

time to churn out despairing words in lieu of the life that may not be. Have a taste of one New Zealand poet's drunken words on the subject, a carol for the unconceived children of which testicular cancer and its treatment deprived him.

*Andante* *Adagio e con rubato* (Spoken) For The Unconceived

Contralto

Horn

*mp* *f* *mp*

Contralto

Horn

*mp* *mf* *pp* *mp*

If they were my re-al-ity in

Woodblock Triangles

Contralto

Horn

*p* *f* *ff*

flesh in flesh (that will never

Contralto

Horn

*mf* *f* *p* *mp*

be) per--haps