



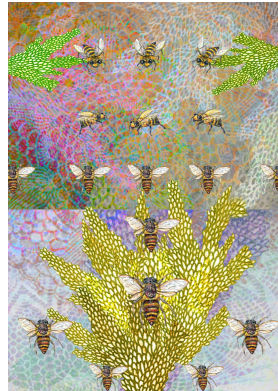
Illuminating Apologues

Six character studies on different animals and times from our past

Commissioned by The Amity Trio 아미티 트리오, 2021

For Soprano voice, French Horn in F, Piano

With optional children's choir, Orff xylophone, movement, and keyboard parts



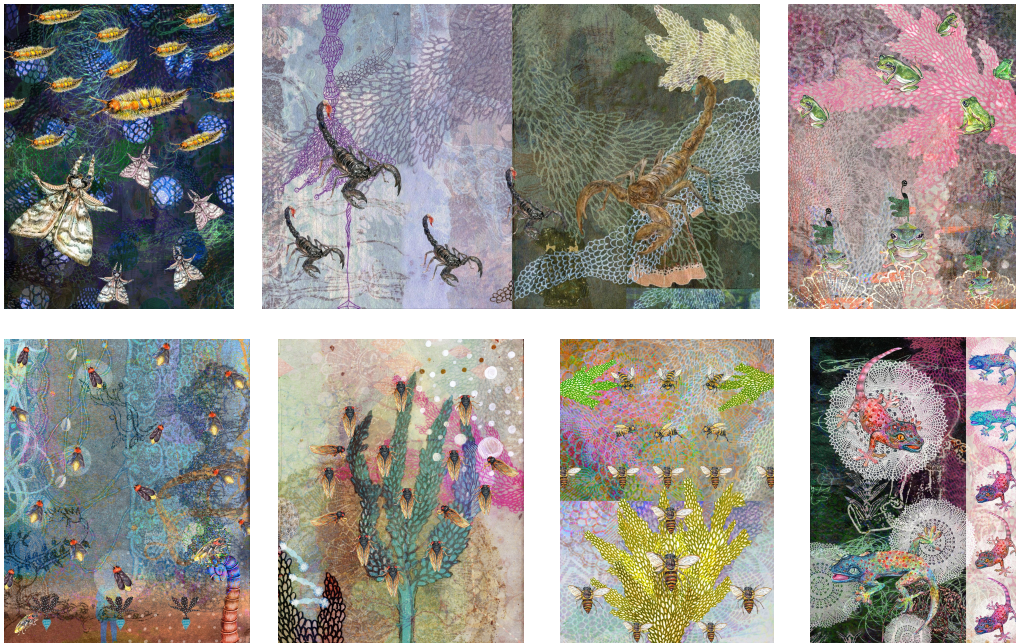
Art work by Haran Kim 하란 김
Text written by Luba Winship 루바 윈ship
Music composed by Maggie Olivo 매기 포크 올리보
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Illuminating Apologues

Commissioned by The Amity Trio, 2021
For Soprano voice, French Horn in F, Piano
With optional children's choir, Orff xylophone, and Elementary keyboard parts
15' 30"

Music Composed by Maggie Polk Olivo (b. 1978)
Companion art pieces and animations by Haran Kim (b. 1967)
Text written by Luba Winship (b. 1971)

- I. Tussock Moth
- II. Scorpion
- III. Tiki Gecko
- IV. Cicada Brood X
- V. Honey Bees
- VI. Frogs and Fireflies



Illuminating Apologues are six character studies on different animals and times from our past. Together, we (a poet, artist, and musician) have chosen to share with you these illuminations: blaschko lines, star constellations, hidden messages, and our own epiphones regarding nature's life lessons. These memories span more than 8,000 miles.

Activities are made possible in part by the Brown County Community Foundation and the Indiana Arts Commission, which receives support from the State of Indiana and the National Endowment for the Arts.

I. Tussock Moth

Welcome Mothra!



Presently, all three of us live in the midwest. The milkweed caterpillar has found its way in some of our yards. Its vibrant colors, like most animals that feed off of the toxic milkweed, are vibrant colors: orange, black and white. Like magic, they appear on milkweed plants in clumps of dozens and grow at such a rapid pace to suddenly disappear days later. Those that do make cocoons, emerge just to burrow back into the ground and overwinter. When they emerge again, they emerge as moths that click. These clicks are for the bats, telling them, “You don’t want to eat me. I feed on the milkweed, poison to you!”



I. Tussock Moth

Welcome Mothra!

Caterpillar winds
In search of another leaf
Wee concertina

Done with tussling meals
Ecdysial Tussock Queen
All of it is gone

O fallen empires.
What remains of your towers?
Skeletons and Frass.

Rest at last, the task is done.
Beginning anew of wings.

Sweet Shobijin sing,
Away with all your hunger.
Mothra is coming through!

