

KOSTAS REKLEITIS

# MORGAN CYCLE

FOR VOICE AND PIANO

Op. 52



THREE POEMS BY

## MORGAN SEGAL

Daffodils

Sky

One

SANTA MONICA,  
CALIFORNIA 2019



## Daffodils

Daffodils  
arching their necks upward  
petals billowing outward  
flapping  
like cotton sheets  
Sunshine splashing  
in waves  
across a field  
stems dancing  
Their hips curving  
like marionettes  
sashaying across a stage  
An atomizer of pollen  
sprays of wind  
Beads of light  
blowing over the flowers  
A horizon of daffodils  
carpets the earth  
a spongy mat of yellow.

## Sky

Pine-needles  
Resting on the forest floor  
Sparse  
Like a plum  
Purple  
Flesh like garnets  
Glittering in the desert  
Sweeping wind  
Hailing  
Sand rising  
Like rain hitting the sidewalk  
Pine-needles spreading  
Lattice covering the ground  
Edging out  
Splintering  
A halo of sunshine  
Rippling through eyelets in the twigs  
Curving  
A butterfly opens  
Its wings  
Swimming in an ocean of perfume.

## One

The wind snaps at my cheeks as I walk from my car.  
A young woman sleeps on a bench,  
her hair, long and knotted, spilling onto the sidewalk,  
The ends, split and forked, forming a tributary –  
two rivers that lead to nowhere.

A bus casts a shadow over her –  
her features disappear into the darkness.  
I walk past her  
Telling myself that I am different.  
My hand trails the railing of the doctor's office,  
the paint is worn and chipped;  
How long have I been coming here?

At the top of the steps I catch my reflection in the glass –  
I look away, into the room, at a painting –  
a sea-scape, waves tumbling and crashing, break-tides  
overflowing onto the shore.

The door to the second room opens,  
the doctor ushers me in.  
I sit and stare at my knees,  
thin and bony  
I don't have anything to say.

The doctor's eyes look through me –  
I think of the woman lying on the bench  
her pupils constricting in the sun –  
I tell the doctor that I am no different.  
Bands of sunlight filter through the blinds,  
the doctor says we are all the same.

I think of a meadow of sunflowers  
their necks arching in the wind.  
I touch a strand of my hair –  
the end breaks off onto my palm,  
Splinters.  
The woman on the bench is gone.

*The poems are from the book:*

*Segal, Morgan*

*Morgan's Voice*

*Poems & Stories*

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# MORGAN CYCLE

## I. Daffodils

Music:  
Kostas Rekleitis

~78

Voice

Piano

*mf*

4

v.

*mf*

Daf - fo - dils arch - ing

7

v.

their necks up - ward petals bil - low - ing

MORGAN CYCLE

10 *p* *mf*

v. out - ward\_ flap - ping like cot - ton sheets Sun - shine

13 *mf*

v. splash-ing in waves a - cross a field stems\_ danc-ing

16 *p*

v. Their\_ hips curv - ing like mar - i - on - ettes\_ sa - shay - ing a - cross a

MORGAN CYCLE

19

v. stage

stage

*mf*

22

v. *p*

An at - om - iz - er of

*p*

24

v. *f*

pol - len — sprays of wind Beads of light

*f*

*mf*

MORGAN CYCLE

27

V. *p* *mf*

blow - ing — o - ver — the flow - ers A ho - ri - zon of

(*mf*)

30

V. *mf*

daf - fo - dils — car - pets — the earth a spon - gy mat of

33

V. *p*

yel - low.

