

Spirits of the Dead

Spirits of the Dead (2017) is a piece I wrote for a reading by Sharon Harms and Steve Beck.

The text is a portion of the poem of the same name by Edgar Allan Poe. In this work, I spoke the words out and then wrote the rhythms out. I then added notes and filled out the rest with the hope to express the text as best I could.

- Julian Ward -

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more, like dew-drop from the grass.

The breeze, the breath of God, is still,
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy, shadowy, yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token.
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries!

- Edgar Allan Poe -