

After Noon
for soprano, viola and piano

5 minutes

Brooke Joyce (2000)

Premiered by the Princeton Composers Ensemble, 2000

Program Note:

“After Noon,” by Annie Dillard

Winter: bright babies,
where are your holes-in-one now
that the windmill is still,
that the barn door is still,
that the fountain is still
on the miniature golf course?

Mother, I want to go home.
I know I shall always love her,
I shall never forget her that summer—
was it Rome, Mother do you remember?
The coat she was wearing was green,
and her shoes had such odd little buckles.

Overhead glare flattens the grass—
our wintery, raggedy home.
It was colorful there by the lamplight,
wasn't it, Mother, and gay?
It must have been gay, I remember
the comic strips spread on the floor.

Reprinted from *After Noon* by Annie Dillard, by permission of the University of Missouri Press.
Copyright 1974 by the Curators of the University of Missouri.