

DT0049 | TRUMBORE  
THE GLEAM | SOPRANO & PIANO

# THE GLEAM

for Soprano & Piano  
Text by Robin Myers

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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For CHAI Collaborative Ensemble  
and Gillian Hollis

# The Gleam

for Soprano & Piano

Text by Robin Myers

Music by Dale Trumbore

Hushed & questioning; ♩ = ca. 76-80

Soprano

Piano Reduction

*ppp* *mp* *ppp*

*p* We dig

\*Alternating rapidly in any order; ebbing and flowing gently between the speed of 16th notes and 8th notes throughout.

7

*mf* *p*

deep in- to the earth, Ni - na, We cut it up. We do not try to

*mp* *sub. pp* *mf*

11

fix it.

*sub. pp* *ppp*

The Gleam

2

15 **A** *mp*

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

**A** *mp* *pp*

19 *f*

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

*mf* *f*

24

*sub. mp* *mf* *sub. pp*

29 **B** *p* *mf* (*♩* = *♩* throughout unless otherwise marked)

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

**B** (*♩* = *♩* throughout unless otherwise marked)

*sub. p* Ped.

The Gleam

4

48 *f*

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

53 *mp* *pp*

We skin - deer. We rape our

58

al - tar boys. We strike pe -

62 *mf* *f* *mp*

des - tri - ans who die in - stant - ly. We die in - stant - ly.

66 *rit.* *mf* *p* *mf* *accel.* **Tempo 1** (♩ = ca. 76-80)

70 **C** *p* *mf* *f*

We shear our cor-ne-as\_ with la-sers. We burn our neigh-bors' orch-ards...

76 *mp* *p* *f* (,)

we slice our thighs with ra-zors we turn our backs to sob - bing daugh-ters

*Red.*

81 *sub. p* *mf* *f*

ev - ry day of the whole first month of first grade so they will learn to

102 *mf*

get near-ly ev'-ry - thing, pro-portion-al - ly speak - ing, and de - cide who

106 *f*

does and does not have the right to live in the new lu - xu-ry a - part - ment

109 *mf*

build - ing, and prop up mu - se - ums o - ver the

113 *f*

ru - ins of mas - sa - cred vil - la - ges, and

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

119 *f* *mp* *rit.* *mp* A little slower; ♩ = ca. 72  
We sniff glue, and drink un-til we say things we don't mean,

*rit.* A little slower; ♩ = ca. 72

123 *rit.* *F* *poco* *p* *Faster;* ♩ = ca. 126  
and

*rit.* *F* *Faster;* ♩ = ca. 126

127

in - tro - duce feed - ing tubes in - to our grand - mothers' tra - che - as,

*mf*

*p* *mp*

133

and lock a - do - le - scent girls in - to the backs of

rit. . . . Slower; ♩ = ca. 96

*p* *mp*

rit. . . . Slower; ♩ = ca. 96

*pp*

138

trucks with a mat - tress un - der - neath them.

poco rit. . . . Slow

poco rit. . . . Slow

159

not the pre-sent tense, —

*mf*

163

and fling our - selves\_ from air - planes, and

sub. *pp*

*ff*

*mf*

167

flay our child-ren\_\_\_\_\_ un-til they can't speak out na-tive tongues,\_\_\_\_\_ and

*ff*

*mf*

*f*

172

throw our se - wage\_ to the sea, and lie, Ni - na, and

*mf*

*f* *pp*

176 *f*

lock our hands a - round the throat of what we de -

178 *f*

sire un - til both throat and hands go white.

181 *ff*

*rippling pulse gradually slows*

*Red.*

185 I *mp* *Freely pp*

We do. yet it's al - so

I *pp* *Freely p*

190 Gently;  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 72$   
*mp*

true that we pull soft-ened but-ter a - cross a slice of bread with a soft-ened knife.

Gently;  $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 72$   
*mp*

195

We en-trust our bones to bus dri - vers, the napes of our necks to

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

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

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

202

lo - vers who may love us or not love us but

220

bur - geon\_from po - ta - toes. We wait. We wait. We

*pp* *mf* *ff* *mf*

Ped.  $\wedge$

224

burn the rice, we eat the rice, We dog - ear books, we

*p* *mf*

227

seek a sin - gle face in ev - 'ry pass - ing face and find it, or

*p* *mf*

231

don't find it, and trudge up the hill, and sled down the

236

hill, and sing with our eyes squinched

239

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

*poco rit.* *Slower still; ♩. = ca. 40*

243

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

247

and let the house fire have its way with what we own.

