Michael Karmon

Dreams Laid Down

for solo guitar

I. Swirl of Finches
II. Change
III. Wind Musician
IV. Gateway
V. If Nothing Else
VI. Dreams Laid Down

ca. 15 minutes

Based on poems by Janice Notland from her collection *Dreams Laid Down.*

SWIRL OF FINCHES

A Swirl of finches
roller coaster
through thinning branches
atop a cedar,
blessing with a flourish
as deft as a wand.

Displacing handfuls of snow
they fall needles
like miniature loggers
laying bare new seeds.

Diving in tandem,
folding back in unison,
carving off snow
heavy in March,
fooled into thinking it was spring.

Listen now over there—
another distant sound;
a continuous buzz of a chainsaw,
contrasting sharply
the silence of snow
sealing up the land.

But oh these finches survive,
know so much
require so little,
it renews my heart
with awe and joy.

CHANGE

I don't want to talk about crying,
how he broke my heart
when he left this world
much too young.

I want to sing a song about grace
cascading down like waterfalls
into unsuspecting laps
hungry for change.

Ricocheting around mountain tops,
tumbling down
over thick valleys
of green.

I want to sing about life,
of one door closing and another opening,
love blown in by a breeze
from a world undreamt of.

So we stumble, we fall
we sink or we swim
we laugh or we cry
but we never stop moving.

Like a tumbleweed
we just keep rolling along,
twisting and turning
on a dry prairie wind.

Preparing us for the final
opening and closing
of which
we have, no control.

WIND MUSICIAN

The wind composes the elusive shade
across serrated edges
lining a weathered poplar tree.

Rippling with a ragtime beat
vibration sets the motion
dancing wild and silent.

Chords rise up
a grooved face.

Skyward leaves looking down
swell plein-air notation,
floating together
in breezy composition.

GATEWAY

Nightfall of dreams,
things gone over,
problems resolved,
different ways shown
of solving dilemmas.

Busy all night
with times of deep rest
taking us to a world
of slumber.

Upon waking,
to catch but a glimpse
of the shores we have travelled,
people we have befriended
discussing our earthly situations.

Gateway to heaven
speak to me at night
that I may find my way.

IF NOTHING ELSE

If nothing else, I love the way
the sun plays
on tortoise's checkered back,

plodding along
in a slow study of economy.

Compared to the running display
of the sun's dappled rays—

it's a board game of opposites.

DREAMS LAID DOWN

Dreams laid down
on pillowcases of silk
need no washing.

Words slide off
as easily as
icicles
down a slide,

landing in clear
pools
of crystal water.

All poems copyright by Janice Notland, and reprinted with her permission.

