

17
fa-ther told me this, his eyes the blue of a still in-let af - ter rain, *mp* And

pp
legato

21
I can i - ma-gine such a thing. *mf* My ris-ing like a cry from my fa-ther's throat, *f*

mp *f*
8va - -

25
f Break-ing free_ of his long ing and swim-ming, all_ head_ and_ ea-ger tail, all

f
(8va) - - 15ma - 8va - -

29
sal - ty fi - shy hu - man need~ I swim in - to the dark_ and hea - vy

ff
sempre legato

rallentando *a tempo*

34
8 egg of my mo-ther.

rallentando *sfz rit.* *ff* *sfz rit.* *fff* *sp* *legato* *a tempo*

p *mp*

39
8 This is me. My

rallentando *mf* *8va*

44
8 mo-ther's eyes were green as o--cean weeds, but

p

46
8 I did not, of course, see them open wide, did not see the pupils swell

8va

50 *mf*
deep and black as tid-al pools. A blade of sea-grass swirled o— bli - vi ous to the

54 *mp*
wind hea-vy with the rank sul - fur scent—

58
of low— tide.

62
pp *ppp*