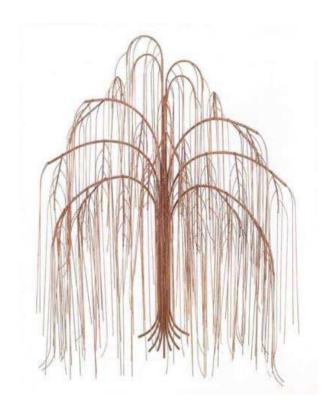
## Memory of Place

Three songs for baritone and piano

By David Lancaster

To poems by Daniela Nunnari



## **Memory of Place**

These three songs were composed in the autumn of 2009, following a request from the Late Music Festival, to poetry by the York-based poet Daniela Nunnari. Her words were written as a poetic response to a series of art installations by Keiko Mukaide but they can equally stand alone as abstract, dreamy landscapes.

Daniela Nunnari has a BA and MA in English Literature and Creative Writing from York St John and writes a poetry blog under the pseudonym 'be the serpent' (<a href="http://www.facebook.com/l/bef3b;betheserpent.blogspot.com">http://www.facebook.com/l/bef3b;betheserpent.blogspot.com</a>). She writes from a place filled with fairy tale forests, wolves and wild things with wings.

Frozen in its rigid beauty, Wistful, willow, of crystal tears
Formed in fire, now long forgotten.
Left to reflect
a former light.
An echo, carried through the years.

If wishes were willows, they'd line every street. They'd rustle and crinkle their white paper leaves.

They'd hang low and heavy with the weight of our woes. They'd lean and embrace us in long silent rows. They'd keep our small secrets, in loosely tied bows.

Floating little, lazy, lights are drawn towards their trickling end. Burning orange, amber, yellow. Safe, encased, in buoyant bowls.

Light through glass, it flickers, dances, circles slowly, ripples, rests.

Moving always, nearer to the edges, for the final fall.

Huddled in amongst the rocks, they wait, protected, precious things. Until they are returned again, to start their dance once more.

Their watery song will keep the rhythm, guiding them, enticing them.
Their glowing, pulsing love parade, a pilgrimage, as one, alone.

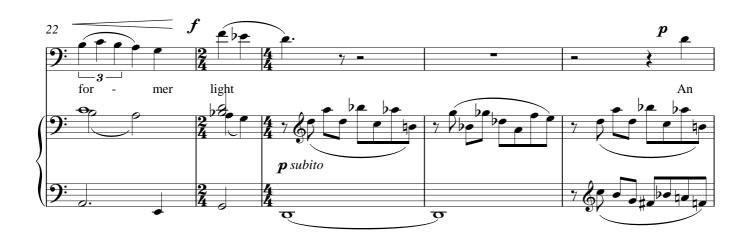
Their light will always shimmer, on the water, on the stones.

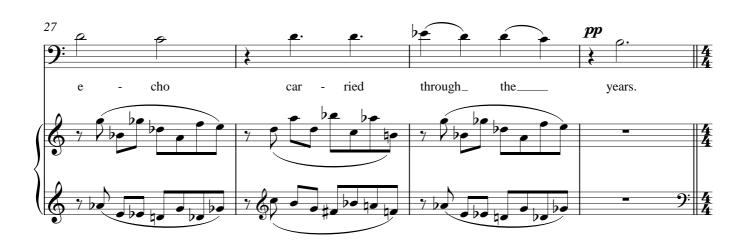
Their light will always dance with joy.

A journey to the known.

Andante = 69







## Floating



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## If Wishes were Willows...

