

# Feckless

Words: Ellen Frank  
Music: Stephen Dickman

Flute  $\text{♩} = 56$

*p*

Soprano  $\text{♩} = 56$

*p*

I have lan - ded in the dog - wood tree.

Flute 4

Soprano 4

From bud to flo - wer its pink - ness is be - yond mea - sure. Flo - wers un -

Flute 7

Soprano 7

fold as fin - gers to palm dis - clos - ing a se - cret pearl. I am si - lent on branch

Flute 11

Soprano 11

head bowed to scratch, up - lif - ted to search. Hop. Hop. I fol - low trails through

Flute 16

Soprano 16

air, the search - ing line of branch to trunk to root to soil. My friends the

20  
Fl  
S  
owl, the morn - ing doves sig - nal greet - ings. Woo woo woo and chat - ter - ing friends squeal

25  
Fl  
S  
and squawk a - cross ditch and field. Feck - less, I am feck - less The

31  
Fl  
S  
leaf - ing will green the tree, cloud in de - tail its run - ning, paus - ing,

37  
Fl  
S  
tur - ning limbs. Sha - dow has not yet come to tree but the

42  
Fl  
S  
light is al - rea - dy warm. I will go to the top most bran - ches

49

Fl

S

for my view. It is this I see: har - ken to sight and

54

Fl

54

S

sound, in claw and beak and breast. It is this I say: war - ble and trill,

59

Fl

59

S

cock and glide. It is this I do: use eyes to see,

63

Fl

63

S

scout, dis - cern, car - ress. Feck - less, I am

67

Fl

67

S

feck - less. I am feck - less in the dog - wood tree.