

# Falling is painless

- 4 poems by Carol Batton -

- music by D.W. Solomons -

*Moderato*

1

Alto

The clocks move to - night. No - thing moves but the

Guitar

1

5

clocks. The Un - i - verse stays the same. Then why does dark - ness

5

10

drag in ear - ly? Why the days go damp and

10

16

drea - ry? Like an un-kind re - mark turn - ing

16

19

22

beau - ty to hurt, the wind ran-sacks the pink blos-som.

22

28

A new tree star-ting out ma-naged the first inch

28

33

up (b) and the first inch down; (b) it was not to be the mi-no - ri - ty

33

38

who make ma - tu - ri - ty.

38

43

48

54

A leaf clings with all it has to the tree: Fall - ing is

60

pain - - - - less.