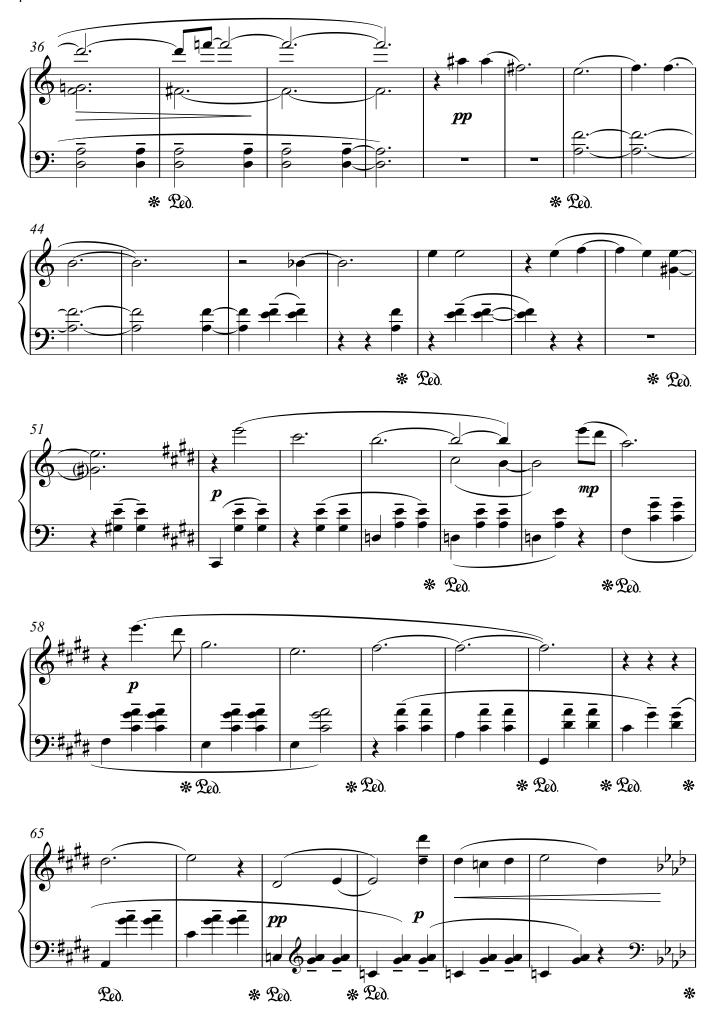


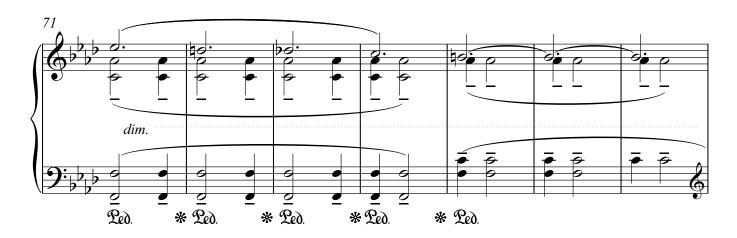
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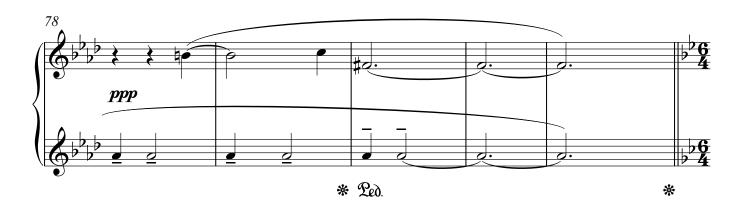
'One'	-Adagietto	3
'Two'	-Allegretto	6
'Three'	-Morente	12
'Four'	-Larghetto oscuro	18
'Five'	-Largo expressive	21
Five Poe	ems by Jacob Johannes	29





