

Wringing Out The Knots (Dutch Interior)

poem by Mark Storey

dedicated to Mark Storey and Paul Zaba

Andrew Toovey (2018)

Freely

Accordion

♩. = 50

p

Eve - ry thing hap-pens in side... The co-lours weave...

p

(throughout the song < > ad lib. for voice and accordion)

them-selves in - to mu - ted pat - terns... that the sun would on-ly fade. The gold...

bro - cades, the fine lin - en shirts, the but-toned blou-ses keep their pa-ti - na,

as the com - mon round goes on, e - ven as it's paused, snagged for e-ter - ni - ty

The old man_ smokes his pipe, watch-ing with de-

tach - ment_ as the fumes_____ reach up_____ to the browned cei - ling; the

ba - by sleeps in the cor - ner, dream-ing of ri - vers of milk; her ol - der

bro-ther bowls his hoop, de - fy - ing_____ gra - vi - ty;_____ an old_____.

crone shel-ters her warts in the dark._____ At the sink a

wo - man wash - es, her back bent with hea - vi ness, as she scrubs and

scrubs, her fin - gers red with raw - ness, wring - ing out the knots

in her wea - ri - ly gar - men - ted life. weep - ing with the

ef - fort of it all, the sheer pa - tience of per - plex - i - ty;

and with all of us watch - ing too.