TRANQUILLAMENTE

Sounds Between the Noise

Sheet Music & Poetry Companion

Poems drawn from
Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

Fracture & Form
matthewhaubert.art

CONTENTS

01 OPUS 1 — TRANQUILLAMENTE
02 OPUS 2 — NOCTURNE
03 LUMEN
04 NOT WHOLE
05 FADING LIGHTS
06 THE WEIGHT OF DISTANCE
07 INSPIRATION
08 OPUS 4 — AFTERNOON LULLABY
09 OPUS 12 — 2:41 AM
10 OPUS 5 — NOCTURNE OF A NIGHTMARE
11 NOCTURNE — SADNESS OF CHELSEA
12 CHROMATICISM

Each track includes the companion poem from
Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life

Opus 1 — Tranquillamente

Poem: "Insightful Times" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 11

The most astonishing thought your mind ever touched was the feeling of Love!
More powerful than the sun, deeper than the sea, last longer than space, Love.

No wonder any man has ever built can touch the feeling you get
when you stare into the eyes of love and your vision blanks but her, your body's gone.
All you feel is Love.

When the feeling is lost your body becomes tuned inside out.
You cannot eat, you cannot sleep, nor can you breathe.
The body loses function except the pain, extraneous hurt

But still the small sensation of thought and memory that sometimes,
Sometimes it can spark a flash of memory inside your mind.
It creates a free, makes your body become free
Love.

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

— Transcription Unavailable —

Sheet music for this piece was lost in a hard drive failure.

