

PHILIPPE CÔTÉ
MARC COPLAND
FLEUR REVISITED



ODD
SOUND

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A POETIC RESPONSE
TO THE MUSIC
OF PHILIPPE CÔTÉ

LEE TSANG

THE GATHERING

Scrape, rustle, strike.
Loose fragment of rhyme.
We're finding ourselves in time
through trust in pulse
and barren cries;

and all the while
we bear in mind
the Rock
who speaks of
Ways
lost
to brittle, taut or slack
extremes.

At our best
we heed our inner guide
to find
where fertile ground is bound
in spaces hard;

for there
in cracks
our
pliable roots
may gather,
and like
Orphic lutes
release with powers
of ringing strings
the stones of all our
dormant
senses.

DANCES & LAMENTATIONS (NATURE'S CRIES)

And so when our dances begin,
each knock and pluck
locks within the collective body
patterns of experience.

Time unfolds.

Gaia's and our laments
are sung like broken
stems
persistently entwining and,
in their garlands of exchange,
enshrining further growth.

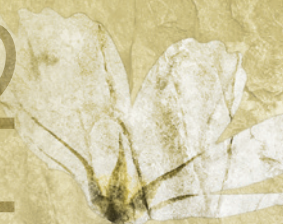
But heed the cries
from far beyond:
like gulls from other worlds,
Histories, lands and seas
call out at once
until with retrospect
dances and laments,
mere discarded fragments,
are left
like the flowering of humanity
bereft.

MYSTERY OF THE SEED

The turning melancholy of the
seed,
whose tears of darkness and of
night
sing of an anxious inevitability,
of all that might or might not be,
is found in impure, intense
beauty,
of creeping and the idea of leaf,
for the green, green push of the
shadow within
will lead to the hope and the
stricken
Glory
emerging from both growth and
crowns
that drive out
Those
who know no ground.

STEMS

Stems ascend with grace,
gently. Their slender
climbs, encircled tenderly by
bright airs,
broaden cores. With
optimism, their firm, reassuring
steps form destinies:
parallel;
delicately-balanced;
rich in colour and light.



CIRCADIA

The elements are all at
play with
release of metal and wood, and
easy grooves in the
stirring Earth, and
fiery energetic surges,
Nature's cries and
liquid flows ...

Awake and bright,
we often
snap from
side to side ...
locked into beats of
physiological kinds ...
and binds that free behaviours
through
collective joys of energy ...

In this
irresistible
ritual
that the
Time Givers
instil, we
find our
rhythmic,
guiding shifts of
heat and luminescence,
impulses to
open or close,
loops,
and periodic woes ...

Circadia,
ultimate dance and song,
garland
upon garland,
you enhance us as our
cycle turns ...

Your intricate machine,
while weaving flowers,
casts their leaves and
pulls them by the breeze
towards the morning tides ...

The moon dreams with comfort
of the scattered leaves
on crests of waves,
and longingly of sleepy, gentler
lulls ...

tracking our pulses of existence

'til clocks reach their
final instance.

As though with its

eyes wide shut,

stumbling through

the dark,

INTERLUDE:

the burdened

body

pushes past

the grave and

portentous

THE SHADES

towards the

Shades, who stand and

wait.

BLOOMS

In the warm haze
we laze,
mesmerized and harmonized
by the gentle hum of drones
whose thrones
adorn fields in which we
wander.

Blooms caressed
release
into the air
powers for life's breath -

each evocation,
a revelation that
corresponds,
one to another,
spurring on New Growth.

As blooms
project forth,
they cause a
flowing away of themselves and,
forming trails,
entice
with the sweet,
comforting nectar of
reminiscence.

I sit.
I drink.



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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