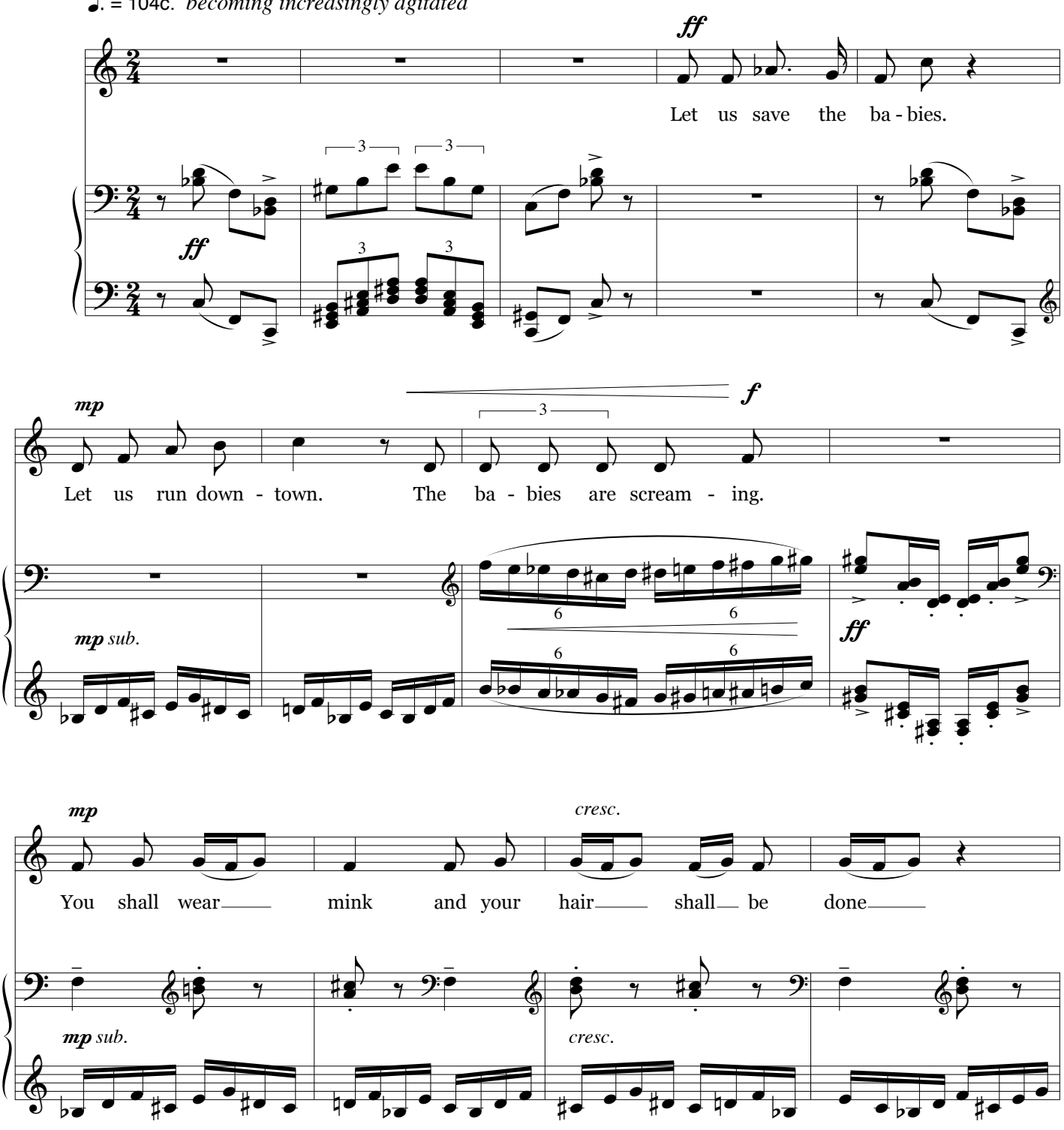
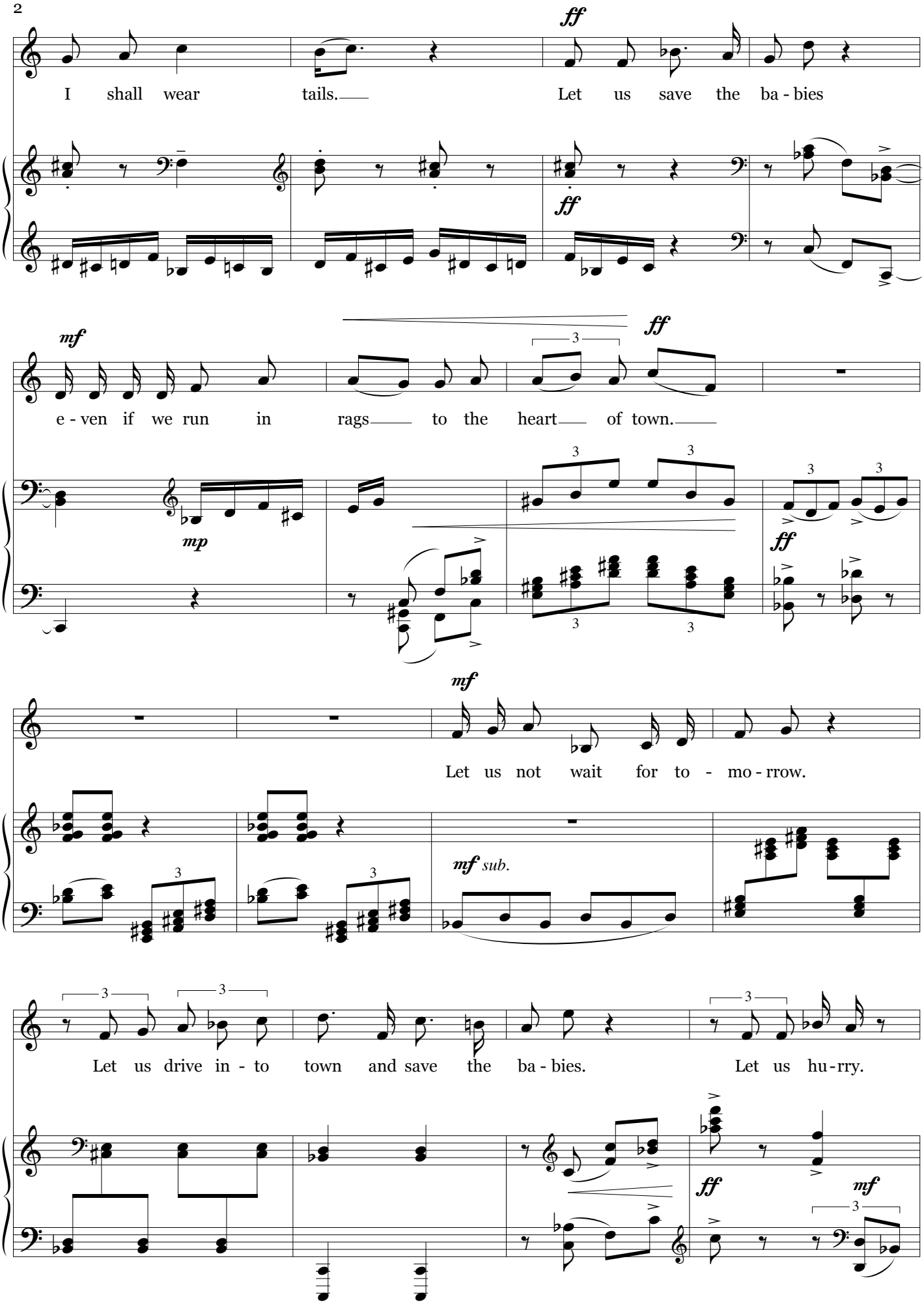
written for Sanford Sylvan and David Breitman

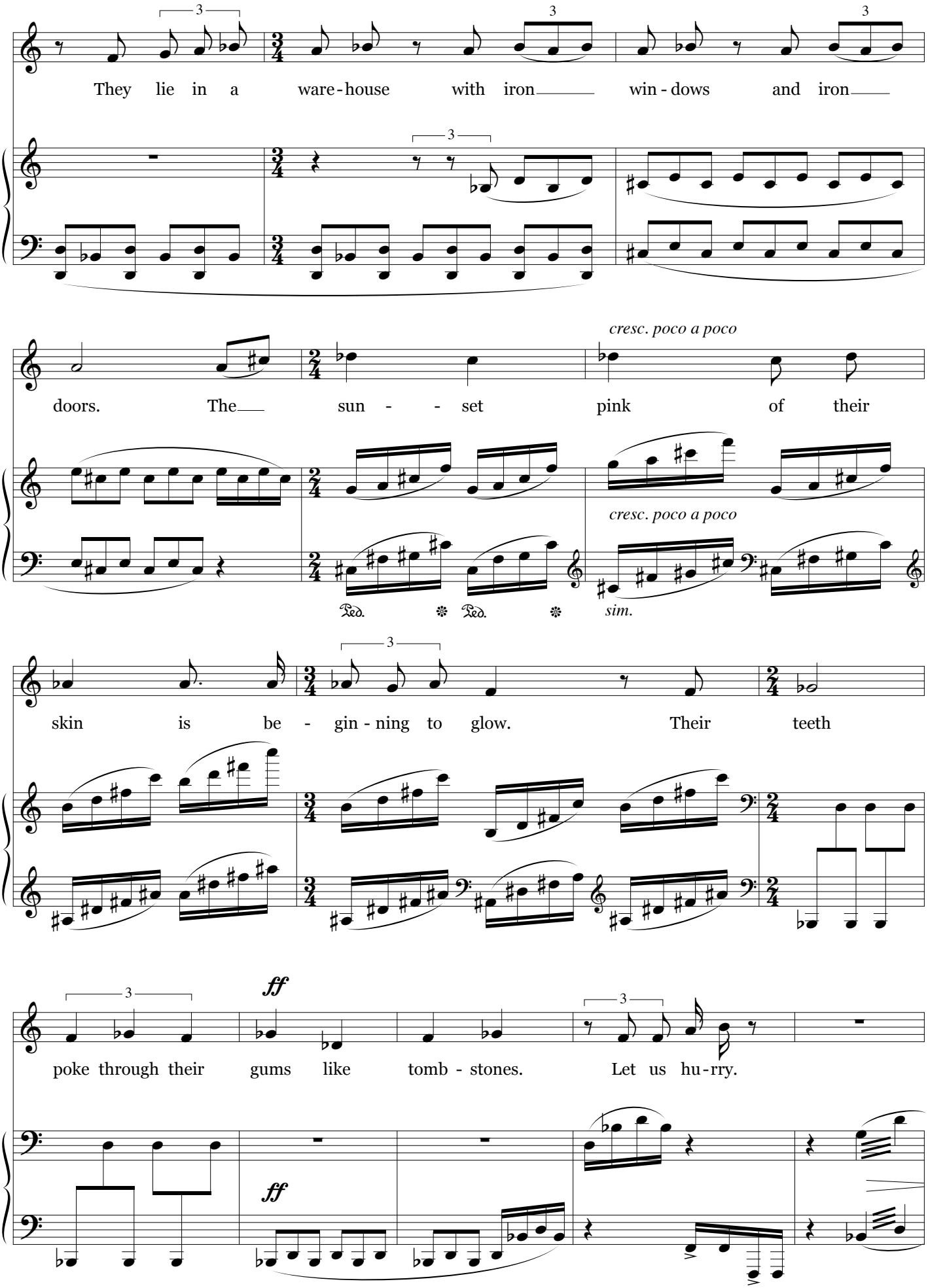
Return to a Place

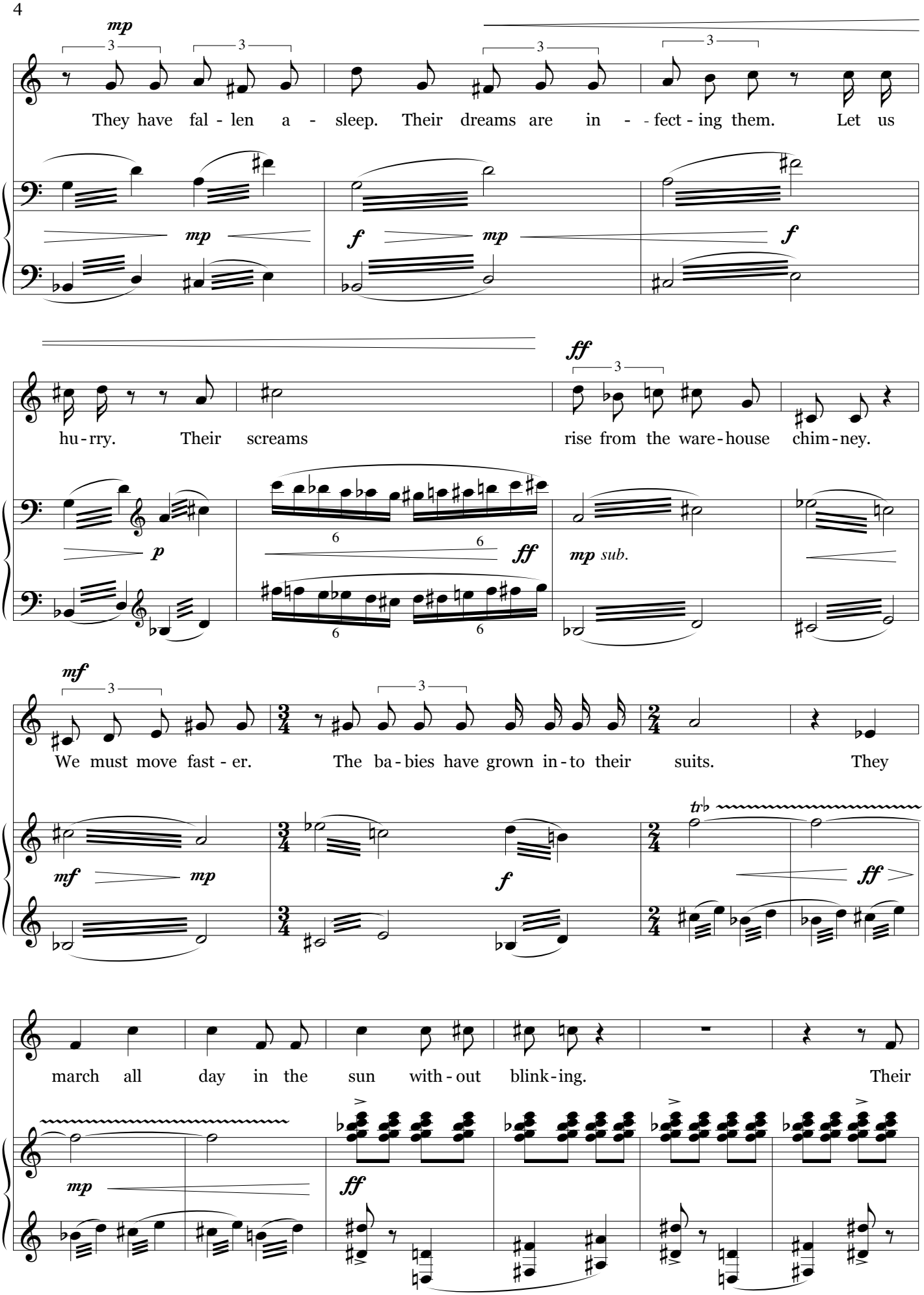
ANDY VORES
(1988)

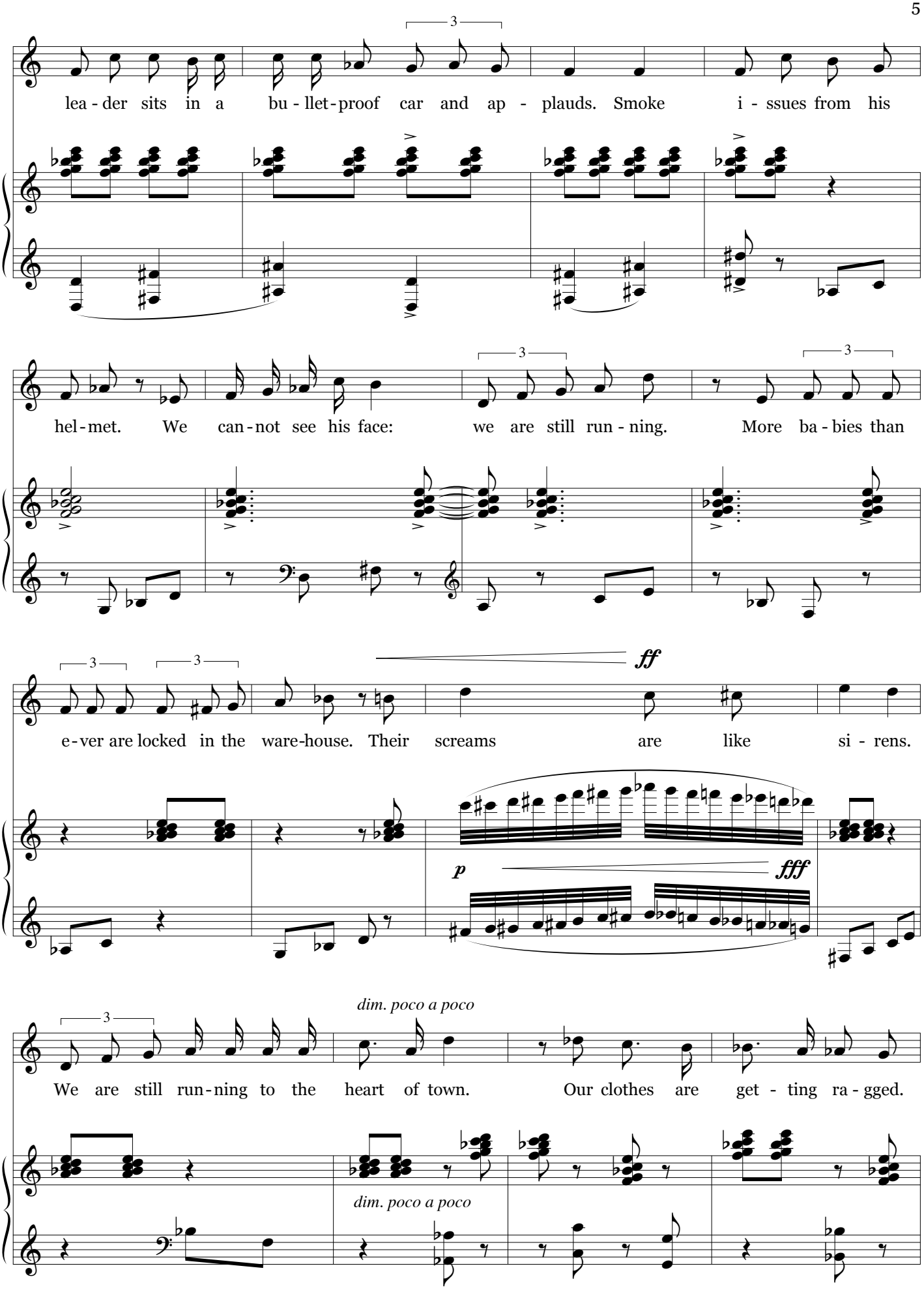
The Babies