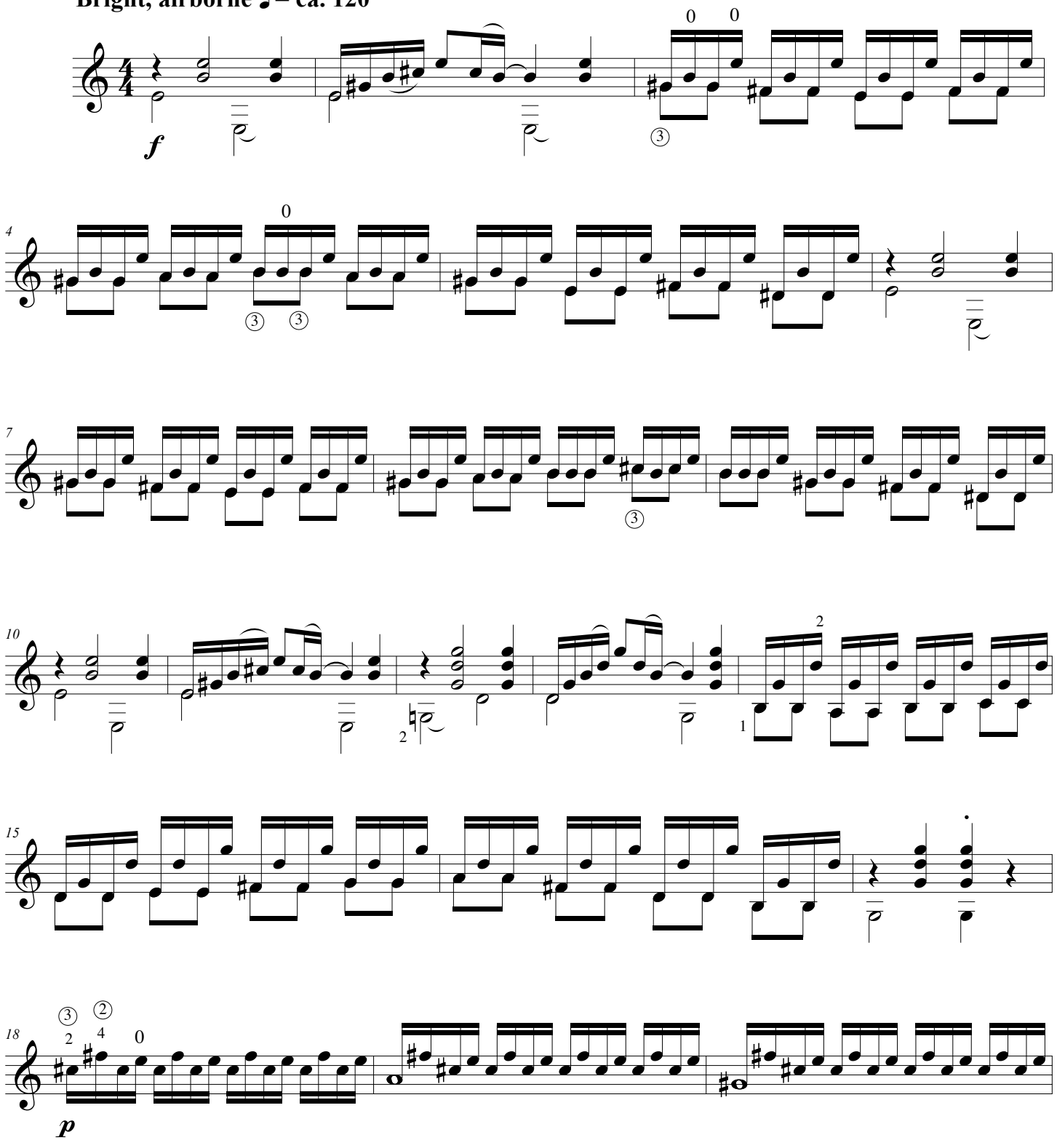
written for Alan Rinehart

Dreams Laid Down

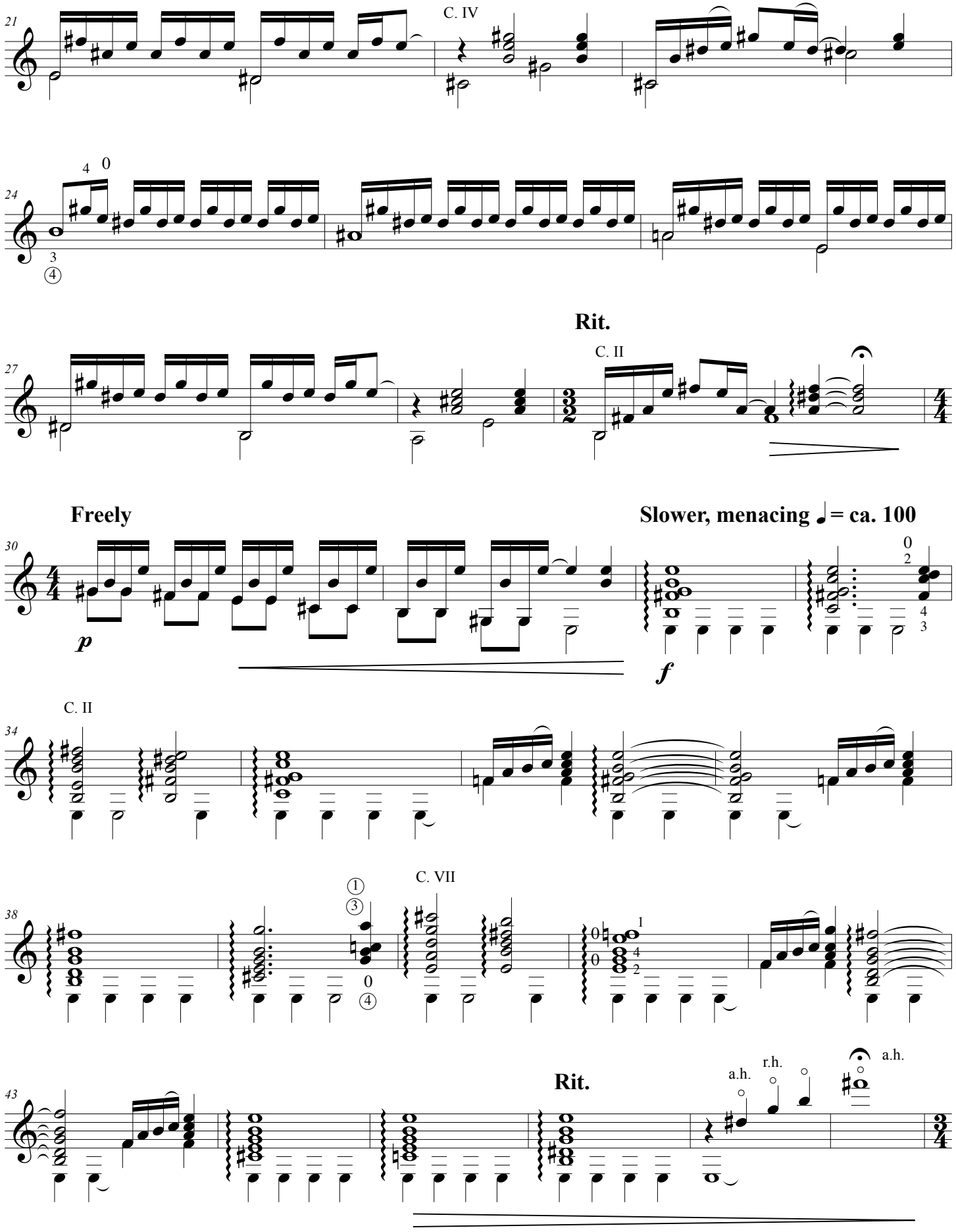
I. Swirl of Finches

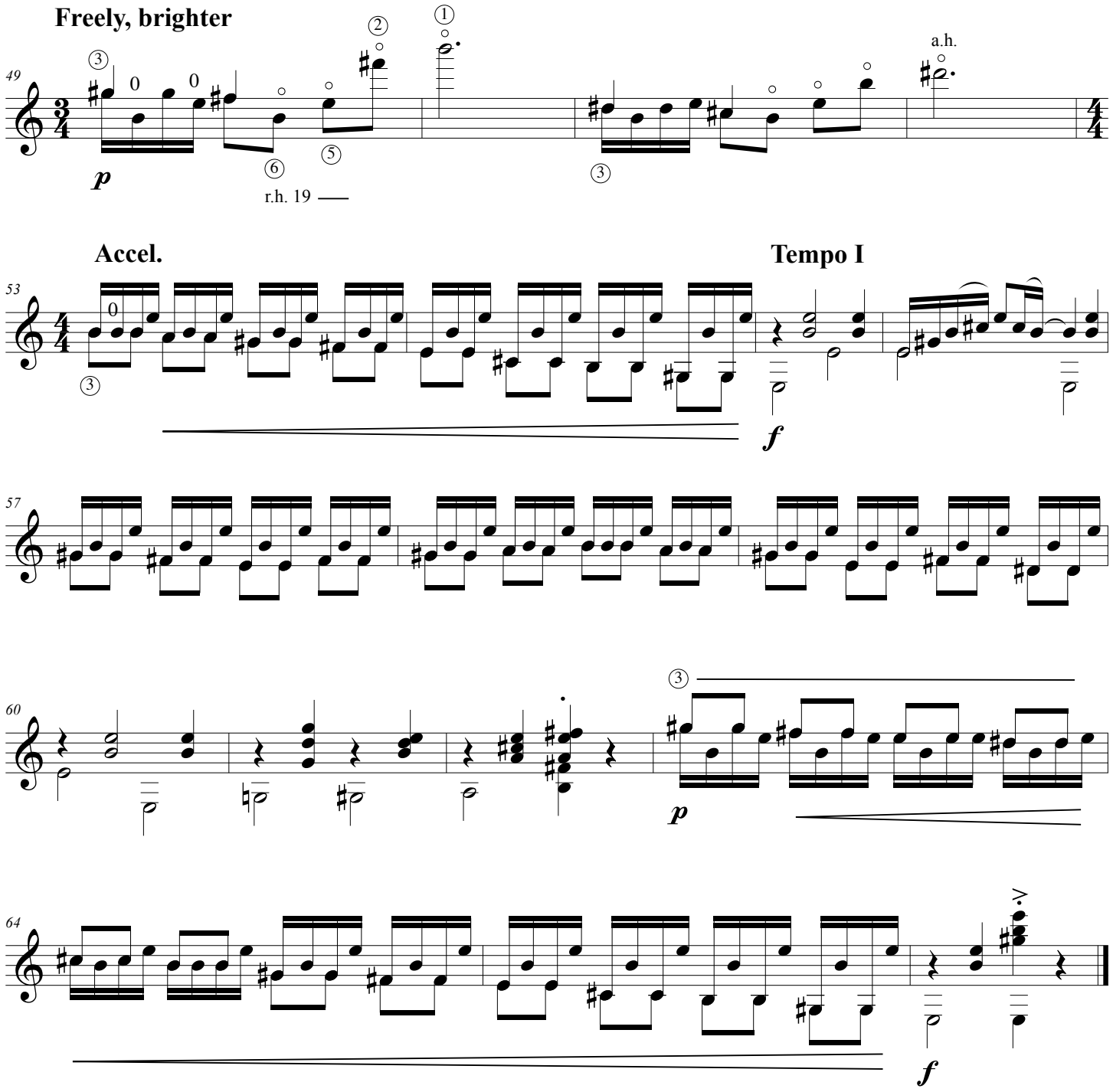
Michael Karmon

Bright, airborne ♩= ca. 120



© 2012 Michael Karmon


21
C. IV
24
Rit.
27
C. II