*p*

## II. Sky

v.  $\text{♩} \sim 72$  *mf* *p* \*  
 Pine - nee - dles — Rest - ing on the for - est floor Sparse Like a  
 plum Pur - ple — Flesh like gar - nets — Glit - ter - ing in the de - sert Sweep - ing wind —  
 Hail - ing Sand ris - ing — Like rain hit - ting the side - walk Pine - nee - dles —

*p*  
*mf*  
*p* *mf*  
*mf*

8<sup>va</sup> —————  
 5  
 10  
 8<sup>va</sup> —————



MORGAN CYCLE

15

V. *mf*

spread - ing Lat - tice cov - er - ing the ground Edg - ing out Splin - ter - ing — A

*mf*

(8<sup>va</sup>)

19

V. *p*

ha - lo of sun - shine Rip - pling through eye - lets — in the twigs Curv - ing — A but - ter -

*p*

(8<sup>va</sup>)

23

V. *mf*

- fly o - pens Its wings Swim - ming — in an o - cean — of — per - fume. —

*mf*

*pp*

(8<sup>va</sup>)

\* Marked vocal lines can be also be sung one octave lower

III. One

♩ ~102

v.

*mp*

*legato all through*

3

v.

5

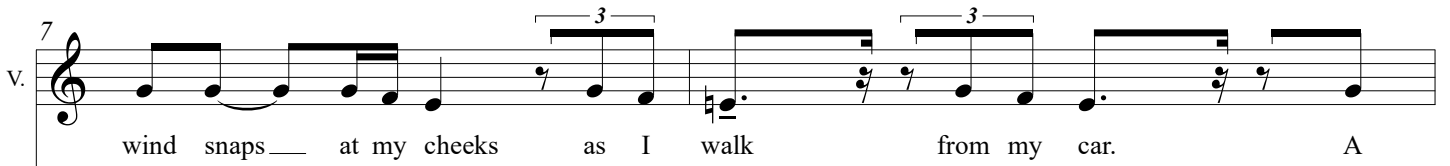
v.

*mp*

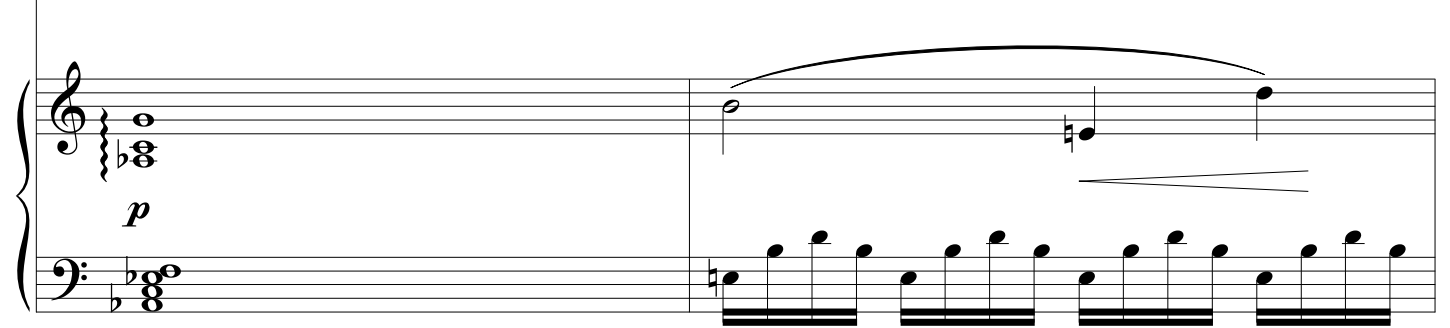
The

MORGAN CYCLE

7

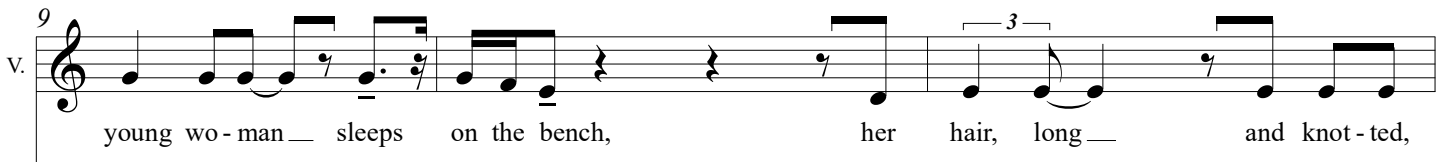
V. 