MARK STRAND

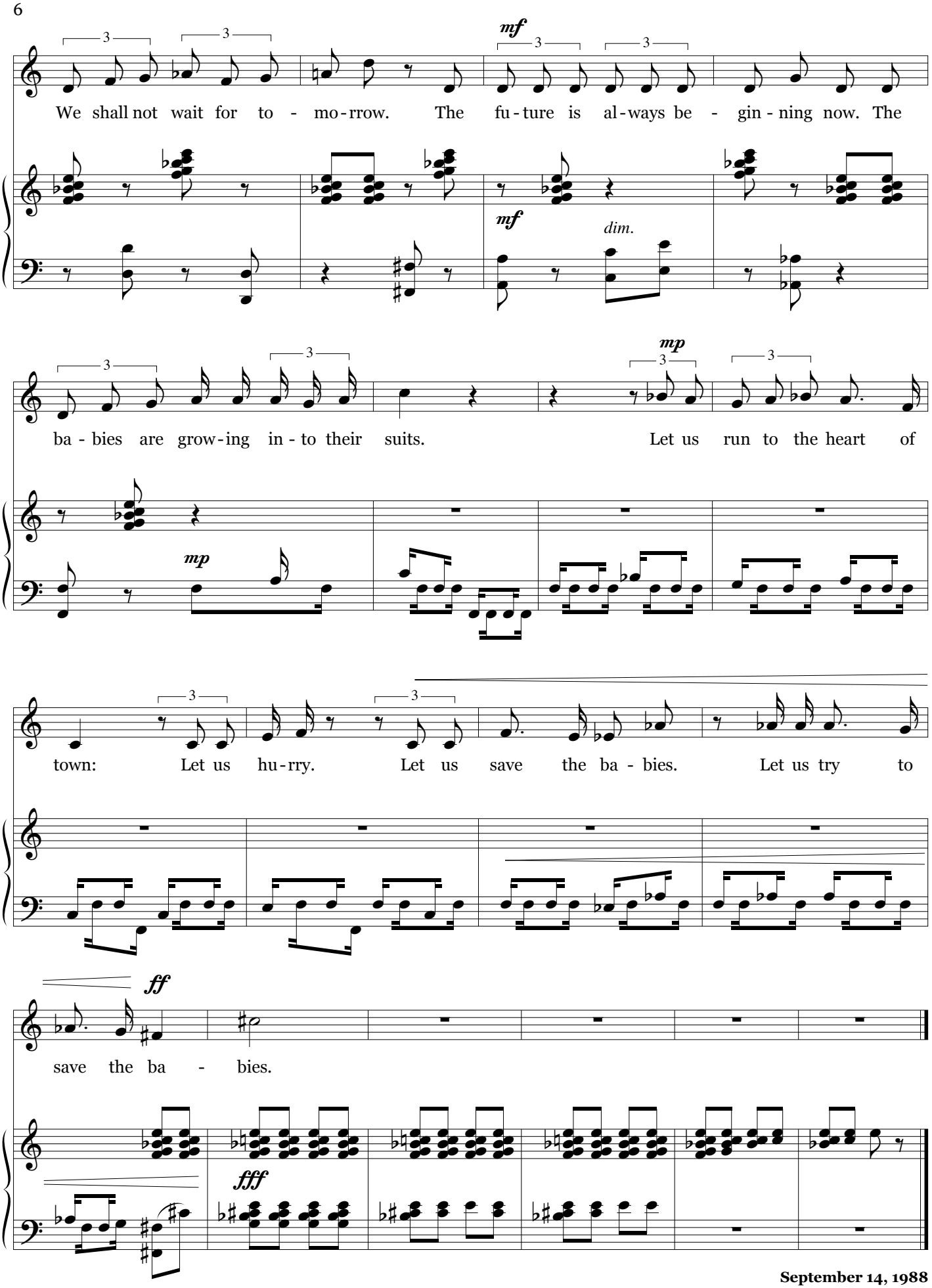



ff
I shall wear tails. Let us save the ba - bies
ff
mf
ff
e - ven if we run in rags to the heart of town.
mp
ff
mf
Let us not wait for to - mo - rrow.
mf sub.
Let us drive in - to town and save the ba - bies. Let us hu - rry.
ff
mf


