



Hugh Hodgson School of Music

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents a
Graduate Recital

José Antonio Alcaraz Azpiri, *bass-baritone*
Elena Minko, *piano*

April 6, 2026

5:30 pm, Ramsey Hall

Two Songs from *Tres poemas para voz y piano* (1938)
“Hoy no lució la estrella de tus ojos”
“Nocturna Rosa”

Carlos Chávez
(1899-1978)

La Casada Infiel (1941)

Dover Beach, Op. 3 (1931)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Alexis Boylan, *violin*
Ori Kang, *violin*
Rachel Liu, *viola*
Tianbo Zhang, *cello*

Mortal Storm, Op. 29 (1969)

- I. A House in Taos
- II. Little Song
- III. Jaime
- IV. Faithful One
- V. Genius Child

Robert Owens
(1925-2017)

All The Way Through Evening (1990)

- I. The Disappearance of Light
- II. Train Station
- III. An Elegy to Paul Jacobs
- IV. Poussin
- V. Walt Whitman in 1989

Chris DeBlasio
(1959-1993)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Master of Music in Performance.
Recitalist Name is a student of Instrumental Teacher.*

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Tres poemas para voz y piano (1938) and La Casada Infiel (1941)

By Carlos Chavez (1899-1978), Salvador Novo (1904-1974), Xavier Villaurrutia (1903-1950) and Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Tres poemas gathers texts from Carlos Pellicer, Salvador Novo and Xavier Villaurrutia, three fundamental pillars of Mexican 20th-century poetry. In this cycle, Chávez responds to each poem with an individual musical language, where he created three contrasting musical landscapes, but united by the rhythm, the color, and the atmosphere of the text. In “Hoy no lució la estrella de tus ojos”, a poem by Novo. Chávez unfolds a lyrical writing for the voice part. The vocal line sustains long phrases that demand *legato*, expressive continuity, and constant use of *rubato*. Beyond looking for an explicit dramatism, the song builds up a deep and affectionate intensity in the richness of the very contained melodic range, and a supportive accompaniment that almost entirely doubles the voice part and even maintains a sense of tonality regardless of the dissonant and clustered harmonies. Homoeroticism in this poem takes form in musical images of light, stars, and corporal intimacy through a highly dense and emotional content that gives the impression of a profoundly enamored Novo. “Nocturna Rosa” stands for a more introspective and enigmatic discourse. In this, Chávez follows the poem’s non-repetitive structure, and attributes to each stanza a different musical treatment. The result is a suspended atmosphere, almost timeless, in which harmony, color and diverse sonorities are intensified by the nocturnal symbolism of the text. Villaurrutia’s homoeroticism differentiates itself from Novo’s by exploring another side of clandestine and blind sexual experiences as it does throughout his poetry collection *Nostalgia de la Muerte* (1938) where this poem comes from. One of Chávez’s skills was that of relieving the interpreters from trying to find the truth between the lines, he indeed made it easier by being specific in his musical language, with a lot of expressive indications, limited dynamics and unique harmonies properly and tightly connected to each stanza.

La Casada Infiel (1941), a later published song, brings a poem from García Lorca’s *Romancero Gitano* (1928), a songbook that encompasses Lorca’s dreamlike tribute to sex, sex in its freest form, in which the subject matter becomes the desired figure of a *macho* and virile man, which loads the book with a strong homoerotic charge. This poem exalts the desire and sensuality described in the passion between a man (the poet) and a woman, as symbols that break the norms of conventional and righteous relationships. Chávez sets this in motion since the opening measures without further ado and striking directly at the core of the action: voice and piano burst in without harmonic preparation, and jumping into a rapid and rhythmic first section, where any sense of contemplation is avoided. The contrapuntal melodies displayed on the piano are enriched with dissonant harmonies without interruption, replicating the sense of urgency and irrepressible impulse contained in Lorca’s text. But contrastingly, later in the second section of the song, when the poet reflects on what happened as riding a filly, bridleless and stirrupless, Chávez then provides a sense of suspension with long dense chords in the piano, and the voice taking more time to sing each verse with melodies that express beauty, melancholy, and deep sensitivity.