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

Red.

This block contains the musical score for measures 247-251. The vocal line is in 6/8 time, with lyrics: "and let the house fire have its way with what we own." The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, featuring a variety of dynamics including *p*, *pp*, *mf*, and *f*. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line. A "Red." marking is present at the bottom of the piano part.

**L** ♩ = ca. 120  
*p*

That we have no choice is not the point. We yearn. We yearn.

*mf* *mp < f* *f*

This block contains the musical score for measures 252-258. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, with lyrics: "That we have no choice is not the point. We yearn. We yearn." The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, with dynamics *mf*, *mp < f*, and *f*.

**L** ♩ = ca. 120

*pp* *f*

This block shows the piano accompaniment for measures 252-258, in 3/4 time. Dynamics include *pp* and *f*.

259

We confess to deeds we have - n't done. We

*mp*

This block contains the musical score for measures 259-261. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, with lyrics: "We confess to deeds we have - n't done. We". The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, with a dynamic of *mp*.

262

wash our feet. We laugh un - til we're sick. We let the

This block contains the musical score for measures 262-264. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, with lyrics: "wash our feet. We laugh un - til we're sick. We let the". The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time.

281 *mf* *f*

told that we must first learn joy so we can la - ter bear the de - so -

285 *p* *poco* *mf*

la - tion. No. We are told that we must

As if interrupting (spoken; reconsidering)

289 *poco rit.* *f* *poco rit.*

first learn de - so - la - tion, so we can la - ter bear the joy.

292 *p* *p* *mf*

No. We bear what we can bear. No.

Slower; ♩ = ca. 56

sub. *pp* *mf*

296 **O** *pp*

We do not know what we can bear. Don't we? \_\_\_\_\_

300 *pp*

I don't know, Ni - na, I don't

304 *mp* *poco accel.* **P** Slightly faster; ♩ = ca. 72

know. I've seen a school boy drop to his

308 *p* *mp* *mf*

knees in a pos-ture of prayer, or be - tray - al or car - ti - lage in - jured dur - ing a

*pp* *mf*

313 *p* *poco rit.*

soc - cer game, so what do I know? *poco rit.*

*p* *mf*

317 *f* *mp* *Slower*

I've seen an ag - ing wo - man wrench her limbs from an em - brace in a gest - ure of ran - cor, or

*mf* *p*

321 *p*

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

*mf*

338

to feel the mine - field be-tween the yel-low line and his own two feet.

*mp* *pp*

*rit.*

341 Gently

The mine. The field. How does the bo - dy get to where the

*p* *f*

Gently

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

**R** In time

345

world has told it not to tra - vel? I'm ask - ing you. Our

*pp* *mp*

350

choi - ces, in the end, are few.

*mf*

353 **S** *f*

I love this man whose bo - dy said it did not want to go. And

**S** *f* *mf*

357 **T** Soft; ♩ = ca. 80 *p*

I loved you, who went. Love, not loved, my friend; for -

**T** Soft; ♩ = ca. 80 *p* *pp* *mp*

Red.  $\wedge$

poco rit. Tempo 1; ♩ = ca. 72-76

362 *mp* *mf*

give me. We know not what we do, as

poco rit. Tempo 1; ♩ = ca. 72-76 *pp* *mp* *pp*

366

awed be - fore the green corn gleam - ing in the field

*mf*

369

Slightly slower

as with a foot in to the mine.

Slightly slower

372 poco accel.

U Tempo I (♩ = ca. 72-76)

We go, We go,

poco accel.

U Tempo I (♩ = ca. 72-76)

387

Musical score for measures 387-390. The score consists of three staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note with a slur. The piano accompaniment starts with a *mp* dynamic and a slur over the first two measures. A hairpin crescendo leads to a *pp* dynamic in the third measure. The tempo instruction reads: "gradually slowing from the speed of 16-notes to the speed of 8th notes, occasionally speeding up again, then slowing again".

391

Musical score for measures 391-394. The score consists of three staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note with a slur and a *rit.* marking. The piano accompaniment starts with a *pp* dynamic and a slur over the first two measures. A hairpin crescendo leads to a *mp* dynamic in the third measure. The tempo instruction reads: "gradually slowing to the speed of 8th notes". The final measure has a *rit.* marking and a fermata over the piano accompaniment.

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