

Bryony Jagger A Dream? Sketch for recorder and low voice (one performer)

Ad Lib.

Treble
Recorder

Voice

(sung.) (spoken) (semi-sung) (spoken)

I ask.

Last week you hugged me, wanting to see what wild concoction of a poem would spring from our actual embrace after all these months of dancing eyes.

"Was it a dream?"

Well, I... I... I'm lost for words.

(singing) (spoken)

(semi-sung) (spoken)

These "I"s aren't exactly dancing.
I think they're in a state of shock,
I'm not sure it was real. I... a case of emotional overload...

I... I... I... I think I... I... I'm dreaming...

tr overblow

dreaming again... again.

The warm caress of your voice and the firm strength of your arms around me, surrounding me, drowning me in your aura, pouring the waterfalls of your eyes into my head and laughing butterflies in my insides, until my legs turn into jelly and...

then I ran away. But

Was that reality?

Now, in the dream, I... I...

I normally collapse in your arms, in true romantic fashion, and...

WOODSTOCK