

"Have My Saliva is Something That Gnarlferd Lincoln Said"

A Poem By Jordan Holloway

Jordan Holloway

Soprano Recorder

Bass Clarinet

Violin

fff Disc, disc my father,

I looked for the grey serpent,

fff

S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

Oh, hark my footsteps, Thudding through the halls of the innkeeper's bank

S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

in the morning with a ghost of my past on the wind of my other past

GADD, GADD, I Fondain, Yes indeed, Like a lark in the mountain

Have My Saliva

S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

Footsteps, imbedded in the lighter trance,

More like the Pon dscare,

S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

Of my grandson.

Have My Saliva

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S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

Blass, and the grass, blass, and the grass, blass, and the grass

WAIT FOR IT

S. Rec.

B. Cl.

Vln.

To the store.

Grass.

Grass.