wind snaps at my cheeks as I walk from my car. A

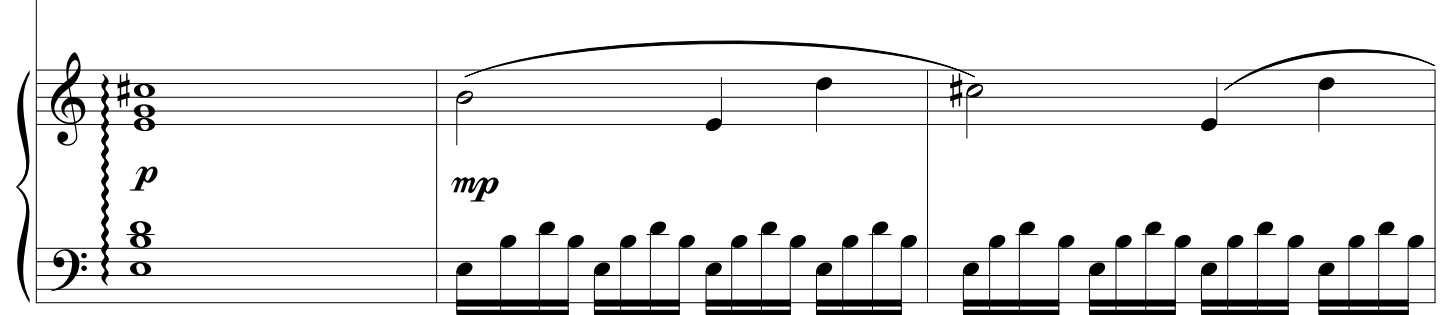


*p*

9

V. 

young wo-man sleeps on the bench, her hair, long and knot-ted,



*p* *mp*

12

V. 

spil-ling on to the side-walk, the ends, split and forked,



*mp*

MORGAN CYCLE

15 *mf*

v. form-ing a trib-u-tar-y- two riv - ers that lead to

18

v. no - where. —

*mf*

21

v.

MORGAN CYCLE

24 *mp*

V. A bus casts a shad-ow —

*p*

27

V. o - ver her- her fea-tures dis-ap - pear in - to the

*p*

30 *mf*

V. dark - ness. — I walk past her — Tell - ing my - self —

*mf*

MORGAN CYCLE

33

V. *mf* that I am dif - fer - ent.

*p*

36

V.

*mf*

39

V. *mf* My hand trails the rail - ing ——— of the doc - tor's

*p* *mf* *p*

MORGAN CYCLE

42

v. of - fice, the paint is worn and chipped; How long have I been

*mf*

45

v. com - ing here?