Hoy no lució la estrella de tus ojos.

Hoy no lució la estrella de tus ojos.
Náufrago de mí mismo,
húmedo del abrazo de las ondas,
llego a la arena de tu cuerpo
en que mi propia voz nombra mi nombre,
en que todo es dorado y azul como un día nuevo
y como las espigas herméticas, perfectas y calladas.
En ti mi soledad se reconcilia
para pensar en ti. Toda ha mudado
el sereno calor de tus miradas
en fervorosa madurez mi vida.
Alga y espumas frágiles, mis besos
cifran el universo en tus pestañas
—playa de desnudez, tierra alcanzada
que devuelve en miradas tus estrellas.

¿A qué la flor perdida
que marchitó tu espera, que dispersó el Destino?
Mi ofrenda es toda tuya en la simiente
que secaron los rayos de tus soles.

Today your eyes have lost the stars they wore

Today your eyes have lost the stars they wore
And I am shipwrecked too
and wan with waves
Who swim out unto your body’s far shore
Where my own voice can call the name I bore,
Where there is gold and azure, day that’s new,
Grainlike and ripe, perfected, silent too.
In you my solitude once more seeks grace—
In thought of you! This swift change which seeps o’er,
some muted passion which your glances wore
Have touched with fiercer fire my life a space.
Fast-fleeting, far, far foam—seaweed—my kiss
Could worlds create again across your eyes!
Naked the shore there, lone, but rich for bliss,
And back the stars would blaze where bleakness lies.

A flower—and made to bloom for ruin vainly!
A world of joy and dead by fate’s decree?
My gift—all fruit-ripe, grain—rich things to be
Which bitter suns like yours seek surely.

Nocturna Rosa

Yo también hablo de la rosa.
Pero mi rosa no es la rosa fría
ni la de piel de niño,
ni la rosa que gira
tan lentamente que su movimiento
es una misteriosa forma de la quietud.

No es la rosa sedienta,
ni la sangrante llaga,
ni la rosa coronada de espinas,
ni la rosa de la resurrección.

No es la rosa de pétalos desnudos,
ni la rosa encerada,
ni la llama de seda,
ni tampoco la rosa llamada.

No es la rosa veleta,
ni la ulcera secreta,
ni la rosa puntual que da la hora,
ni la brújula rosa marinera.

No, no es la rosa rosa
sino la rosa increada,
la sumergida rosa,
la nocturna,
la rosa inmaterial,
la rosa hueca.

[Es la rosa del tacto en las tinieblas,
es la rosa que avanza enardecida,
la rosa de rosadas uñas,
la rosa yema de los dedos ávidos,
la rosa digital
la rosa ciega.]

Es la rosa moldura del oído,
la rosa oreja,
la espiral del ruido,
la rosa concha siempre abandonada
en la más alta espuma de la almohada.

[Es la rosa encarnada de la boca,
la rosa que habla despierta
como si estuviera dormida.
Es la rosa entreabierta
de la que mana sombra,
la rosa entraña
que se pliega y expande
evocada, invocada, abocada,
es la rosa labial,
la rosa herida.]

Es la rosa que abre los parpados,
la rosa vigilante, desvelada,
la rosa del insomnio desojada.

Es la rosa del humo,
la rosa de ceniza,
la negra rosa de carbón diamante
que silenciosa horada las tinieblas
y no ocupa lugar en el espacio.

The Nocturnal Rose

I too speak of the rose.
But mine is not the cold rose
Nor the child's skin,
Nor the rose that turns
So slowly that its movement
Is a mysterious form of stillness.

It is not the thirsty rose,
Nor the bloody wound,
Nor the rose crowned with thorns
Nor the rose of the resurrection.

It is not the rose of naked petals
Nor the enclosed rose,
Nor the silk flame,
Nor is it the flaming rose.

It is not the velvet rose,
Nor the secret ulcer,
Nor the punctual rose telling time,
Nor the maritime bubble rose.

No, it is not the rose rose
But rather the uncreated rose,
The sank,
The nocturnal,
The immaterial rose,
The empty rose.