A new transcription will be made available at matthewhaubert.art

Opus 2 — Nocturne

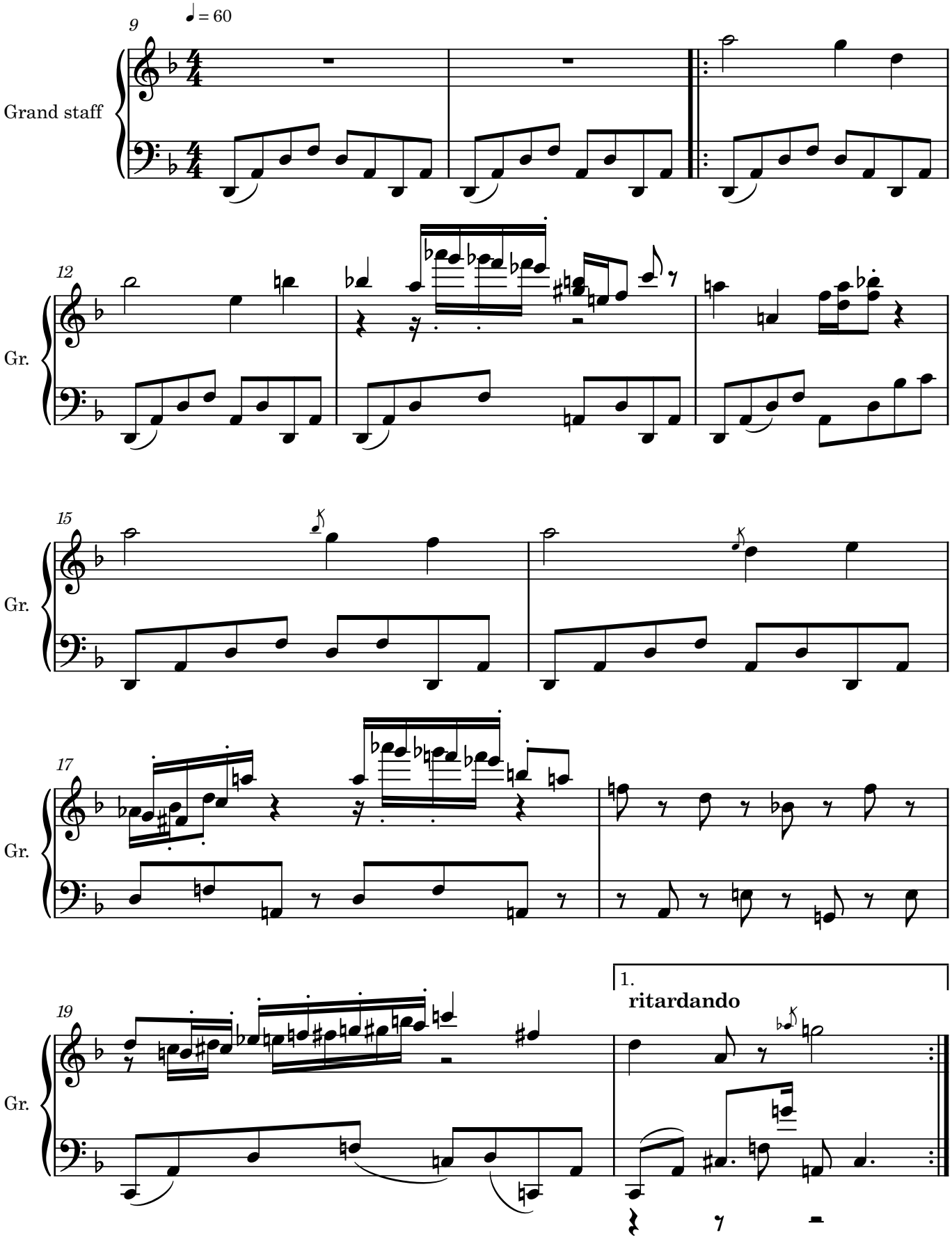