*p*

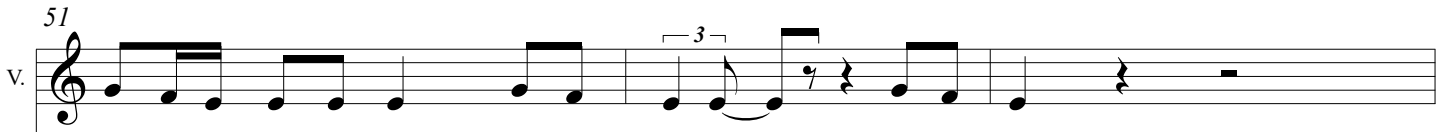
48

v. At the

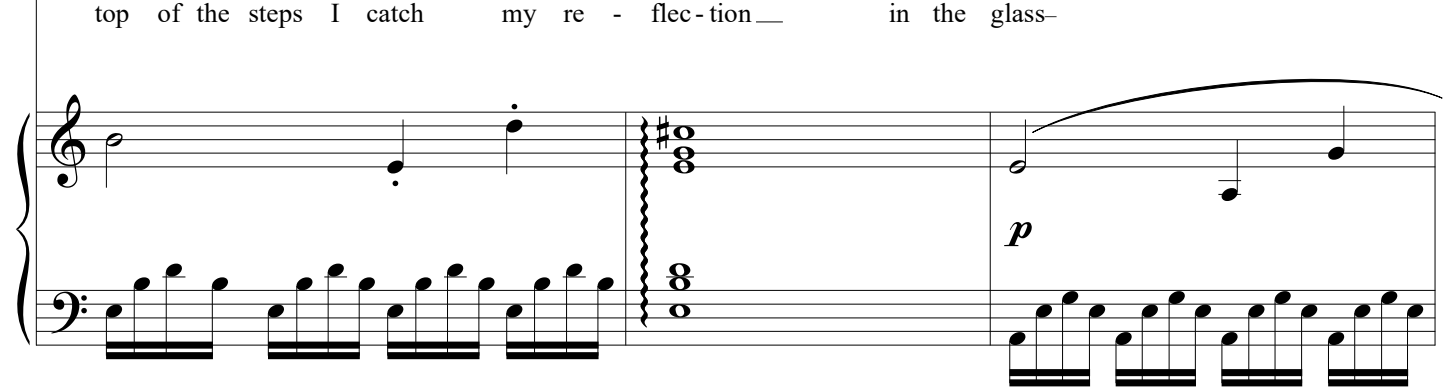
*mf*

MORGAN CYCLE


51

V. 

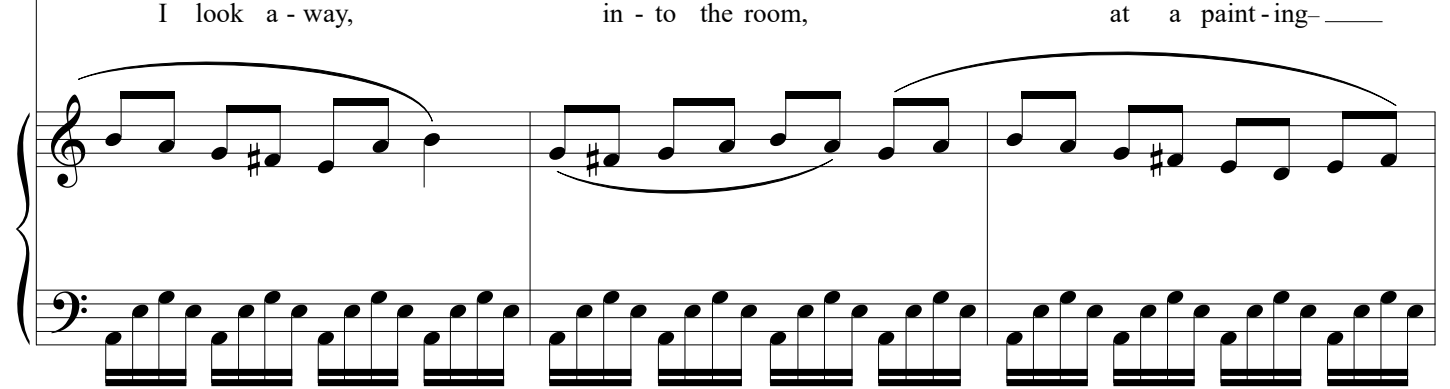
top of the steps I catch my re - flec - tion in the glass -



54

V. 

I look a - way, in - to the room, at a paint - ing -



57

V. 

a sea - scape, waves tumbl - ing and





MORGAN CYCLE

59 *poco rit.* **A Tempo**

V. crash - ing, break - tides o - ver - flow - ing on - to the shore.

*p* *mf* *p*

62

V.

65 *mp*

V. The door to the sec-ond room

*mf* *p*

MORGAN CYCLE

68

V. o - pens, — the doc - tor ush - ers me in. I

70

V. sit and stare — at my knees, thin and bon - y I don't have an - y - thing to

73

V. say. — The doc - tor's eyes look through me —

*mf*

*pp*

MORGAN CYCLE

76

v. — I think of the wo-man ly - ing on the bench her pu-pils con-strict-ing

79

v. in the sun- I tell the doc - tor \_\_\_ that

81

v. I am no dif - fer - ent.

