

The Ink Dark Moon

7 love poems for medium-high voice and vibraphone

8 minutes

Brooke Joyce (2002)

Premiered at Princeton University, 2003

Program Note:

I wrote these little pieces in the spring of 2002 as an antidote to studying for my doctoral exams. They are short, quite and gentle—my way of attempting to achieve “Serenity Now!” with music. The poems were written by two women who served the Heian Court of Japan in the 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> centuries, Ono no Komachi and Izumi Shikibu. The translations were done by Jane Hirshfield.

I. Seeing the moonlight

spilling down  
through these trees,  
my heart fills to the brim  
with autumn.

II. My longing for you --

too stong to keep within bounds.  
At least no one can blame me  
when I go to you at night  
along the road of dreams

III. The cicadas sing in the twilight

of my mountain village --  
tonight, no one  
will visit save the wind.

IV. Awake tonight with loneliness,

I cannot keep myself from longing  
for the handsome moon.

V. This heart,

longing for you  
breaks to a thousand pieces --  
I wouldn't lose one.

VI. The autumn night  
is long only in name --  
We've done no more  
than gaze at each other  
and it's already dawn.

VII. The way I must enter  
leads through darkness to darkness.  
O moon above the mountain's rim,  
please shine a little farther on my path.