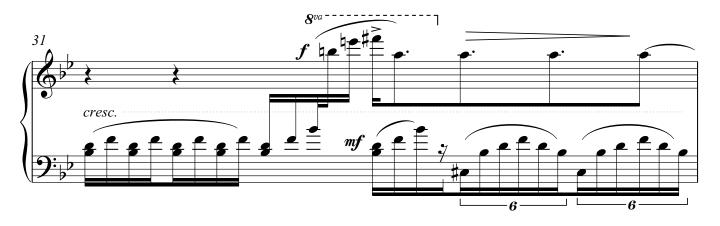


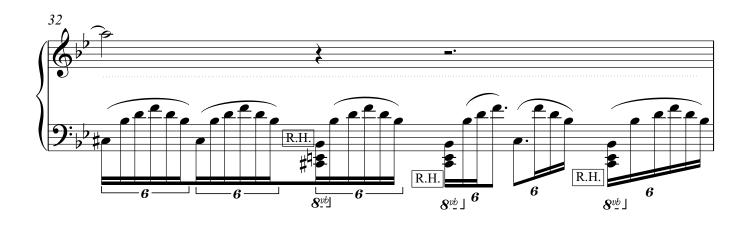


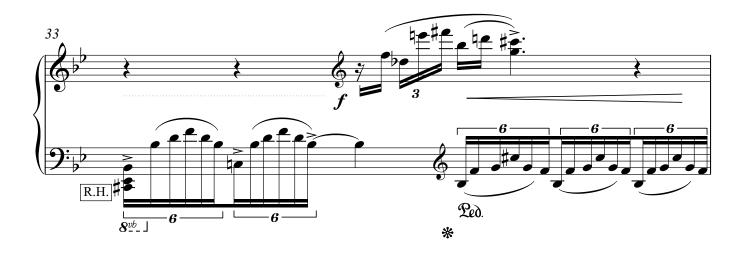


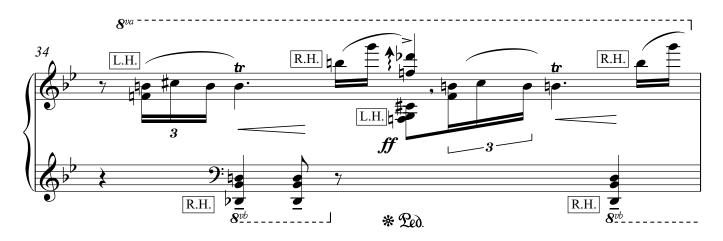


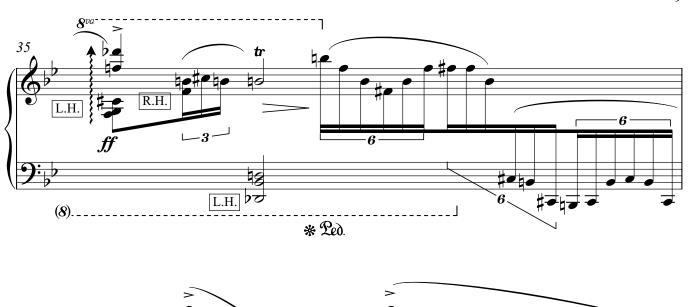


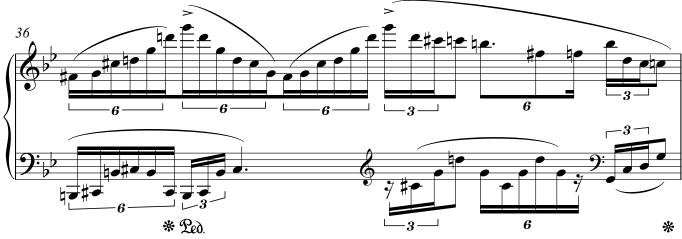


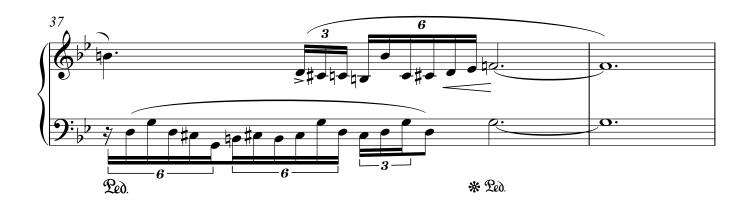




