



## Woman of the Water

*new and old works  
for guitar, lute and voices*

## Duo LiveOak

Nancy Knowles, soprano, poet  
Frank Wallace, guitar, lute, baritone, composer

The "live oak" is an evergreen oak known for its strength and long life, a symbol of revitalization since ancient times. Passionate about the tonal and expressive powers of the ensemble of voices and plucked strings, Duo LiveOak is bringing new life to the long-neglected form of the art song with guitar and lute. Knowles and Wallace combine their considerable talents in composition, poetry, drama, and musical performance to create "a brilliant collection of new repertoire performed with equal amounts of grace, sensitivity and virtuosity" (Guitar Review) Hailed for many years on both sides of the Atlantic for their innovative concerts and recordings of medieval and renaissance music, echoes of the past reverberate throughout Duo LiveOak's new works.

Both as a duo and as members of the early music ensembles Trio LiveOak and LiveOak and Company, Wallace and Knowles have toured widely throughout the U.S. and Europe since 1976, performing at festivals such as the Holland Festival, the Regensburg Festival, Música en Compostela, the Boston Early Music Festival, and the Barcelona Festival. LiveOak has recorded for Titanic, Centaur, Musical Heritage Society, and most recently, Gyre.

Nancy Knowles, soprano and poet, is consistently praised by critics and audiences alike for the beauty of her voice as well as for her presence and grace on stage. With a longstanding reputation for her skillful interweaving of song, poetry and drama in concert, Knowles performs with spirit and thoughtfulness. Her most recent theater piece is **The House of Fools**, a dramatic memoir in two acts that debuted in 2002.

Frank Wallace, guitarist/baritone/composer, has been recognized for his extraordinary talent not only as a player of the classical and romantic guitar, but also as a master of self-accompanied song. He is in addition a leading performer on the *vihuela de mano* and lute. Wallace's works for solo classical guitar and his songs for voice, guitar and lute reflect his colorful career, drawing on influences ranging from avant garde to medieval to the blues. The richness and complexity of his instrumental writing, his song accompaniments and his compelling vocal melodies reflect the influence of his mentors, John Dowland and Franz Schubert.

For more, please visit [www.duoliveoak.com](http://www.duoliveoak.com).

## Program Notes

My inspiration as a composer of songs is John Dowland. His lute songs were inspired by the lyric word and the great polyphony of his time and yet he brought new instrumental color to his writing, such as tremolo in one fantasy. While some guitar composers may have come close to his high level of solo composition, none have matched the depth and elegance of his songwriting, save perhaps Benjamin Britten, whose output was tiny in comparison. As a rare heir to the renaissance tradition of singer/instrumentalist/composer, I aim to bring back the richness of the art song to the classical guitar repertoire as well as give the ancient lute songs a fresh face. It is odd that our popular culture has embraced the guitar as the ultimate accompaniment to the voice, but, as yet, the classical world has not embraced this magical combination.

As a songwriter I am blessed by having not only a soprano, but also a poet, as my partner. Nancy has long been the creative force behind our programming for concerts. Now she helps me to shape my song cycles, from the choosing and sequencing of texts to writing new poems conceived for a specific work. For the newest cycle in this concert, *Woman of the Water*, Nancy put together a moving group of poems by the late American poet Theodore Roethke\* (pronounced *ret-kee*). The poems are from **The Far Field**, Roethke's last book of poems, published in 1964, one year after his death. In the context of our settings, the poems trace the passions of a woman who lives by the sea, from her awakening young body and the beginnings of love, through longing and frustration to union and joy in her later years. In his lifetime Roethke was honored with many awards, including the Pulitzer Prize; in spite of recurring bouts of depression, he produced an inspiring body of work. It is interesting to imagine *Woman of the Water* as an allegory of his own soul's journey. The lute was chosen as a more graceful, or feminine accompaniment to this delicate tale. The lute part is not unlike those of Dowland; my SATB orientation creates simple but rich chords, yet with impressionistic flourishes and instrumental fantasy. Throughout, a repetition of motives and chord progressions unify the work as a whole.

