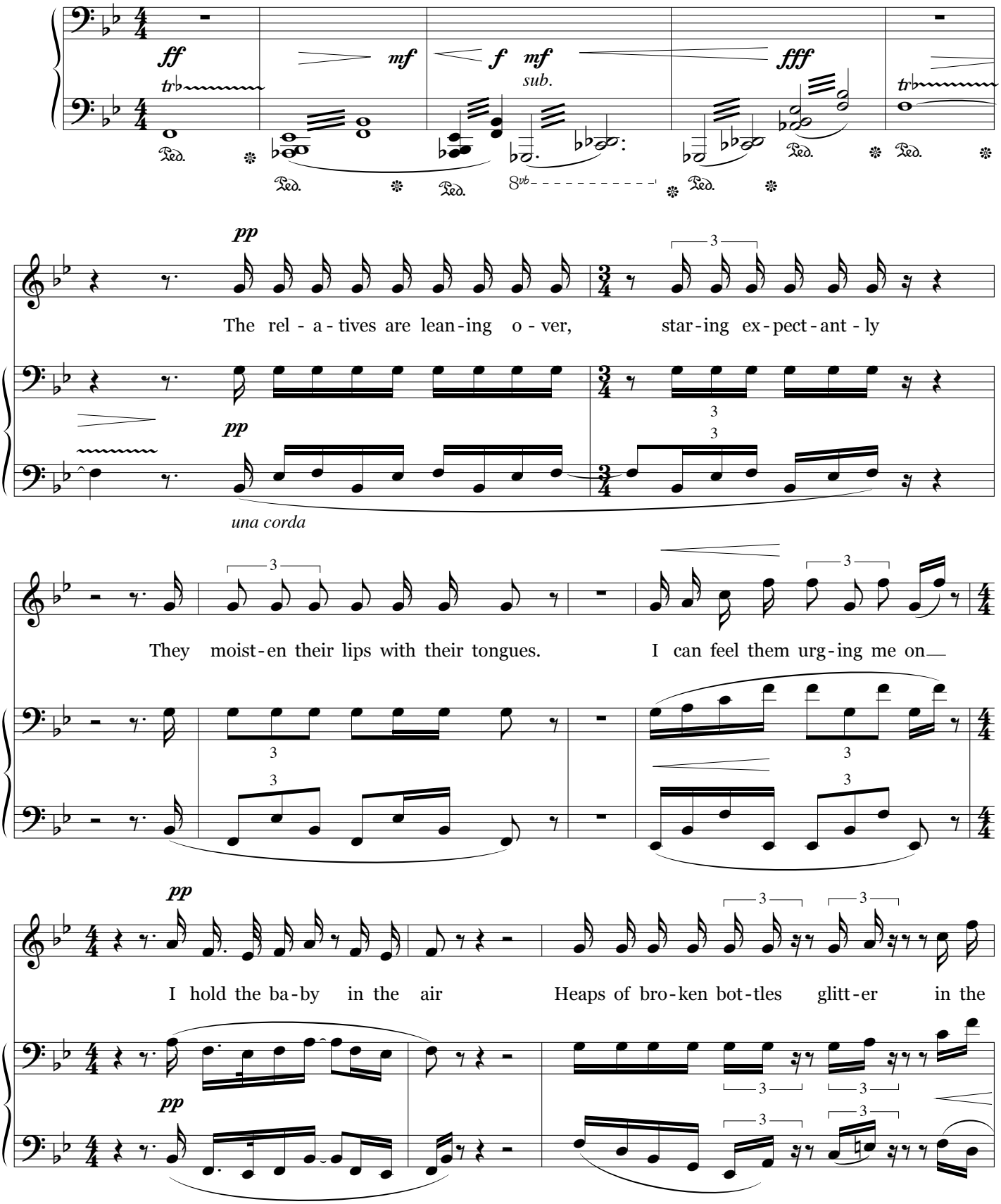