MORGAN CYCLE

83

V.

85

V.

88 *mp dolce*


V.

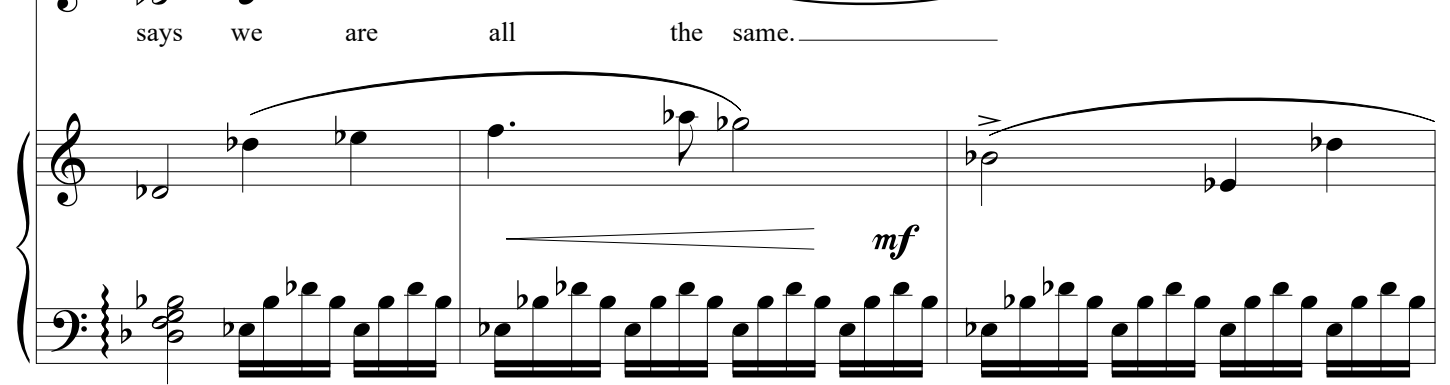
Bands of sun - light fil - ter through the blinds, the doc - tor

*p*

MORGAN CYCLE


91

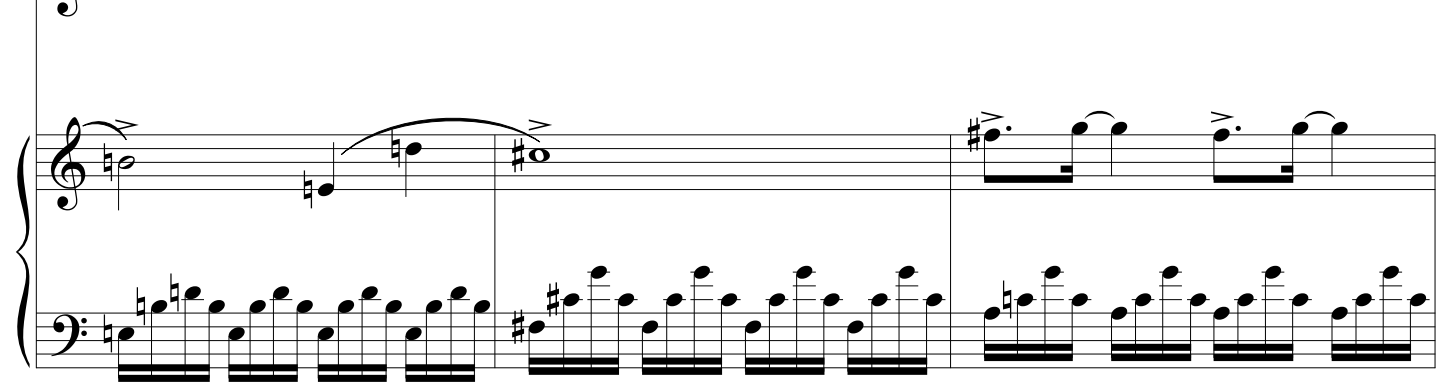
V.   
says we are all the same. \_\_\_\_\_

  
*mf*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 91, 92, and 93. The vocal line (V.) is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "says we are all the same." followed by a long line. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody with a slur over measures 91-92 and an accent on measure 93, and a left-hand bass line with a steady eighth-note pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the piano part in measure 92.

