

SONGS OF STONE was inspired by four statues in New York and two in Paris. In New York, the vine-tangled statue in a remote section of Central Park is the subject of the first song. A Pieta' in St. Patrick's Cathedral is the subject of the second. In the Louvre in Paris, the famous Venus de Milo and the reproduction of Michaelangelo's David become the basis of an amusing speculation on a possible attraction between these two legends. The bronze panther on the rocks near the Central Park zoo is the subject for the fourth song, and the Angel of Victory in Columbus Circle is the subject for the fifth. The following are the texts by poet Marion Adler.

Song of the Neglected Statue

Come, tiny feet and fingers
Come, sparkling eyes
Come, kisses like butterflies.
You play so near me
I call from the shadows.
You cannot hear me in your games.
Your laughter echoes across the park.
After dark, I whisper your names.
I miss you with moonrise-with dewfall
I call
Come, tiny feet and fingers
Come clamoring and clinging
As slippery as water
Tumbling and singing!

Come, cross the green and silent lawn
Where the weeds are overgrown.
Here I wait in solitude
To teach you songs of stone.

Pieta'

Oh weeping woman in the cathedral of flickering altar candles;
Your lips on marble limbs were soft as secret prayers.
Like balm on every wound,
Your tears fell, urging life, stirring breath.
You held him and wept like Mary, kissing each pierced' arm
With oh such tenderness, such pity.

In the Cathedral of flickering altar candles,
His still hand touched you
And you bowed your head.

Love in the Louvre

White morning light touches your skin with thin fingers.
Lingers on your shoulders and your pale thighs.
MY, MY, MY distant David-
I see every mote of dust float to your hips,
Drift to your imagined lips with delicate lust
Just as my kisses would if they could fly.

Why won't you turn to me?
I yearn to see all of you-OOOO
Where are you gazing, what is so amazing
That its caught your eye this way-
Another giant to slay?
Oh David, David!
Darling, I'm harmless-- Armless.
You needn't be shy, oh no,
Not of Venus di Mi-i-lo

Big cat in Central Park

Bronze cat, crouching cat,
Ears flat and tail flicking.
Slouching night and day
Above your innocent prey.

Children know you , and though you never stir,
Still they fear you.
And I, who should know better
Won't go near you.

Exhortation to an angel

Angel, solemn angel, take me into your arms!
I long to hear the deep beating of your wide wings.
Carry me up,up,up into the clear and ancient sky.
In your patient arms let me lie.

Angel, sad angel, my heart is full of vain desires;
I will scatter them like ashes from the fires of your embrace
And joy, joy, joy shall take their place.

Gently, swiftly
Hold me, lift me into grace.

Come cross the green and silent lawn
Where the weeds are overgrown.
The pedestal is empty
For the angel has flown.

San Diego Tribune-"a musical miracle"
LA Times-"An inspired original work"