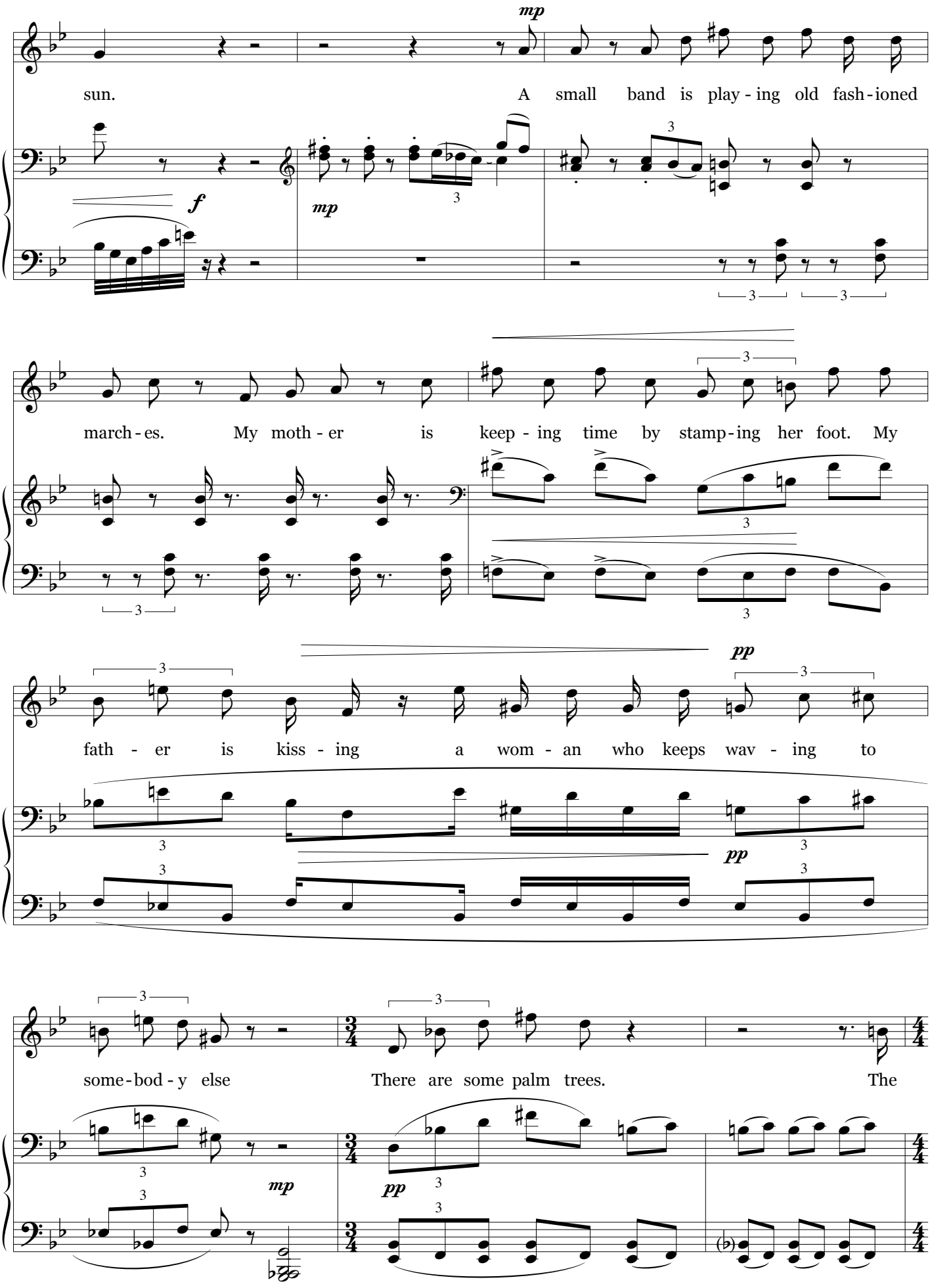
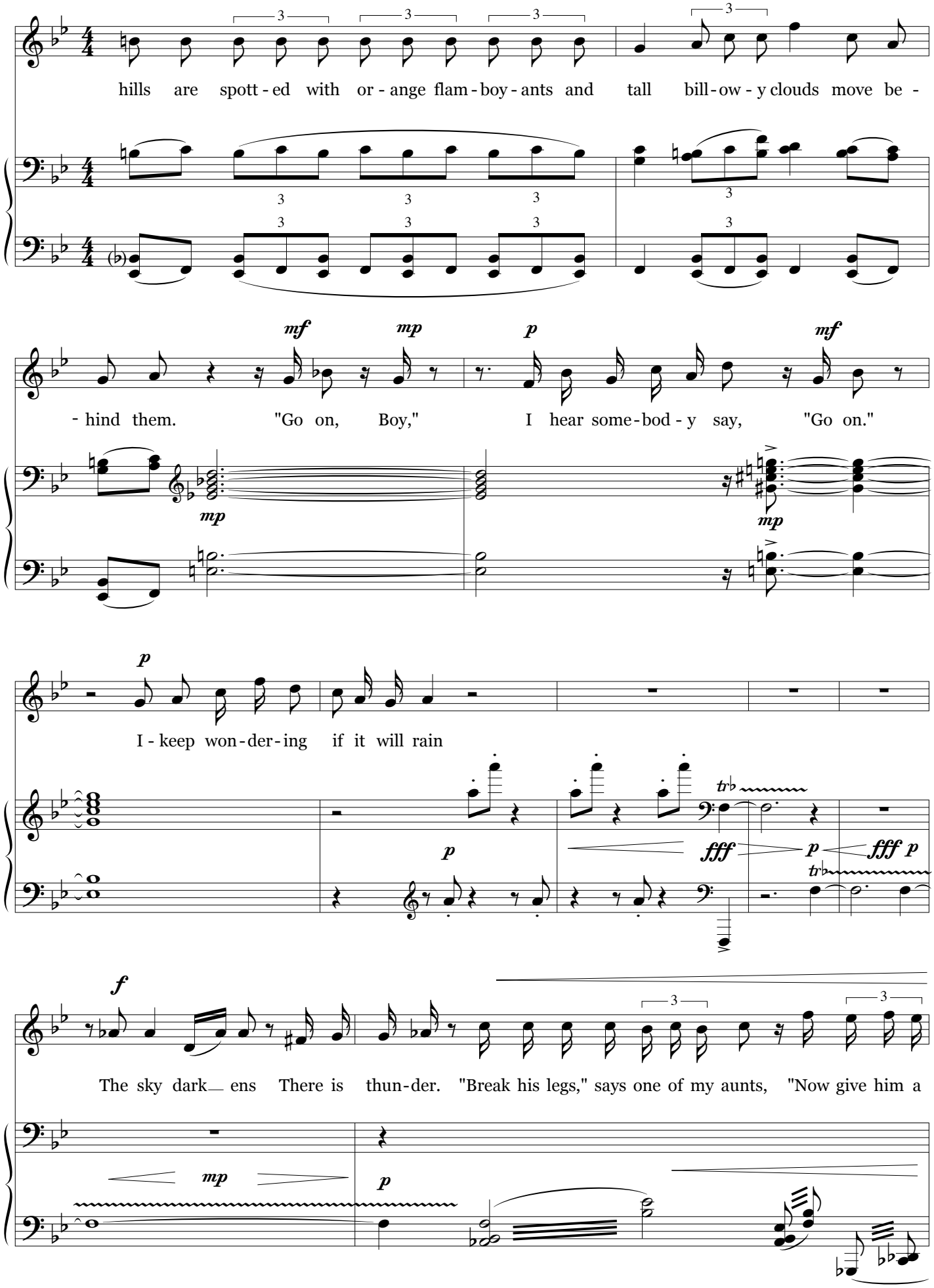
"The Dreadful Has Already Happened"

