Don't write to me if you are married or over fifty; don't write to me if you equate sophistication with the city; learn poco a poco cresc. e accel. 

Don't write to me if you are the sort who would exile smokers, if you can't stand cat hair, are weary of wrinkles, wa-
But if in the night you ache for a real, whole woman,

write to me, write to me, write to me, to me.
Don't Write to Me

New York Review of Books Box 7927

Joelle Wallach

poco a poco cresc. e accel.

Don't write to me if you are married or over fifty; don't write to me if you equate sophistication with the city; learn ing with degrees, success with acquisitions. Don't write to me if you are the sort who would exile smokers, if you can't stand cat hair, are weary of wrinkles, wa...
ry of time, or otherwise think that perfection is due you, don't write to me.

But if in the night you ache for a real, whole woman, write to me, write to me, write to me, to me.
The Chinese Handcuff

Joelle Wallach

Madeline Tiger

**Voice**

Mournfully \( \frac{d}{= 60} \)

Bass Clarinet

in B♭

Love grows faint, love grows faint holding the

Chinese handcuff, between two, becomes thin,

becoming the two fingers, still stronger both captive and captor. The rafi-a tightens.

Love grows faint, love grows faint, love grows faint, love grows faint,
The Chinese Handcuff

Madeline Tiger

Mournfully \( j = 60 \)

Joelle Wallach

Voice

Clarinet/Saxophone in B♭

Love grows faint, love grows faint holding the

Chinese handcuff, between two, becomes thin,

becoming the two fingers, still stronger both captive and captor. The raf-fi-a tightens.

Love grows faint, love grows faint, love grows faint, ossia 8va

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The Chinese Handcuff

Madeline Tiger

Voice

Clarinet/Saxophone concert pitch

Mournfully \( \frac{q}{4} = 60 \)

Love grows faint, love grows faint holding the

Chinese handcuff, between two, becomes thin,

becoming the two fingers, still stronger both captive and

captor. The raffia tightens. Love grows faint, love grows faint, love grows faint,

love grows faint, love grows faint.

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swallows itself like a snake given a week, days go into a tailspin; thin spiral of time consumes itself as if tubercular.
Fire in a snake's eyes is wisdom fed,
knowing that time's
s
so easily eaten alive.

molto rit.
Time Feeds on Itself

Madeline Tiger

Voice

Clarinet/Saxophone in B♭

\[ q = 90 \]

Time swallows itself like a snake given a week, days

go into a tail spin; thin spiral of
time consumes itself as if tubercular.

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Fire in a snake's eyes is wisdom fed,

knowing that time's so easily

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molto rit.