

these sounds are voices
for flute quartet (2 C flutes, alto and bass)

6 minutes

Brooke Joyce (2003)

Program Note:

When the wind passes the trees tremble, bending before its mighty breath, and the leaves fall . . . the ground is covered with them. My birds are singing, and just as at Lake Placid, I have a wonderful impression that all this murmur around me, all those vague sounds are voices, voices that speak to me---and I understand them. They remind me of stories in books, of heroes and heroines . . .

from Linotte: The Early Diary of Anais Nin, 1914-1920