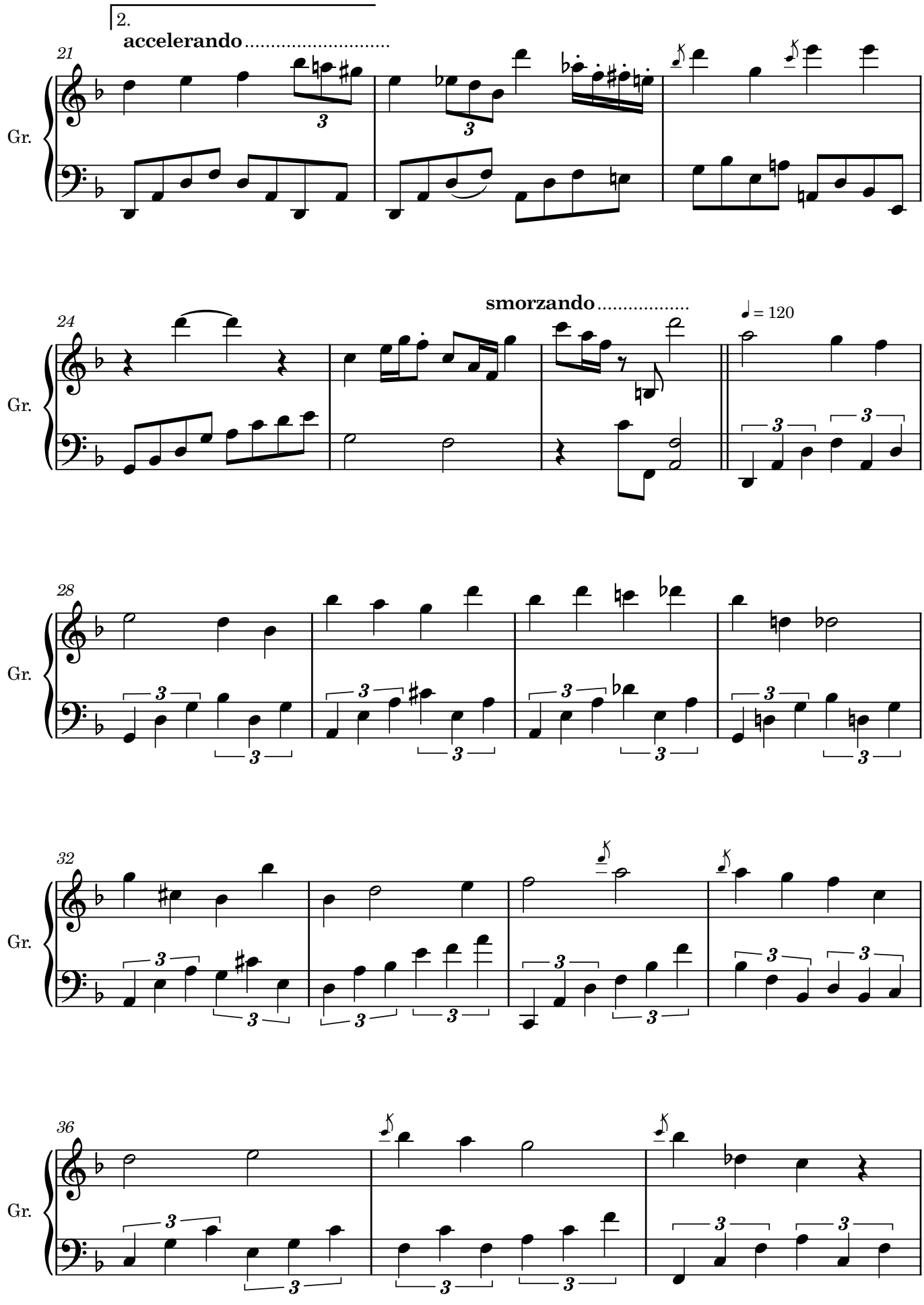
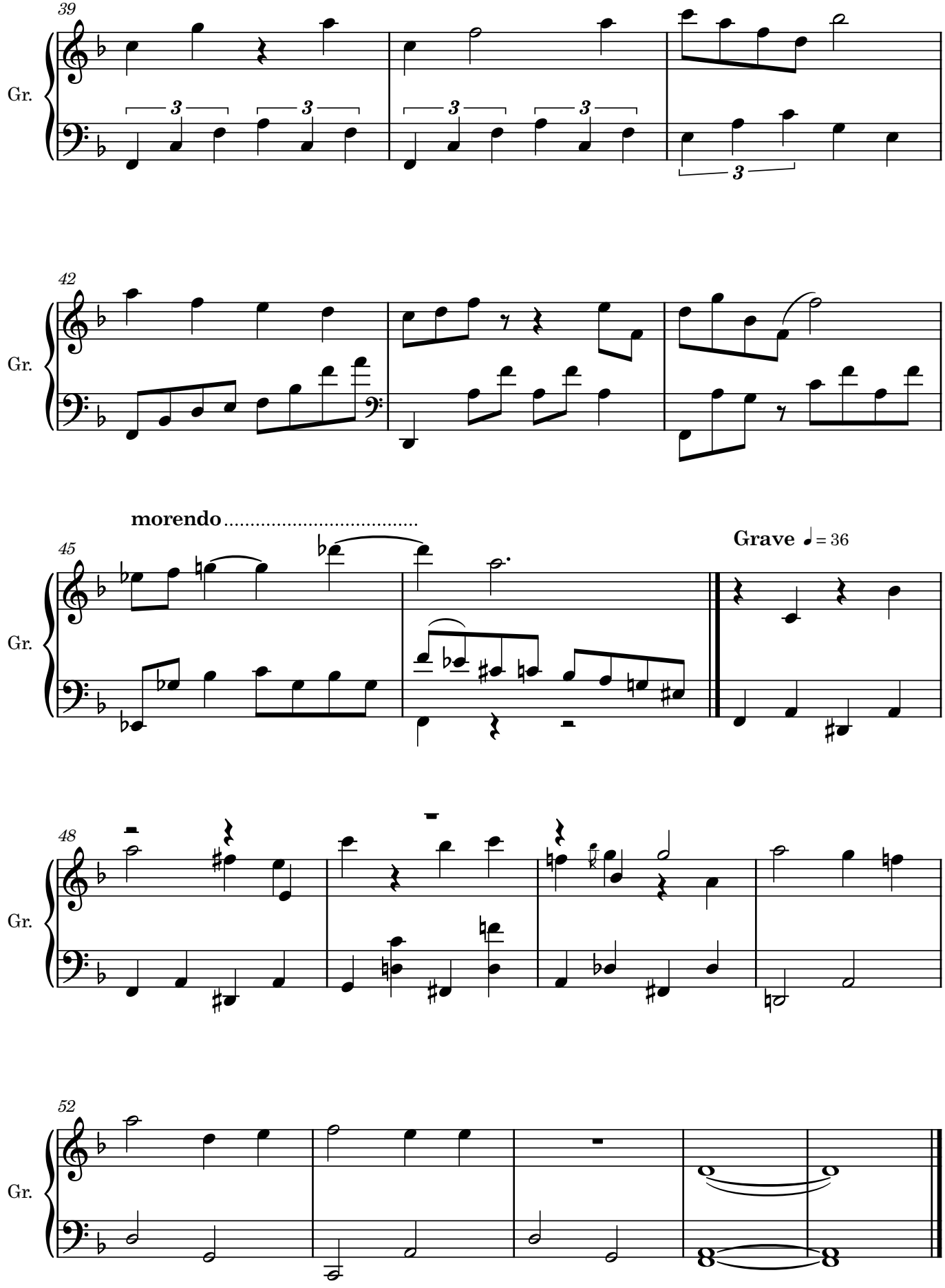
Poem: "Before" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 26

