# THE MOUNTAIN

# Four Songs for Voice and Piano

# Poems by DENISE LEVERTOV

Music by BRUCE TRINKLEY

### **THE MOUNTAIN** Four Songs for Voice and Piano

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#### **COMPOSER'S NOTE**

Denise Levertov was born in England in 1923 and served as a nurse in London during the bombings of World War II. She spent most of her career in the United States and was active as a feminist and a political activist during the Vietnam War. In the 1980s she moved to the Pacific Northwest and taught at the University of Washington and Stanford. She died in 1997.

The composer first encountered the poetry of Denise Levertov during time spent in the Pacific Northwest. The mountain of which she writes made a very memorable impression each morning as he looked across Puget Sound at Mount Baker and Mount Rainier, very much as described in the poems.

**THE MOUNTAIN** was composed during a residency at The Hambidge Center for the Creative Arts and Sciences in Rabun Gap, Georgia, in October 2007.

The poems are drawn from the sequence "LAKE MOUNTAIN MOON" in *Evening Train*, copyright ©1992 by Denise Levertov. Used by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

#### POEMS

#### Settling

I was welcomed here – clear gold of late summer, of opening autumn, the dawn eagle sunning himself on the highest tree, the mountain revealing herself unclouded, her snow tinted apricot as she looked west, tolerant, in her steadfastness, of the restless sun forever rising and setting. Now I am given a taste of the grey foretold by all and sundry, a grey both heavy and chill. I've boasted I would not care, I'm London-born. And I won't. I'll dig in, into my days, having come here to live, not to visit. Grey is the price of neighboring with eagles, of knowing a mountain's vast presence, seen or unseen.

#### Elusive

The mountain comes and goes on the horizon,

a rhythm elusive as that of a sea-wave higher than all the rest, riding to shore flying its silver banners –

you count to seven, but no, its measure slips by you with each recurrence.

#### Effacement

Today the mountain is cloud, pale cone of shadow veiled by a paler scrim –

majestic presence become one cloud among others, humble vapor, barely discernible,

like the archangel walking with Tobias on dusty roads.

### **Open Secret**

Perhaps one day I shall let myself approach the mountain – hear the streams which must flow down it, lie in a flowering meadow, even touch my hand to the snow. Perhaps not. I have no longing to do so. I have visited other mountain heights. This one is not, I think, to be known by close scrutiny, by touch of foot or hand or entire outstretched body; not by any familiarity of behavior, any acquaintance with its geology or the scarring roads humans have carved in its flanks. This mountain's power lies in the open secret of its remote apparition, silvery low-relief coming and going moonlike at the horizon, always loftier, lonelier, than I ever remember.

# 1. Settling

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# 2. Elusive

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# 3. Effacement

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# 4. Open Secret

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