Click! Click! On your way!
The Kaiju stories are true
Stay away from me.

My story unknown
No lesser than the Monarch
Misunderstood want

A meal is a meal but only
That you remember my name



II. Scorpion

¿Es bueno o malo?



When I was a little girl, I'd watch Spanish soap operas with my friend. Not understanding any of the words, I'd ask her, *¿Es bueno o malo?* I lived in a house in the desert and my room wasn't very clean. As I stayed up one night, I saw a small creature wobble on my floor with its tail dragging behind it. Once I realized what it was, I screamed and grabbed a phone book. I dropped the book on the tiny scorpion. I didn't even have time to ask, *¿Es bueno o malo?* Years later, I'd come to know the scorpion as a mother (like I am now), a constellation, having blaschko lines, and even the namesake of my Zodiac sign. Had I known all of this as a child, would I have dropped the book on it or would I have spared its life? Is there anything that you're afraid of simply because you don't know much about it?

-Maggie Olivo, 2021

II. Scorpion

¿Es Bueno o Malo?



I HAVE FELT THE STACCATO VIBRATIONS.

Passing between

me and something

so
Small

Oh, was it gonna sting me?

So...

I killed it.

Frenetic thrum
Obsidian eyes
Looking at me

*Sting the glass
between us*

(over and over again)

[What I wouldn't understand until much older was that]

for days
its
*mmmmmm*mother on her
*mmmmmm*mother on her
mother on *herrrrrrrr*
mother
on
herrrrrrrr
back
carried her

as have I

and my mother
and its mother
and her mother

MOTHERMOREMOTHERMOREMOTHERANDMOTHER!

Mama. Mama. Mama.

*What would I have done
had I heard before
this large one had mellowed its venom with time?*

Would I have done it all over again that any of its brood would have struck me down just as quick as I had
with a book that held all the words in its language (*Smack!*) save for one that might best explain

HEADY ELECTRICITY

the moment.before.I.killed.it?

Had I known there was a word for this center of deep regret and the following

E X P A N S I O N

adrenalien

EXPLOSION

out of my entirety, *would I do it again?*
Might there be another star to this constellation?

why hadn't I realized Black Holes might look like spheres and how the spiral of a galaxy might trick my eyes
as a straight line seemed so it seemed in our passing the needle still hanging from its thread the lines between
nNazca and Blaschko might
become.the.same.

III. Tiki Gecko

Binalaybay Cinquain for Tiki



“A binalaybay is a poem in *Ilonggo*, the language spoken on my family’s side from Iloilo on the island of Panay in the Philippines. The introduction and conclusion are written in Ilonggo.... [when in the Philippines] I taught the little kids *Duck, Duck, Goose* but changed it to *Baboy, Baboy, Manok- Pig, Pig, Chicken.*”

-Luba Winship

III. Tiki Gecko

Binalaybay Cinquain for Tiki

Pamatii bátà. Sugiran ta ikaw diotay nga binalaybay.
(Listen, children. I'll tell you a little poem.)

Physics

in action

Walking on ceilings

like it's

nothing

I

heard stories

as a child

and thought:

Godzillas!?

Or

at least

iguanas crawling around

all night

above

Invading
your dreams
waiting for one
to inevitably
drop

Instead,
I learned
Tiki are tiny
with subatomic
charge

Bane
of mosquitoes
or any bug
voracious appetites
sated

Grounding
each eventide
to bob heads
in humble
prayer

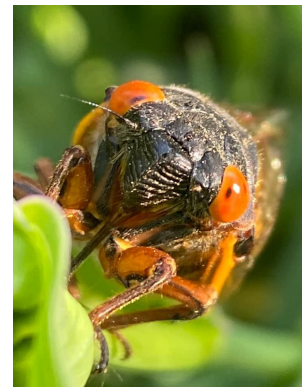
*Abáo, pasiensyahá lang ako! Indi ako kamáan isá pa binalaybay.
(Ah, forgive me as I do not know more of this poem!)*

IV. Cicada Brood X

Waiting to Emerge



In the summer of 2021, the world was still in the midst of a global Pandemic. While we all drastically changed our way of life, Haran and Maggie were experiencing something in Bloomington that Luba in Indianapolis wasn't... the emergence of the Brood X Cicada. They saw cicadas everywhere and heard their chorus and felt their electricity and buzzing. While many felt that their presence would never end, the reality was that their life above ground was just a fraction of their life below ground. They had waited 17 years underground to emerge into 4-6 weeks of flight and song.