MARK STRAND

♩ = 69c. *disturbed, subdued*




mp
sun. A small band is play - ing old fash - ioned
f
mp
march - es. My moth - er is keep - ing time by stamp - ing her foot. My
pp
fath - er is kiss - ing a wom - an who keeps wav - ing to
pp
some - bod - y else There are some palm trees. The
mp
pp


hills are spott - ed with or - ange flam - boy - ants and tall bill - ow - y clouds move be -
- hind them. "Go on, Boy," I hear some - bod - y say, "Go on."
I - keep won - der - ing if it will rain
The sky dark— ens There is thun - der. "Break his legs," says one of my aunts, "Now give him a

ff mp p

kiss," I do what I'm told. The trees bend in the

ff p mp pp mf pp mp

8vb loco

bleak trop-ic - al wind.

pp mf p f p

tr

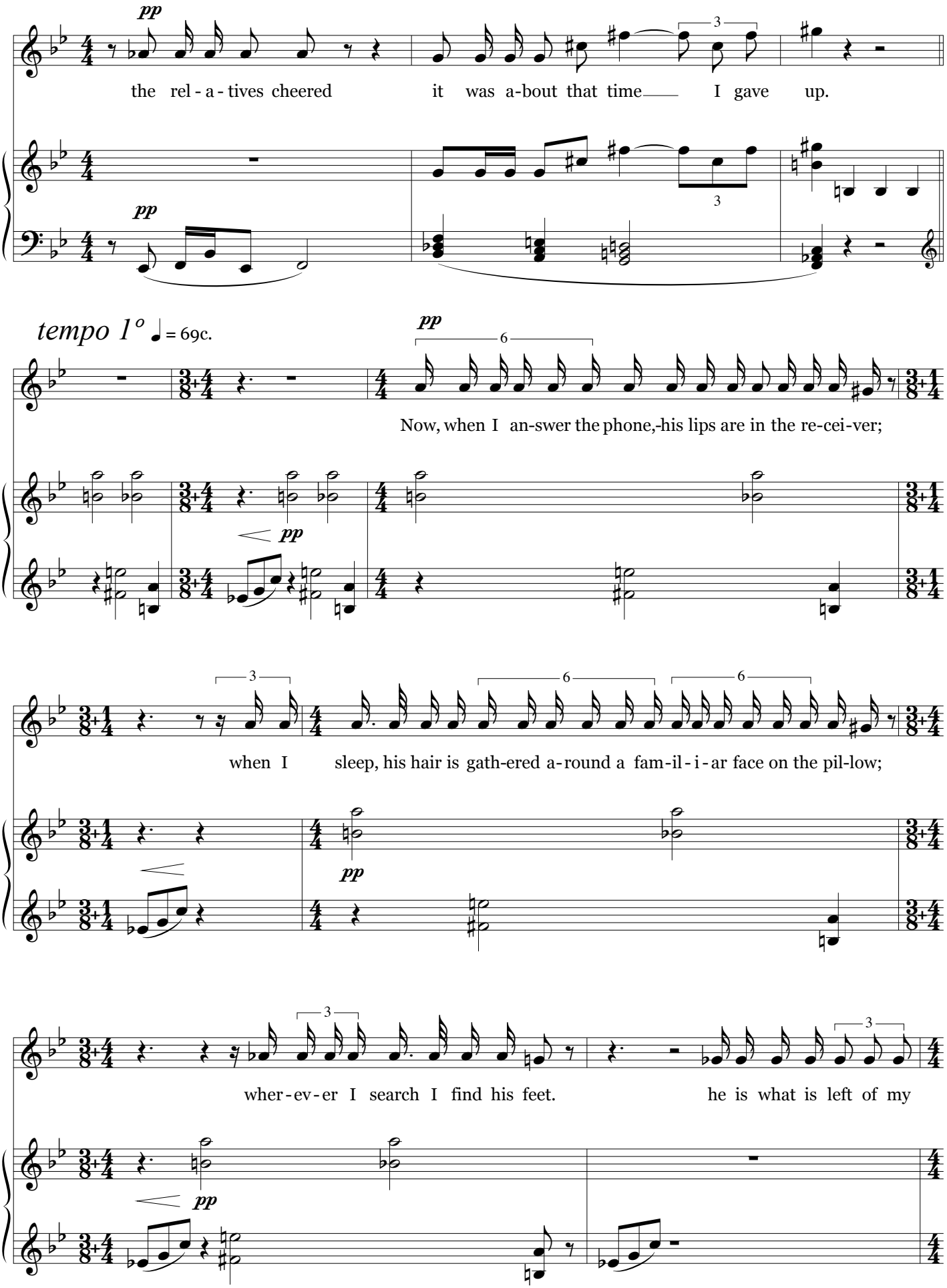
♩ = 60c. p

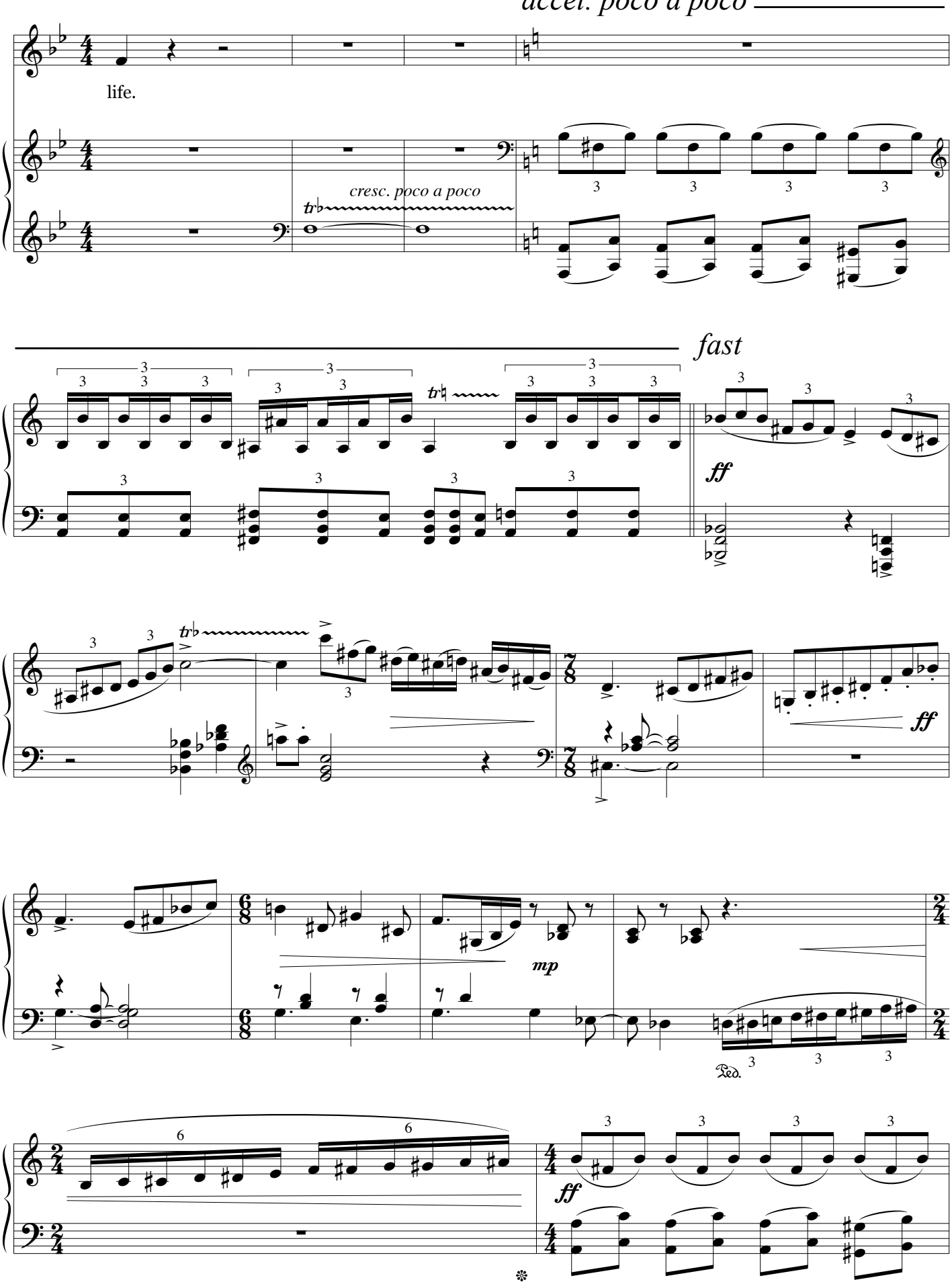
The ba - by did not scream, but I rem - em - ber that sigh when I

