

# Pitch Black

A text composition for flexible ensemble (speaker optional)

Paul Burnell

1.

We peel many metallic petals from plucked chromatic blooms  
Whose trembling fragrant tones build to a climax  
That chimes with us.

At night, as we pause for muted sleep (nocturne),  
A mass of compound eyes  
Take note.

2.

*Our piano*  
*Is infested.*  
*So softly*  
*Is built a nest.*

3.

**Pitch black**  
**Ant eggs clustered on your skin, smearing into**  
**The scales of snakes, hissing under your breath, growing to**  
**A group of growling dogs, scratching at your vocal chords, sliding down**  
**Deep throughout your gut, to end in**  
**A slowly boiling pit of tar.**

4.

Within a landscape ground down,  
On plain plaid parchment skins,  
Minute ants dance (a new minuet)  
In black and white.

From a distance  
We focus away,  
Becoming grey,  
And fading out.