

Harmonies

A celebration of Spring in words and music

Edward Grieg: Prelude, from *Holberg Suite, Op. 40*

Seasons

“April”

“Watered Colors”

“Junco in Junkyard”

“Persephone”

Hector Villa-Lobos: Alnitah, from *As Três Marias*

Reflections

“Vineyard Twilight”

“Silences”

“Guide to Pompeii”

“Lines Written on a Day of Atonement”

Federico Mompou: Jeunes filles au jardin, from *Scènes d'enfants*

Family

“Too Busy”

“Vermeil”

“SS Dixie”

“For Mary Michelle”

George Gershwin: Allegro ben ritmato e deciso, from *Three Preludes for Piano*

Love

“At Great Rock Bight”

“Dead Weight”

“Above Sedona”

“Under Moonshine”

Ernesto Lecuona: Preludio en la noche

Gaining Ground

“Mountaineer”

“North of Desire”

“Thoughts on Cezanne”

“Poet of Air”

Eric Satie: Gymnopedie No. 1

Afterword

“Letter of Intent”

ZeZ Confrey: Fourth Dimension

Our Performers:

- ❖ **Mike Levin**, a lawyer, renewable energy investment banker and Bailey Law Group affiliate, is a two-time recipient of the American Independent Writers annual juried award for best published poetry. American Independent Writers (formerly Washington Independent Writers) is the largest writers’ group in the United States outside New York City.
- ❖ **José Cáceres**, the business development coordinator at Bailey Law Group, is a critically acclaimed concert pianist. He has showcased his work on such major stages as the Sala Manuel M. Ponce at the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City and the Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall in New York City.

University Club of Washington DC
1135 16th Street NW
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Wednesday, May 20, 2009
6.30 PM

DEAD WEIGHT

(The death of our sled dog)

A yelp
a cold wind
and once more the blunt fact
of dead weight loose as rocks
in a sack, and a hot
acid spume clouding sight,

and that angel of death
roaming the house
tall and chisel-eyed,
impassive as ratchets,
scything the air of our foyer
with slow wings.

One day perhaps I'll live the life
he offered: rabbit through deep drifts,
stretch to crack vertebrae,
mogul green fields in a stream
of silver, nimble as Dall sheep,
shawled in reflections of light.

Some day I'll inhabit
each moment with his fierce
intensity; widen my toes
to grip glare ice; pare
my vocabulary
to fifty essential words.

With death, there is
no reconciling:
just a hole in the heart
short lances of pain
the faint trembling breeze
of heat streaming away.

Michael H. Levin
2008 AIW Prize; published 2007 in
Martha's Vineyard Writing; all
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SILENCES

**(Dinner at the Hotel Adlon, Berlin
1936)**

This
is not the silence
of things growing:
moist dark, rich earth
stirred by attentive grubs
roots wriggling with promise
a spume of dung and pollen
on the air.

It is the sound
of ice, the polar icecap;
sterile as salt, angular
as hipbones, the gaps
in our conversation
grind, shift, freeze
to the wind.

We
are all blades and edges
light bounced from crystal
brilliant and blank
as gemstones

beneath our table talk
a glacier heaves.

Michael H. Levin
2003 AIW Prize; published 2001 in
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