

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

Tracks 1-5: Entwine Our Tongues, Sapphic Fragments (2018)

For Soprano, Oboes, and Clarinets

Texts by Jordi Alonso, after Sappho

I. (Fragment 32)

You ask me why I'm so good.
Apollo kissed me, so did Aphrodite:
he kisses every poet, she the best.
His lilting lyre lights the Lesbian lands.
He gave me the secret of this work,
And doing so made sure I honor her.

II. (Fragment 27)

I would not ask the Muse to sing for me
if she filled my mouth with burnished bronze,
history, and swift-footed men.
I want glory, I want my name to be tasted
on the tongues of singers when my voice has broken.
Don't sing of rage, Muse, but of madness,
love, and want, of beaches, seas, and dates.

III. (Fragment 51)

Should I get the girl I want
to taste the daughter of the vine
so that I might take her home?

I don't know what to do.
Two words spring up
yes; no.

IV. (Fragment 169)

I might lead you astray
if we hold hands, if we kiss,
and my muse might be jealous.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

V. (Fragment 96)

I shall enter desire desiring–
desiring to desire and having desired
that my desires coincide with yours:
a sweet fig dripping nectar,
a cool bath easing the summer,
a soft kiss lifting my worries.

VI. (Fragment 149)

Let me curl at your feet
while you spin stories
out of cherry stems.
Let's entwine our tongues
Until dark sleep closes our eyes.

Honeyvoiced poems by Jordi Alonso (2014) are used with permission of the author and the publisher, XOXOX Press of Gambier, Ohio.

Honeyvoiced (ISBN 978-1880977-37-8) is distributed globally through Ingram and is available through independent bookstores and at Amazon, as well as other online booksellers.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

Tracks 6-8: Si Solamente (2017)

For Soprano and Violoncello

Texts by Pablo Neruda

"If Only"

Translations by Cristina Espejo

I. "A todos, a vosotros" (original title "El Fugitivo XII.")

A todos, a vosotros,
los silenciosos seres de la noche
que tomaron mi mano en las tinieblas, a
vosotros,
lámparas
de la luz inmortal, líneas de 3escador,
pan de las vidas, hermanos secretos,
a todos, a vosotros,
digo: no hay gracias,
nada podrá llenar las copas
de la pureza,
nada puede
contener todo el sol en las banderas
de la primavera invencible,
como vuestras calladas dignidades.
Solamente
pienso
que he sido tal vez digno de tanta
sencillez, de flor tan pura,
que tal vez soy vosotros, eso mismo,
3escador de tierra, harina y canto,
ese amasijo natural que sabe
de dónde sale y dónde pertenece.
No soy una campana de tan lejos,
ni un cristal enterrado tan profundo
que tú no puedas descifrar, soy 3esc
pueblo, 3escad escondida, pan oscuro,
y cuando me recibes, te recibes
a ti mismo, a ese huésped
tantas veces golpeado
y tantas veces
renacido.

I. "To all, to you" (original title "The Fugitive: XII.")

To all, to you
the silent beings of the night
that held my hand in the darkness, to you,
lamps
of the immortal light, lines of star,
bread of the lives, secret brothers,
to all, to you,
I say: there is no thanks,
nothing could fill the glasses
of the purity,
nothing could
contain all the sun in the flags
of the invincible spring,
like your quiet dignities.
I only
think
that I may have been worthy of such
simplicity, of such pure flower,
that maybe I am you, exactly that,
that crumb of earth, flour and song,
that natural jumble that knows
where it came from and where it belongs.
I am not a bell from so far away,
nor a crystal buried so deep
that you cannot decipher, I am just
village, hidden door, dark bread,
and when you take me in, you take
yourself in, that guest
so many times beaten
and so many times
reborn.
To all, to everyone,

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

A todo, a todos,
a cuantos no conozco, a cuantos nunca
oyeron este nombre, a los que viven
a lo largo de nuestros largos ríos,
al pie de los volcanes, a la sombra
sulfúrica del cobre, a pescadores y
labriegos,
a indios azules en la orilla
de lagos centelleantes como vidrios,
al zapatero que a esta hora interroga
clavando el cuero con antiguas manos,
a ti, al que sin saberlo me ha esperado,
yo pertenezco y reconozco y canto.

to those I do not know, to those who
never
heard this name, to those who live
along the banks of our long rivers,
at the foot of our volcanoes, under the
shadow
of sulphured copper, of fishermen and
farmers,
of blue Indians on the shore
of lakes that sparkle like glass,
of the shoemaker that at this hour
while nailing the leather with his ancient
hands
interrogates you, who without knowing it
has waited for me,
I belong and I recognize and I sing.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

II. Barcarola

Si solamente me tocaras el corazón,
si solamente pusieras tu boca en mi
corazón,
tu fina boca, tus dientes,
si pusieras tu lengua como una flecha roja
allí donde mi corazón polvoriento golpea,
si soplaras en mi corazón, cerca del mar,
llorando,
sonaría con un ruido oscuro, con sonido
de ruedas de tren con sueño,
como aguas vacilantes,
como el otoño en hojas,
como sangre,
con un ruido de llamas húmedas
quemando el cielo,
sonando como sueños o ramas o lluvias,
o bocinas de puerto triste;
si tú soplaras en mi corazón, cerca del
mar,
como un fantasma blanco,
al borde de la espuma,
en mitad del viento,
como un fantasma desencadenado, a la
orilla del mar, llorando.

