

# Testimonial

Rita Dove in *On the Bus with Rosa Parks*  
– *Poems* (New York: W. W. Norton and  
Co., 1999) p. 35.

Fred Blumenthal

Slower

Voice

Piano

5

Pno.

9

stick; back when the small - est breez - es melt-ed sum-mer — in - to

13

au - tumn, when all the pop-lars quiv-ered \_\_\_\_\_ sweet-ly in rank and file

Pno.

17

the world called, and I an-swered. Each glance ig-nit-ed to a

Pno.

21

gaze. I caught my breath and called that life, swooned be-tween spoon-fuls of

Pno.

25

lem-on sor-bet. I was pir-ou-ette and flour-ish, I was fil-ig-ree and

Pno.

29

flame. How could I count my bles-sings when I did-n't know their names?

Pno.

33

Back when ev-ery-thing was still to come, luck leaked out —

Pno.

37

ev-ery-where. I gave my prom-ise to the world, and the world fol-lowed me here.\_\_\_\_

Pno.

42

Pno.

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