Los Angeles
from "The Palm Trees Are Restless:
Five poems of Kate Gale"

Music by Mark Abel

Piano

Voice

without pedal, dry

5

stronger

see little ghosts with no shape or color.

Money gives a body form

like a straight jacket holding you against wind,

lock into march rhythm

13

pestilence. You are shadow against

Copyright © 2014 Oceangoing Music (ASCAP)
Music prepared by Jeremy Borum www.jeremyborum.com
dusk.

declamatory

Cream a-gainst

pulling back a bit

pale.

All colors

not cream become

Los Angeles
sun with growing emotion shine.

I have stood in the sill of time counting my 30 days, the cups full of stronger

cries and laughter,  \( \text{rit.} \quad \text{\( \frac{j}{80} \)} \)
paint and words, si-lence and tea-e-qual

feeling hopeless
noth-ing here

as if from afar Los Angeles, once a des-ert

glit-ters, glit-ters green. The
green holds you up against the sky. Gives you shadow. That shadow casts long-ing a-

cross beaches and highways. As morning opens,

you see hands stretching out for a piece.

The palm trees.
Your restless...

silhouette an outline.

Light streams across you,

you are nothing.

stronger
You must be thin to cast a shadow.

You must drive a cool car.

You must have blond highlights.

Molto rit.

\[ \text{Molto rit.} \quad \text{ff} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{p} \]

\[ \item \text{Molto rit.} \quad \text{ff} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{p} \]

\[ \text{Molto rit.} \quad \text{ff} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{p} \]

\[ \text{Molto rit.} \quad \text{ff} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{p} \]
There with bleak emotion
is no place for silence.

I stare in the mirror.
Cover my face with my hands.

My hands hold my reflection.
In the mirror I see nothing.

Kate Gale's poem appears in the book *Echo Light*, published by Red Mountain Press, Santa Fe, NM