Como ausencia extendida, como
campana súbita,
el mar reparte el sonido del corazón,
lloviendo, atardeciendo, en una costa
sola,
la noche cae sin duda,
y su lúgubre azul de estandarte en
nafragio
se puebla de planetas de plata
enronquecida.

II. Barcarole

If only you touched my heart,
if only you put your mouth on my heart,
your delicate mouth, your teeth,
if you put your tongue like a red arrow
there where my dusty heart beats,
if you blew on my heart, near the ocean,
crying,
it would sound with a dark noise, with the
sound of the wheels of a sleepy train,
like hesitant waters,
like autumn in leaves,
like blood,
with a sound of humid flames burning the
sky,
sounding like dreams or branches or
rains,
or the horns of a sad port;
if you blew on my heart, near the ocean,
like a white ghost,
on the edge of the foam,
in the middle of the wind,
like an unchained ghost, by the seashore,
crying.
Like extended absence, like sudden bell,
the ocean scattering the sound of the
heart,
raining, the sun setting, on a lonely coast,
the night falls without doubt,
and its melancholy blue of shipwrecked
banner
is populated by planets of hoarsened
silver.
And the heart sounds like a bitter
seashell,
calling, oh sea, oh lament, oh melted
terror
scattered in misfortune and rickety waves:

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

Y suena el corazón como un caracol
agrio,
llama, oh mar, oh lamento, oh derretido
espanto
esparcido en desgracias y olas
desvencijadas:
de lo sonoro el mar acusa
sus sombras recostadas, sus amapolas
verdes.

Si existieras de pronto, en una costa
lúgubre,
rodeada por el día muerto,
frente a una nueva noche,
llena de olas,
y soplaras en mi corazón de miedo frío,
soplaras en la sangre sola de mi corazón,
soplaras en su movimiento de paloma
con llamas,
sonarían sus negras sílabas de sangre,
crecerían sus incesantes aguas rojas,
y sonaría, sonaría a sombras,
sonaría como la muerte,
llamaría como un tubo lleno de viento o
llanto
o una botella echando espanto a
borbotones.

Así es, y los relámpagos cubrirían tus
trenzas
y la lluvia entraría por tus ojos abiertos
a preparar el llanto que sordamente
encierras,
y las alas negras del mar girarían en torno
de ti, con grandes garras, y graznidos, y
vuelos.

about the resounding the ocean accuses
its reclining shadows, its green poppies.
If you suddenly existed, on a melancholy
coast,
surrounded by the dead day,
facing a new night,
full of waves,
and you blew on my heart of cold fear,
blew on the lonely blood of my heart,
blew on its movement of pigeon in
flames,
its black syllables of blood would sound,
its incessant red waters would grow,
and it would sound, sound like shadows,
sound like death,
it would call like a tube full of wind or
sobbing

or a bottle letting out gushes of terror.
That's how it is, and the lightning would
cover your braids
and the rain would come through your
open eyes
to prepare the weeping you deafly lock
in,
and the black wings of the ocean would
revolve around
you, with great talons, and cawing, and
flight.
Do you want to be the ghost that blows,
lonely,
its sterile, sad instrument near the ocean?
If only you called,
its prolonged sound, its evil whistle,
its order of injured waves,
someone could perhaps come,
someone could come,

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

¿Quieres ser fantasma que sople,
solitario,
cerca del mar su estéril, triste
instrumento?
Si solamente llamas,
su prolongado són, su maléfico pito,
su orden de olas heridas,
alguien vendría acaso,
alguien vendría,
desde las cimas de las islas, desde el
fondo rojo del mar,
alguien vendría, alguien vendría.

Alguien vendría, sopla con furia,
que suene como sirena de barco roto,
como lamento,
como un relincho en medio de la espuma
y la sangre,
como un agua feroz mordiéndose y
sonando.

En la estación marina
su caracol de sombra circula como un
grito,
los pájaros del mar lo desestiman y
huyen,
sus listas de sonido, sus lúgubres
barrotes
se levantan a orillas del océano solo.

from the peak of the islands, from the red
bottom of the ocean,
someone could come, someone could
come.

Someone could come, blow with fury,
make sounds like the siren of a broken
ship,
like a moan,
like a neigh amongst the foam and the
blood,
like a ferocious water biting itself and
making noise.

In the marine station
its seashell of shadow circulates like a cry,
the birds of the sea scorn it and flee,
its lists of sound, its melancholy bars
lift at the shore of the lonely ocean.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

III. Me gustas cuando callas

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás
como ausente,
y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te
toca.

Parece que los ojos se te hubieran volado
y parece que un beso te cerrara la boca.

Como todas las cosas están llenas de mi
alma
emerges de las cosas, llena del alma mía.
Mariposa de sueño, te pareces a mi alma,
y te pareces a la palabra melancolía.

