## pleose <br>  <br> see me invisible <br> for violin and cello禺

Alexa Letourneau

# please see me invisible for violin and cello 

please see me invisible is a piece inspired by the feeling of standing on the streets of New York City, surrounded by skyscrapers but stuck on the ground below. Looking up, especially upon your first time in the city, one cannot help but feel intensely small, almost insignificant. Thus, this piece attempts to evoke this feeling, while exploring the human need to find belonging and connection, even and perhaps especially within a world filled with chaos and randomness. Loosely composed in sonata form, the piece contrasts a standard piece construction with unexpected harmonic language, textural shifts, and virtuosic passages in both parts. This contrast is underscored through a passage quoting Beethoven's String Trio in C minor, punctuated by left hand pizzicato and set within an unstable 5/4 time. Initially at odds with one another, the players seem to learn from each other throughout, eventually arriving at a sense of togetherness and support for one another as the piece draws to a close. The title for this work comes from a surrealist poem by Johnny Whitfield.
$\Longrightarrow$ Circled tip on a hairpin indicates to or from niente

+ Indicates left hand pizzicato
of one world
eggshell white moon ignites
the dark whispers of moans and weak laughter name tags chuckle out their misspellings epitaphs kneel to the stars in prayer wind caresses worn rock whistles through iron fences distant worlds twinkle and shine faintly against a purple gradient Fibonacci's mark etched in fleshy lavender dirt a slaughterhouse's gaudy perfume few vibrant limbs tombstone doorways lead
nowhere encircled twigs still smoking cigarettes birthing skies log lies still warm from body and flame persistent plant boldly touches
its sky stairs lie
down at awkward angles
flower yawns Morse code please see me invisible beacons quieted by the sun's greeting crooked chimney and bent bell labyrinths behind pampered hedges air crackles through the lush neighborhood carved faces flicker ironic smiles proud tree trunk reigns over the humble home time watches
over the restful city
a new day barely
begun from the shifting
pressure of the atmosphere
symphonies rivers play percussion
loveless hearts sigh out
inauthenticity lanterns radiate across
the water worlds embracing
through light civilization will
have to suffice as
a bridge dreams weave between
worlds someone lost


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Moderato d=96




Stringendo $d=112$





ritardando poco a poco
molto rubato




