

# FOUR POEMS *of* NIKITA GILL

## Melissa Dunphy



for mezzo(s) and piano  
12 min  
2018

Commissioned by Dr. Carol Lines  
through a Juliet Hardtner Endowed Professorship  
McNeese State University

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Cover art by Abby Markov

## I. Sorcery *for Lindsey Bower*

Every day I magic myself alive again  
from the near death experience of trauma.  
I swallow my heart back from  
the lump it has become in my throat.  
I taste my own memories  
without the flavour of blood but as poetry.  
I learn how to whisper my name  
without it sounding like a curse.  
I murmur spells to the parts of me  
others have found too dangerous to love.  
And after this morning ritual  
I finally smile at the woman in my mirror.  
Tell me again,  
how healing is not a magical thing.  
Tell me again,  
how I am not made of sorcery.

## II. From The Ashes She Became *for Lara Connally*

Before she became fire, she was water.  
Quenching the thirst of every dying creature.  
She gave and she gave  
until she turned from sea to desert.  
But instead of dying of the heat,  
the sadness, the heartache,  
she took all of her pain  
and from her own ashes became fire.

## III. You Have Become a Forest *for Emily Lancon*

One day when you wake up, you will find that you have become a forest. You have grown roots and found strength in them that no one thought you had. You have become stronger and more beautiful, full of life giving qualities. You have learned to take all the negativity around you and turn it into oxygen for easy breathing. A host of wild creatures live inside you and you call them stories. A variety of beautiful birds rest inside your mind and you call them memories. You have become an incredible self sustaining thing of epic proportions. And you should be so proud of yourself, of how far you have come from the seeds of who you used to be.

## IV. Me Too

This is our riot act,  
our manifesto,  
our revolution:  
because the ones  
who did this know  
we are talking about  
their monstrous actions.  
It's time for them  
to have the nightmares,  
for them to suffer  
for what happened,  
for them to fear being  
named by the same  
voices they silenced.  
I hope they are  
forever haunted  
by these two words:  
“Me too”



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# I. Sorcery

*for Lindsey*

Poetry by Nikita Gill

Music by Melissa Dunphy

**Moderato mysterioso** ♩=38**p tranquillo**

Ev' - ry day I

**Moderato mysterioso** ♩=38**p**

4

mag - ic my self a - live a - gain

**pp***8va***o.**

7

**mp**

Ev' - ry day I mag - ic my self a - live a -

**8o****o.****8o****o.**



24

I taste my own mem - or - ries with - out the flav - our of blood.

but as poet - ry, as poet - ry.

I learn to whis - per my name with - out it sound - ing like a

*bell-like*

curse.

I mur - mur spells to the parts of me

(8)

41

oth-ers have found too dan-ger-ous to love,

45

poco rit.                    a tempo

love.

And af - ter this morn-ing

poco rit.                    a tempo

50

rit - ual I fin' lly smile at the wo - man, the wo - man

55

rit.

in my mir - ror.

rit.

60      **Tempo primo**  $\text{♩} = 38$

**Tempo primo**  $\text{♩} = 38$

Tell me a - gain how

heal - ing is not a mag - ic-al thing.

Tell me a - gain how I am not made of sor - cer-y,

sor - cer - y.

## II. From the Ashes She Became

*for Lara*

Poetry by Nikita Gill

Music by Melissa Dunphy

**Andante quasi rubato** ♩=76

Be - fore she be-came

**Andante quasi rubato** ♩=76

fire,  
Be - fore she be-came fire,

10

she was wat - er.

fire,  
Be - fore she be-came fire,

17

Quench - ing the thirst of ev' - ry dy - ing

21

creat - ure. Quench - ing the thirst of ev - ry dy - ing

25 *mf* ff *mp*

creat - ure. She gave and she gave and she gave and she gave and she gave un - til she

31 *p*

turned from sea to de sert. Quench - ing the thirst of

pp

ev' - ry dy - ing creat - ure. Quench - ing the thirst of

40

ev - ry dy - ing creat - ure. She gave and she gave and she gave and she gave un

46

til she turned from sea to des-ert. But in stead of dy-ing of the heat, the sad -

55

ness, the heart - ache, she took all of her pain and from her own

63

ash-es be came fire.