Freely
Slower, menacing ♩= ca. 100
30
p
f
34
C. II
38
C. VII
43
Rit.
a.h.
r.h.
a.h.


Freely, brighter
a.h.
r.h. 19
Accel.
Tempo I

II. Change

Tender, hesitant ♩= ca. 94

C. II

p

7

14

C. II

20

mf

27

C. V

p

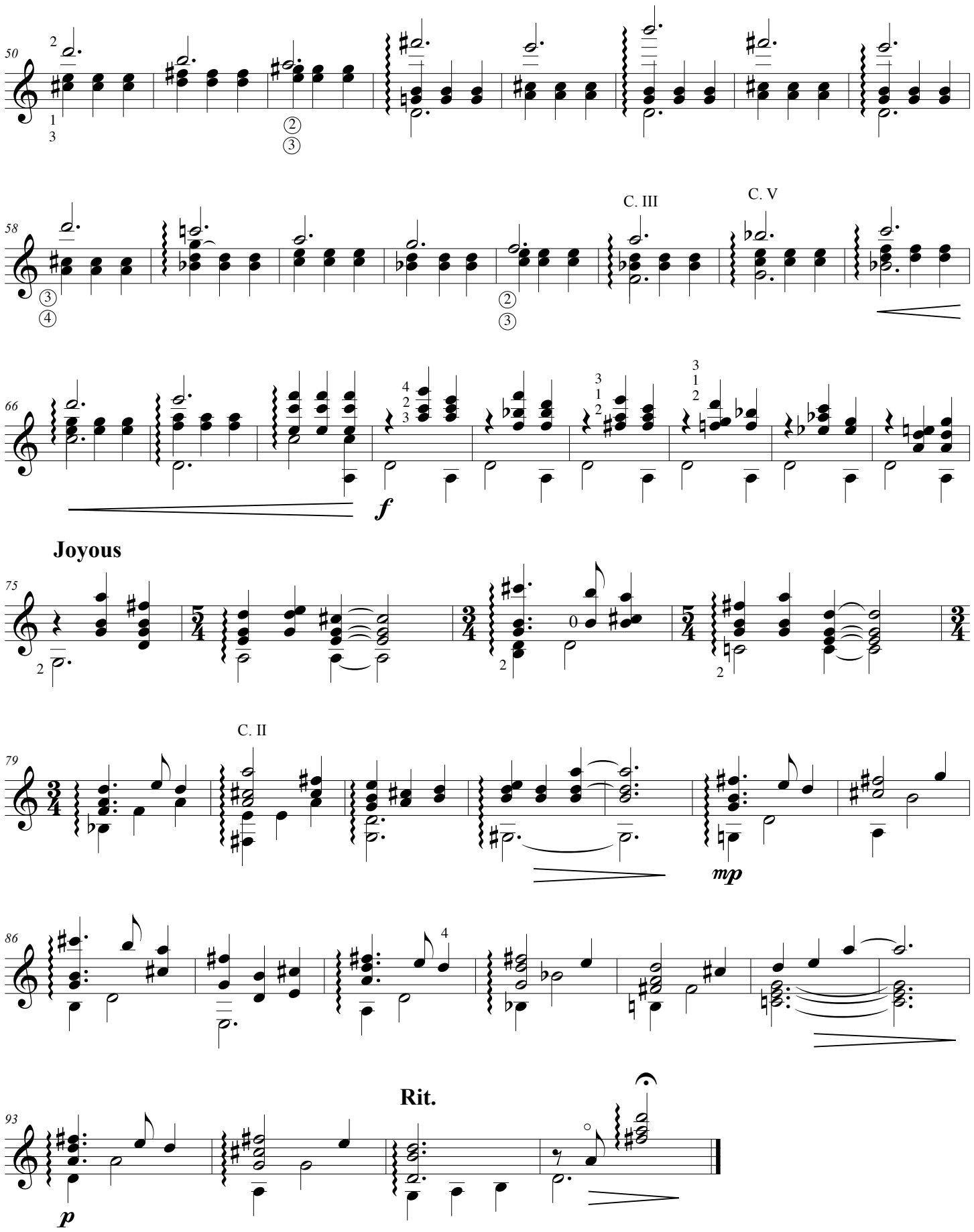
34

a.h.

Molto Espress.