Me gustas cuando callas y estás como
distante.

Y estás como quejándote, mariposa en
arrullo.

Y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te
alcanza:
déjame que me calle con el silencio tuyo.

Déjame que te hable también con tu
silencio
claro como una lámpara, simple como un
anillo.
Eres como la noche, callada y constelada.
Tu silencio es de estrella, tan lejano y
sencillo.

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás
como ausente.

Distante y dolorosa como si hubieras
muerto.

Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa
bastan.

Y estoy alegre, alegre de que no sea
cierto.

III. I like you when you're silent

I like you when you're silent because it's
like you are away,
and you hear me from afar, and my voice
does not touch you.

It seems as if your eyes had flown away
from you
and it seems as if a kiss were closing your
mouth.

As all things are filled with my soul
you emerge from things, filled with this
soul of mine.

Butterfly of dreams, you look like my soul,
and you look like the word melancholy.

I like you when you're silent and you
seem to be distant.

And it's like you are complaining,
butterfly in lullaby

And you hear me from afar, and my voice
does not reach you:

let me be quiet with this silence of yours.
Let me also talk to you with your silence
clear like a lamp, simple like a ring.
You are like the night, quiet and starry.
Your silence is of stars, so distant and
simple.

I like you when you're silent because it's
like you are away,

Distante and pained as if you had died.

A word then, a smile is enough.

And I am happy, happy that it is not true.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

Texts by Pablo Neruda, permission granted by Fundación Pablo Neruda, represented by the Sociedad Chilena de Autores e Intérpretes Musicales (SCD). All Rights Reserved

- "El Fugitivo XII" originally included in "Canto General" (1950)
- "Barcarola" originally included in "Residencia en el Tierra, II" (1931)
- "Me gustas cuando callas" originally included in "Viente poemas de amor y una canción desesperada" (1924)

Tracks 9-13: Lost Daughter, Songs on the Myth of Persephone (2020/2021)

For Soprano, Viola, Flute, and Harp

I. *Requiescat* (text by Oscar Wilde)

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

II. *Persephone, Falling* (text by Rita Dove)

One narcissus among the ordinary beautiful
flowers, one unlike all the others! She pulled,
stooped to pull harder—
when, sprung out of the earth
on his glittering terrible
carriage, he claimed his due.
It is finished. No one heard her.
No one! She had strayed from the herd.

(Remember: go straight to school.
This is important, stop fooling around!
Don't answer to strangers. Stick
with your playmates. Keep your eyes down.)
This is how easily the pit
opens. This is how one foot sinks into the ground.

III. *Prayer to Persephone* (text by Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Be to her, Persephone,
All the things I might not be;
Take her head upon your knee.
She that was so proud and wild,
Flippant, arrogant and free,
She that had no need of me,
Is a little lonely child
Lost in Hell,—Persephone,
Take her head upon your knee;
Say to her, "My dear, my dear,
It is not so dreadful here."

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

IV. Demeter & (text by Peter Dayton, from "Demeter and Persephone", by Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

Night.

Darkness falls on the land.

O my child,

Memories, lost into shadow, lost

To the king of shadows.

Persephone! Queen – my child!

Flowers brighten,

All flowers but one:

My child, midnight-maned blossom,

Crocus-purple child, gone.

I envied human wives,

Cried all the night.

Round all the world I stared, I peer'd.

Broken, crawling, I saw thee not. Nothing.

So I, Earth-Mother, buried life.

So then I, Earth-Goddess, kill'd the flower, the bird,

Olive-yard, vine, and golden grain.

My gift died, hollow-husked.

My grief, winter fruitless white.

The shadow King, the reaper,

Will see me hurl the thunderbolt, spread the famine,

Send the noon into night, break the sun.

When shalt thou, Queen, spend thy life along with me?

With me, Earth-mother, in harvest hymns of love?

V. Persephone the Wanderer (text by Louise Glück)

[Click this link to go to the text for this poem](#)

- Requiescat from "Poems" (1881) by Oscar Wilde. This poem is in the Public Domain.
- Persephone, Falling from "Mother Love," W.W. Norton, New York, © 1995 by Rita Dove. Used by Permission of the Author.
- Hymn to Persephone from "Second April" (1921) by Edna St. Vincent Millay. This poem is in the Public Domain.
- Demeter and Persephone from "Demeter, and Other Poems" by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1889). This poem is in the Public Domain. Text adapted and arranged by Peter Dayton.
- Persephone, the Wanderer" by Louise Glück. Copyright 2006 by Louise Glück, used by permission of The Wylie Agency LLC.

Stories Out of Cherry Stems

Katie Procell sings works by Peter Dayton

Album Texts

Tracks 14-22: *Desiderata, Ten Pieces of Wisdom* (2020)

For Soprano and Alto Saxophone

Text by Max Ehrmann

I. GO PLACIDLY amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

II. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

III. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

IV. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

V. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

VI. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

VII. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

VIII. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

IX. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

X. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Desiderata by Max Ehrmann (1927) is a poem in the public domain.