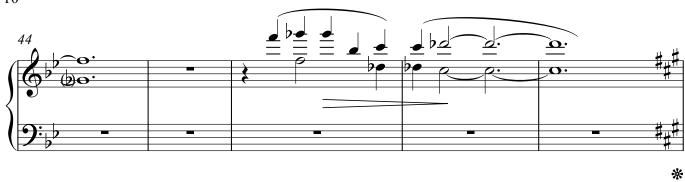




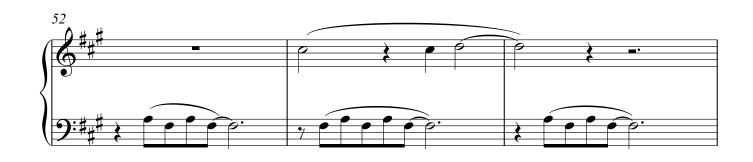


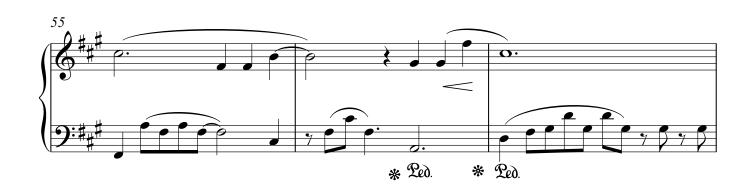


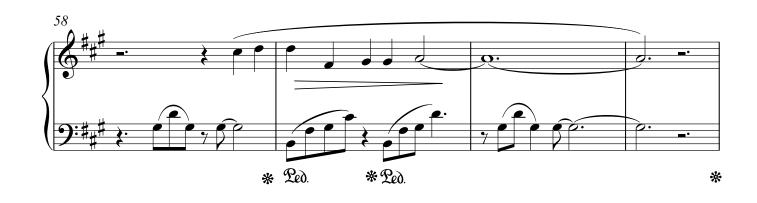




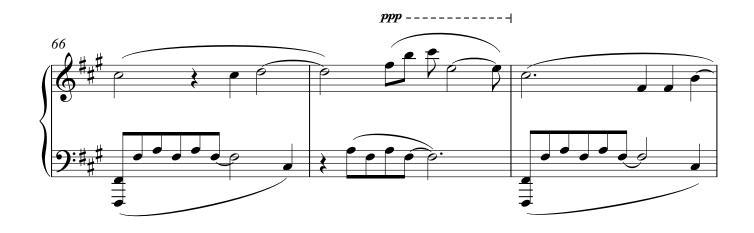


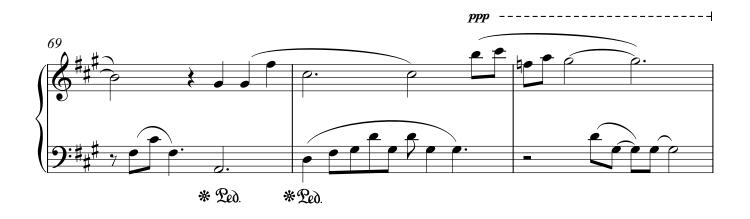


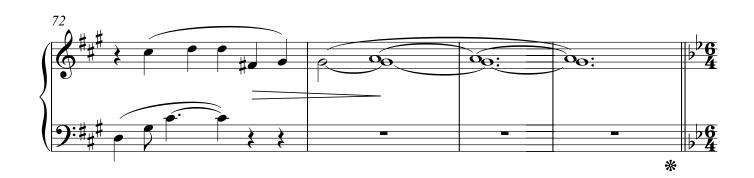










