

# Brief Vibrations

for solo voice (unaccompanied)

Poetry by Elisabeth T. Eliassen

Music by Carson P. Cooman (Op. 870)

- I. Kairos
- II. Stillness Sings
- III. Within the Embrace
- IV. Spring Rain
- V. The Vine
- VI. Vibrations

*Brief Vibrations* (2010) was written for and is dedicated to Jonathan Mark Roberts. The cycle comprises settings for unaccompanied voice of poems by Elisabeth T. Eliassen (b. 1961) from the collection *Brief Encounters With Fluidity* (2008).

Carson P. Cooman  
April 2010  
Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA

Performance notes: These songs may be performed by any vocalists of any voice type or sex. They may also be performed in any transposition. **However, all songs performed must be transposed in exactly the same manner.**

Though a performance of all six songs is highly preferred, smaller groupings or individual songs may be performed, particularly if the performance is not in concert.

Throughout all songs, exceptional sensitivity, expressivity, and freedom is necessary to project a compelling performance. There should never be any sense of metronomic rigidity. The music serves to express and declaim the text, and this should be the driving force in shaping any interpretation.

## Kairos

*For Ian—after flying kites—June 2005*

Feet planted firm,  
wind fills wings;  
Tug on the thread  
—my heart rings.

Head in the clouds,  
dreaming of things;  
Time flies a kite  
—my soul sings.

## Stillness Sings

*August 2006*

This flower opens to the silence within.  
The silence within opens  
to the supreme stillness without.  
Stillness sings;  
the flower knows this  
because it is alive;  
the song is what draws  
the bud to bloom.

## Within the Embrace

*February 2004*

Between sound and silence,  
one kiss, one embrace,  
one bed of contemplation.

Speculations as to  
which one is holding the other?  
—an irrelevant conversation.

## Spring Rain

*March 2007*

The gentle music of raindrops  
patters across the roof to wake me,  
cooling the mind,  
clearing the air,

quenching the parched earth,  
drenching plum blossom  
and rose, alike,  
in liquid pleasure,  
perfect raiment.

## The Vine

*May 2006*

Showers of tears,  
the fruit of the vine  
touched by a raging sun;  
yet, still she reaches out,  
season after season,  
ever onward and upward.

Despite such daily assault,  
no bright flames  
shall singe nor harm her;  
and her fruit shall nourish  
the nations with the sweetness  
of a love like no other.

## Vibrations

*May 2005*

All work folds in on all work,  
like silken wind-tossed waves in a field of corn.

Tend it well, tend it lovingly;  
the yields will be of inestimable value.

From thought to mind,  
from quill to parchment,  
from symbol to sound,  
your thoughts rise up  
to shape the world.

Speak the world beautiful!

from *Brief Encounters with Fluidity*, 2008  
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