They lie in a ware-house with iron win-dows and iron
doors. The sun - - set pink of their
cresc. poco a poco
cresc. poco a poco
Ped. Ped. sim.
skin is be - gin-ning to glow. Their teeth
poke through their gums like tomb - stones. Let us hu-rry.
ff
ff


mp
They have fal - len a - sleep. Their dreams are in - - fect - ing them. Let us
mp
f
mp
f
ff
hu - rry. Their screams rise from the ware - house chim - ney.
p
ff
mp sub.
mf
We must move fast - er. The ba - bies have grown in - to their suits. They
mf
mp
f
ff
march all day in the sun with - out blink - ing. Their
mp
ff


lea - der sits in a bu - llet - proof car and ap - plauds. Smoke i - ssues from his
hel - met. We can - not see his face: we are still run - ning. More ba - bies than
e - ver are locked in the ware-house. Their screams are like si - rens.
ff
p
fff
dim. poco a poco
We are still run - ning to the heart of town. Our clothes are get - ting ra - gged.
dim. poco a poco


mf
We shall not wait for to - mo - rrow. The fu - ture is al - ways be - gin - ning now. The
mf
dim.
mp
ba - bies are grow - ing in - to their suits. Let us run to the heart of
mp
town: Let us hu - rry. Let us save the ba - bies. Let us try to
ff
save the ba - bies.
fff