They Multiply Their Wings

For Soprano, Violin, Viola and 2 Cellos



By Christopher Cook

Lyrics by Katherine Elizabeth Collins

They Multiply Their Wings - Narrative.

The swarm had settled overnight. The first rays of dawn show an arid landscape heavy with insects, a coagulated mass over ground, bushes, trees. Their wings are damp. As the light reaches each insect, it begins to ripple its wings to catch the first warmth of the day, to shed the dew so it can fly. If there was a camera it could pan across the landscape and show us the pale sparks of the just rising sun on the swarm's millions of wings as they lighten, become mobile.

The camera would close in on an acacia tree, medium size, nothing special about it except its clotted, seething, glittering skin of insects. And then, somehow, they know, all of them at once, that they are ready. And it is as if the earth's crust is dissolving upwards, and with it goes what seems to be the acacia's skin: its flesh and muscles and sinews disintegrate and merge with the mass that lifts off, as one, into the air. As if the tree were captured in the dome of a snowstorm ornament, with the dark fragments of the storm all swirling upwards instead of down.

In the swarm's wake is a barren landscape, no grass or vegetation. What remains of the tree is a twisted skeleton of bare branches. The swarm's attention has been violent, it has stripped, deformed, and burned away all but the barest embers of the tree's life force. The skeletal effect is increased because of the tree's regular pattern of thorns, which look somewhat like the small regular bones of vertebrae, phalanges, and metacarpals.

If there was a camera, it might pan from the tips of the ravaged branches, down the trunk to the ground, where the sun, now fully risen, casts the tree's shadow. Because of the strange angle of the light, the shadow looks to us like a woman, hunched forward, head in hands, hair trailing past her wrists.

With the camera's focus on the ground, we can see that not all the swarm has gone. There are tiny scrubs of limbs and wings, crushed beneath the overnight morass of bodies. Not all dead – there is the occasional convulsion and flutter – but all damaged beyond flight. And with these tiny movements, the tree's shadow seems to breathe, and we imagine we see it twitch, one arm stretching as if to brush away an irritation.

We blink to clear our eyes of the illusion, but instead it clarifies our vision: the woman-tree has found one insect, whole but caught on a thicket of bony thorns. Now the mass has flown, the relative weights of tree and insect are reversed: this creature could pay the price for the swarm's destruction. There is a moment of stillness, a single heartbeat, infinite. She could crush him easily. Then there is the flicker of a single insect's wings against its serrated legs.

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lit with pale sparks and take flight

in their wake, nothing but bare black barbs.

All but one, trapped, contrite She plucks him

by one foot and lets him fly.

By Katherine Elizabeth Collins

Performance Notes.

sp. - sul pont.

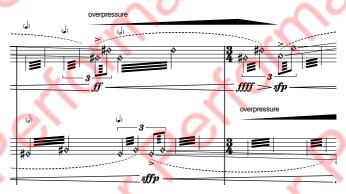
msp. - molto sul pont.

esp. - extreme sul pont.

st. - sul tasto

mst. - molto sul tasto

est. - extreme sul tasto



Dotted slurs indicate these are separately bowed tremolos between two notes on separate strings. Diamond noteheads indicate half harmonics. Floating notes above indicate duration. Depth of overpressure line indicates amount of pressure.

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