

A VARIATION ON *Ecclesiastes 3:1-8* for Felix Wurman  
READ WITH THE SCHUBERT OCTET IN F MAJOR  
DECEMBER 20<sup>TH</sup>, 2009 AT THE KOSMOS  
WRITTEN AND READ BY Lisa Gill AND Tony Hunt

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FIRST MOVEMENT

*To every thing there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under heaven,*

Under heaven every purpose has a time  
and a place

and a grace

that follows to the ends of the earth a man

who bicycles down 4<sup>th</sup> street with a cello on his back.

And today grace fills the entire Kosmos

with music first written in March of 1824,

making the universe resplendent:

sky, land, house in North Carolina

warehouse by the railroad tracks.

Because today we are all receptive.

Because today love is played by eight musicians,

and compassion is heard in the air,

felt with the heart

absorbed into all the sore spots and all the sweet spots.

Because music is a balm, a panacea, a great gift we open with joy,

as if unwrapping time itself,

as if time were merely another movement in a “grand symphony.”

And because of this we can be assuaged

and we can be engaged

and we can bristle with joy.

*To every thing there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under heaven,*

SECOND MOVEMENT

*A time to be born, and a time to die;  
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted*

And there is a time to have pluck,

to have moxy,

and there is a time to be blunt and ask “What are we doing?”

and a time to ask “Why not? Why not

put a tabletop on sawhorses in the back yard

and share supper and a glass of wine under city sky?”

And then there is a time to supplant politeness with simple truths

and say the words “cancer sucks,”

and say the words “you are my friend”

and say the words “I love you”

and say these words:

“it’s okay to love life to live life to leave life to be life to share life  
to hold life so tight in memory the molecules spin like the spheres  
until yes, we can all say, together in our hearts, here we are today  
. . . . and this is good.”

*A time to kill, and a time to heal,  
a time to break down and a time to build up;*

Killing time, filling time, pulling time  
    like an espresso cart behind an electric car  
exploding time with possibilities  
healing time until the rift between the past and the future is sealed  
    with a kiss on the cheek of the present.

Minutes filled with life, with love  
    seconds bursting at the seams with schemes—  
and a great dome filled with musicians  
    spans the present and the past and the future.

Minutes spent together and minutes spent apart  
    fill the years to overflowing  
fill the weeks with wonder  
    fill every day with what we need  
and fill the hour with exactly enough  
    and this *enough* is perfect  
since it is ours

*A time to pick that which is planted*

### THIRD MOVEMENT

*A time to weep and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn and a time to dance*

If I were asked who was at the party  
    there was no one I knew.  
Only friends long twisted      beyond recognition.  
Only the night, over the city,      looking down,  
    high over the streets,      filled with the dancing,  
    the ice cubes, rum in a cup.

Only the music:  
    *“I hear the sound of music”*  
Or was it the noise:  
    *“Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh   Boooooooooooooooooom”*

Coconut canapés cheese on a triscuit  
peanuts, other tidbits  
    *“If I didn’t care  
    Would I feel this way?”*

There was nothing I knew—  
    *“Only you”*  
It was dancing in my blood.  
Only the music turned  
    on the past as we fell

into patterns, steps of sound,  
nerves, muscles, blood and desire.  
Single or coupled, we took our positions  
and plunged in the night.  
We stomped out our furies.  
We groaned, we revived  
in the smoke, the drink, and the noise.

It was late  
    *"When the twilight was gone"*  
and growing darker.

When we left the party . . .  
    how quickly it seems the years ached.

That music still sings on the rooftop,  
above us and falling behind . . .  
    *"no summer nights  
    to make me dream as I do"*  
too much drink   my mind reels  
too much food   my stomach turns  
too much smoke

*Sometimes we walked hand in hand by the sea  
    and we breathed in the cool salty air . . .*  
too much time  
    *passing in the night.*

Ever, forever, we turn.

*Turn, turn, turn.*

#### FOURTH MOVEMENT

*A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing.*

*The Refrain goes like this:*

say thank you  
say gratitude  
say plentitude  
say abundance  
se la vie viva la say  
sashay two-step tango  
tantamount to almost  
possibly always being  
right here in the present  
doing what needs to be done  
and being what we will be  
and the world is already a little larger  
and more joyous than it was before this particular moment.

The Refrain goes like this:

To everything (turn turn turn)  
There is a season (turn turn turn)  
And a time for every purpose under Heaven

FIFTH MOVEMENT

A time to get and a time to lose;  
a time to keep and a time to cast away;

Cast away grief.

Cast away sorrow.

Cast away regret and fret and blame . . .

The same night falls on us all in our time . . .

And the body is a gift

and sometimes the body is at odds with the gift

but the gift is the body

And the gift is friends who care

and the gift is time

and *everything* is the gift—

even sadness belongs to what's beautiful!

There is time to rend and a time to sew;  
a time to keep silence and a time to speak

A time to read poems;

A time to listen to poetry read;

A time to ask words to pull weight;

A time for friendship; a time for compassion;

No time for regret . . . only

a time to love and a time to hate;

a time of war, and a time of peace (I swear it's not too late);

For peace

A piece of time

A heart of love

A hate of hurt

A heart of love

A piece of time

A peace we share.

To everything there is a season,  
and to every time a purpose under heaven.  
Turn turn turn.

SIXTH MOVEMENT

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Thanks to the following musicians for performing the Schubert Octet  
to benefit Felix: **Ruth Bacon** and **David Felberg**, violin; **Ikuko Kanda**, viola;  
**Dana Winograd**, cello; **Jean-Luc Matton**, bass; **James T. Shields**, clarinet;  
**Stefanie Przybylska**, bassoon; **Peter Ulfers**, horn.