

readings 20—*Syringa*
[for Zackary]

mark so

*The seasons are no longer what they once were,
But it is the nature of things to be seen only once,
As they happen along, bumping into other things, getting along
Somehow. That's where Orpheus made his mistake.
Of course Eurydice vanished into the shade;
She would have even if he hadn't turned around.*

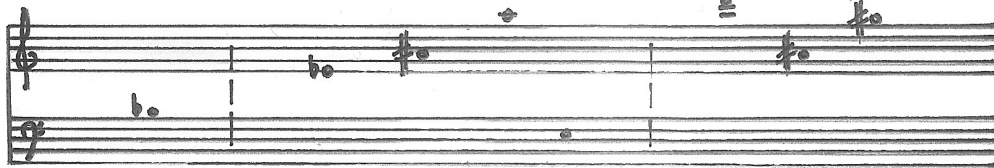
– John Ashbery, “Syringa”

—for reader and any instrument(s)

—open, in the midst of things; nonchalant—

read aloud the poem “Syringa” (from *Houseboat Days*) by John Ashbery

the following tones, in sequence, non-transposing, each in any tuning, once each, free duration; independent, quite soft
(vertical dotted lines indicate general phrase divisions; tones within each grouping need not connect)



pauses of any length, in either activity

—any overlap of reading, tone(s), environment permitted; without coordination—