Sitting on the couch alone again,
Trying to sleep, my minds in blends,
Running in circles that cannot be controlled,
Thinking of ways to postpone the future.

Looking up, side to side realize now,
We are meant to die.
Work for you or not at all.
Happiness is gone with a wisp.

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

Opus 2 Nocturne

matthew p haubert

2.
accelerando
21
Gr.
smorzando
24
Gr.
♩ = 120
28
Gr.
32
Gr.
36
Gr.

39
Gr.
42
Gr.
morendo
45
Gr.
Grave ♩= 36
48
Gr.
52
Gr.

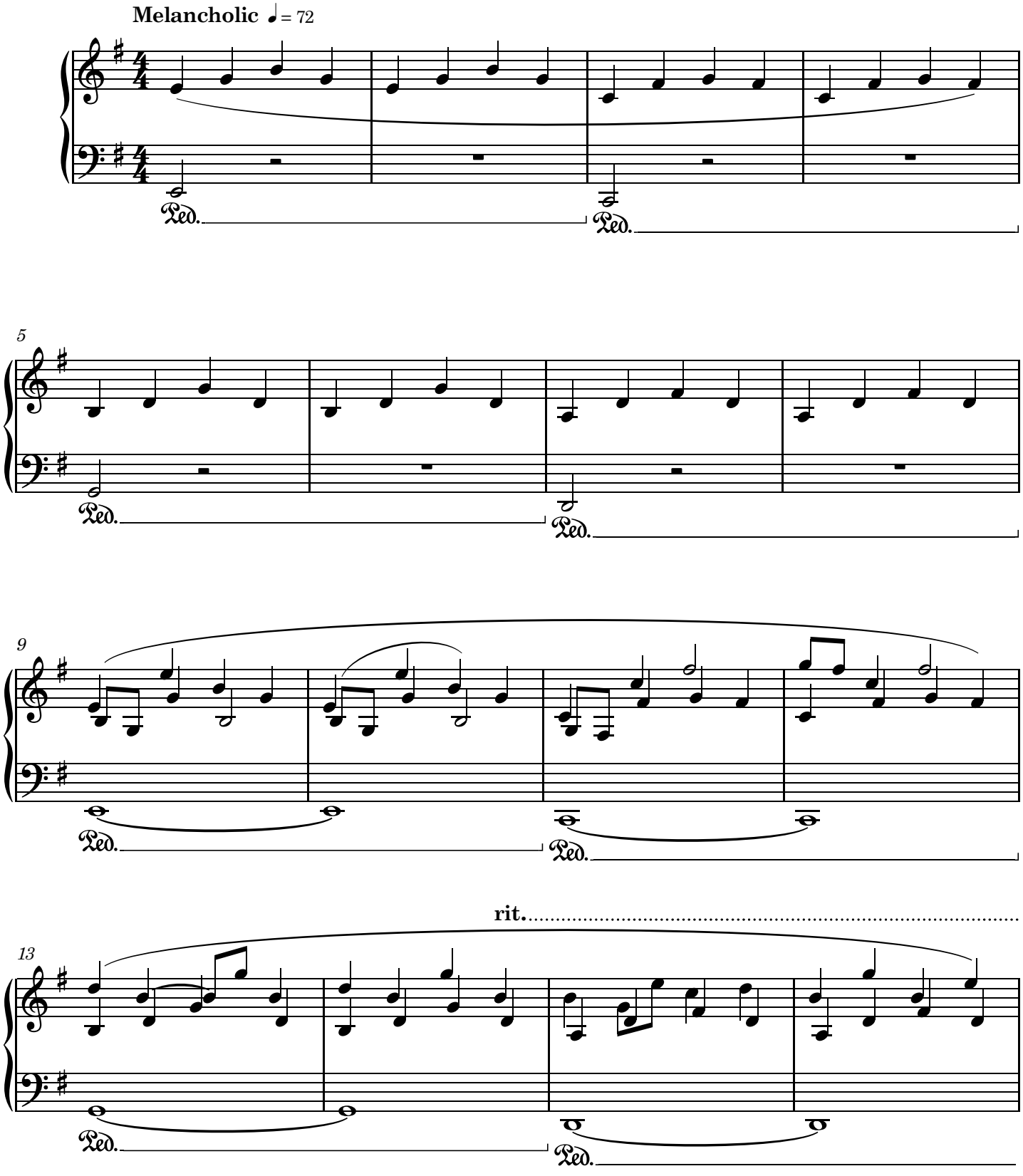
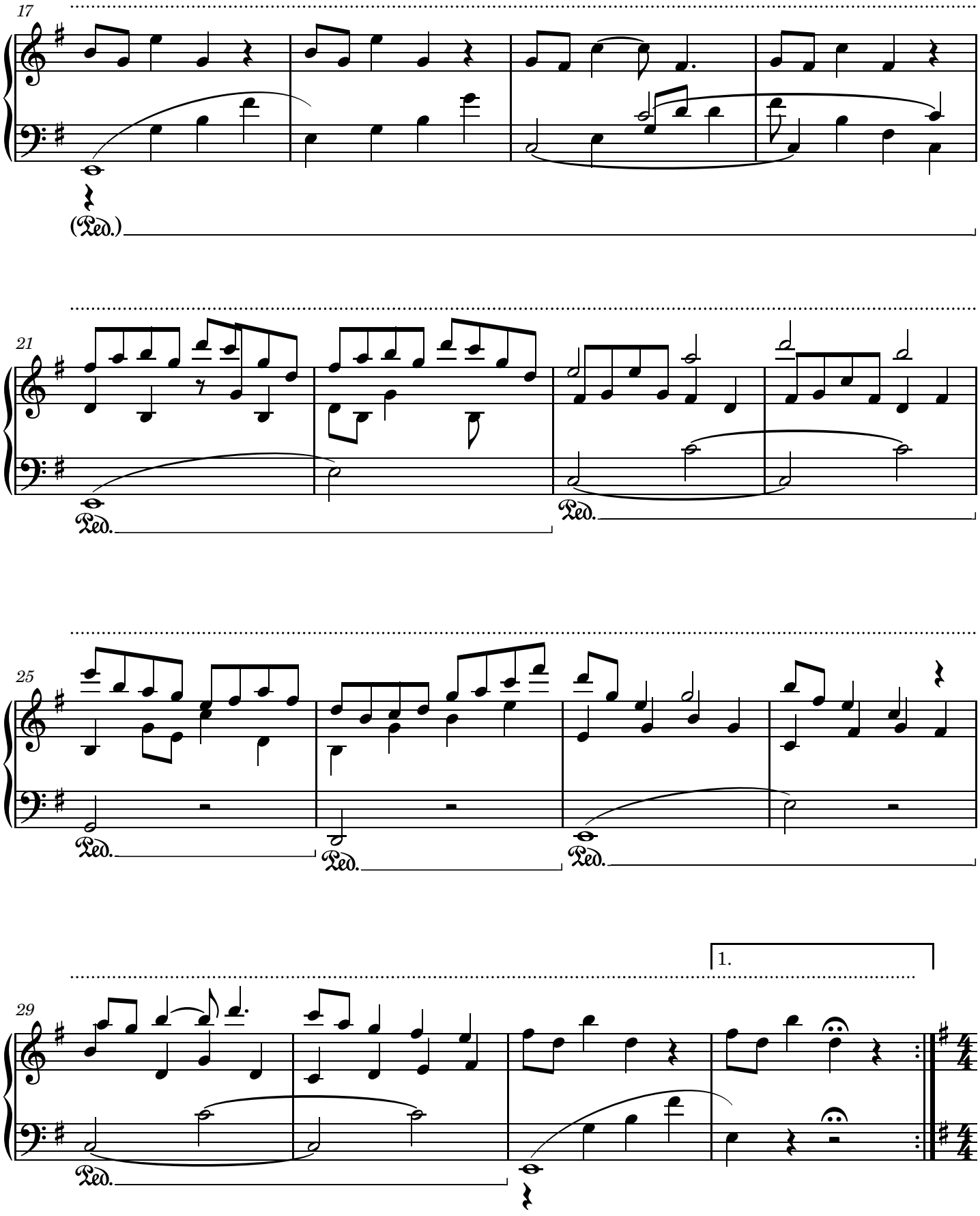
Lumen