We open with a setting of Nancy's poem **Pearly Everlasting**, a lament on the death of our musical partner, John Fleagle, who founded LiveOak with us in 1976, written during the last month of John's life. I composed the score about a year later. The style of this duet combines many influences, from medieval drones to 17th century lute writing with dense counterpoint freed from any metrical ties. One of John's favorite tunes, *Comment Qu'a Moy* by Machaut, weaves through the various counterpoints.

In our second set we feature the repertoire that was our hallmark for twenty years, songs of renaissance Spain and Italy.\*\* In this era of the reawakening of humanistic values and pursuits in all their glory, people did not limit their activities as in today's overly specialized society. Instrumentalists sang, singers played instruments. Publishing of part songs and works for lute solo or "intabulations" for lute and voice was a new frontier and accompanied the rise of a new cultured middle class that pursued the arts for entertainment and fulfillment. Our selection of music focuses on love in all its beauty and fragility. Most of the 16th century songs have been arranged, or intabulated for lute and voice(s), by myself from the original three or four part versions – the models for which you will hear in **Teresica hermana** and **Si liet e grata morte**, works arranged in the time of their popularity by the blind priest/vihuelist Fuenllana and the famous composer Willaert.

**A Single Veil** sets a wide collection of verse from several cultures and eras. Opening with a brief raga-like statement of melody, an homage to Rumi's Persian roots, the songs progress through anger and dissonance, to a final lullaby with parallel thirds and simple, folk harmonies welcoming the arrival of peace. This piece is particularly poignant for us, as it debuted a few weeks after 9/11/01. Its texts (and tunes) helped us through that difficult time.

I composed *Dake's Song* for guitar builder Dake Traphagen as a piece to show off the beauty of his guitars. *Débil del Alba* (Unease of the Dawn) was conceived as a duet for guitar and dancer; I wrote it for my son Adam Wallace and dancer Jessyca Dudley. The title comes from Pablo Neruda.

**Bestiary** is fun, almost slapstick. The humorous poems, once again by Roethke\* and one by Nancy, are childlike expressions of joy. Each piece has a slightly different style: *The Sloth* is once again in an imitative polyphonic mode; *The Cow* suggested a British ditty to me with an accompaniment inspired by Benjamin Britten's **Songs of the Chinese**; *The Lady and the Bear* just had to be in the passionate meter of 15/8, a little circus act in dialogue format; Nancy's *Star-nosed Mole* crawls through his dark space on a 12-tone row; *The Snake* clashes through G and G# in a bluesy, night time sort of mood; leading to what is fundamentally a blues duet in *The Serpent*, who longs to leave the forest for his "singing career."

Frank Wallace



# Woman of the Water

*renaissance and contemporary works for guitar, lute, and voices*

## Duo LiveOak

Nancy Knowles soprano, poet

Frank Wallace baritone, guitarist, lutenist, composer

### *Pearly Everlasting (2001)*

for soprano, baritone and 10-course lute

#### *from Sixteenth Century Spain and Italy*

Remedia, señora mía  
Como está sola mi vida  
Llaman a Teresica  
Teresica hermana

A dónde tienes las mientes  
Tastar de corde  
Si liet e grata morte  
Recercar dietro/Quasi Sempre/Piva

### *A Single Veil (2001)*

a song cycle for soprano and guitar

Radiance  
A Falling Darkness  
A Single Veil  
Towards the Sun  
Love Comes Quietly  
Lullaby

Frank Wallace

poem: Nancy Knowles

anonymous, **Cancionero de Palacio**  
Ponce, **Cancionero de Palacio**  
anonymous, **Cancionero de Uppsala**  
Mateo Flecha/Miguel de Fuenllana

anonymous, **Cancionero de Palacio**  
Joanambrosio Dalza  
Philippe Verdelot  
Dalza/Bartolomeo Tromboncino/Dalza

Frank Wallace

poems:

Rumi  
Shem Tov Ben Palquera  
Eugène Guillevic  
Nancy Knowles  
Robert Creeley  
Nancy Knowles

*intermission*

### *Débil del Alba (2003)*

for guitar solo

### *Woman of the Water (2002)*

a song cycle for soprano and lute

The Young Girl  
Her Words  
The Apparition  
Her Reticence/Her Longing  
Song  
The Moment  
The Restored  
Meditation

### *Bestiary (2002)*

a song cycle for soprano, baritone and guitar

The Sloth  
The Cow  
The Lady and the Bear  
The Star-nosed Mole  
The Snake  
The Serpent

Frank Wallace

Frank Wallace

poems: Theodore Roethke

Frank Wallace

poems:

Theodore Roethke  
Theodore Roethke  
Theodore Roethke  
Nancy Knowles  
Theodore Roethke  
Theodore Roethke



## Texts and Translations

### Pearly Everlasting

Nancy Knowles

I.