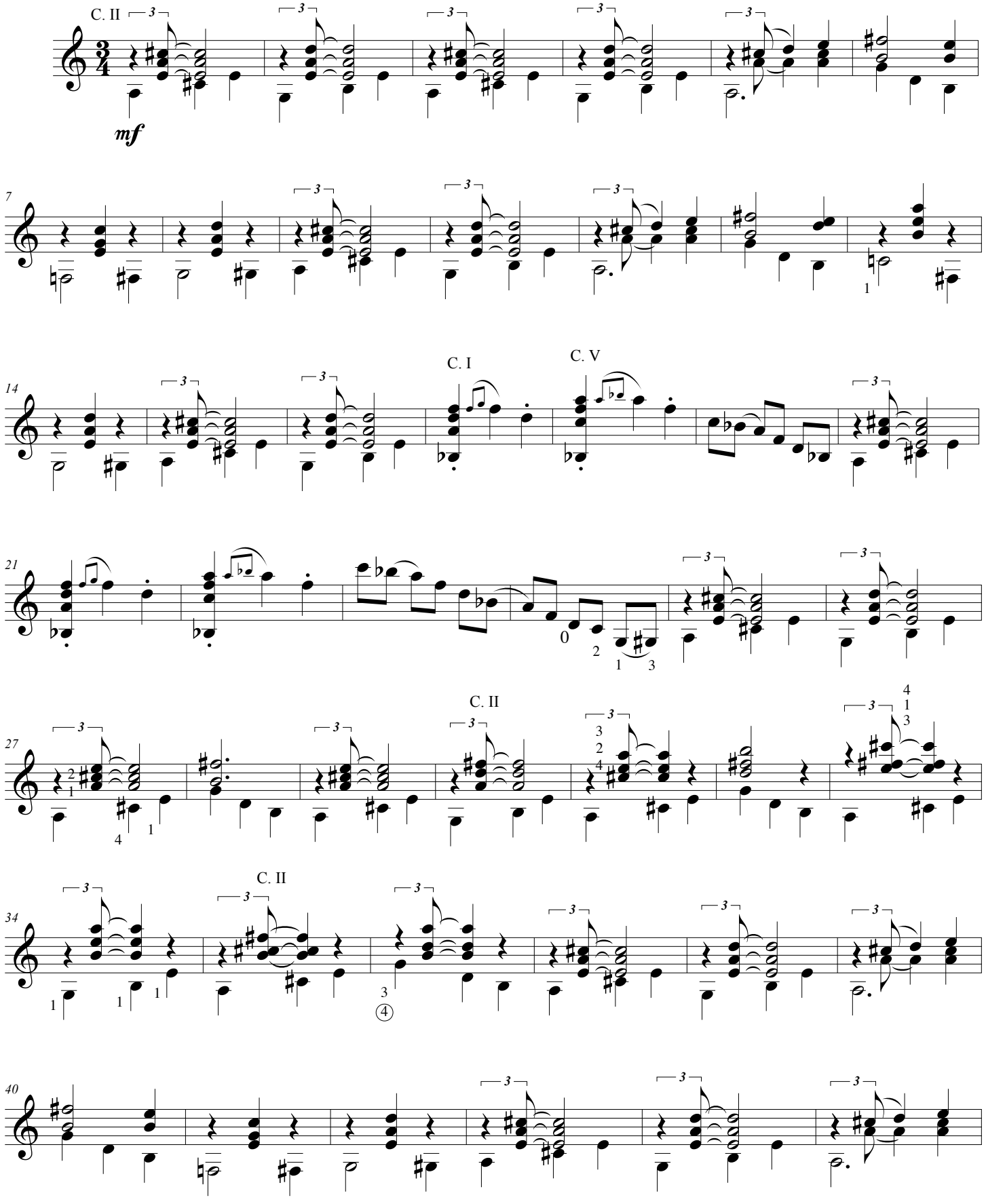
42

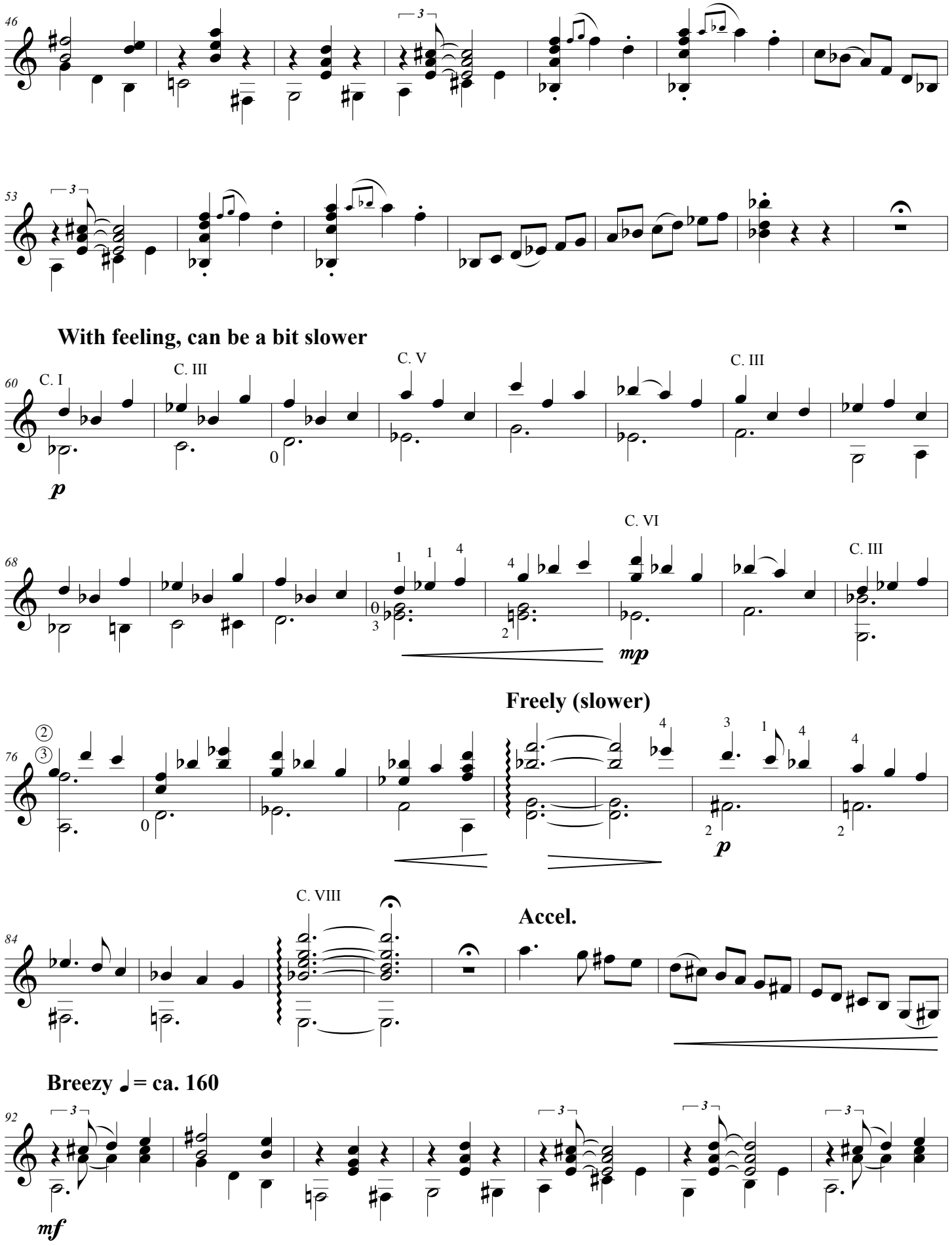
mp

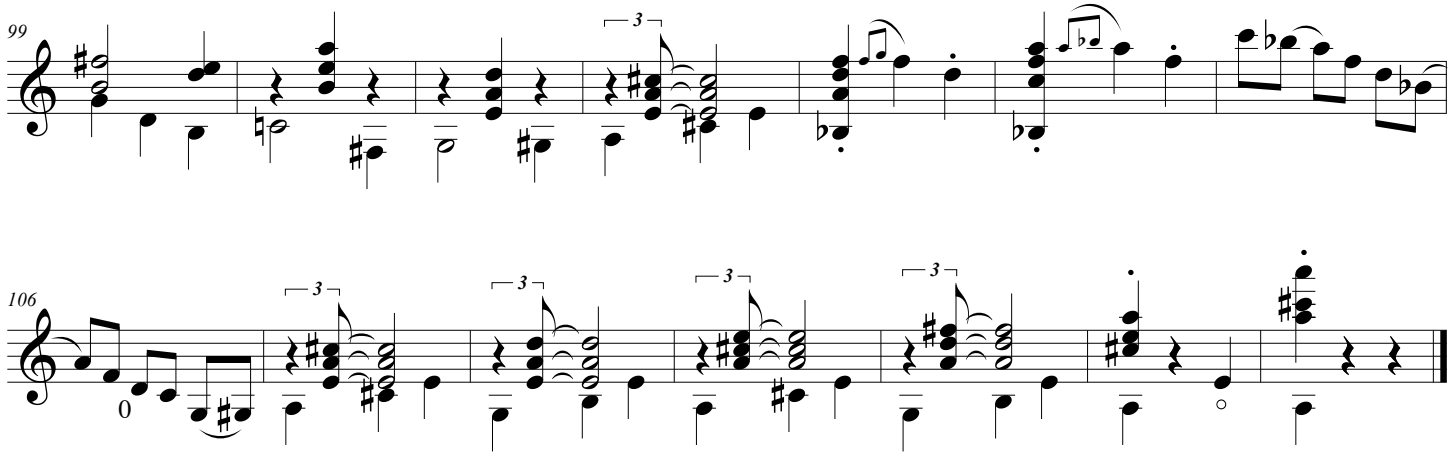

50
58
C. III
C. V
66
f
Joyous
75
79
C. II
mp
86
Rit.
93
p

III. Wind Musician

Breezy ♩= ca. 160



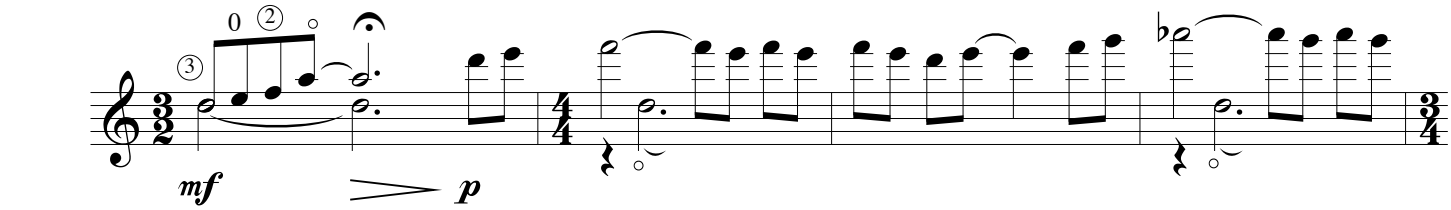

46
53
With feeling, can be a bit slower
60
C. I
C. III
C. V
C. III
p
68
C. VI
C. III
mp
Freely (slower)
76
p
C. VIII
Accel.
84
Breezy ♩= ca. 160
92
mf

