

UNAPPARENT

I

Wheter we write or speak or are but seen
we are ever unapparent. What we are
cannot be transfused into word or mien.
Our soul from us is infinitely far.
However much we give our thoughts the will
to make our soul with arts of self-show stored,
our heart are incommunicable still.
In what we show our selves we are ignored.
The abyss from soul to soul cannot be bridged
by any skill of thought or trick for seeing.
Unto our very selves we are abridged
when we would utter to our thought our beeing.

We are our dreams of ourselves, souls by gleams,
and each to each other dreams of other's dreams.

(**Fernando Pessoa**, from *35 Sonnets*)

music by E. Brion - 2019

♩ = 50

A

Flauto: *tr*, *ppp*, *flz*

Clarinetto Basso e in Sib: *pp*, *ppp*, *p*, *tr*

Rullante: (Cymbal notation)

Marimba: *p*, *pp*

Arpa: *pp*

Mezzo Soprano: *Spoken mf*, Un-ap-pa - rent

Piano: *mp pp*, *mp pp*, *Red.*, *8^{va}*

Violino: *ppp*, *pp*

Viola: *ppp*, *pp*

Violoncello: *ppp*, *pp*

Section **A** is marked at the beginning of the Flauto and Clarinetto Basso e in Sib staves.

9

Fl.

Cl. b

Mar.

Arp.

M. Sop.

Pf

Red.

8^{vb}

Vl.

Vla.

Vlc.

p

mp

pp

mf

ppp

slap

pizz.

ftz

mf

pp

mp

pp

p

mf

pp

pp

mp

pp

pp

mp

p