Once again the Body  
    turning ever  
the Light  
    reflects  
    translucens  
    becomes  
all while the Shadow's Company  
    embracing,  
the Ancients  
    joining.

Of Them Roots drink,  
Leaves inspiring,  
    outspiralling  
the warm Breath  
    of Forever.

II.

Here on Earth  
choked by Reflection  
we strive to make  
    Shadow

Shining through  
wants Shade,  
else it's all  
    in vain.

Vanities:

lit candles in noonday Sun,  
    melting fast.

### Remedia, Señora Mía

–Remedia, senora mía, pues podeis.

–Señor, no me lo mandéis.

–El remedio de mi vida  
de vos l'espero, Señora.

–Pues, Señor, tened perdida  
esperança por agora.

–¡O cruel remediadora! ¿No queréis?

–Señor, no me lo mandéis.

*"Comfort me my Lady, since you are able."*

*"Sir, don't demand it of me."*

*"The remedy for my life*

*I await from you, Lady."*

*"Well, sir, your hope is lost for now."*

*"Oh cruel comforter! Don't you want to?"*

*"Sir, do not demand it of me."*

*Never will you be cured of serving me  
since I know not how to comfort you."*

*"Nor I, my Lady,*

*how to give up trying to please you.*

*You could not excuse yourself  
if you wanted."*

*"Sir, don't demand it of me."*

### Como está sola mi vida

Como está sola mi vida  
Llena de muchos cuidados,  
Lamentando amortecida,  
Llorando males pasados,

Quexase no sabe a quien  
Del mal que tanto le duele;  
Dize que perdió su bien,  
No halla quien le consuele.

*How solitary is my life,  
Full of many cares,  
Lamenting bitterly,  
Crying over painful pasts.*

*He complains, to he knows not whom,  
Of the pain that hurts him so much;  
He says that he has lost his well-being  
He finds no one who can console him.*

### Llaman a Teresica

Llaman a Teresica y no viene,  
tan mala noche tiene.

Llamala su madre ella calla.

Juramento tiene hecho de matarla;  
tan mala noche tiene.

*They call to Teresica and she doesn't come,  
such a bad night she is having.  
Her mother calls her and she is silent.  
A judgement has been made to kill her;  
What a bad night she is having.*

### Teresica hermana

Teresica hermana,

De la fararirira

Hermana Teresa

Si a ti plugiese

Contigo durmiese

Una noche sola

Yo bien dormiría

Mas tengo gran miedo

Que me empreñaría

*"Sister Teresica,*

*de la fararirira,*

*if it would please you*

*one night only*

*I would sleep with you.*

*One night only—*

*I would sleep so well."*

*"But I have great fear  
that I would become pregnant."*

### Si liet e grata morte

Si liet'e grata morte

Da gli'occhi di madonna al cor mi viene,

Che dolce m'è il morir, dolce le pene.

Perche qualhor la miro

Volgers in sì benigno e lieto giro,

Subito per dolcezza il cor si muore;

Ogni spirito giace,

Attento per sentire un sì dolce morire;

Ma tanto del morir gioisce il core,

Che poi non sento noia.

Anzi la morte si convert' in goia;

Donque se la mia donn'è di tal sorte

Che sentir fammi morte si gradita,

che saria poi s'ella mi desse vita?

*Such happy, welcome death*

*From my lady's eyes comes to my heart,*

*That sweet to me is death,*

*and sweet the pains,*

*Since whenever I see her*

*Moving in her beatific course,*

*At once my heart dies of happiness,*

*The mute tongue is silent,*

*Every spirit sleeps,*

*Rapt to experience so sweet a death:*

*But my heart has so much joy in dying,*

*That I feel no discomfort,*

*But rather death is changed to gladness:*

*And so if my lady is such*

*As to make me welcome death,*

*What would it be like if she gave me life?*

### Quasi sempre

*Quasi sempre avanti di*

*Canta il gal cucurucu*

*Par che dica su su su*

*Torna al gioco e non star più*

Io mi sveglio allora presto

Ricordandomi del gioco

Toglio i panni et sì mi vesto

Et ritorno al dolce loco

Ove acceso è il mio focho

Et sì dico: amor sei qui!