[It is the touch rose in darkness,
The rose that advances swiftly,
The rose with pink nails,
The rose yoke of vibrant fingers,
The digital rose,
The blind rose.]

It is the rose moulding of hearing,
The rose ear,
The noise spiral,
The rose shell always abandoned
In the highest foam of the pillow.

[It is the rose enfleshed in the mouth,
The rose that speaks awake
As if asleep.
It is the half-opened rose
Of that which seeps shadow,
The rose gut
That folds and expands,
Evoked, invoked, doomed,
It is the lip rose,
The wounded rose.]

It is the rose that opens eyes,
The vigilant rose, awake,
The eyeless insomniac rose.

It is the rose of smoke,
The ash rose,
The black rose of carbon diamond
That silently pierces the darkness
And does not take up space.

La Casada Infiel

Y que yo me la llevé al río
creyendo que era mozuela,
pero tenía marido.

Fue la noche de Santiago
y casi por compromiso.
Se apagaron los faroles
y se encendieron los grillos.
En las últimas esquinas
toqué sus pechos dormidos,
y se me abrieron de pronto
como ramos de jacintos.
El almidón de su enagua
me sonaba en el oído,
como una pieza de seda
rasgada por diez cuchillos.
Sin luz de plata en sus copas
los árboles han crecido,
y un horizonte de perros
ladra muy lejos del río.

Pasadas las zarzamoras,
los juncos y los espinos,
bajo su mata de pelo
hice un hoyo sobre el limo.
Yo me quité la corbata.
Ella se quitó el vestido.
Yo el cinturón con revólver.
Ella sus cuatro corpiños.
Ni nardos ni caracolas
tienen el cutis tan fino,
ni los cristales con luna
relumbran con ese brillo.
Sus muslos se me escapaban
como peces sorprendidos,
la mitad llenos de lumbre,
la mitad llenos de frío.
Aquella noche corrí
el mejor de los caminos,
montado en potra de nácar
sin bridas y sin estribos.
No quiero decir, por hombre,
las cosas que ella me dijo.
La luz del entendimiento
me hace ser muy comedido.
Sucia de besos y arena
yo me la llevé del río.
Con el aire se batían
las espadas de los lirios.

Me porté como quien soy.
Como un gitano legítimo.
Le regalé un costurero
grande de raso pajizo,
y no quise enamorarme
porque teniendo marido
me dijo que era mozuela
cuando la llevaba al río.

The Unfaithful Housewife

Then I led her to the river
certain she was still a virgin
though she had a husband.

The fourth Friday in July,
as good as on a promise.
The street lights were vanishing
and the crickets flaring up.
Last bend out of town
I brushed her sleepy breasts.
They blossomed of a sudden
like the tips of hyacinths
and the starch of her petticoat
bustled in my ear
like silk
slit by a dozen blades.
The pines, minus their halo
of silver, grew huger
and the horizon of dogs
howled a long way from the river.

Past the blackberry bushes,
the rushes and whitethorn,
beneath her thatch of hair,
I made a dip in the sand.
I took off my neckerchief.
She unstrapped her dress.
Me my gun and holster,
she her layers of slips...
Not tuberoses, not shell,
has skin as half as smooth
nor does mirror glass
have half the shimmer.
Her hips flitted from me
like a pair of startled tench:
the one full of fire,
the other full of cold.
That night I might as well have ridden
the pick of the roads
on a mother-of-pearl mare
without bridle or stirrups.
Gentleman that I am,
I won't say back the scraps she whispered to me.
It dawned out there
to leave my lip bitten.
Filthy with soil and kisses,
I led her from the river
and the spears of lilies
battled in the air.

I behaved only the way
a blackguard like me behaves.
I offered her a big creel
of hay-colored satins.
I had no wish to fall for her.
She has a husband after all,
though she was still a virgin
when I led her to the river.

