Edie Hill

Apparent Solids

for
mezzo-sorpano,
flute (doubling piccolo),
percussion,
violin,
viola,
& cello

FOR PERUSAL ONLY

3324 Grand Avenue South · Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408 · EDIEHILL.COM

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I. Early Planting

The man leans on his rusty hoe,
pockets crammed with seed
for the early planting:
broccoli, beets, peas, lettuce,
whatever might tolerate frost
and laughs at the hungry boy
who steps out of him again.
He laughs and the boy laughs
and they stand together in the dirt
under the erratic April clouds.

The man thinks: *this boy comes*
and goes like a flicker from his hole.
Suddenly cold, the man turns his back
to the wind which blows in gusts
off Turtle Bay tipping the furry grass.
When he glances up, the face
more familiar than his own is gone.

The man hoes and plants his seed
all the while singing—or is it
the boy's voice—the lullabye
he once sang to his children:
"Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me, While my
little one, While my pretty one sleeps."

Flying over the house from the lake
where the last ice-beads
have recently melted away,
a loon laughs—his strange
hysterical almost-human laugh.

The man rests, leans his hoe
Against winter's ragged edge
thinking about boy, loon, ice,
how all apparent solids
diffuse and begin to flow.

II. Edges

I am accustomed to journeying
toward childhood, that jagged shoreline
where, at dusk, numerous bats appear,
messages that never quite reach our dreams.

Dressed in a torn habit,
I walk among pines and cedars
Listening—the occasional echoes
of owls, water running steadily
over granite, the blinking signal lights
of fireflies that almost make a sound.

Once I startled a stranger
on this overgrown carriage path.
I looked into her face and my own face
was given back to me. After that,
it was impossible to withdraw completely.

At the diving rock there is peace.
I let my cloak slip off easily.
Waiting here, poised,
Until a desire for submergence
channels again through my skin,
I center myself like a sun;
then I fall through space
the way a planet does orbiting
that sun, one half exposed,
the other remaining in darkness.

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III. The Birthday

No one can tell you
how many there are yet to be

but as soon as you had a body
you wanted this day to happen.

You had slipped so easily
from a past that cannot be recorded

into the attending spring world,
your fine hair-strands gleaming

from the heat and darkness of the long passage.
You watched brown grass turn to green,

listened to cardinals and woodpeckers for months
before learning their names,

smelled sweet apple blossoms on the May wind
and the earth with its crusty richness

at time of planting.
Like a skittish colt

you ran on all fours,
eyes fresh to witness the stir of life—

the miracle of hands holding up to your face
toys, food and flowers.

Perhaps even before you had a body
you wanted this day to come

and willed it
and created yourself

so those who love you today can surround you
with song and good wishes.

Joan Wolf Prefonaine

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Joan Wolf Prefontaine

Edie Hill

I. Early Planting

for my family



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Music Preparation by
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pgerike@comcast.net
Music Services by Paul Gerike

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Joan Wolf Prefontaine

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II. Edges



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III. The Birthday



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Described as "...bold...radiant, deftly crafted..." (Musical America), Edie Hill's music is performed all over the world. Venues have included Lincoln Center, Met Cloisters (NYC), Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall (NYC), Musis Sacrum in Arnhem, Holland, LA County Museum of Art, Library of Congress, Minneapolis' Walker Arts Center, St. Paul's Schubert Club, Berwald Hall (Stockholm Sweden), Liviu Cultural Center (Romania), Feszek Müvészklub (Budapest), St. Peter's Basilica (Vatican City).

A three-time McKnight Artist Fellow and a two-time Bush Artist Fellow, Hill has received grants from the Jerome Foundation, ASCAP, New Music USA, Meet The Composer, Minnesota State Arts Board, Chamber Music America, and was awarded a Doctor of Humane Letters from Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota. The album, *Born: music of Edie Hill and Michael Gilbertson* won the 2023 GRAMMY® for "Best Choral Performance" for The Crossing (Donald Nally, conductor). She has a B.A. from Bennington College and earned her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of Minnesota.

Composer in Residence at Schubert Club from 2005-2017, she ran and grew the Mentorship Program for high school composers. She was Composer Mentor for MN Varsity for composers 14-18 years of age co-sponsored by The American Composers Forum and Classical Minnesota Public Radio. She has lectured at colleges, universities and various institutions in the States and abroad.

For Hill, writing music is an opportunity to research, learn, muse, reach down deep, and allow inspiration to come from the stuff of life. Her compositions are fueled by her experiences, passions and curiosities.

for complete biography as well as works for perusal and sale, visit ediehill.com

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