The Ascendant

Wally Gunn Maria Zajkowski

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The Ascendant songs for eight voices and drum kit Commissioned by Roomful of Teeth

Music by Wally Gunn . December 2012 and February 2016 Text by Maria Zajkowski

The Ascendant	(31:15)
The beginning and The fence is gone Through the night wave What we began Are we death Surviving death	(05:00) (04:45) (05:00) (04:30) (05:15) (06:45)

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Roomful of Teeth

Cameron Beauchamp, bass
Dashon Burton, bass-baritone
Martha Cluver, soprano
Eric Dudley, tenor
Estelí Gomez, soprano
Avery Griffin, baritone
Caroline Shaw, alto
Virginia Warnken, alto
Brad Wells, conductor and artistic director
roomfulofteeth.org

with Jason Treuting, drums

Thanks to

Maria Zajkowski
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Jason Treuting
Dan Trueman
Jesse Lewis
Trevor Litsey
Peter Mehlin
David Degge and Abby Rix Degge
Terrence Hunt

The beginning and

by the last tree in the last summer on the hill where the last sun falls on the things that at last mean

we are finally unwound from the hollow arrow around which we have spun our ignorant lives

we leave the first last to wait inside the darkness where the black snow falls like the last bird

The fence is gone

The fence is gone, we are starting to see our nudity through the branches, the pumping berries pinned to our hearts,

I've forgotten if you are me or I'm you.
We switched bags somewhere.
I have to rummage through the palings in the yard for the knothole that used to show me how to see the world.

I can't frame you in it now or detect from these piles of decrepit fence what was so important that for so long it needed to be kept in.

Through the night wave

a hand becomes every hand a hole becomes a home a place to forget the ascendant has left a face in the dark is what it faces the glass forest in all of your lives the rope around day and night into death I am repeating the unsayable

What we began

when we began we began
I sent myself back but we never
did look into that cloud

there is too much desire to forget what a waste we can and can't be

tonight apart looks like what won't be itself in the light

Are we death

are we death now can we hope at last that this blue morning has become us finally there is nothing to believe coming after us placing its steps in ours through the dew free of the urging heart free of the curse of hair and eves are we at last on the mountain we have so long been under the tunnel that was a song is it over the irritability of being ourselves the plain fact of being dumb are we at last over it can we now be final final like memory final like stars final like mornings all over again

Surviving death

Every day, surviving death, we send out our horses. They don't come back.

Here the dry river's a place not to camp, the night a place not to be.

An army gathers rattling its pans, thinking of home, an army that will turn your head

to a fire in the sand where those who've survived this wait out of time

in the dust and the gold, with the horse you thought was gone.

– Maria Zajkowski

The beginning and











