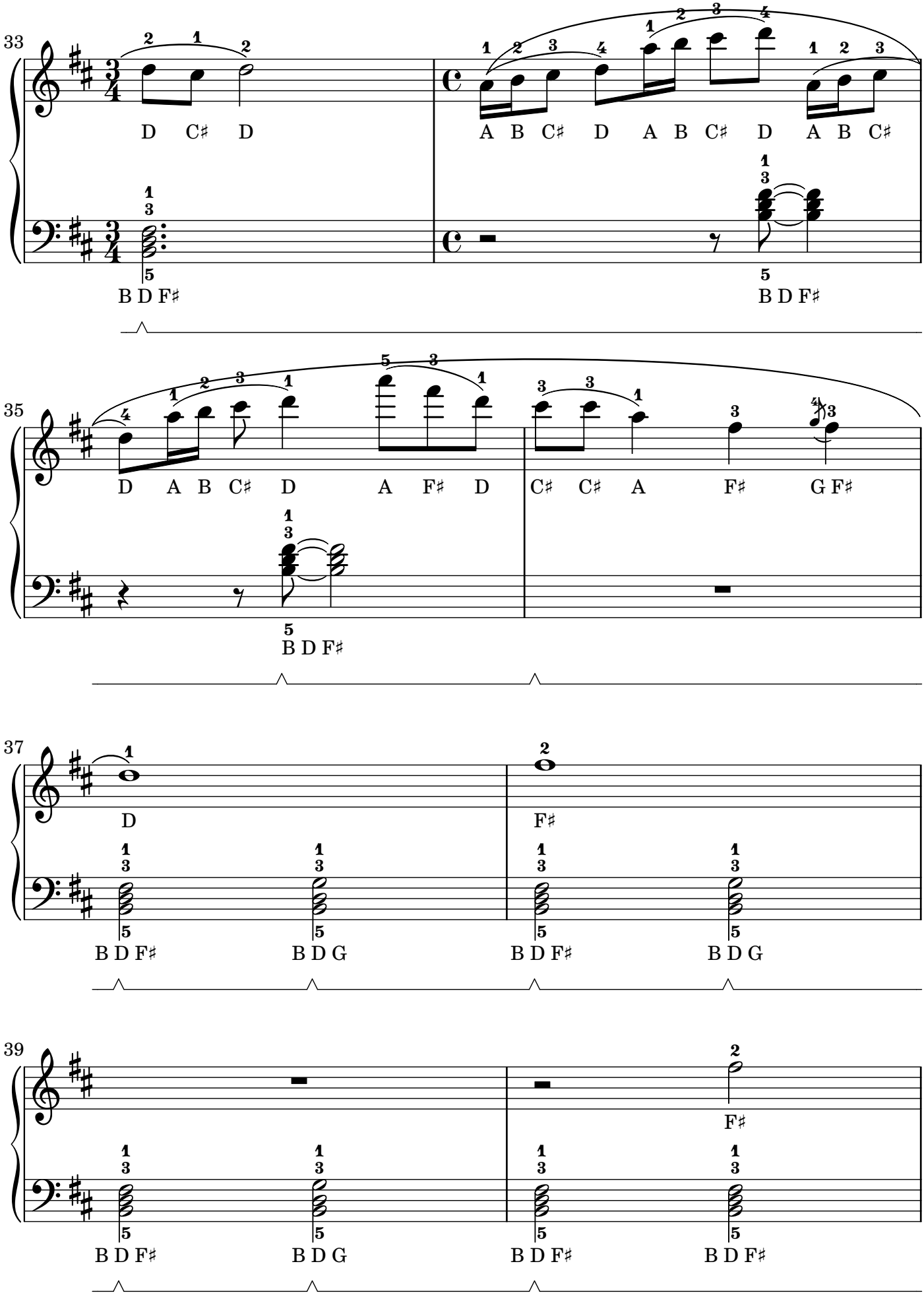

♩ = 60
F♯
B D F♯
B D F♯
B D G
B D G
3
F♯
G F♯
B D F♯
B D F♯
B D G
B D G
5
G F♯
B A G F♯ A G F♯
B D F♯
B D F♯
B D G
B D G
7
E F♯
A B C♯
B D F♯
B D F♯
B D F♯
A E

