SOLSTICE

come sit in the dark with me
and look at that moon that
is so at home in the night
let us reach deep into the
pockets of our souls for
scraps of hope and wonder

come gaze at the firefly stars
sing softly into this silent night
oh that we had a ladder to make
a constellation of ourselves
a consolation of ourselves
come sit in the dark with me

Milton Brasher-Cunningham

What is a winter piece in times of a pandemic? And what is a season of connection when we can't connect? After receiving this commission from VOCES8, I reached out to my friend, Milton Brasher-Cunningham, whose poetry and writings and theology have resonated in my soul for more than two decades. I needed his words on the project. This bespoke text starts with a lonely invitation to 'come sit in the dark with me', yet the phrases that follow are, like watching friends come into the frame, filled with warmth and aspiration. I sincerely hope you and I, weary from the journey, will find each other there.

Taylor Scott Davis, October 2020

Duration: 3′00″

Dedicated to my father, Vincent Almond, who instilled in me a sense of wonder
at the universe and infused me with a passion for great music.

Solstice

Milton Brasher-Cunningham

Taylor Scott Davis

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