





**VANTAGE POINT**, a poem by Corinna Schroeder

Each day an iteration of salt-wind  
and song and this window frame

through which dawn comes,  
flushing the sky. I find my own

cheek creased with sleep. I find  
my body tangled in white sheets

and alone. Up here, surrounded  
by the dark windows of concrete

high-rises, the unfinished shells  
of buildings hoisted higher.

This city wakes full. And where are you? (**Wa anta weinak?**) [Arabic for “And where are you?”]  
I see myself already in the hazy light  
of noon at the window’s ledge,

the star-tops of palm trees exploding  
below as the holy are summoned

again. I cannot leave this view,  
in love with the hope of a horizon.

How many women have waited  
for a figure to appear over a distant

lip, the sail of a ship? At noon, the sea  
will lap its tongue against ten thousand

feet. At noon, through this window,  
the sea will blend white with the sky.

Anything could appear, even you. (**Embayn kila'le, hata inta.**) [Arabic for “Anything could appear, even you”]

**PROGRAM NOTE**

Lately I have become enamored with the microtonal inflections of Arabic folk music and the possibility of incorporating their encompassing scale material in the context of western classical music. This idea works in tandem with Corinna Schroeder’s poem “Vantage Point,” which tells the story of a woman yearning for her lover from her window during a call for prayer.