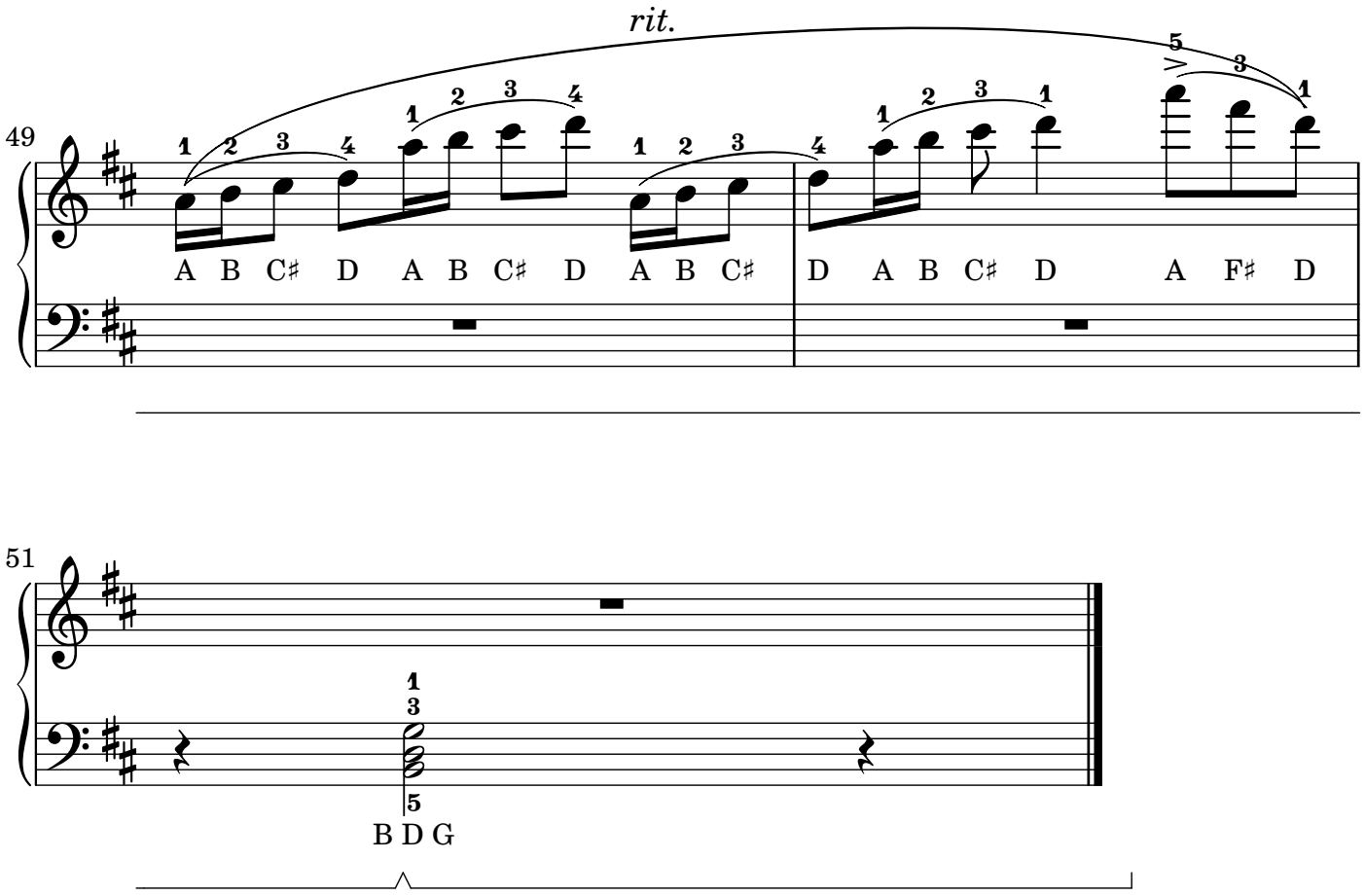

9
D E D F♯
D G B
D A F♯ D G B D B D G
11
D A F♯
E B G
D A F♯ D E B G E
13
B D
G F♯
A B C♯
G E E B A E
15
D F♯ F♯ F♯ D
C♯ C♯ A
A B C♯
D A A E


17
D F♯ D F♯ D C♯ D A B C♯
D A
G D
19
D F♯ D F♯ D C♯ D
D A
B D F♯
21
A B C♯ D A B C♯ D A B C♯ D A B C♯ D A F♯ D
B D F♯
B D G
23
C♯ C♯ A F♯ G F♯ D
B D F♯
B D G


25
A B C♯ D F♯ F♯ F♯ D
B D F♯ A E D A
27
C♯ C♯ A A B C♯ D F♯ D F♯
A E D A
29
D C♯ D A B C♯ D F♯ F♯ F♯ D
G D D A
31
C♯ C♯ A A B C♯ D F♯ D F♯
A E D A


33
D C♯ D
A B C♯ D A B C♯ D A B C♯
B D F♯
B D F♯
35
D A B C♯ D A F♯ D
C♯ C♯ A F♯ G F♯
B D F♯
37
D
F♯
B D F♯
B D G
B D F♯
B D G
39
F♯
B D F♯
B D G
B D F♯
B D F♯


41
G F♯
B E F♯ G
B D G
B D G
B D F♯
B D G
43
F♯ G
C♯ G A C♯ C♯
B D F♯
B D G
45
F♯
G F♯
B D F♯
B D G
B D F♯
B D G
47
rit.
B E F♯ G
F♯ G
B D F♯
B D G
B D F♯
B D G



(...Summer Gone)

Some things are only close while we are not looking at them. A longing with no address, a summer that may never have happened, a softness the world once had and still almost has: they gather when the mind drifts, grow bright enough to hold everything at once, and then let go, leaving the heart a little emptier and the air a little clearer. Perhaps that is all a utopia is, something we remember more than we ever lived, near enough to miss and far enough to keep. And so it goes on.