*Quasi sempre avanti di*

*Canta il gal cucurucu*

Alhor veggio la mia Dea

verso me venir iocunda

Et piu assai ch'io non credea

Nel baciarmi suribunda.

Io che in me sol fiamma abunda

Per sfocarmi la baso li.

Cominciam poi a giocare

A la dolce coregiola

Come siam soli di fare

Quando che io la trovo sola

Senza dire una parola

A ciò che non siam senti...

Poi che'l gioco habiam finito

Tra nui facto dolcemente

Ciascun resta sbigotito

Et me par suavemente

Di morir alhor presente

Tanto è dolce far cusi.

*Almost everyday before dawn*

*The cock crows cucurucu*

*Because he says su su su*

*Go back to the trust and don't delay*

*I awake at an early hour*

*Remembering the fun*

*I grab some bread and get dressed*

*And I return to the sweet place*

*Where my fire was ignited*

*And I say to him: love, here I am!*

*Almost everyday before dawn*

*The cock crows cucurucu*

Then I see my Goddess  
Coming joyfully towards me  
And I couldn't believe it,  
She showered me with kisses.  
I, in whom passion abounds,  
Seeking relief I kissed her back.

We then began to delight in  
The sweet little dance  
Since we were free to do it  
When I found her alone  
Without saying a word  
In order not to be heard...

Since we have now finished the game  
That we sweetly played between us,  
Each one remains dejected,  
But as for me, I'd gently die at this moment,  
So sweet it is for me to have done this.

### A Single Veil

*Radiance* Rumi (Coleman Barks, translator)  
Don't try to hide inside anger  
radiance that cannot be hidden.

*A Falling Darkness* Shem Tov Ben Palquera  
(David Goldstein, translator)  
If fear is like a rock,  
Then I am a hammer.  
If sorrow is a fire,  
Then I am the sea.  
When it comes, my heart  
Increases its strength,  
Like the moon that shines brighter  
When the darkness falls.

*A Single Veil* Eugène Guillevic  
(Denise Levertov, translator)  
Don't say that day is the same as night  
Don't say that night is alien to day

A single veil is woven across all things  
and tears sometimes  
in day's brightness  
or night's black.

*Towards the Sun* Nancy Knowles  
Is there some mischief afoot  
in the heavens?  
Some ruse the Gods have yet to reveal?  
Or am I being tried  
for sins I remember not?

Like a flower in a drought  
I reach towards the sun,  
as long accustomed,  
but it beats me back, weary,  
to the earth.

I shall try again tomorrow.

*Love Comes Quietly* Robert Creeley  
Love comes quietly,  
finally, drops  
about me, on me,  
in the old ways.  
What did I know  
thinking myself  
able to go  
alone all the way.

*Lullaby* Nancy Knowles  
And slowly, slowly  
all the small  
trickles and streams and  
creeks and rivers  
wend their way  
back together  
back to the sky.

*Woman of the Water* Theodore Roethke

*The Young Girl*  
What can the spirit believe?—  
It takes in the whole body;  
I, on coming to love,  
Make that my study.

We are one, and yet we are more,  
I am told by those who know,—  
At times content to be two.  
Today I skipped on the shore,  
My eyes neither here nor there,  
My thin arms to and fro,  
A bird my body,  
My bird-blood ready.

### Her Words

A young mouth laughs at a gift.  
She croons, like a cat to its claws;  
Cries, 'I'm old enough to live  
And delight in a lover's praise,  
Yet keep to myself my own mind;  
I dance to the right, to the left;  
My luck raises the wind.'

'Write all my whispers down,'  
She cries to her true love.  
'I believe, I believe, in the moon!—  
What weather of heaven is this?'

'The storm, the storm of a kiss.'

### The Apparition

My pillow won't tell me  
Where he has gone,  
The soft-footed one  
Who passed by, alone.

