



PHILIPPE CÔTÉ  
MARC COPLAND  
BELL TOLLS VARIATIONS

ODD  
SOUND

# BELL TOLLS VARIATIONS

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# BELL TOLLS VARIATIONS

A POETIC RESPONSE  
TO THE MUSIC  
OF PHILIPPE CÔTÉ  
AND MARC COPLAND

LEE TSANG

# THESE PHASES

Time. You whisper with intensity when the bell tolls for us all.

From the impermanence and fragility of your pale lunar radiance, a New solace emerges, where one voice inclines towards another and quiet terrors diminish.

Meanwhile in the Cosmos we hear, gently pierced by landscape and traces of being, faint ringing and the slip of the ephemeral.

# ORACLE

The Oracle sits with wide-eyed  
stares,  
fixed.

Vivid visions arrest her with  
their sounds.

Glowing with a sudden sense of  
space in time –  
a moment and an expanse –  
her spirit sings: free and high.

And what flows through our  
prescient agent?

Moments of existence,  
punctuated;  
bodies that entwine, embrace;  
emergent conversations, mutual  
chase.

In the midst of it all,  
Dread rings its long spectral  
loom.

Yet even in dark moments,  
a voice from beyond immediate  
shores  
may transform our Oracle's  
passing thoughts;  
the voice inflects,  
the voice allures.

LE  
BAUME

In the softness of solace  
each dolent strike to the heart  
is but a fragrant caress  
whose rising scent clings in the  
air with heady and subtle tones.  
Colourfully, and  
with increasing tenderness,  
the tones transform their grateful  
climb, nourishing the  
heart as sweet new balm.

AU  
COEUR

# LETHE'S SONG

Enticed by murm'ring waters  
at the cave where Lethe and  
Mnemosyne converge, the  
memories of the heart  
of which we speak  
are washed away, drunk  
with sleep, released by  
Yield, Unthought and Fade.



# ALCHEMY

The returning self

speaks

with the voice of a  
personal humanity,

ruminates

with thoughts both  
cyclical and varied,

transmutes

with abundance,  
fullness and flourish:

essence to breath,  
breath to spirit ...

Can you hear  
the tones of change

as they pass

through  
the gates of  
the inner realm?

through  
spaces of  
radiant Light?

through  
waves of  
melancholia?

through  
traces of  
life lived?

through  
to the last of  
the lone, lone cries? ...



We must listen for the crossing  
with patience and acuity

for in moments  
last and least expected  
when light appears  
to recede

the fire of a  
seamless new way is  
lit by the  
power of a foreign and  
radical strike

- and then

melting away,  
intoxicated by  
intricacy and difference,

we create for existence

dependencies that  
extend new directions and  
burn through what

Lethe once washed.

Each of us causes effect  
in the other:  
structure and component,  
observer and observed

and with reason and experience,  
glimpsing phase and ephemera,  
our patterns and symbols  
evolve

here  
in this crucible,  
where meditations of  
reflexive kinds  
turn creativity into  
potent tones,  
regenerative elixirs for  
servants of Time.



# HALLOWED SKIES

White shining visions  
envelop me as the  
breath of Aura drifts gently  
like icy flocs.

Cleansed by the open,  
I revere the  
power of the infinite.



# ELYSIAN

Tolls that reassure are the hearts  
of moments warm.  
Here they herald, by subtle  
release and dissolve  
in reveries of  
ethereal departures,  
a long-awaited Elysian shift,  
which tells of light from  
Lands that Bliss.

As Time ticks away,  
the songs of what was gone  
or once forgotten  
momentarily return,  
coalescing with thoughts of the  
transformational,  
for here  
at the river of memory  
the Oracle's vision,  
pristine with the  
clarity of the ambiguous,  
combines with  
alchemic voices.

We are cleansed by the  
waters that  
turn this wheel of spirit.  
Intensities of joyous calm  
cause leaps in ecstasy as the  
culminating moments of  
death and life are found:  
they are one and the same –  
a single, instantaneous bond.

# THE BOND

And what of finality?

What remains of a voice, a call,  
can be found at gates  
where infinities wrap. The  
heavy skies  
ring their faint ring, and our  
phase passes into the unknown.



## TAKING INSPIRATION

from Copland's *The Bell Tolls* and Côté's *La fleur et la roche*, composer Philippe Côté and poet Lee Tsang provide innovative new works that speak of profound human experiences. *Bell Tolls Variations* and *Fleur Revisited* make cultural nods to Greek myths and Buddhist concepts as they reference aspects of life cycles in spiritual, sometimes psychological or even philosophical ways. Both music and texts communicate aspects of perception, memory, vision and loss, personal and collective growth, tapping into the senses with fresh perspectives.

Poetry and notes by Lee Tsang  
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## CREDITS:

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soprano sax and bass clarinet

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