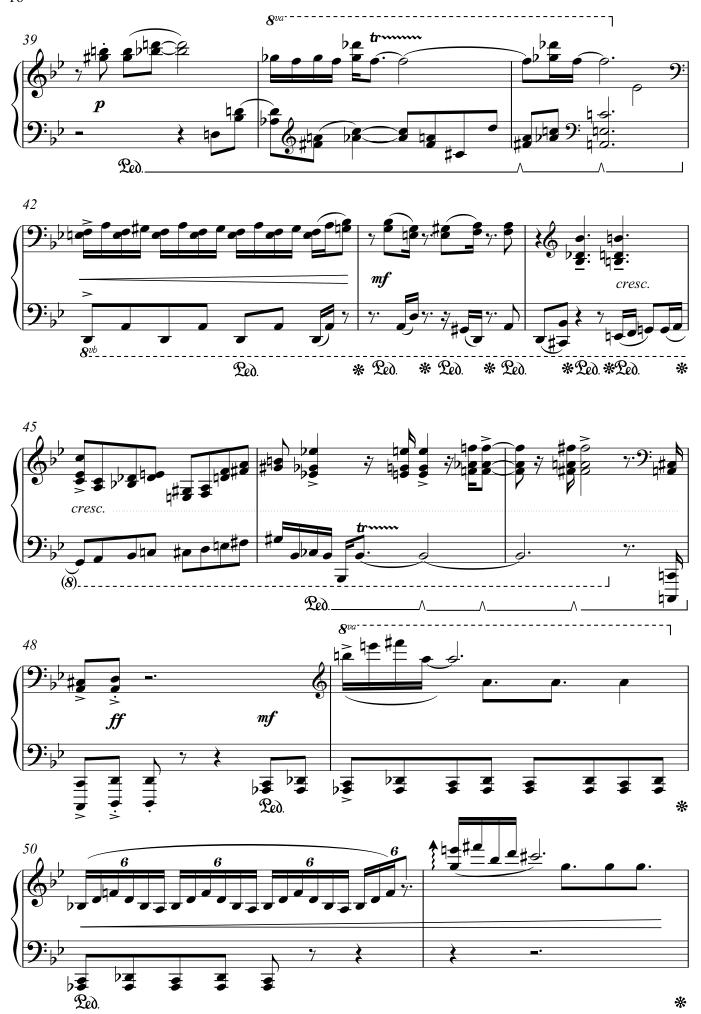


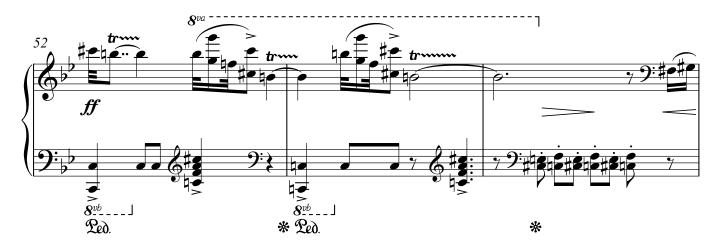






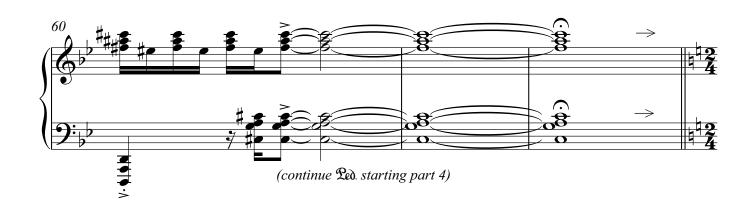






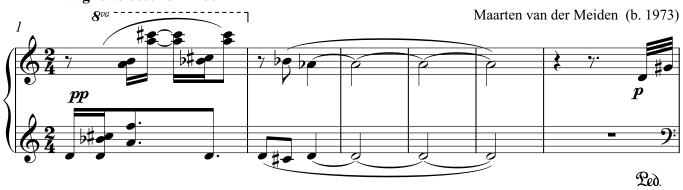


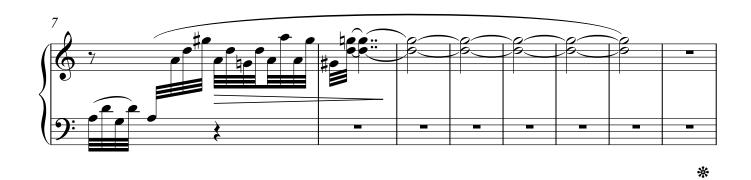




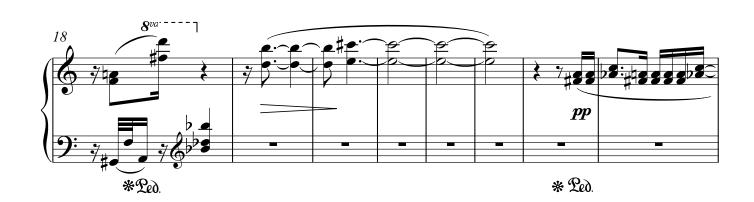
'Four'

