

where the sky meets the line (of the sea)

Words: Ellen Frank
Music: Stephen Dickman

Flute

$\text{♩} = 72$

Soprano

I walk out the front door, close it be-hind me, with my left hand.

Fl

S

I do hear the crow gad fly-ing by. Push the door to make sure it won't fly o-pen a-gain

Fl

S

af - ter I leave I think so I do. Push the blue door

Fl

S

a - cross the street from where the sky meets the line of the sea.

Fl

S

A - gain. I walk out the blue door, pul - ling it closed with my left hand

26

Fl

S

My feet are bare, e-ven in No-vem-ber. I cross the street (out of or-der)

32

Fl

S

walk - ing on sod - den, now browned, leaves to get to the black as - phalt.

37

Fl

S

I sit far a - way from door, birds, leaves, as-phalt, and I have not left this

44

Fl

S

seat to o - pen the door in the first place E - ven with all this the

50

Fl

S

crow still con - tin - ues its noise, and the sky still meets the line of the sea.