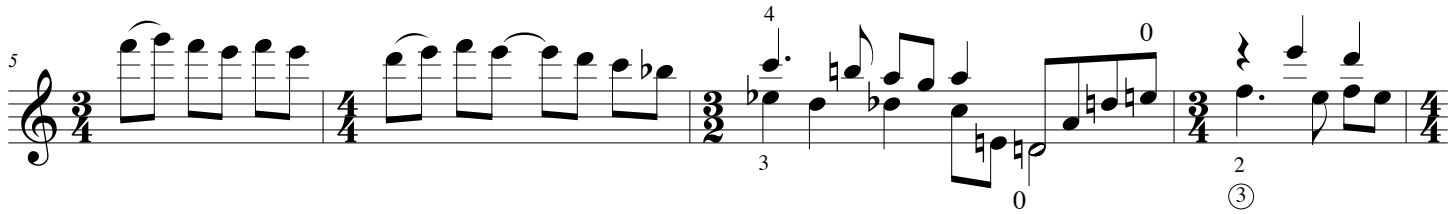

99
3
3
3
3
3

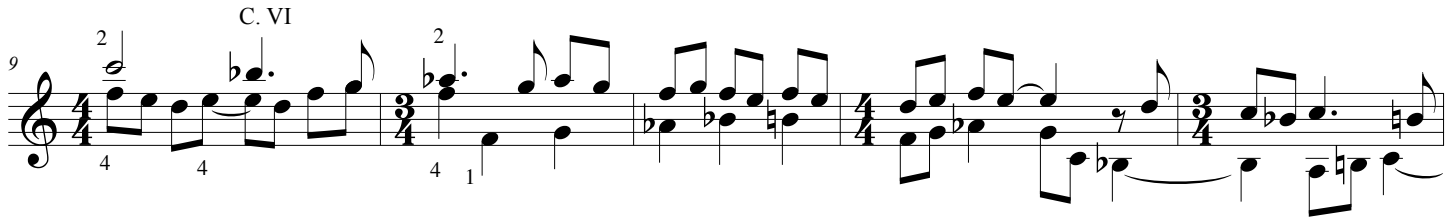
106
0

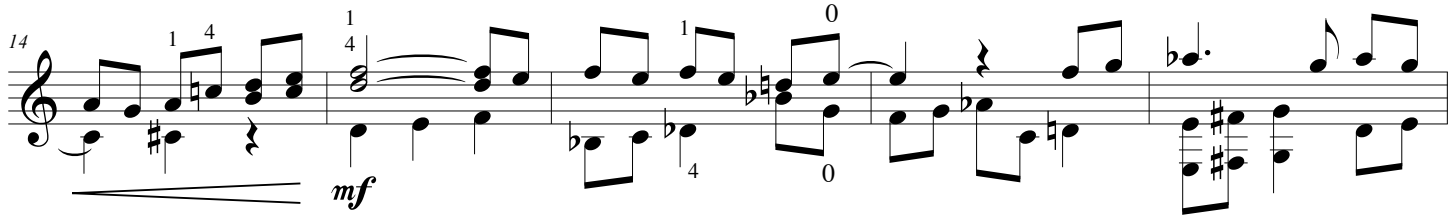
IV. Gateway

Dreamlike, surreal ♩= ca. 68

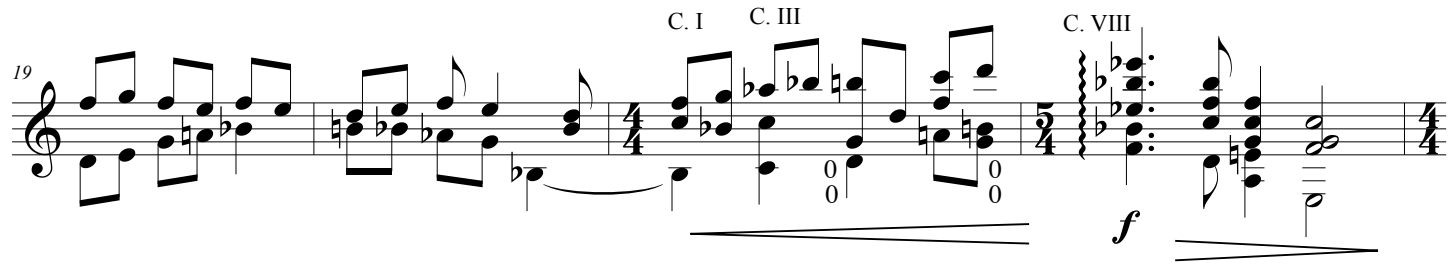




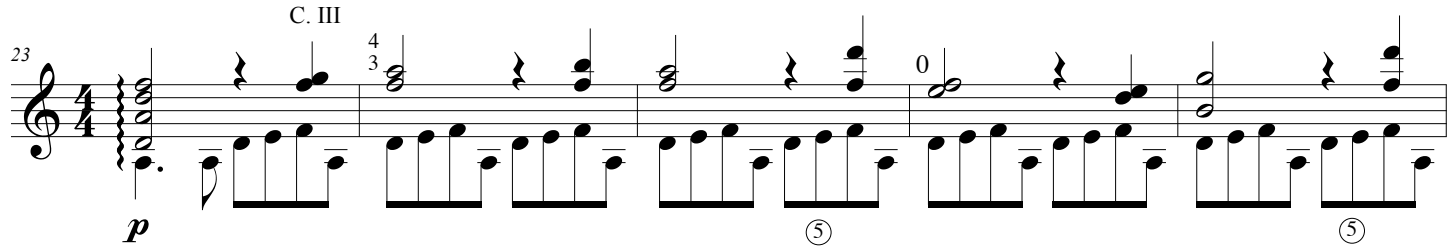


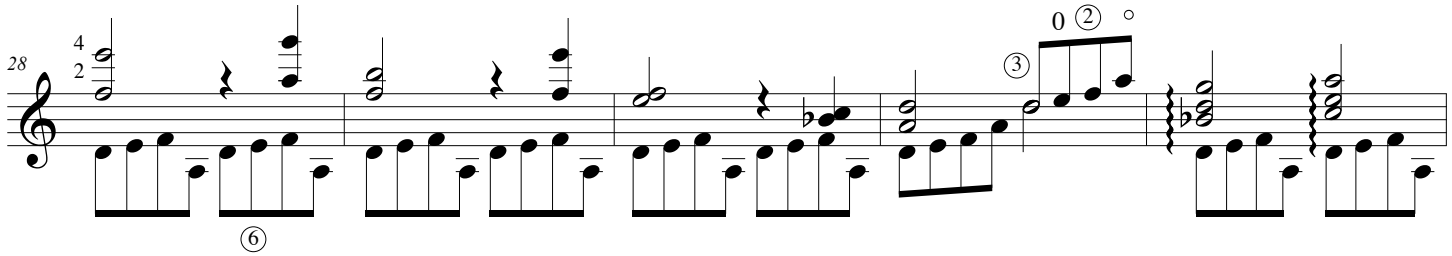


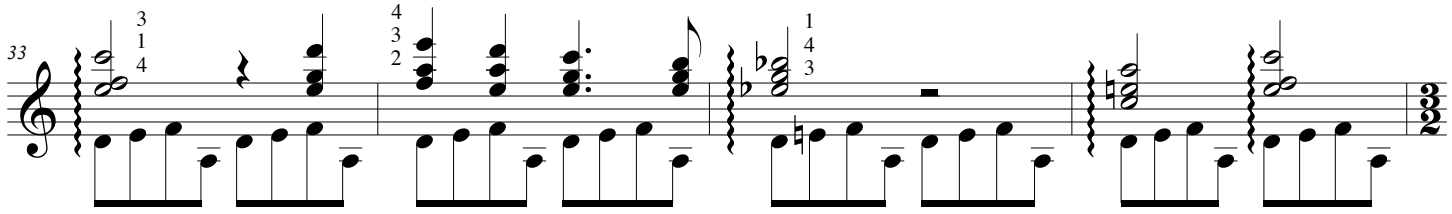
Poco rit.