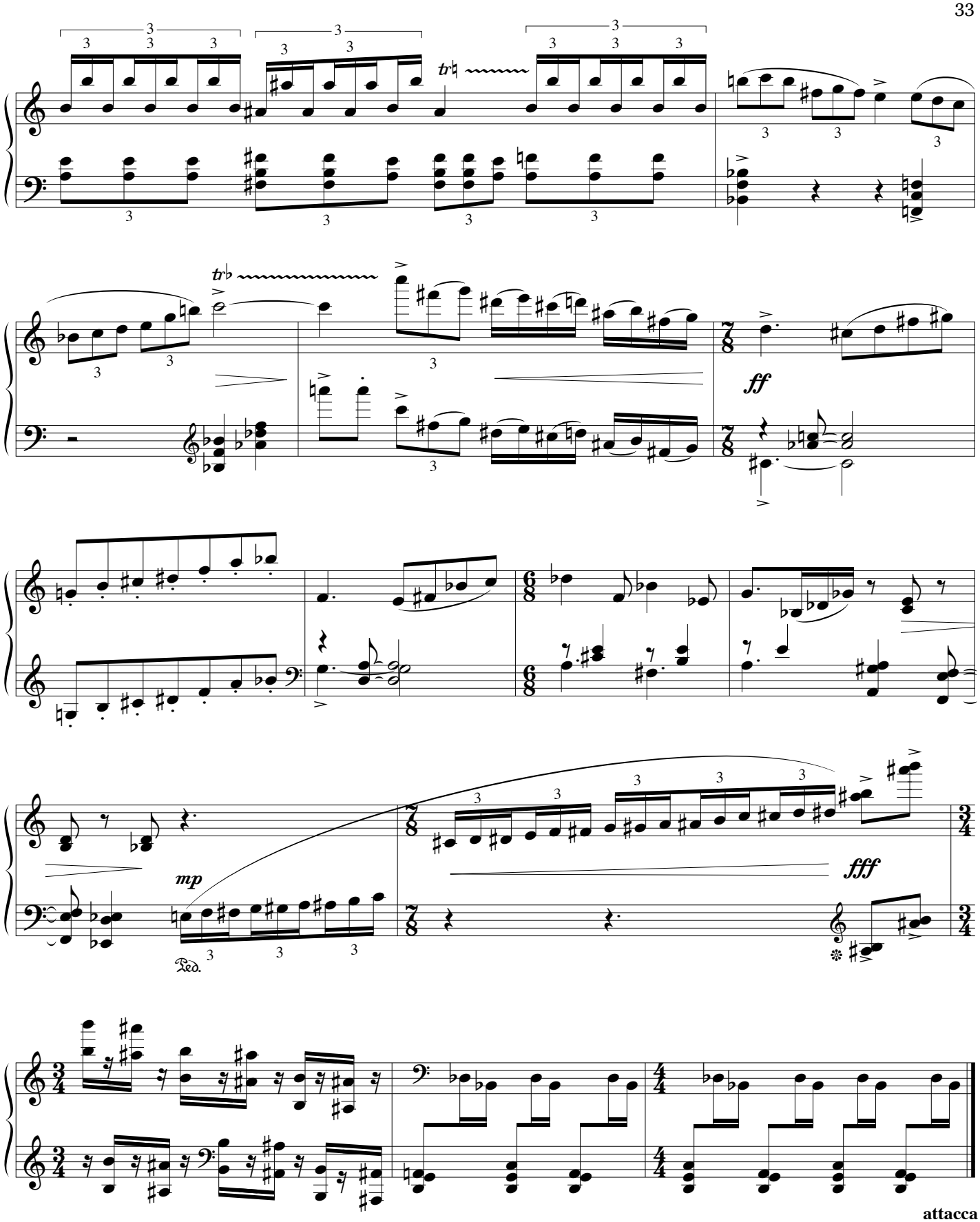
mp p mp

f p

reached in - side for his ti - ny lungs and shook them out in the air for the flies.


pp
the rel - a - tives cheered
it was a-bout that time
I gave up.
tempo 1º ♩ = 69c.
pp
Now, when I an-swer the phone,-his lips are in the re-cei-ver;
when I sleep, his hair is gath-ered a-round a fam-il-i-ar face on the pil-low;
wher-ev-er I search I find his feet.
he is what is left of my


accel. poco a poco
life.
cresc. poco a poco
fast
ff
ff
mp
Ped.
ff



attacca

December 16, 1988