

She Left for Good But Came Back
Music by Scott Wheeler
Poem by Anna V.Q. Ross

*“This is Mrs. Lawrence Schlegel from outside of Hettinger, North Dakota.
She left for good one time but came back. Nobody ever asked about it.”*
--Shelly Julian Bunde, 2013, acrylic on wood panel

She left for good one time
but came back.
She let her hair grow long
and the greys come in.
Nobody ever asked about it,
but she left for good one time.
She followed the fence line out,
the grass dry and rust-tipped
where it chased her calves.
She was wearing the wrong shoes
and no socks either, but she'd left,
and it was for good.
She kept the fence line to her left
and the creek to her right as she left
(for good, for better or worse)
the dishes and whatever had been said
at dinner—the whole damn dinner!
She was leaving, she was
and was and was, the smell of her
falling under sagebrush, no wind yet,
and the sun not down.
You'll take what God gives you, they said,
as her children wriggled beside her
and the last bite on her plate
gave her the fisheye.
But she'd left for good,
and the creek agreed, flashing
the last acre until it slid
under the single barbed strand
that marked the neighbor's land,
and someone else called
someone else in to supper.
It would be bedtime soon,
the nighthawks buzzing the trees
for insects, their chicks
lodged among river stones below.
It had been for good when she left,
all of it, she knew, and also
that someone would need
a last drink of water now,
and a song from when you were little
Someone would need
to touch her hair, to pat it softly
until sleep came this time
and for good.

Everything Alters: Settings of Poems by W.B. Yeats
Music by Tim Mukherjee
Poems by William Butler Yeats

The Ragged Wood

O hurry where by water among the trees
The delicate-stepping stag and his lady sigh
When they have but looked upon their images --
Would none had ever loved but you and I!

Or have you heard that sliding silver-shoed
Pale silver-proud queen-woman of the sky
When the sun looked out of his golden hood? --
O that none ever loved but you and I!

O hurry to the ragged wood, for there
I will drive all those lovers out and cry --
O my share of the world, o yellow hair!
No one has ever loved but you and I.

Her Anxiety

Earth in beauty dressed
Awaits returning spring
All true love must die
Alter at the best
Into some lesser thing
Prove that I lie

Such body lovers have
Such exacting breath
That they that they touch or sigh
Every touch they give
Love is nearer death
Prove that I lie

O Do Not Love Too Long

Sweetheart, do not love too long
I loved long and long,
And grew to be out of fashion
Like an old song
All through the years of our youth
Neither could have known
Their own thought from the other's
We were so much at one
But O, in a minute she changed -
O do not love too long
Or you will grow out of fashion
Like an old song

The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

I heard the old, old men say,
“Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away.”
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees
By the waters.
“All that’s beautiful drifts away
Like the waters.”

The Lone Tenement

Text & Music by Erin Rogers

Beneath an overhead bridge,
Red, with rooftop peaks
Stands a lone brick building six floors high
Length double the width, height triple the length
Mostly shaded, the top of the building bathed in sunlight
Two windows on each floor
The building looks strange with no neighboring buildings pressed against it
Writing and signage cover the facing side where the brick is faded
To the left but still connected, a fence or gate of sorts
Slightly past the gate in the shade directly below the bridge
Folks gather around a fire, a dozen or so,
dressed mostly in black, mostly in hats
Some lean into the flame, others talk in pairs, one is in motion
Further to the left, one demonstrates a baseball swing
while another squats in a catcher’s position
Two others look on
The clothing and activities indicate that the gatherers are all men
Amen.
On the right, a large horse-drawn wagon with a horse
In the distance, a steamboat sits on the river
Its plume of smoke billowing straight vertical
These tools of transport appear stationary at the moment
On the left, two leafless trees, tall and dark, covered in branches
To their left, a clump of shorter buildings
Even further back, upon the waters edge
A bright orange building bathed in sunlight, smokestack in front
Under a grey sky next to a blue river
Beneath the bridge lies a glassy puddle

Los cuatro acuerdos
Music by Judith Sainte Croix

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Mr. Ruiz is a Toltec, a lineage of Indigenous Mexican shamans
who have passed down wisdom teachings for 1000 years.*

El primer acuerdo – Sé impecable con tus palabra.
The first agreement - Be impeccable with your word.
El segundo acuerdo – No te tomes nada personalmente.
The second agreement – Don't take things personally.
El tercer acuerdo – No hagas suposiciones.
The third agreement – Do not make assumptions.
El cuatro acuerdo – Haz siempre lo máximo que puedas.
The fourth agreement – Always do your best.

Ganga Yamuna
Music by David Claman
Poem by Ved Vatak

Let the stream of life flow in unison
Like the rivers Ganga and Yamuna
After they unite on Sangam
Two bodies but one soul
Let it sing the beautiful melody of love
March together every moment
On the path of progress
In order to make our world complete
By becoming complementary to each other
May your life be like milk and honey, inseparable
Drop by drop floating, let it become a river or ocean
Let every breath be a drop of nectar
Absorbed in each other's heart

The Maldive Shark
Music by David Claman
Poem by Herman Melville

About the Shark, phlegmatical one
Pale sot of the Maldive sea
The sleek little pilot fish, azure and slim
How alert in attendance be
From his sawpit of mouth, from his charnel of maw
They have nothing of harm to dread
But liquidly glide on his ghastly flank
Or before his Gorgonian head
Or lurk in the port of serrated teeth
In white triple tiers of glittering gates
And there find a haven when peril's abroad
An asylum in jaws of the Fates
They are friends, and friendly, they guide him to prey
Yet never partake of the treat
Eyes and brains to the dotard lethargic and dull
Pale ravener of horrible meat

All ye, whom Love or Fortune
Music by John Dowland

All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betray'd
All ye, that dream of bliss by live in grief
All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd
All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief
Led ears and tears to me, most hapless man
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain
Pain that presents sad care in outward view
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain
But still in vain: for none my complaints will rue
Tears, sighs, and ceaseless cries alone I spend
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.