Who took my heart, whole,  
With a tilt of his eye,  
And with it my soul,  
And it like to die.  
I twist, and I turn,  
My breath but a sigh.  
Dare I grieve? Dare I mourn?  
He walks by. He walks by.

### Her Reticence

If I could send him only  
One sleeve with my hand in it,  
Disembodied, unbloody,  
For him to kiss or caress  
As he would or would not,—  
But never the full look of my eyes,  
Nor the whole heart of my thought,  
Nor the soul haunting my body,  
Nor my lips, my breasts, my thighs  
That shiver in the wind  
When the wind sighs.

### Her Longing

Before this longing,  
I lived serene as a fish,  
At one with the plants in the pond,  
the mare's tail, the floating frogbit,  
Among my eight-legged friends,  
Open like a pool, a lesser parsnip,  
Like a leech, looping myself along.  
A bug-eyed edible one,  
A mouth like a stickleback,—  
A thing quiescent!

But now—  
The wild stream,  
the sea itself cannot contain me:  
I dive with the black hag, the cormorant,  
Or walk the pebbly shore  
with the humpbacked heron,  
Shaking out my catch in the morning sunlight,  
Or rise with the gar-eagle,  
the great-winged condor.  
Floating over the mountains,  
Pitting my breast against the rushing air,  
A phoenix, sure of my body,  
Perpetually rising out of myself,  
My wings hovering over the shorebirds,  
Or beating against the black clouds  
of the storm,  
Protecting the sea-cliffs.

### Song

My wrath, where's the edge  
Of the fine shapely thought  
That I carried so long  
When so young, when so young?

My rage, what's to be  
The soul's privilege?  
Will the heart eat the heart?  
What's to come? What's to come?

O love, you who hear  
The slow tick of time  
In your sea-buried ear,  
Tell me now, tell me now.

### The Moment

We passed the ice of pain,  
And came to a dark ravine,  
And there we sang with the sea:  
The wide, the bleak abyss  
Shifted with our slow kiss.

Space struggled with time;  
The gong of midnight struck  
The naked absolute.  
Sound, silence sang as one.

All flowed: without, within;  
Body met body, we  
Created what's to be.

What else to say?  
We end in joy.

### *The Restored*

In a hand like a bowl  
Danced my own soul,  
Small as an elf,  
All by itself.

When she thought I thought  
She dropped as if shot.  
'I've only one wing,' she said,  
'The other's gone dead.'

I'm maimed; I can't fly;  
I'm like to die,  
Cried the soul  
From my hand like a bowl.  
When I raged, when I wailed,  
And my reason failed,  
That delicate thing  
Grew back a new wing.

And danced, at high noon,  
On a hot, dusty stone,  
In the still point of light  
Of my last midnight.

### *Meditation*

Now, in this waning of light,  
I rock with the motion of morning;  
In the cradle of all that is,  
I'm lulled into half-asleep  
By the lapping of water,  
Cries of the sandpiper.  
Water's my will, and my way,  
And the spirit runs, intermittently,  
In and out of the small waves,  
Runs with the intrepid shorebirds—  
How graceful the small before danger!

In the first of the moon,  
All's a scattering,  
A shining.

### *Bestiary*

#### *The Sloth* Theodore Roethke

In moving-slow he has no Peer.  
You ask him something in his Ear,  
He thinks about it for a Year;  
  
And, then, before he says a Word  
There, upside down (unlike a Bird),  
He will assume that you have Heard—

A most Ex-as-per-at-ing Lug.  
But should you call his manner Smug,  
He'll sigh and give his Branch a Hug;

Then off again to Sleep he goes,  
Still swaying gently by his Toes,  
And you just know he knows he knows.

#### *The Cow* Theodore Roethke

There Once was a Cow with a Double Udder.  
When I think of it now, I just have to Shudder!  
She was too much for One, you can bet your Life:  
She had to be Milked by a Man and his Wife.

### *The Lady and the Bear* Theodore Roethke

A Lady came to a Bear by a Stream.  
"O why are you fishing that way?  
Tell me, dear Bear there by the Stream,  
why are you fishing that way?"