IV. Cicada Brood X

Waiting to Emerge

There was a dark

A time to be born, a time to die;¹²

There was a time

When I was

I was ready to give up

I called out.

and I watched

Whirrrwhirrrwhirrrclickwhirrrrrrrrr
whirrrwhirrrwhirrrclickwhirrrrrrrrr

the nothing of my nothing

go around and around

I was still and watching

I was still on my back

watching the [fan] spin

Spinning

Whirrrwhirrrwhirrrclickwhirrrrrrrrr
whirrrwhirrrwhirrrclickwhirrrrrrrrr

the nothing of my nothing

go around and around

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick

s e v e n t e e n

is a long time to wait for anything

in this dark home full of promises

¹ Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

² The Byrds — Turn! Turn! Turn! (1965)
<https://youtu.be/CHuAmsEGdGU>

V. Honeybees

Bae Ballad for the Bees



All of us have probably seen honey bees, pollinating clovers and other flowers. In fact, the piano player here, Kim, has a beehive in her own backyard where she collects honey! One beautiful thing about bees is that they all have their own special job within their community. For example, if a worker bee finds food close by, they return to the hive and do a “Round Dance” for the group.



If another finds food a little further away, that bee does a “Waggle Dance.” While bees communicate with their dances, many believe that they understand words of the people that live near their homes. In fact, this story is about a young lady whose partner is leaving her home. She shares the story to the bees, but most importantly, she pleads, “Please don’t go bees!” and promises to take care of them. Do you have any big news that you’d share with bees?

V. Honeybees

Bae Ballad for the Bees

So we were once told...

through the smoke
a soft murmur
gives form
incense of needles
slow with honey
the voice sings
that we stay

*Stay home, pretty bees.
Don't go. Don't go.*

*Oh, my poor little Bae,
bees and the butterflies
drinking tears at his eyes
o'er in the meadow
crying: love me.*

*Hushabye pretty bees,
stay home don't go.*

*Nothing so sweet o'er
in that far meadow,
Save your dance cards
for a Round. A Round.
And nobody knows nothing,
only stay home.*

for I left my Bae. I wouldn't leave my Home.



*Don't leave with the Bae, bees.
Miss' will take care o'thee.*

*Don't leave with the Bae, bees.
Miss' will take care o'thee.*

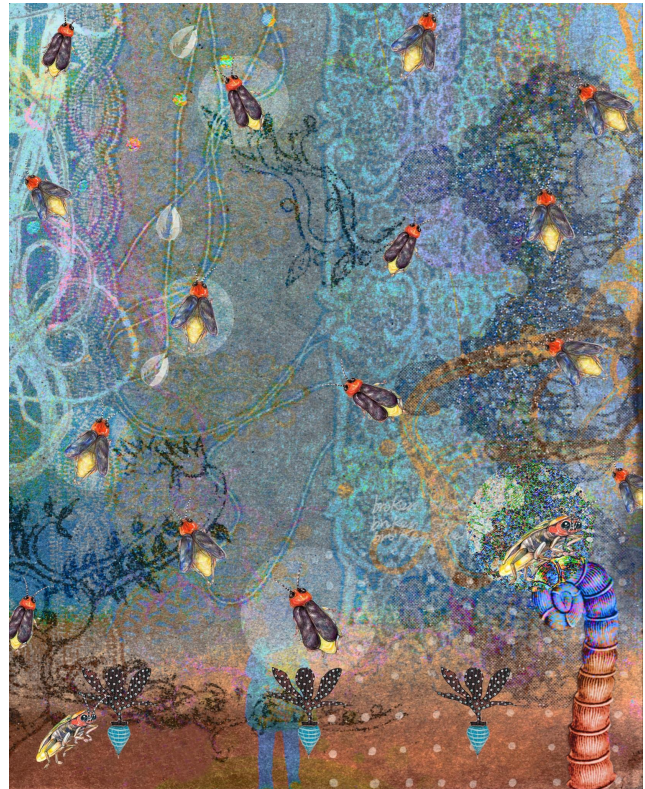
we think we know her
the lines on her skin
sweet mead breath
draping ribbons o'er our frame
the veil is thin
ghostly in her shape

what was the song she sang?
a dream in a bonnet?
small cakes at the doorway
the house has been ricked



VI. Frogs and Fireflies

Bo Moon Sa 보문사



Haran was born and raised in Seoul, a big city. “I remember seeing fireflies when I went to my grandmother’s house in the countryside. When I was a little girl, there was no electricity, only my grandmother’s house, no neighbors. I remember going to her house with my two-year-old older brother and seeing frogs, locusts, and fireflies. Years later, my grandmother ended up selling her home to Buddhist Monks.

I really wanted to revisit that place where I had a lot of childhood memories. I finally went there almost 30 years later. I saw and visited the beautiful temple. I saw a little pond and lotus and frogs. The temple is named, ‘Bo moon sa.’ ”



VI. Frogs and Fireflies

Bo Moon Sa 보문사

Dreaming (of) myself
I open my eyes

My voice
comes to me

kaegul kaegul

singing
chords thrumming

a language
repeating itself

a code deciphered

I didn't know
Joy in my body

until it said
my name

so it is

in this warm air
and I leapt

my body leaving
a wake

of ripples

never mind
what is below

alight only with
now

what is before me

