

Momentum  
to the ault.

poem: Heather Gordon  
music: Carolyn Chen



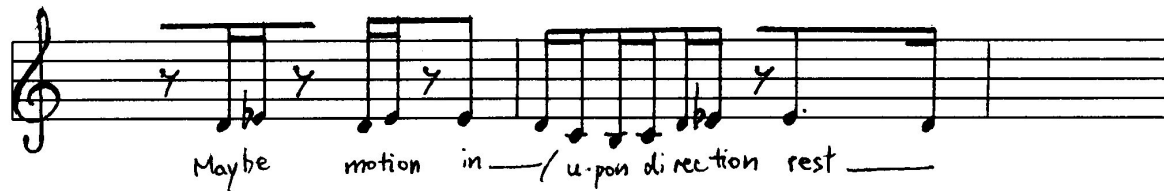
Mo- men- tum to have come to rest.



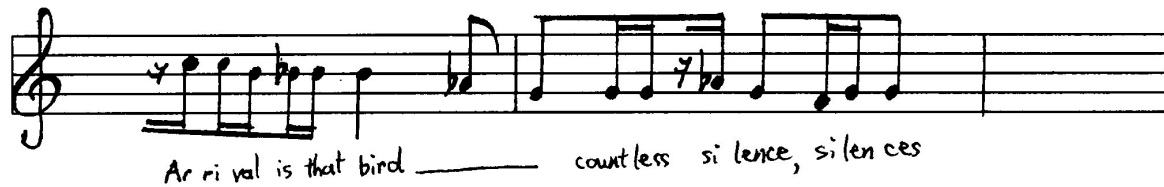
found you, wor- shipped, un- tombed. as-



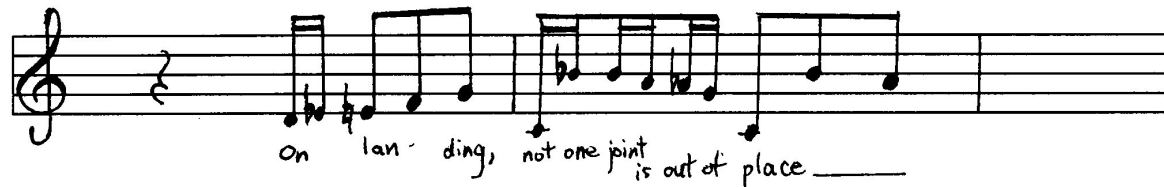
pire to such rest as on the other side of rest more deeper



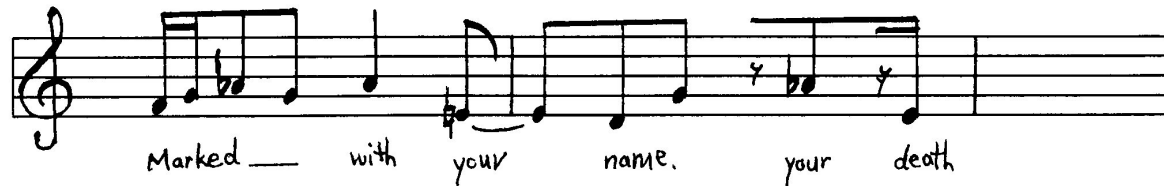
Maybe motion in — / u-pon di rection rest —



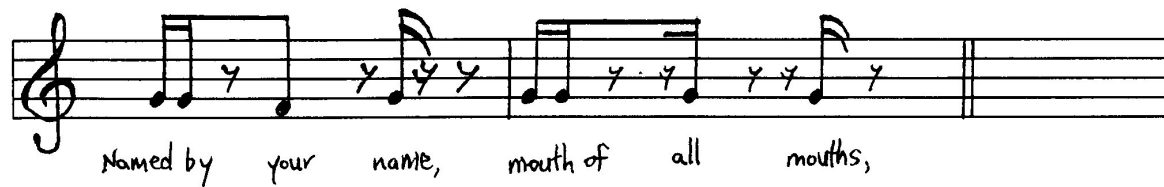
Ar ri val is that bird ——— countless si lence, si len ces



On lan- ding, not one joint is out of place ———



Marked — with your name. your death



Named by your name, mouth of all mouths,

3-27-12  
San Jose, CA