

Alex Temple



for voice (A2–B4), C trumpet, trombone and bass clarinet

transposing score

written for loadbang in 2025–26

Instrumental Requirements & Performance Notes

C trumpet	harmon mute
Trombone	harmon mute; F attachment
Bass clarinet	extended range (down to written C3)

Vocal style: not too formal or "classical"; pronounce the words as you would pronounce them in everyday speech

Wind effect (mm. 1 and 105): play long, unpitched air sounds, imitating the sound of wind blowing. Avoid synchronize with each other.

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About the Piece

In 2021, I wrote a piece for loadbang called *Diadem*. The text, by poet R.A. Briggs, depicted a gay man in Medieval Europe coming to terms with the fact that his desires are in conflict with what the Church has taught him. When loadbang asked me to write a companion piece to *Diadem*, I decided to do a line-by-line anagram of the original poem. The result is a surreal bit of folk horror. Both texts can be found on the next page.

DIADEM

Our Holy Father says he knows
true love doth presuppose
how stags pursue their does
and boys must marry girls.

Half-hearted, I have sought the hem
of many a skirt at many a fete,
and yet
my wanton self uprose and chose
to light in song upon this churl.

He flares, a flower on upright stem.
He shimmers like Arachne's net
when wet
with dew. His sweet complexion glows
like sunlit bloom upon the merle:

his cheek where wild currant grows,
his eyes like blackthorn sloes,
his mouth, that rarest rose,
the thicket of his curls.

Our Holy Father says he knows
true love doth presuppose
how stags pursue their does
and boys must marry girls.

He'll take me as his diadem
as stars in firmament are set
and let
the silver of his arms enclose
my body like a precious pearl.

O Father, let me be his gem,
his sweet, his doll, his toy, his pet.
My debt,
though great, I shall discharge. Propose
a breakback task; I shall not quarrel.

We sapling lads who plight our trows
grow green where God bestows
His grace, though blizzard blows
and cruel tempests whirl.

Our Holy Father in heaven knows
within our breasts repose
all creatures: stags and does
and gems and boys and girls.

DIAGRAM

Howl of hay. Ornate sky rushes
over our dust. Sheep topple.
Shouts. Outraged whispers.
Rumors bring my last days.

A theme of the harvest hauled high:
ants, tiny foe, may take a farm.
Day ten:
Hymn of pale crows. Unseen toads.
Hilltop night song. Touch ruins.

We help faltering farmhouses rot,
Make them recline. His harness
wet-hewn,
decomposing with the Wessex willow,
pheromones like ill blue mutton.

We grew sick. We thrash our children,
Shake their bones. Soil cell sky
heats its terror mouth ash,
the thick sucrose filth.

Forty unholy seashore hawks
over purple-spotted house
rouse rough twisted shapes:
stormy day-blurring mass.

He had metal milk disease,
fat ears, sinister armaments,
dental
smells of the viscera inshore,
bruised milky polyporaceae.

He felt the somber image.
He stood still with his eyeships.
Debt: my
lighthouse glare got his red approach,
ate his black-bark rat-ankle squalor!

Ripping through owl-swallowed stars,
we were gorged on ghost brews:
ghoulish scherzo, bird bag waltz;
warm, cruel, silent depths!

Eleventh hour rains know of hay,
Issue the rainbows' report,
And rust so-called great seas.
Grand symbols. A sad ending.

DIAGRAM

♩ = 64 (♩ = 96)

*spoken: slow, eerie, with pauses,
a bit camp, à la Vincent Price*

p

eerie

mp

Voice

Howl of hay. Ornate sky rushes
Over our dust. Sheep topple.
Shouts. Outraged whispers.
Rumors bring my last days.

A theme of har - vest

Trumpet in C

(wind effect)

harmon mute, stem in

pp

mp

Trombone

(wind effect)

harmon mute, stem in

pp

mp

Bass Clarinet

(wind effect)

pp

mp

V

5

hauled high:

ants

ti - ny

foe,

may

take

a farm.

C Tpt

even, no accents

pp

mp

Tbn

even, no accents

pp

mp

B Cl

even, no accents

pp

mp

p

mp

9

V

C Tpt

wa-wa ad lib

mf lyrical

Tbn

wa-wa ad lib

mf lyrical

B Cl

even, no accents

mf *pp* *mf*

14

(A)

V

Day ten: hymn of pale crows. Un - seen

mf *mp* **Rall.**

C Tpt

remove mute

p *mf* *mp*

Tbn

remove mute

p *mf* *mp*

B Cl

pp *mf* *mp*

19 **A tempo** *p* with a touch of melancholy **Rall.**

V
toads. Hill-top night song. Touch ru - ins.

C Tpt
p

Tbn
p *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

B Cl
p *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mp*

23 **B** $\text{♩} = 84$ *mf* *f* *mp*

V
We help fal-ter-ing farm-hou-ses rot, make them re-cline.