***Dover Beach* Op. 3 (1931)**

By Samuel Barber (1910-1981) and Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

Samuel Barber composed this piece during his last years at Curtis Institute of Music. *Dover Beach* certainly marked a turning point in his compositional style which in his previous works, it is said to have been influenced by the music of Brahms; though it also brought a great deal of recognition from critics and other important composers such as Ralph Vaughan Williams, who said to Barber after he played it for him: "I tried several times to set 'Dover Beach', but you really got it!". The poem comes from the romantic poet Matthew Arnold who published it in 1867, after his honeymoon at Dover, England in 1851. The poem expresses melancholy for a dreamed and idealistic world and talks about a worldwide and intergenerational sadness that comes to him in the form of a song, heard in the sound of waves crashing at the shores of Dover. The music transforms the sound of the sea into a rhythmic ostinato motive consisting of sixteenth notes played by the second violin, while the longing and sadness are reflected in the chromatic and repetitive melodies from the first violin and later in the viola and cello. In the first section, the voice part's style lies between the borders of recitative and cantabile, in which the chromatic treatment in the instrumental part encourages the voice to echo the melodic contour, yet always conjunct and still not really opening the tessitura into climactic moments. It becomes even more recitative in the "B" section when the poet speaks about Sophocles; in a Neo-baroque fashion, the string quartet works in two different ways, first, in an apollonian homophonic mode, to which the chords accompany the declamatory text of Sophocles' memories, but later as it turns back again into the present time, the quartet is treated as a madrigal-like polyphonic texture, now echoing the melancholy expressed from the voice. It is not until the poet realizes what that sadness means, when the text talks directly to the lover and asks for honesty, it is at this moment when the voice and the instruments break the established form, and turn it into an arioso and dramatic section, with disjunct melodies, strong dynamics and use of the higher range. What becomes interesting in *Dover Beach*, is how a poem that does not come from a queer poet, precisely connects to Barber, who was equally marked by a severe depression, later in life.

Dover Beach

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.
Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Mortal Storm Op. 29 (1969)

By Robert Owens (1925-2017) and Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

To talk about Langston Hughes' sexual identity is to meet a dead-end road, like trying to find his opinion on religion. In *Looking for Langston* (2019), Wallace Best makes a clear statement about Hughes' complex nature of identity, implying how performative and fluid he was when it came to religion or sexuality. It would be impossible to categorize Hughes as either an atheist or a believer, and either as a gay man, or a heterosexual man or any of the modern categories in sexual diversity. The relevance of this matter in a song cycle like *Mortal Storm* lies precisely in the nature of these poems that according to Owens, they represent the emotional storm that any mortal can experience. The poems explore different faces of this chaos, beginning with a story of three subjects with "barren hearts" inside a house in the middle of a storm, a house that represents stillness, monotony, desolation and the ironic squareness of a world in which the essential and free natural resources like the moon, or the sun, that live out there in the storm, and always changing world, are instead "bought" or replaced with artificial imitations to decor the interior of the house.

Robert Owens set up the music of these poems and many others of Hughes, after receiving an autographed copy of *Fields of Wonder* (1947) by Hughes himself. His music captures the essence of the poems with specific and advanced compositional tools of a musician trained under European traditions. Owens studied in Paris at the École Normale de Musique in Paris where he studied and later in Vienna with Grete Hinterhofer. In *Mortal Storm* two different aspects of musical styles or genres are used to enhance the emotional state of the poems: jazz chords, blues forms and interestingly, a German lied and Schubertian form of setting the text into music. In "Little Song" as well as in "Faithful One" the repetitive style of blues is of big importance due to the melancholic spirit of the poems, as if trying to frame the hard reality of monotony, poverty, and toxic circles of violence; for these two, Owens uses repetitive melodic and rhythmic patterns barely moving from their tonal center, or even avoiding any sense of function in the harmonic language. For "Jaime" and "Genius Child", Owens instead uses this Schubertian style where rhythmic patterns are kept throughout the songs in an ostinato form, with repeated sixteenths as in "Jaime" and dramatic triplet chords as in "Genius Child". In these songs the similarity lies in the sensation of inevitability, and inexorable flow, just like Schubert's *Erkönig*. These forms highlight the emotional urgency of an unstoppable motor that pushes the poet into the scene.