A bit slower, calmer, with feeling ♩= ca. 58

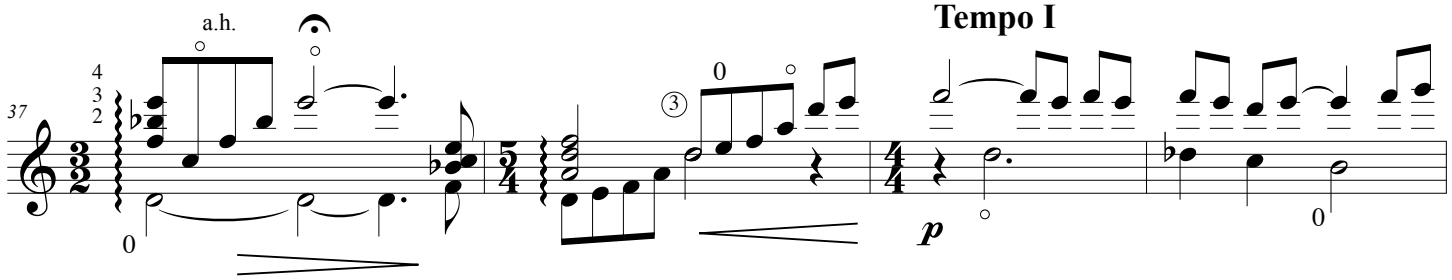


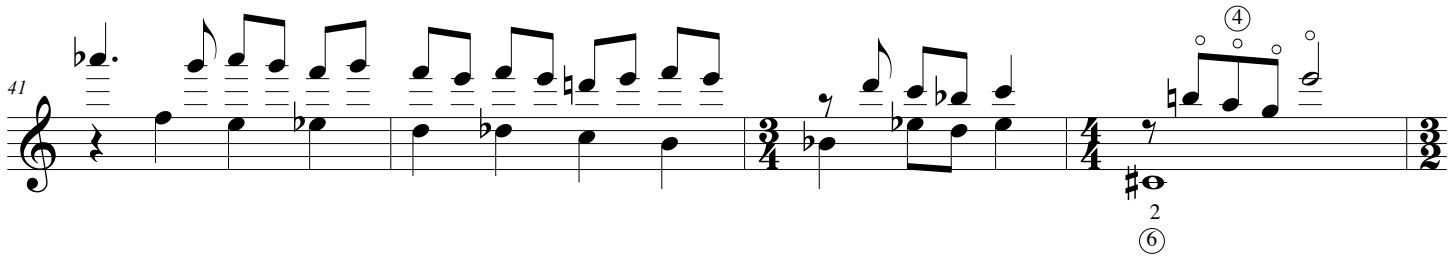




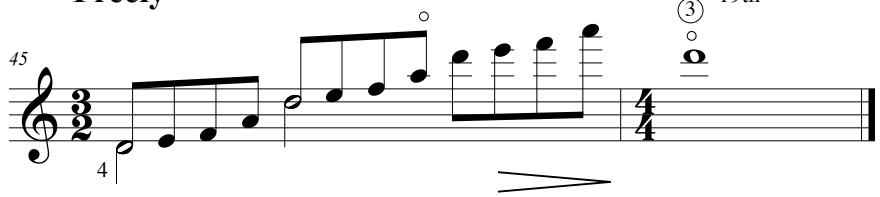
Freely (poco accel.)