Poem: "Quickly!" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 60

Quickly! The light,
It burns my sight,
It simply despites,
This long one night,
Quickly the light,
End my night
Quick, the light..
Quick, the light…

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

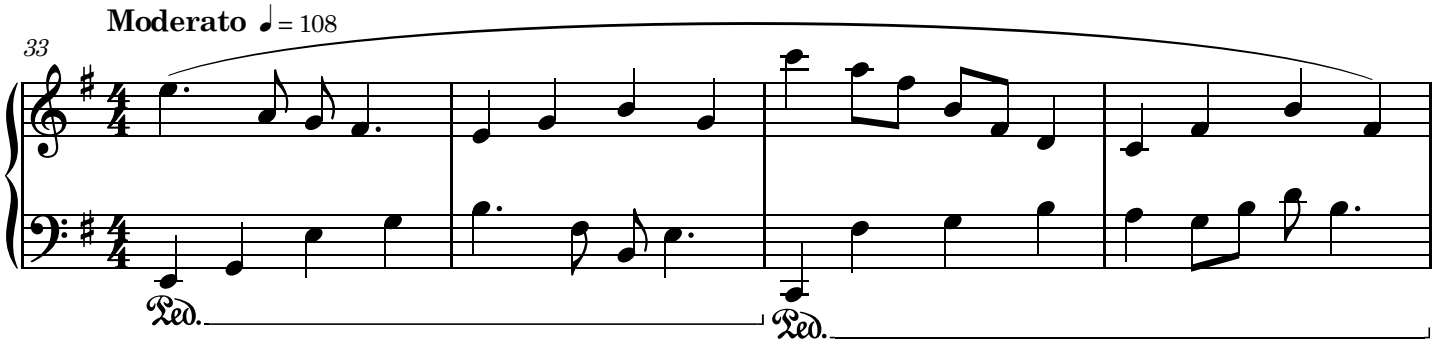
Lumen

Matthew P. Haubert

17
(Ped.)
21
Ped.
Ped.
25
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1.
29
Ped.

2.

