Mezzo-Soprano

The way you know it's snowing is to very legato

Mezzo

watch trees shimmer with a fine movement not theirs,

Ann Silsbee, poem
Mary Ann Joyce, music

= 58-62
Mezzo

The cats yawn, tuck

no-ses under paws. And for hu-mans, too, there's
Mezzo

no-where ___ to go, and nothing ___ for eyes to do but follow snow's ___

Down-flowing motes as soft__ and grave__ as seconds.