

Stephen Robertson

Two ekphrastic triolets

D960

With those first six notes it finds its voice
and seeps its way into my soul.
As clear as crystal, delicate as lace,
in those first six notes it finds its voice.
She'd left a letter making this her choice--
so we played it at my mother's funeral.
In those first six notes it finds its voice
and seeps its way into my soul.

Loss lieder

A winter's journey: hardship, sorrow, loss
and loneliness, cold sharp as a pin.
Some joys and pleasures, but they quickly pass
and we return to hardship, sorrow, loss.
This is the bleakness that the words express.
Nevertheless, the music draws me in,
to all the trials: hardship, sorrow, loss
and loneliness, cold sharp as a pin.