"I am what is known as a Biddly Bear,—  
That's why I'm fishing this way.  
We Biddly's are Pee-culiar Bears.  
And so, — I'm fishing this way."

"And besides, it seems there's a Law:  
A most, most exactious Law  
Says a Bear  
Doesn't dare  
Doesn't dare  
Doesn't DARE  
Use a Hook or a Line,  
Or an old piece of Twine,  
Not even the end of his Claw.  
Yes, a Bear has to fish with his Paw, Paw, Paw.  
A Bear has to fish with his Paw."

"O it's Wonderful how with a flick of your Wrist,  
You can fish out a fish, out a fish, out a fish,  
If I were a fish I just couldn't resist  
You, when you are fishing that way, that way,  
When you are fishing that way."

And at that the Lady slipped from the Bank  
And fell in the Stream still clutching a Plank,  
But the Bear just sat there until she Sank;  
As he went on fishing his way, his way,  
As he went on fishing his way.

### *The Star-Nosed Mole* Nancy Knowles

Nancy Knowles  
Oh the star-nosed mole  
is a bird  
with a soul  
for rather than  
sing with a  
cheep cheep cheep  
or swim in the  
ocean so  
deep deep deep  
under our feet  
he doth  
creep creep creep

### *Snake* (spoken) Theodore Roethke

I saw a young snake glide  
Out of the mottled shade  
And hang, limp on a stone:  
A thin mouth and a tongue  
Stayed, in the still air.

It turned; it drew away;  
Its shadow bent in half;  
It quickened, and was gone.

I felt my slow blood warm.  
I longed to be that thing,  
the pure, sensuous form.

And I may be, some time.

### *The Serpent* Theodore Roethke

There was a Serpent who had to sing.  
There was. There was.  
He simply gave up Serpentering.  
Because. Because.

He didn't like his Kind of Life;  
He couldn't find a proper Wife;  
He was a Serpent with a soul;  
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.  
And so, of course, he had to Sing,  
And Sing he did, like Anything!  
The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;  
And various Measures Propounded  
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:  
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it.  
They sent, —you always send, —to Cuba  
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;  
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,  
But Nothing would suit.  
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:  
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."  
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note  
That practically split the Top of his Throat.  
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,  
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"  
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek  
As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.



"Pearly Everlasting", "Towards the Sun", "Lullaby" and "The Star-nosed Mole" copyright 2003 Nancy B. Knowles. Used by permission of the author. "Love Comes Quietly" from THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT CREELEY, 1945-1975 (©1983) University of California Press; used by permission of the Regents of the University of California Press. "The Sloth", copyright 1950 by Theodore Roethke. "The Cow", copyright 1950 by Theodore Roethke. "The Lady and the Bear", copyright 1951 by Theodore Roethke. "Snake", copyright © 1955 by Theodore Roethke. "The Serpent", copyright 1950 by Theodore Roethke, from COLLECTED POEMS OF THEODORE ROETHKE by Theodore Roethke. Used by permission of Doubleday, a division of Random House, Inc. "The Young Girl", copyright © 1961 by The Curtis Publishing Company. "Her Words", copyright © 1962 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "The Apparition", copyright © 1962 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "Her Longing", copyright © 1963 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "Her Reticence", copyright © 1963 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "Song", copyright © 1963 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "The Moment", copyright © 1963 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "The Restored", copyright © 1960 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke. "Meditation at Oyster River", copyright © 1960 by Beatrice Roethke, Administratrix of the Estate of Theodore Roethke, from COLLECTED POEMS OF THEODORE ROETHKE by Theodore Roethke. Used by permission of Doubleday, a division of Random House, Inc. "Radiance" is an excerpt from a poem by Rumi, translated by Coleman Barks. Used by permission. "If Fear is Like a Rock" (A Falling Darkness) by Shem Tov Ben Palquera (translated by David Goldstein) is from THE JEWISH POETS OF SPAIN 900-1230. Penguin Books, 1983, copyright David Goldstein, 1965. Used with permission from David Higham Associates Ltd. "A Single Veil" is from "Elegy of the Forest of Sainte Croix, Section 8" by Eugène Guillevic, translated by Denise Levortov, from SELECTED POEMS, copyright 1968, 1969 by Denise Levortov Goodman and Eugene Guillevic. Used by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.