C Tpt
fp *mf* *p*
ominous

Tbn
fp *mf* *p*

B Cl
p *fp* *mf* *p*
ominous

28

V *mf* *f*
His har - ness wet - hewn, _____ de - com - pos - ing with the Wes - sex wil - low,

C Tpt *mf* *p*

Tbn *mf*

B Cl *mf*

31

V *p* *erie*
pher - o - mones like ill blue mut - ton. *mp* fragile
We grew sick.

C Tpt *p* *p* *sim.* *mp*
cold

Tbn *p* *mf* *p* *p* *sim.*
cold

B Cl *p* *mf* *p* *p* *sim.*
cold

Rall. **C** ♩ = 96

36

V
We thrash_ our chil - dren, shake their bones.____

C Tpt

Tbn

B Cl

38

more lyrical

V
Soil_ cell sky_ heats its ter - ror mouth_____ ash,_____

C Tpt
p *sim.* *mp* *p* *sim.*

Tbn
mp *p* *p* *mp*

B Cl

41 Rall.

V the thick su - crose_ filth.

C Tpt *mp* *p* *sim.*

Tbn *p* *sim.*

B Cl *p* *sim.*

D 45 $\text{♩} = 84$

V *f* *ominous* *mf* *mp*
 For-ty un - ho-ly sea-shore hawks o-ver pur-ple spot-ted house

C Tpt *fp* *ominous* *mf* *p*

Tbn *fp* *mf* *p*

B Cl *fp* *ominous* *mf* *p*

49 *mf* *mp* *Rall.* *mf*

V
rouse rough — twist - ed shapes: storm - y day - blur-ring mass.

C Tpt
even, no accents
pp *mf* *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

Tbn
even, no accents
mf *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf* *pp*

B Cl
even, no accents
pp *mf* *pp* *mf* *pp*

E

53 *mf* more strident

V
He had me - tal milk dis - ease:

C Tpt
clear and bell-like
ff *mp* *ff*

Tbn
ff *mp* *ff*

B Cl
(s.t.)
ff *mp* *ff*

57

V *fp* \leftarrow *f*

fat ears, sin - is - ter ar - ma - ments, Den - tal smells of the

C Tpt *mp* \leftarrow *f* *ff* *fp* \leftarrow *f* *mp*

Tbn *mp* \leftarrow *ff* *fp* \leftarrow *f* *mp*

B Cl *mp* \leftarrow *ff* *fp* \leftarrow *f* *mp*

62

V vis - ce - ra in - shore, bruised, milk - y po - ly - por - a - ce - ae.

C Tpt *mp* *ff* *ff*

Tbn *mp* *ff* *ff*

B Cl *mp* *ff* *ff*

F ♩ = 156

67

f intense

V
He felt the som-ber i-mage. He stood still with his eye-ships.

C Tpt

Tbn
(cresc. into growl)
fp *f* *ff* *fp* *f* *ff*

B Cl
fp *f* *ff* *fp* *f* *ff*
(start trill with slap tongue)

71

fp *f*

increasingly emphatic

ff

f

ff

V
Debt (t): my light-house glare got his red ap-proach,

C Tpt
fp *f*

Tbn
fp *f* *fp* *f*

B Cl
fp *f* *fp* *f*

75 *f* *ff* **G** $\text{♩} = 66$

V
ate his black - bark rat - an - kle squa - lor!

C Tpt

Tbn

B Cl

79 *p* *romantic* *f*

V
Rip - ping through owl - swal - lowed stars,

C Tpt

Tbn

B Cl

83 *rubato ad lib*

V we were gorged on ghost brews: ghoul - ish scher - zo, bird_

C Tpt like a reversed recording
n --- *f* *sim.*

Tbn like a reversed recording
n --- *f* *sim.*

B Cl like a reversed recording
n --- *f* *sim.*

86 *ff*

V _ bag waltz; warm, cruel, si - lent depths! _____

C Tpt

Tbn

B Cl

90

V

C Tpt

f playful, but a bit creepy

Tbn

p *f* playful, but a bit creepy *mp*

B Cl

f playful, but a bit creepy *p* *f* *n < f*

95

(H)

V

C Tpt

pp with a touch of melancholy

Tbn

ff *pp* *ff*

B Cl

sim. *pp* with a touch of melancholy gradually turn into... pitched air sounds

I as before, but with a touch of melancholy

101

V

C Tpt

Tbn

B Cl

less and less pitch

n

Eleventh hour rains know of
Issue the rainbows' report,
And rust so-called great seas

$\text{♩} = 96$ *ppp* fragile

106

V

C Tpt

Tbn

B Cl

Grand sym - bols. A sad en - ding.

harmon mute, stem in

ppp cold

harmon mute, stem in

ppp cold

ppp cold

n

n

n

Tempe, AZ
5.1.26