### III. You Have Become a Forest

*for Emily*

Poetry by Nikita Gill

Music by Melissa Dunphy

**Allegro moderato**  $\text{♩}=100$ 
**Allegro moderato**  $\text{♩}=100$ 9 **mp** *espress.*

15 **mp**

22

thought you had. *mp* You have be - come

27

strong - er and more beaut - i - ful, full\_\_\_\_ of life giv - ing qual - it - ies.

32

You have learned\_\_\_\_ to take all that neg - at - iv - it - y a - round you and

37

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

turn it in-to ox - y-gen for eas - y breath-ing. Hmm,

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

44

hmm, \_\_\_\_\_ hmm, \_\_\_\_\_ A host of wild creatures lives in-

51

side you and you call them

56

stor - ies. A var - iet - - y of beaut - i - ful

60

birds rests in - side your mind and you call them mem'-ries.

rit.

65 **a tempo** *mf warmly*

You have be - come an in - cred - i - ble self sus-tain-ing

**a tempo**

70

thing of ep - ic pro-port - ions. And you should be so proud of your-self, of

78 **rit.** *mp*

how far you have come from the seeds of who you

**rit.** *mp espress.*

84

used to be. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

*pp*

## IV. Me Too

*Unaccompanied trio*

Poetry by Nikita Gill

Music by Melissa Dunphy

**Moderato ♩=112**

This is our riot act, this is our man - i - fest - o,

This is our riot act, this is our man - i - fest - o,

This is our riot act, this is our man - i - fest - o,

5

this is our riot act, this is our rev - ol - u - tion: be - cause the ones who

this is our riot act, this is our rev - ol - u - tion, be - cause the ones who

this is our riot act, this is our rev - ol - u - tion, This is our

10

did this know we are talk - ing a - bout their mons - trous act - ions. It's time for

did this know we are talk - ing a - bout their mons - trous act - ions. This is our

ri - ot act, this is our man - i - fest - o, It's time for

14

them to have the night-mares, for them to suf-fer for what hap-pened. It's time, it's  
 ri - ot act, this is our rev - ol - u - tion. Time, it's  
 them to have the night-mares, for them to suf-fer for what hap-pened. It's time, it's  
 time for them to have the night - mares, it's time for

18

time for them to have the night - mares, it's time for  
 time for them to have the night - mares, it's time, it's time,  
 time for them to have the night - mares, it's time, it's  
 time for them to have the night - mares, it's time, it's

22

them to suf - fer for what hap - pened. It's time, it's  
 it's time, it's time. This is our ri - ot act,  
 time to suf - fer for what hap - pened. It's time, it's  
 time to suf - fer for what hap - pened. It's time, it's

27

time, \_\_\_\_\_ it's time, \_\_\_\_\_ it's time, rev - ol - u - tion!

this is our man - i-fest - o. Time, \_\_\_\_\_ it's time, rev - ol - u - tion!

time, \_\_\_\_\_ This is our ri - ot act, this is our rev - ol - u - tion! It's

33

It's time for them to

It's time for them to fear be - ing named by the

time for them to fear be - ing named by the same voic - es they sil - enced,

38

fear be - ing named by the same voic - es they sil - enced,

same voic - es they sil - enced, sil - enced. I hope they are for -

sil - enced. I hope they are for - ev - er haunt - ed by these two\_\_\_

42

sil - enced. I hope they are for - ev - er haunt-ed by these two\_ words: Me too, me  
ev - er haunt-ed by these two\_ words: Me too, me too, me too, me too, me  
words: Me too, me too, me too, me too, me too, me too, me

48

too, me too, me too. This is our ri - ot act, this is our  
too me too, me too. It's time, it's time,  
too, me too, me too, me too, me too, me

54

rit.  
man - i - fest - o, this is our ri - ot act, this is our rev - ol - u - tion.  
it's time, it's time,  
too, me too, me too, me too, me too,