As previously discussed, Hughes queerness is perhaps that of a fluid unstoppable and unfixed quality, where performance defines him. His identity is movement, chaos and an inescapable world molded by culture and human nature. In the language of music, the chaos is heard in the most traditional forms pressed together inside the accompaniment and vigorously perceived in the expressive indications and always present articulations that Owens specifically wrote for the voice.

1. A House in Taos

Rain

Thunder of the Rain God:

And we three
Smitten by beauty.

Thunder of the Rain God:

And we three
Weary, weary.

Thunder of the Rain God:

And you, she and I
Waiting for nothingness.

Do you understand the stillness

Of this house in Taos

Under the thunder of the Rain God?

Sun

That there should be a barren garden

About this house in Taos

Is not so strange,

But that there should be three barren hearts

In this one house in Taos,—

Who carries ugly things to show the sun?

Moon

Did you ask for the beaten brass of the moon?

We can buy lovely things with money,

You, she and I,

Yet you seek,

As though you could keep,

This unbought loveliness of moon.

Wind

Touch our bodies, wind.

Our bodies are separate, individual things.

Touch our bodies, wind,

But blow quickly

Through the red, white, yellow skins

Of our bodies

To the terrible snarl,

Not mine,

Not yours,

Not hers,

But all one snarl of souls.

Blow quickly, wind,

Before we run back into the windlessness,—

With our bodies,—

Into the windlessness

Of our house in Taos.

2. Little Song

Lonely people
In the lonely night
Grab a lonely dream
And hold it tight.

Lonely people
In the lonely day
Work to salt
Their dream away.

3. Jaime

He sits on a hill
And beats a drum
For the great earth spirits
That never come.

He sits on a hill
Looking out to the sea
Toward a mirage-land
That will never be.

4. Faithful One

Though I go drunken to her door,
I'm ever so sure she'll let me in.
Though I wander and stray and wound her sore,
she'll open the latch when I come again.
No matter what I do or say,
she waits for me at the end of the day.

5. Genius Child

This is a song for the genius child.
Sing it softly, for the song is wild.
Sing it softly as ever you can --
Lest the song get out of hand.

Nobody loves a genius child.

Can you love an eagle,
Tame or wild?

Wild or tame,
Can you love a monster
Of frightening name?

Nobody loves a genius child.

Kill him -- and let his soul run wild!

All The Way Through Evening (1990)

By Chris DeBlasio (1959-93) and Perry Brass (b. 1947)

Chris DeBlasio was born to an Italian father and a Scottish mother, showed great musical talent since he was very young but was always more interested in theater. Family stories tell that he used to stage plays in his basement in which he performed along with his brother Philip and friends. His first musical to compose was a high school project called *Dear George!* (1974) premiered in 1976 which made him earn the New Jersey Historical Society's "Jerseymen Award". DeBlasio had a big circle of friends, and when living in New York City, he used to have his own version of "Schubertiade" evenings with singers and musicians where he presented some of his songs.

His relationship with the poet Perry Brass (b. 1947) started between 1982-83 when he was interested in setting music for some of his poems in *Five Gay Jewish Prayers*. Both shared a prolific collaboration and DeBlasio always wanted to put himself out as a gay composer. *All The Way Through Evening* is a song cycle composed for baritone and piano that gathers five different poems from Brass, written at different times, but share thematic content, and served DeBlasio as the basis to compose it as a unified narration of a person living the struggle of HIV-AIDS, after he himself had been diagnosed years before this. DeBlasio symbolized death and life as night and morning respectively and put evening as the in-between using musical elements on the piano to enhance this poetic discourse, such as the initial fragmented "chord" and the arpeggiated ascending and descending rhythmic patterns heard on the piano that symbolize light or life, to be used constantly as a *leitmotif*, or the descending low-registered and low-paced scale set heard at the line "before the disappearance of light" at the ending of the first song. Without falling into tonality, the harmonic language often instead exploits the Lydian mode to stretch the fourth scale degree as (according to Brian Bonin) "his defining feature, with its evocation of aurally 'reaching' for the fifth scale degree, to suggest yearning or exertion against a draining life".¹ The voice part shares different styles of composition throughout the cycle, yet overall coherent qualities are found in each of the five songs such as a syllabic style and stepwise melodic contour with some disjunct leaps to enhance more expression in proper parts of the text. It is even found later in the last song "Walt Whitman in 1989" a recitativo and "aria" form specifically indicated by the composer himself. This connection with a more declamatory quality in the voice resonates with the expertise of DeBlasio in composing in the Musical Theatre genre, and with the poems themselves, that demand a direct and non-embellished enunciation. These texts speak straightforwardly to the listener but always keep in DeBlasio's music the beauty found in elegiac art forms and writing styles.

