John Tiranno tenor
Peter Erb horn
Elizabeth Young, Ruxandra Marquardt, Carmelo de los Santos, Megan Holland, Emmy Tisdel Lohr, Lidija Peno-Kelly, Juliana Huestis, Natalie Wade violin
Kim Fredenburgh, Laura Steiner, Laura Chang, Karl Winkler viola
Amy Huzjak, Dana Winograd, Lisa Collins, Melinda Mack cello
Sam Brown, Zachary Bush bass
Luke Gullickson piano
David Felberg conductor

but where are their tufts? for tenor and piano (2026)

A world premiere commissioned in honor of Luna Composition Lab's tenth anniversary celebration LunaLab@10.

Faith Wesley (b.2007)

Corey Kendrick Spoken Word

Corey Kendrick is a writer, performer, and public school teacher in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He is currently completing a Master of Liberal Arts at St. John's College in Santa Fe. He wants you to stop turning aside and brooding on love's bitter mystery. Ultimately, though, he accepts that you're going to do what you're going to do. He knows it's hard out there. He hopes you keep trying. He thinks you're going to be ok. Corey's work hunts for the sweet spot at the intersection of classical form and postmodern absurdity. He enjoys working in and combining a variety of mediums including poetry, fiction, installation and performance art, collage, and theater. He has a dog named Fergus who rules the brazen cars, and rules the shadows of the wood, and the white breast of the dim sea, and all dishevelled wandering stars, and who is a very good boy.

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

Adagio and Fugue in c minor k. 546 (1788)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Serenade for tenor, horn, and strings (1943)

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

I Prologue
II Pastoral
III Nocturne
IV Elegy
V Dirge
VI Hymn
VII Sonnet
VIII Epilogue

November 22, 2026 #901

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Sharon Rhutasel-Jones Spoken Word

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Performed by **Peña, Felberg, Young, Reynolds** and **Rich**
Rick Huff Spoken Word

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Serenade

Pastoral

The day's grown old; the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Mole hills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it
would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

And now on benches all are sat,
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

Nocturne

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long night shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild
echoes flying,
Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O hark, O hear how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Bugle, blow answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild
echoes flying,
Bugle, blow answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

Elegy

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Dirge

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The winnies shall prick thee to the
bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou
may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

Hymn

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
  Hesperus entreats thy light,
  Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear when day did close;
  Bless us then with wishèd sight,
  Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
  Thou that mak'st a day of night,
  Goddess excellently bright.

Sonnet

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
  Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from
the light,
  Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
O soothest Sleep! if so it please
thee, close
  In midst of this thine hymn my
  willing eyes,
Or wait the "Amen" ere thy poppy throws
  Around my bed its lulling charities.
  Then save me, or the passèd day
  will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes, -
  Save me from curious Conscience, that
still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like
a mole;
  Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd Casket of my Soul.

---

but where are their tufts? *by Rasikh Imam*

I push my head out and stretch my neck forward, eager to be fed,
But my sustenance is vile, it tastes like mud and vomit.
I flail around in my bed of wires and rugs,
I walk on eggshells in frightful anticipation to be fed again.
I try to sit still as not to be seen
I tap my feet to the beat of the chests of the yelling, sweating men around me.
My parents use their own saliva to stick my cast off down feathers back to my skin,
They tell me it's for my own good?
"These will protect you from the cold," they say, but where are their tufts?

The wind is heavy against my face,
on my arms,
around my neck.
I wish it would carry me away, to another place, my very own bed
I wish I could eat my own food.
However, I just have to fly, fly away from here.
I don't fit in my bed anymore.
Cold wind bites at my shoulders and forehead,
my tufts are all gone.
My skin is bare,
My hair is short and thin.

I can hear the birds around me.
Maybe they can teach me to fly, fly away somewhere,
somewhere far, far away from here.