Tempo I

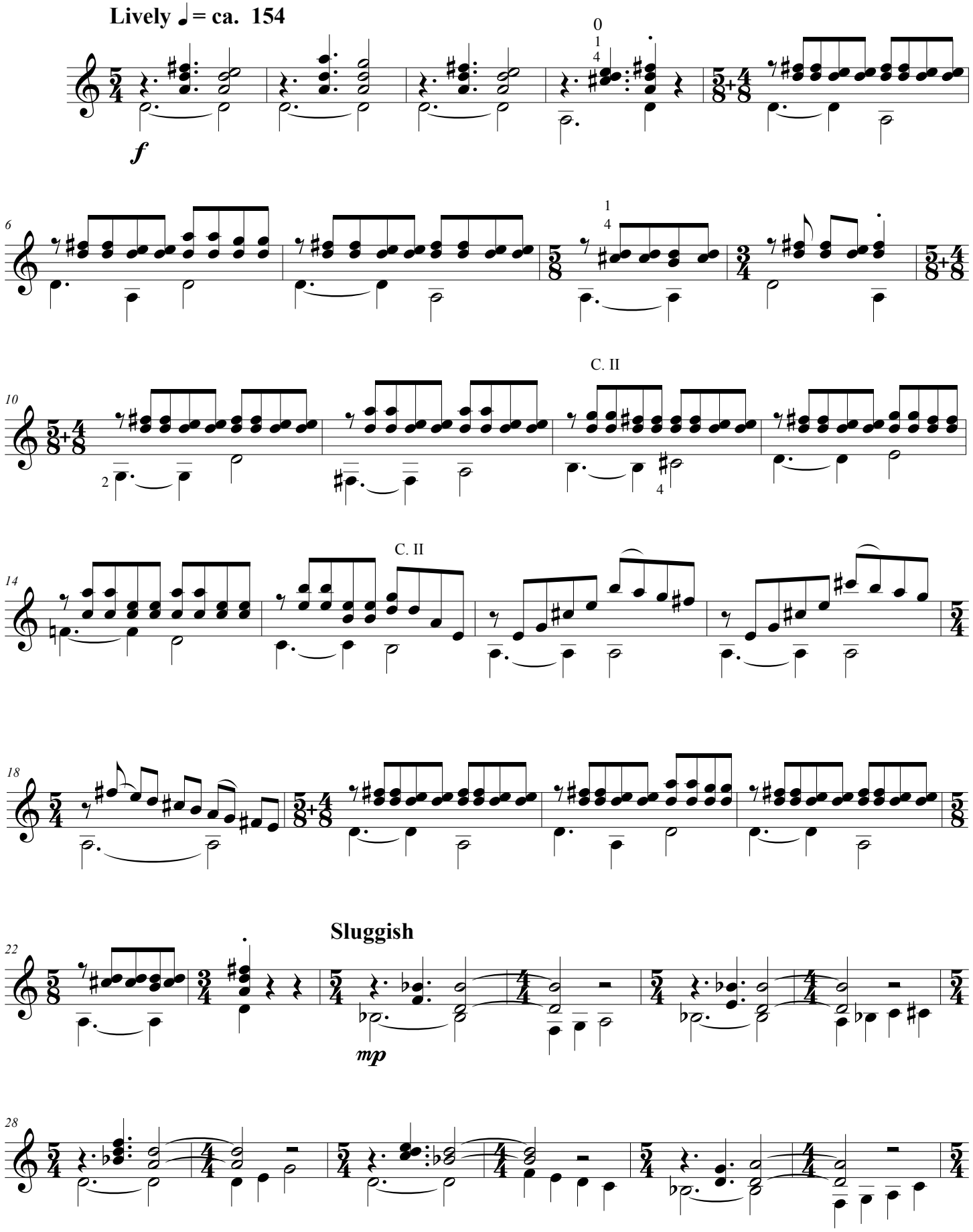


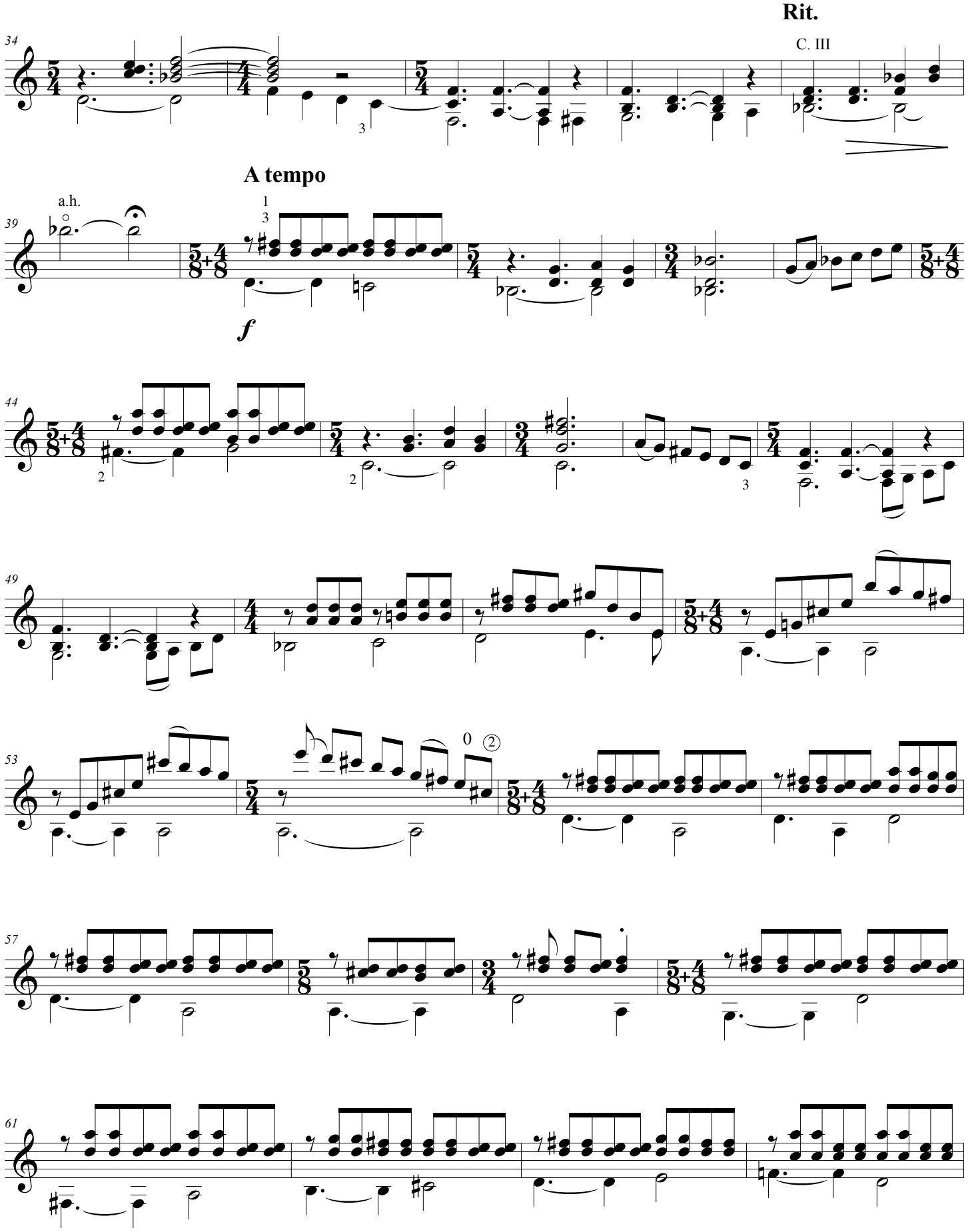


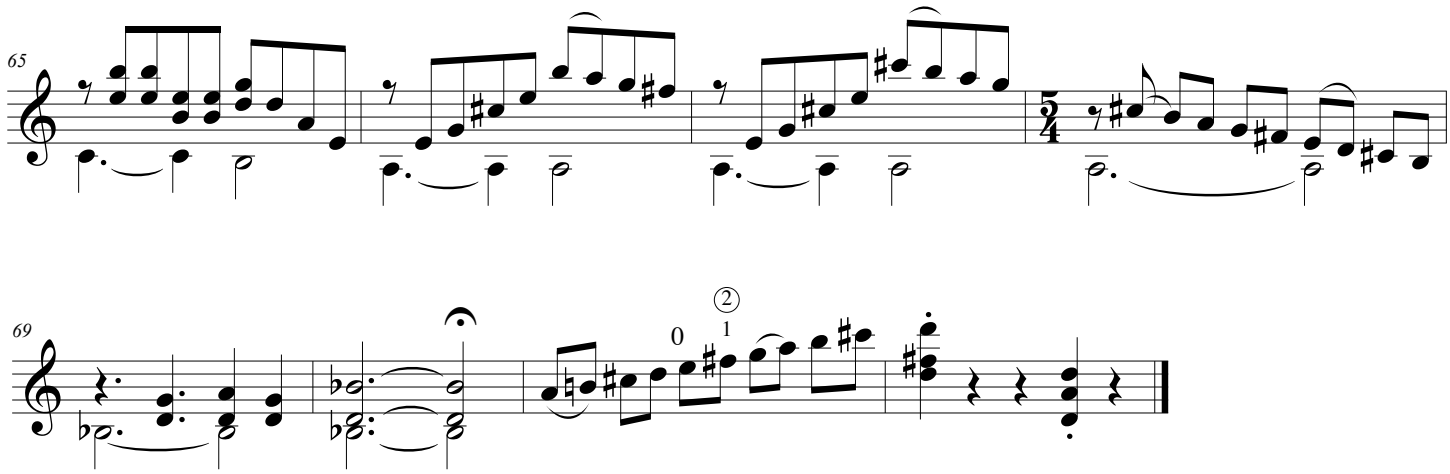
Freely



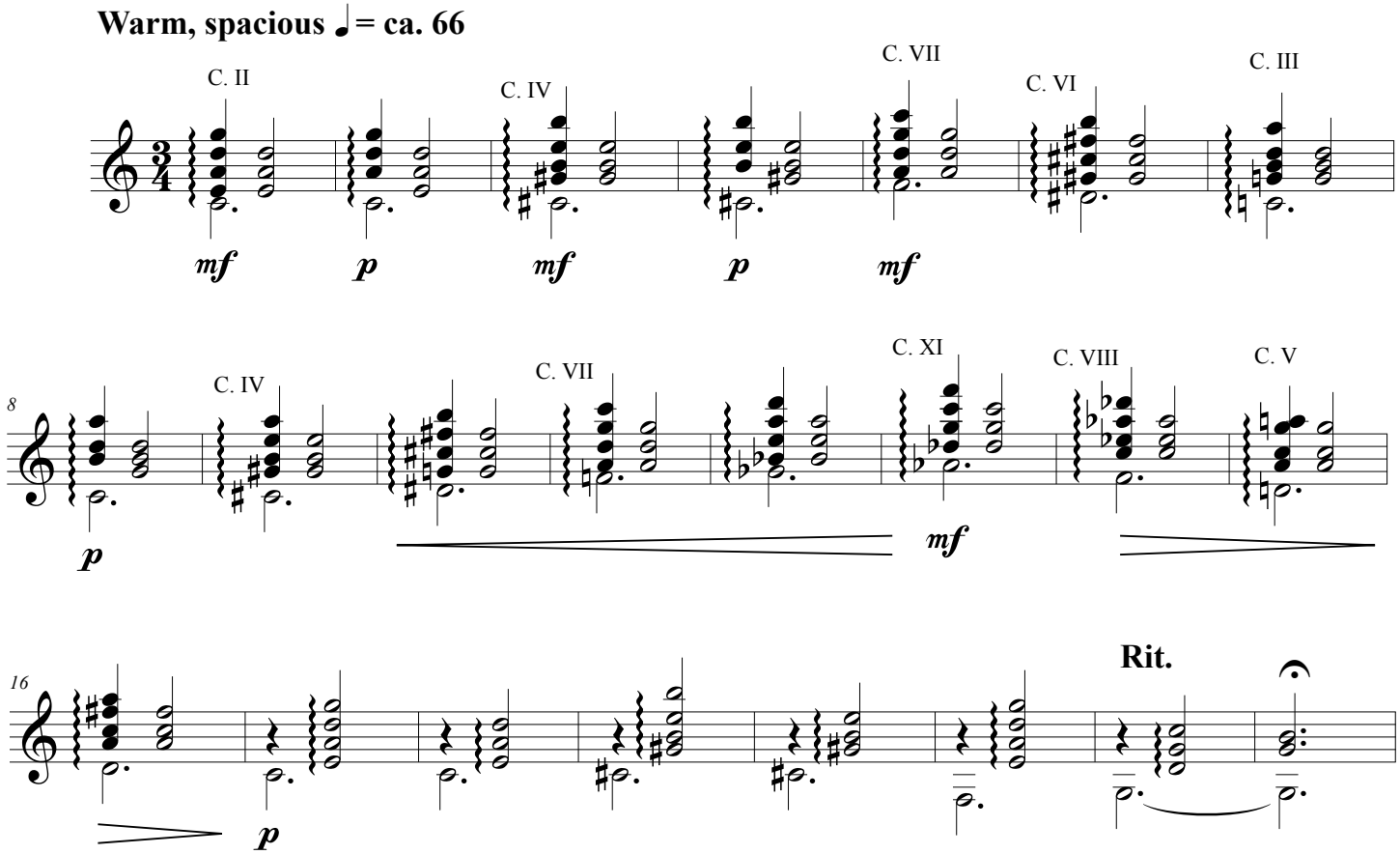
V. If Nothing Else

