

THE CENTRAL FLORIDA COMPOSERS FORUM and the TIMUCUA ARTS FOUNDATION

present



CENTRAL FLORIDA
**COMPOSERS
FORUM**

2000 S. Summerlin Ave.
Orlando, FL 32806

2025 Composer's DIY Salon Concert

Sunday September 28th 7:30 pm

NEW MUSIC BY

Alex Burtzos
Nate Chivers
Troy Gifford
Kristi Ouellette
Mark Piszczek
Paul Austin Sanders



featuring performances by

Nate Chivers, Éline Corriveau, Samantha Barnes Daniel, Emily Heumann,
Yun-Ling Hsu, Heather Langs, Kristi Ouellette, Maria Pikoula, Paul Austin Sanders,
and Jessica Hall Speak.

TIMUCUA ARTS FOUNDATION
2000 S. SUMMERLIN AVENUE, ORLANDO, FL 32806
SEPTEMBER 28, 2025 7:30 PM

THE CENTRAL FLORIDA COMPOSERS' FORUM AND THE TIMUCUA ARTS FOUNDATION
PRESENT

The 2025 Composer's DIY Salon Concert

featuring Nate Chivers (electric guitar), Éline Corriveau (piano), Samantha Barnes Daniel (soprano), Emily Humanness (mezzo-soprano), Yun-Ling Hsu (piano), Heather Langs (piano), Kristi Ouellette (soprano and piano), Maria Pikoula (piano), Paul Austin Sanders (guitar), and Jessica Hall Speak (clarinet).

(pre-concert)

PAUL AUSTIN SANDERS

Unfolding One At A Time

(Paul Austin Sanders, electronics)

TROY GIFFORD

Taqsim

(Maria Pikoula, piano)

KRISTI OUELLETTE

Compensation (I Should Be Glad of Loneliness)

(text by Sara Teasdale)

(Kristi Ouellette, soprano; Heather Langs, piano)

Melancholy

(Kristi Ouellette, piano)

ALEX BURTZOS

Senescence *(text by Chrissy Kolaya)*

I.

II.

III.

(Samantha Barnes Daniel, *soprano*; Jessica Hall Speak,
clarinet, Yun-Lin Hsu, *piano*)

PAUL AUSTIN SANDERS

Étude for Guitar

(Paul Austin Sanders, *guitar*)

MARK PISZCZEK

Three Songs to Poems by Vicente Huidobro

I. Days and Nights

II. Horizonte

III. The Water Mirror

(Emily Heumann, *mezzo-soprano*; Éline Corriveau,
piano)

NATE CHIVERS

Reticence

Windsor Jambs

Live Oak

(Nate Chivers, *electric guitar*)

(*post-concert:*)

PAUL AUSTIN SANDERS

The Galactic Rim

(Paul Austin Sanders, *electronics*)

Compensation (I Should Be Glad of Loneliness)

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.

—Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

Senescence

I.
A triangle of sunlight
falls across the floor—

a spot of warmth
the dog seeks out
in her twilight years.
An arc of light over fur
rising and falling in sleep.

In her dream
the squirrels
are slow-moving
and dimwitted;
she catches them all
easily, one
after another.

II.

The sky glows
as the sun sinks,
car dusted yellow with pollen.

Bike tires crunch
through gravel-lined gutters.
On the street, the warmth of
asphalt under flip-flops.

The click and shiver of sprinklers,
the tomato-plant smell
of water on hot cement.

Soon the fireflies,
the cicadas' electric hum.

Soon the sound
of each father's whistle,
calling us home.

III.
Propped against the wall,
frame nestled into frame,
paintings that hung
in the old house:

Tulips iris daffodils
bloom
from the warm,
wet earth.

A trickle of water on sand,
left by the retreating tide.

Dappled sunlight dances
on water,
lobster boats
just offshore.

Try to imagine the house
as it is now:

hallways empty and silent.

Try to imagine the house as it is now:

hallways empty and silent.

