THE WHEEL

for Trombone and Piano with optional Violin, Flute, Clarinet or Trumpet

Poem by WENDELL BERRY Music by BRUCE TRINKLEY

THE WHEEL

At the first strokes of the fiddle bow the dancers rise from their seats. The dance begins to shape itself in the crowd, as couples join, and couples join couples, their movement together lightening their feet. They move in the ancient circle of the dance. The dance and the song call each other into being. Soon they are one – rapt in a single rapture, so that even the night has its clarity, and time is the wheel that brings it round.

In this rapture the dead return. Sorrow is gone from them. They are light. They step into the steps of the living and turn with them in the dance in the sweet enclosure of the song, and timeless is the wheel that brings it round.

Wendell Berry (b. 1934), author of poetry, fiction, and essays, writes from and about his farm in rural Kentucky. He has been concerned with global challenges to the environment, especially the plight of small farms in the world. He is a staunch advocate of the value of community: "Essential wisdom accumulates in the community much as fertility builds in the soil."

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Wendell Berry from The Wheel (1982)*

Bruce Trinkley































