







Susanna Payne-Passmore

# Wake

for alto flute

## Notation Key

-  - slightly flat by about 1/4 step
-  - slightly sharp by about 1/4 step
-  - whole step flat
-  - fully pitched
-  - partially pitched/sound and air mix
-  - unpitched/airsounds
- "ts" - voiceless consonant for fuzzy staccato

Score in C

# Wake

Text by Wayla Chambo

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## Mysterious

about ♩ = 72

▲ a bit flat

*There is a river swollen with new life,*

"ts"

*gliss*

–  $p$  possible

*and fog lifting like breath across the mountain.*

*Still, brown,*

*but the green-time's coming soon*

 $sub.\mathbf{f}$ 

*pp*

*P*

*and I can feel it,*

*everything is gathering its strength for one long spring into the sunlight.*

"ts'

*mp*

*mf*

*p*

 $\mathcal{A}$ 

## Husky, Playful

*Ressurrection is a deep, glad song:*

*no doctrine, but a stirring in the body.*

$$= 96$$

*pp*

*pp*

**poco accel.**

*High above, grey shivers into blue,*

 $\cdot ff$ 

*mp*

## Glinting

a tempo

*tall branches toss and flutter,*

 $f$ 
$$ff$$
 $sub. \mathbf{p}$

golden-fringed, geese rising up clamoring

25 *f* 5:4 *p* 7:4 *f*

and then we're off, a warm, wet wind, a laughing, ululating, keening dash into a sudden stillness

29 *p* 9:8 *f* *mf* 6:4 *ff* 5:4 *pp* rit. about ♩ = 72

32 in each other's arms. *mf* *p* *mf*

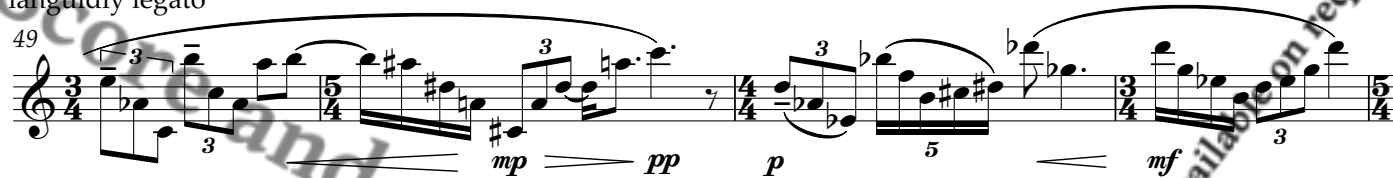
36 I smell myself all tangled in her hair with this wild morning. *p* *mf* 3

a tempo, about ♩ = 72

40 We don't talk about love, intimate but her body feels like home. I know this place. *pp* *mf* 3

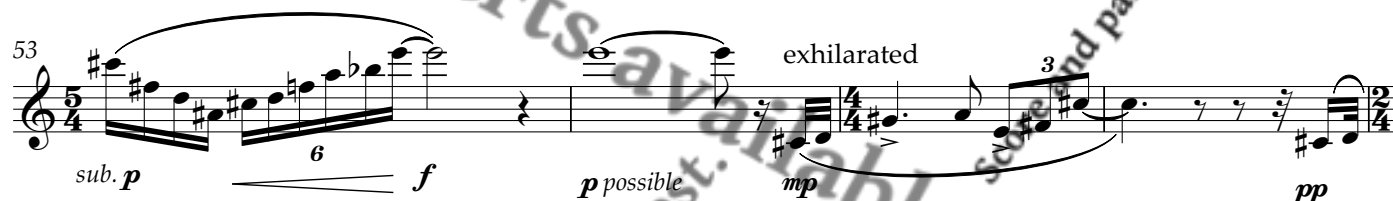
46 And this is holy water, poco rit. *sub. p* *mf* 3 3 *pp*

about  $\text{♩} = 56$  this, the long curve of her thigh, strong belly, hair a spicy curtain, neck becoming shoulder, collarbone languidly legato



and breast with no hard lines. Her skin as soft as mine.

I drink, a thirst too deep for caution rising,



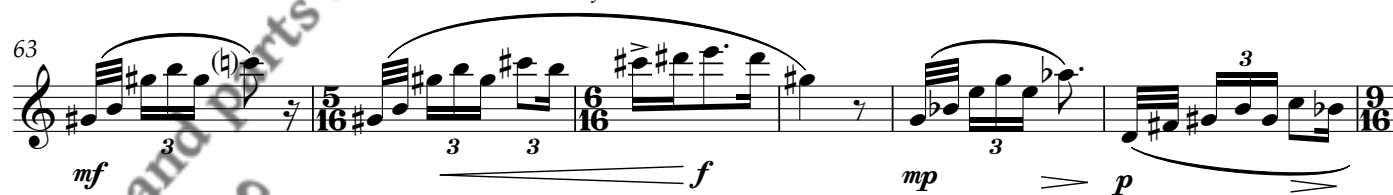
thirst that calls me back to what I need,

the sweet ache through

the wildest part of me.



Drink and be whole, as if it were all this:



the morning pouring through us, we're transparently shimmering

I will not ask, pretend her touch is light enough to leave no mark



not falling, flying through this burning dark.

poco rit.

freely, accel. if desired

air tone, wildly



\* intensity of both trill and flutter tongue