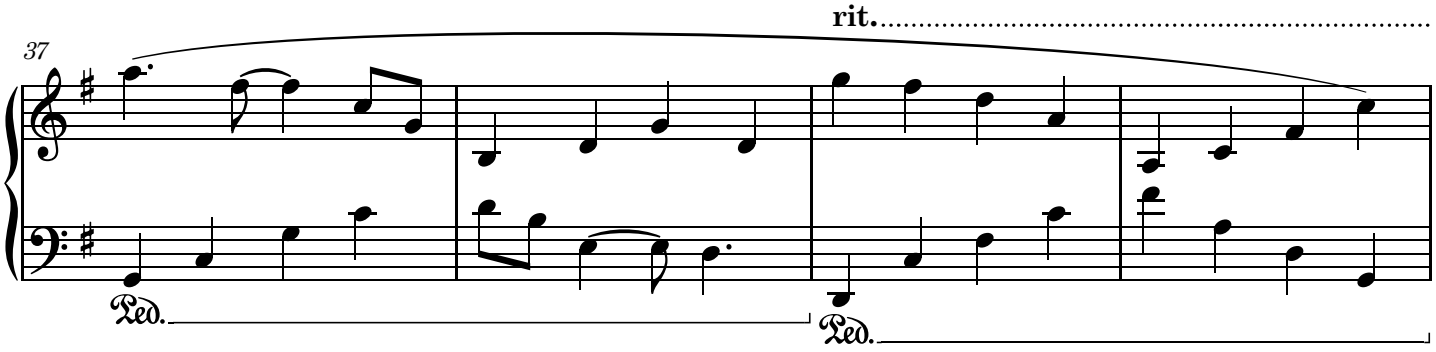
Moderato ♩ = 108

33



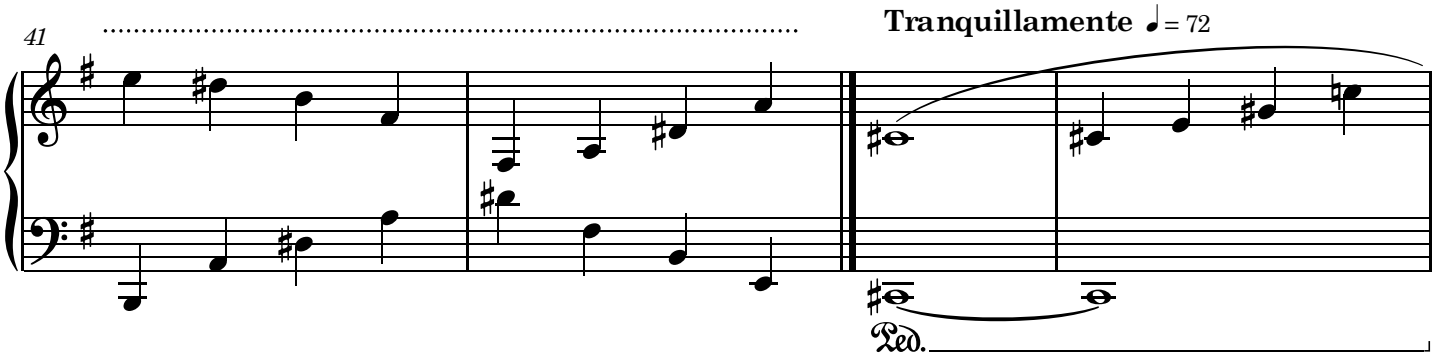
rit.

