

Full Score

H. A. Jenkins

To My Cyst

*Written for Anna Snow (soprano) and  
Kate Ledger (piano)*

*To My Cyst*

Flu set you going  
like a ticking bomb,  
growing, growing  
in the cramped space  
between skull and brain  
which I imagine  
as like a crack in a tunnel  
where a buddleia  
tries to flourish.  
You see them from trains,  
that urge to grow,  
or mushrooms in a shed.  
You had food and water;  
you would make it.  
I was your host,  
me, this me that cries  
and loves and is typing  
these black letters  
on infinite space.

(Carole Bromley, Sodium 136)

*To all the hard working, dedicated NHS staff who support  
so many of us going through difficult diagnosis and  
treatments. Also to Carole, for sharing such an honest  
account of her story in 'Sodium 136' (2020).  
Thank you.*

# To My Cyst

Carole Bromley

H.A.Jenkins

**Affrettando Agitato** ♩=102

Soprano *p*

Flu set you go-ing\_ you go-ing go-ing

Piano *pp*

5 *accel.* *mp* *ff* **Prestissimo furioso** ♩=128

Flu set you go - ing\_ Like a tick-ing bomb,

8 *mf* *fp*

grow - ing, grow - ing\_

A tempo

11 *p* *mp*

in the cramped space be-tweenskull and brain which I i-ma-gine i-ma

*ppp* *pp*

14 *mf*

gine as like a crack in a tu-nell where a budd-leia

*mf*

17 *pp* *ppp*

tries to flou-rish.

*mf* *ppp*

19

*mp*

You see them from trains that urge to grow,

*8va*

*mp*

22

*mf*

or mushrooms in a shed. You had food and water you

*mf*

25

*rall.* *Andante Patetico*  $\text{♩} = 88$

*p* *mp*

would make it you would make it. I was your

*pp* *mp*

*una corda*

30

*mf*

host, me, this me that cries and loves and

36

*p*

is ty - - ping these black

39

rall. - - - - -

*ppp*

let - ters on in - fin - ite in - fin - ite space.

niente