Behind

closed doors,

a slow

inhale

and exhale of sleep.

What pictures hang,

here and there

a bit uneven?

Whose hand--

sunlit--

reaches

to right them?

Whose hand--

moonlit--

reaches to nudge them?

askew again,

aligned

with some other measure,

some other sense

of what is level,
some other understanding
of the world?

Días y noches te he buscado

(Days and nights I've searched for you

Días y noches te he buscado
Sin encontrar el sitio en donde cantas
Te he buscado por el tiempo arriba y por
el río abajo
Te has perdido entre las lágrimas

*Days and nights I've searched for you
Without finding the place where you sing
I've searched for you up and down the
river
You've lost yourself in tears*

Noches y noches te he buscado
Sin encontrar el sitio en donde lloras
Porque yo sé que estás llorando
Me basta con mirarme en un espejo
Para saber que estás llorando y me has
llorado

*Nights and nights I've searched for you
Without finding the place where you cry
Because I know you're crying
It's enough for me to look in a mirror
To know that you're crying and that
you've cried for me*

Sólo tú salvas el llanto
Y de mendigo oscuro
Lo haces rey coronado por tu mano.

*Only you save the tears
And from the dark beggar
You make him a king, crowned by your
hand)*

Horizonte

Pasar el horizonte envejecido
Y mirar en el fondo de los sueños
La estrella que palpita
Eras tan hermosa
que no pudiste hablar
Yo me alejé
pero llevo en la mano
Aquel cielo nativo
Con un sol gastado
Esta tarde
en un café
he bebido
Un licor tembloroso
Como un pescado rojo
Y otra vez en el vaso escondido
Ese sueño filial
Eras tan hermosa
que no pudiste hablar
En tu pecho agonizaba
Eran verdes tus ojos
pero yo me alejaba
Eras tan hermosa
que aprendí a cantar

(Horizon

*Passing the Aging Horizon
And look into the depths of dreams
The star that beats
You were so beautiful
You couldn't talk
I walked away
But I carry it in my hand
That native sky
With a spent sun
This evening
in a café
I've been drinking
A trembling liquor
Like a red fish
And again in the hidden glass
That filial dream
You were so beautiful
You couldn't talk
In your chest I was dying
Your eyes were green
But I was moving away
You were so beautiful
That I learned to sing)*

EL ESPEJO DE AGUA

Mi espejo, corriente por las noches,
Se hace arroyo y se aleja de mi cuarto.

Mi espejo, más profundo que el orbe
Donde todos los cisnes se ahogaron.

Es un estanque verde en la muralla
Y en medio duerme tu desnudez
anclada.

Sobre sus olas, bajo cielos sonámbulos,
Mis ensueños se alejan como barcos.

De pie en la popa siempre me veréis
cantando.

Una rosa secreta se hincha en mi pecho
Y un ruiseñor ebrio aletea en mi dedo.

— Vicente Huidobro (1893-1948)

(The Water Mirror

*My mirror, ordinary at night,
It becomes a stream and moves away
from my room.*

*My mirror, deeper than the orb
Where all the swans drowned.*

*It's a green pond in the wall
And in the middle your anchored
nakedness sleeps.*

*On its waves, under sleepwalking skies,
My dreams recede like ships.*

*Standing in the stern you will always see
me singing*

*A secret rose swells in my chest
And a drunken nightingale flutters on my
finger.)*



The **Central Florida Composers' Forum** (CF2) is an organization of composers and new music practitioners dedicated to the proposition that a thriving local arts scene makes a city an infinitely better place to live. CF2 strives to be part of a larger cultural conversation where the musical, visual, and other performing arts connect with audiences through innovative music programming, vital collaborations, and multidisciplinary performances that aim not just to reach audiences but to move them.

<https://cfcomposers.org/>



Our mission is to inspire with transformative, world-class performances, education, and artist support in a warm and inviting atmosphere.

www.timucua.com

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