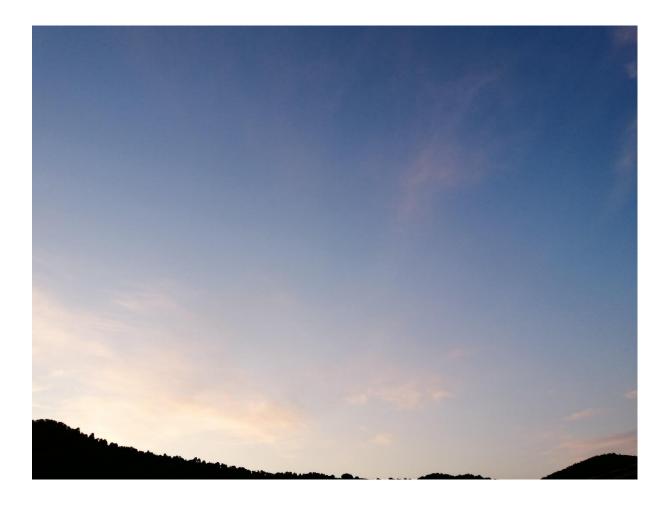
the crickets sang

trumpet, objects

eva-maria houben

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the crickets sang for trumpet and objects

eva-maria houben

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For Joe Hamlen

The Crickets sang And set the Sun And Workmen finished one by one Their Seam the Day upon.

The low Grass loaded with the Dew The Twilight stood, as Strangers do With Hat in Hand, polite and new To stay as if, or go.

A Vastness, as a Neighbor, came,A Wisdom, without Face, or Name,A Peace, as Hemispheres at HomeAnd so the Night became.

(Emily Dickinson)

writing with a "stone pencil" on a stone tablet.

reminiscing while blowing the trumpet—sounds and silences freely unfolding.

the trumpet: resonating, thus becoming a voice – resonating, reflecting, commenting.