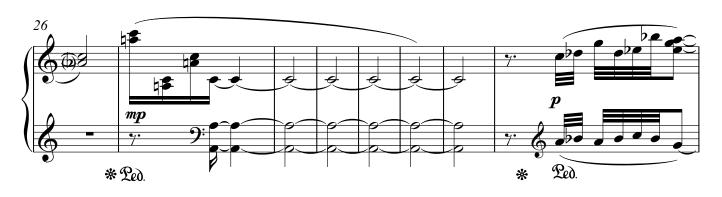
Larghetto oscuro = 60

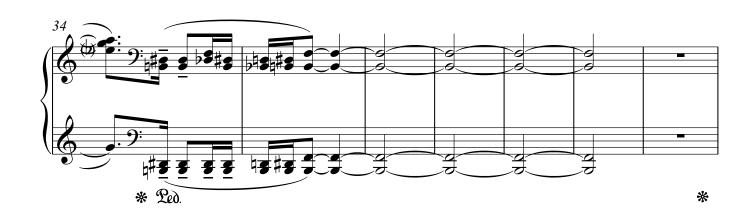


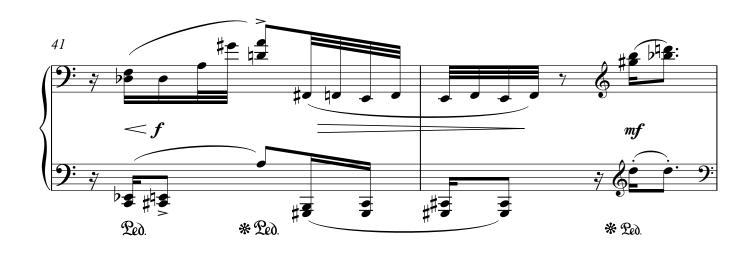


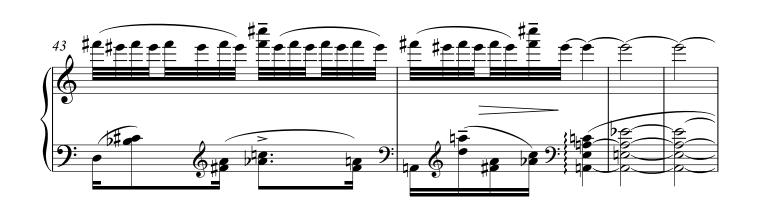


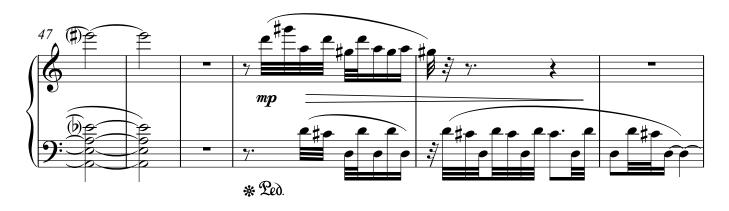


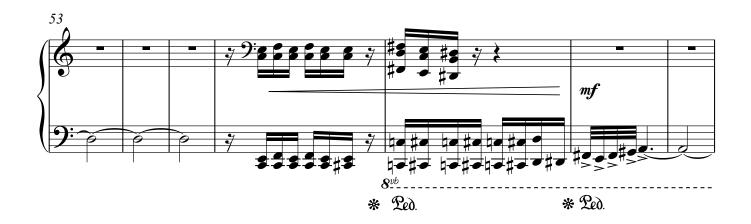


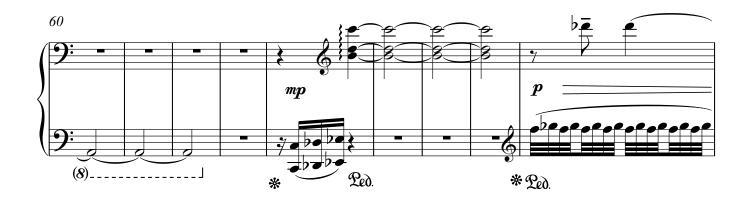


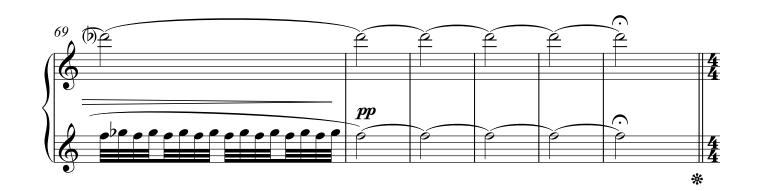










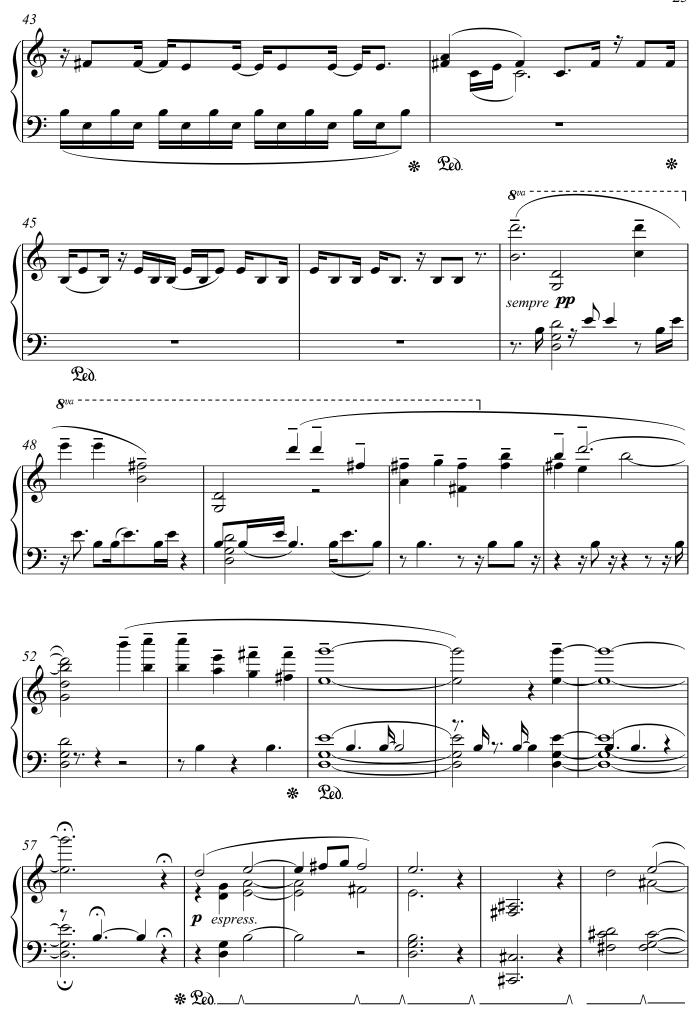


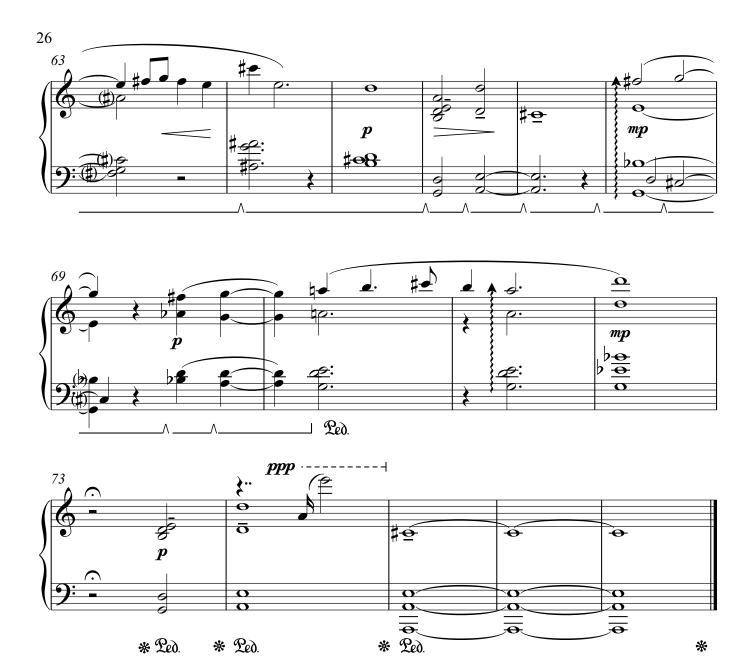


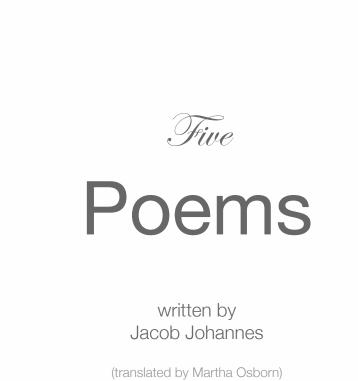












From the white gull, hovering over waters grey,
In pursuit of a place to land and dry
To the almighty albatross, surveying oceans in his way
And who is resigned to his flight.
I could give you a thousand lists
Of small things that are now lost.
And so best pinpoint my anxiety
Which to you is just a figment of the sky.



3

Wind.

Shaking photos on the wall with framed people crying out Screeching flights of birds flying past outside

Careening

Without end

Thoughts I have cherished in me for all my years. Could I not have lived all these years in just the one?

> Why has it taken me an age to learn; People never change – ever.

Without mercy

The sea imagines in her eternal undulations; As silhouetted clouds emphasize skies

My outlook on the remainder of my life; And the rain: as everything that once shall pass

Walls of white, walls of white, walls of white



Albatross and gulls, they fell apart into dark clouds of birds criss-crossing the waves.

I stood on the sea shore and felt anxiety penetrate me

I looked for the origin in my heart but found it not; my heart had walls, though they were perforated, so the screeching of birds and vomiting waves on stone beaches thrust through the thick wall.

I could see, within my minute existence, the immense sea burning ahead of me, waves eternally bashing the dikes with each tide, with the ageless sound of unbiased sorrow

I fled to silence, but found it not there either; my life, in spite of your merciful voice it is restless and without meaning and has been on repeat from its very beginning

After all the paths I took, I stand on land I once abandoned; if not the hands of the One are to keep me safe, where am I to go; and where to find rest if not in Him?

