

# UNAPPARENT

I

Wheter we write or speak or are but seen  
we are ever unapparent. What we are  
cannot be transfused into word or mien.

Our soul from us is infinitely far.

However much we give our thoughts the will  
to make our soul with arts of self-show stored,  
our heart are incommunicable still.

In what we show our selves we are ignored.

The abyss from soul to soul cannot be bridged  
by any skill of thought or trick for seeing.

Unto our very selves we are abridged  
when we would utter to our thought our beeing.

We are our dreams of ourselves, souls by gleams,  
and each to each other dreams of other's dreams.

(**Fernando Pessoa**, from *35 Sonnets*)

music by E. Brion - 2019

♩ = 50

**A**

Flauto

Clarinetto Basso e in Si b

Rullante

Marimba

Arpa

Mezzo Soprano

Piano

Violino

Viola

Violoncello

*pp*

*ppp*

*p*

*mf*

*mp*

*pp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*pp*

*ppp*

*pp*

tr

fltz

Un-ap-pa - rent

Red.

8vb

9

Fl.

Cl.b

Mar.

Arp.

M. Sop.

Pf

Red.

Vl.

Vla.

Vlc.

*p* *mp* *ppp* *slap* *mp* *pp*

*pp* *mp* *p*

*mf*

*p* *pp*

*mf* *8<sup>va</sup>*

*mp* *ppp* *mp* *pizz.*

*mp* *ppp* *p*