't find it, and

*p* *mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

*pp* *mp* *pp* *mf*

*arco* *sul D*

227

*mf* *mf* *pp* *p*

*p*

233 *mf* *ff*

trudge up the hill, and sled down the hill, and sing

*sul tasto* *pp* *mp* *p* *mf* *pp* *f*

233 *mf* *p* *mf* *f*



238 *poco rit.* Slower still; ♩. = ca. 40 *p* *mf* *p*

with our eyes squinched shut, and shut our win-dows a-against the pa-rade, so

*mf* *fp* *ppp* *f* *p* *pizz.*

*ord.* *sul pont.* *ord.*

238 *poco rit.* Slower still; ♩. = ca. 40 *mf* *p* *f* *sub.* *ppp*

243 *mf*

we can lie down to - ge - ther\_ and hear ev - 'ry thing we say,

*pp* *mp* *mf*

*arco*

*mf* *p* *mf* *mf*

243



247

and let the house fire\_ have its way with what we own. *ff*

*ft.*

*p* *mf* *ff*

*pp* *mf* *ff*

*pp* *fp* *ff*

247

*p* *f* *pp* *ff*

rit. . . .

263

We laugh un - til we're sick. We let the turt - le go. We're cer - tain

263



[M] Slower, somewhat subdued; ♩ = ca. 76

271

that we're right. We come, which is a cu - ri - ous way of say - ing that we

[M] Slower, somewhat subdued; ♩ = ca. 76

271

276

go away, with a joy that would be de-so - la - tion if it weren't so joy - ful.

*mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

*mf* *p* *f* 3

*mf* *mf > p* *mf* *p* *f*

280

We are told that we must first learn joy so we can la-ter bear the de-so - la - tion...

*p* *mf* *f*

*mp* *p* *mf* *mf* *fl.* *p* *mf*

*mp* *p* *mf* 3

sul D *mf* *mf* *pp* *mf*

*mp* *mf* *p* *pp*



298

*pp* Don't we? *pp* I don't know, Ni-na, I don't

*p* *pp* *p* *mp* *pp*

sul tasto poco

*pp* *p* *pp* *mp* *pp*

*pp*

298

*mp*

304 poco a poco accel. . . . . **P** Slightly faster; ♩ = ca. 72-76

*mp* know. *mf* I've seen a school boy *p* drop to his knees in a pos-ture of

*p* *mf* *p* *p* *mf*

*p* *mf* *p* *mf*

304 poco a poco accel. . . . . **P** Slightly faster; ♩ = ca. 72-76

*mf* *p*

320

ran-cor, or sor-row, or de-sire passed o-ver, or rheu-ma-toid arth-ri-tis, or miss-ing her moth-er,

Measures 320-324: Vocal line with lyrics. Includes triplets and dynamic markings *p*.

Measures 320-324: Piano accompaniment. Includes dynamic markings *pp*, *mf*, *p*, and *pp*.

Measures 320-324: Piano accompaniment. Includes dynamic markings *pp* and *pp*.

320

Measures 320-324: Piano accompaniment. Includes dynamic markings *pp*, *p*, *mf*, *mf*, and *pp*.



325

or old ter-rors made new, and what, Ni-na, can we do? We

Measures 325-329: Vocal line with lyrics. Includes dynamic markings *p*, *mf*, *p*, and *mp*.

Measures 325-329: Piano accompaniment. Includes dynamic marking *p*.

Measures 325-329: Piano accompaniment. Includes performance instructions: *sul D, ord.*, *sul point, molto ord.*, and dynamic markings *pp*, *mf*, and *f*.

325

Measures 325-329: Piano accompaniment. Includes dynamic markings *ppp*, *f*, and *sub. pp*. Includes instruction *una corda*.

330 *f p* (spoken) **Q** *mp*

do what we can do. No. I know a man who, years a - go, would ho - ver... at the high - way's

*p* *ppp* *p* *pp*

*mp* *pp* *ppp* *p* *p* *sul tasto*

*mp* *ppp* *p* *p*

330 **Q**

*f* *mp* *mp*

tre corde

335

edge to feel the eigh-teen whee-lers pass and fea-ther his bo - dy back - wards, to feel the mine-field... be-tween the

*mp* *p* *mp* *pp*

*mf* *p* *sul tasto* *f* *sub. pp* *mp* *pp*

335 *pp* *mp* *pp*

340 *poco rit.* Gently *p* **R** (In time) *f*

yel-low line and his own two feet. The mine. The field. How does the bo-dy get to where the

ord. *pp* *mp*

340 Gently **R** (In time) *f* *mp*

345 *p* *mp* *mf*

world has told it not to tra-vel? I'm ask-ing you. Our choi-ces, in the end, are few.

*pp* *mf*

*pp* *p* sul tasto *mf*

345 *pp* *mf* *p*

353 **S** *f*

I love this man whose bo - dy said it did not want to go. And I loved you, - who went.

*mf* *p* *pp* *mf* *ppp*

*mf* *pp* *sul tasto*

353 **S** *f* *pp* *mf* *p*

359 **T** Soft; ♩ = ca. 80 *p* *pp* *mp* *pp* *p* *mp* *pp* *pp* *ord.*

Love, not loved, my friend; for - give me. We

*pp* *p* *mp* *pp* *p* *pp* *pp* *pp* *ord.*

359 **T** Soft; ♩ = ca. 80 *pp* *p* *pp* *pp* *pp*

poco rit. . Tempo 1; ♩ = ca. 72-76

375

*p* *mp* *mp*

go, we go, Ni - na. We gleam.

*mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

*mf* *f*

sul tasto, molto

*pp* *p*

sul tasto, molto

*pp* *p*

375

*f* *ff* *ppp* *mp*

381

*f* *pp* *p*

we gleam.

hold as long as possible; close to "mm" briefly before letting go of the note.

*f* *pp*

*f* *pp*<sup>3</sup> *p*

ord.

*f* *pp* *p*

sul tasto, molto

*pp* *p*

381

*ff* *ppp* *p*

*ppp*

387

breath without pitch

*pp* *mp* *pp*

*p* *mp* *mp*

sul tasto, molto

*pp* *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp*

387 *mp* *pp*

392

*mp* *ppp* *p* *ppp*

*mp* *p*

*ppp*

*ppp*

392 gradually slowing from the speed of 16 notes to the speed of 8th notes, then even slower

*p*