I. The Disappearance of Light

Witness sometimes the way the ev'ning dies:
The glow charred black to ruddy dust.
Pushing against the drag of sleep,
All the way to morning
I try to keep its lowering darkness
Somewhere just above the head;
Still comes the slack of things without dreams,
And thought's dead-end in tired night:
Falling deeper without drowning nor lifted by
hope,
Nor old delicious pictures of the world
Enjeweled in light.
But through the tarnish of fatigue,
Slips some thin, familiar dream
Cutting the dark waters with his silver oars.
Here, just a half breath long,
Warmth before the cold:
One last ray calls,
Before the disappearance of light.

II. Train Station

I wanted to kiss your wrist that night
I said goodbye to you in public.
I was afraid you'd be upset
and wrench your hand away,
Or perhaps be embarrassed by my feelings
Rushing past those walls of decorum
That define what we can do.
And so held back until the end:
Not to see you again for months, or (who knows)
ever.
Then just as you turned away I ran
Before the crowd detached,
When the cars began to move,
And losing nothing worse than losing you,
I kissed your small lips:
Hungrily –
With everyone behind me like glass,
Until the noise resumed –
And I dashed the Exit gate
And watched your train push out,
And stood gripping the gate post,
Jerking like a heat storm.

¹ Brian Bonin, "Chapter three, All the Way Through Evening: five nocturnes for Baritone and piano", *An introduction to the life and the songs of composer Chris DeBlasio, with special emphasis on his cycle All the Way Through Evening*, Doctoral Dissertation, Louisiana State University, 2009, pp. 77

III. An Elegy to Paul Jacobs

Paul Jacobs is playing Busoni on the radio
And walking through the park on the way to the
Rambles.
The day is very flat and endless in the morning
As the mind on occasion is empty of anxiety.
In the heart of the ev'ning the wind sometimes dies
And the heart whispers, instead of beating:
These times we remember as the leaves float now,
While the day is still endless
And the night is perceived as friendly.
Soon we'll have to button all the way up our overcoats,
But for now I have a sweater and that is all.
There are three stone stairs before you cross the
footbridge,
And then we all know you're out of the park.
The wind has resumed and is slapping the leaves
hard;
I cannot hold on to your hands or your neck.
You tell me I'll be cold,
You've prepared for the ev'ning.
The wind has resumed and the day ended:
Night has fallen;
Night, at last.

IV. Poussin

For ever the beautiful men ride into the night
Some are primitive and beat the saddest songs
Of one or two gaunt and shifting notes,
While others throw shadows traced with purple,
And leave word for one another in the mouths of seashells;

Now come the winds up above the Orient
And the setting sun dissolves like
Crimson clips from poppies in the surf.

Still a certain pinkness spreads
Up above the troubles of our age:
There the clouds are meteoric,
And the horses still chase on
Unfurling steamy whips from their nostrils,
Under the innocent whispers of heroes.

V. Walt Whitman in 1989

Walt Whitman has come down today to the hospital room;
He rocks back and forth in the crisis;
He says it's good we haven't lost our closeness,
And cries as each one is taken.
He has written many lines about these years:

The disfigurement of young men and the wars of hard tongues and closed minds.

The body in pain will bear such nobility,
But words have the edge of poison when spoken bitterly.
Now he takes a dying man in his arms and tells him:
How deeply flows the River that takes the old man
and his friends this evening.
It is the river of dusk and lamentation.
"Flow," Walt says, "dear River,
I will carry this young man to your bank.
I'll put him myself on one of your strong, flat boats,

And we'll sail together
All the way through evening...
Through evening."