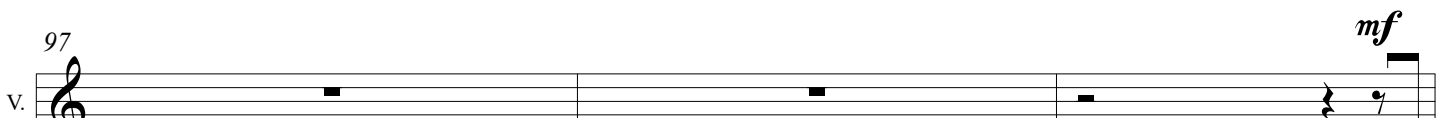
94

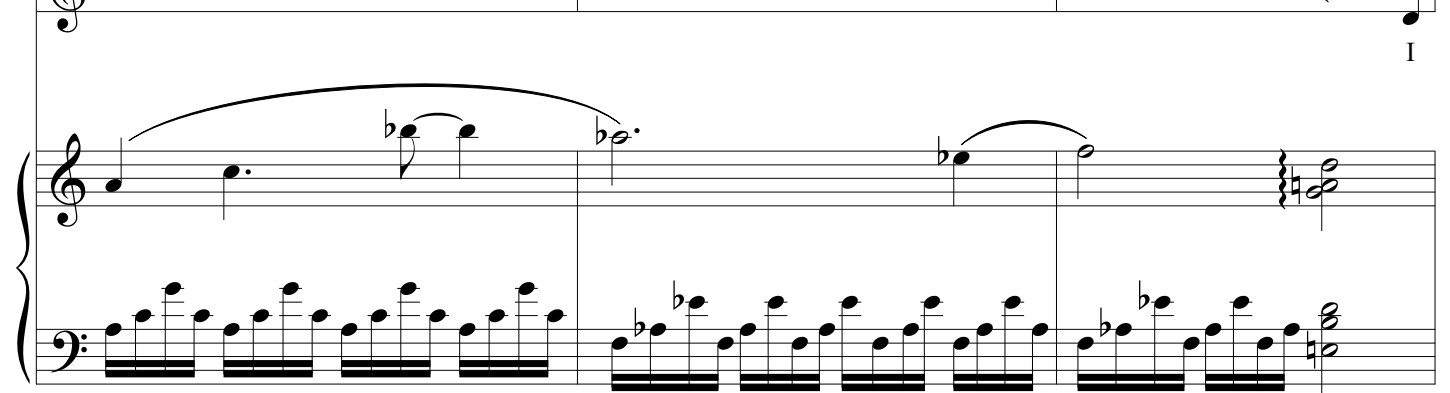
V. 



Detailed description: This system contains measures 94, 95, and 96. The vocal staff (V.) is empty, showing only rests. The piano accompaniment features a right-hand melody with slurs and accents, and a left-hand bass line with a steady eighth-note pattern. The key signature changes to two sharps (D major) starting in measure 95.

97

V.   
*mf*  
I



Detailed description: This system contains measures 97, 98, and 99. The vocal staff (V.) is empty until measure 99, where it contains a single note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment has a right-hand melody with a slur and a fermata in measure 99, and a left-hand bass line with a steady eighth-note pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the piano part in measure 99, and the letter "I" is written below the vocal staff in measure 99.

MORGAN CYCLE

100

V. think of a mead - ow of sun - flow - ers \_\_\_\_\_ their

*p* *mf*

103

V. necks arch - ing in the wind. I touch a strand of my hair -

*p* *mf*

106

V. \_\_\_\_\_ the end breaks off on - to my

*p* *mf*

MORGAN CYCLE

109

v. palm, Splin-ters. The wo-man on the bench is gone.

(mf)

112 (x4)

(mf)

115

(mf)