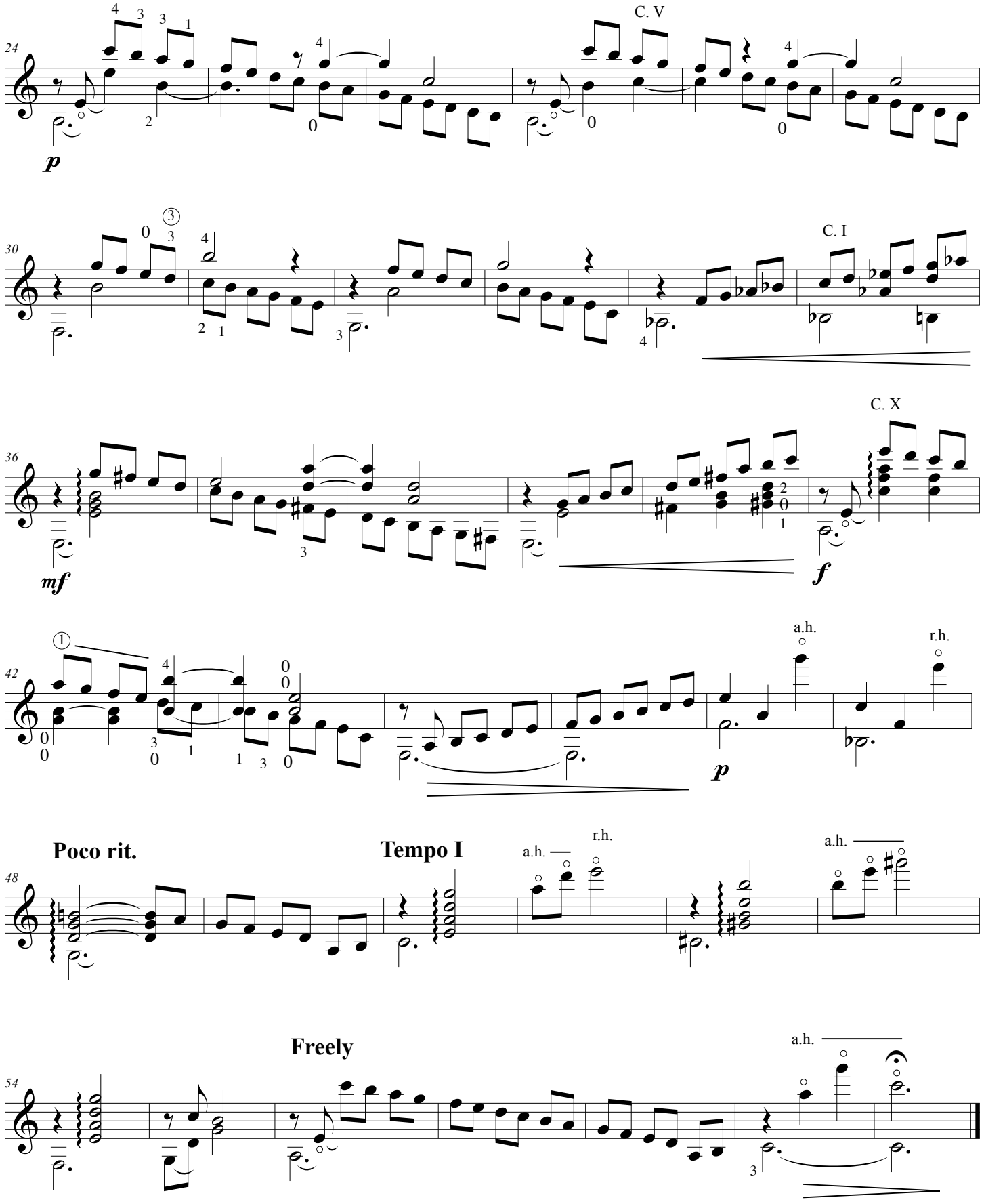



Rit.
C. III
A tempo
a.h.
f



VI. Dreams Laid Down




A bit Faster, flowing ♩= ca. 78
24
C. V
p
30
C. I
36
C. X
mf
f
42
a.h.
r.h.
p
Poco rit.
Tempo I
48
a.h.
r.h.
a.h.
Freely
54
a.h.