37



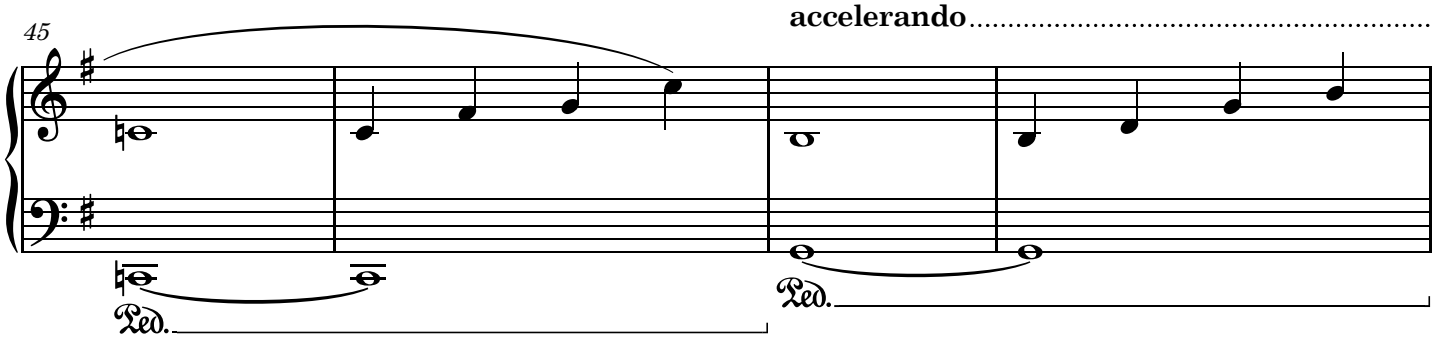
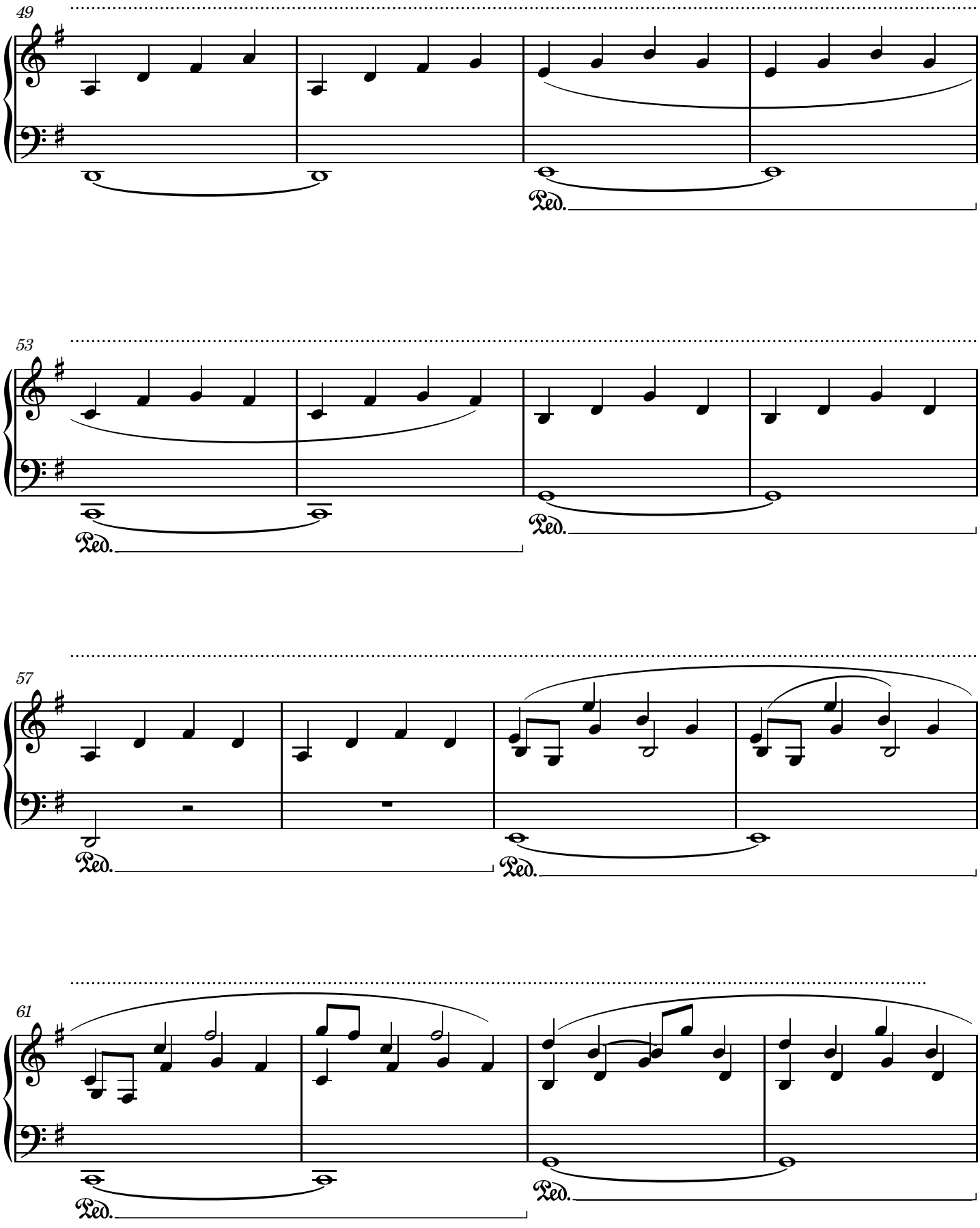
41

Tranquillamente ♩ = 72

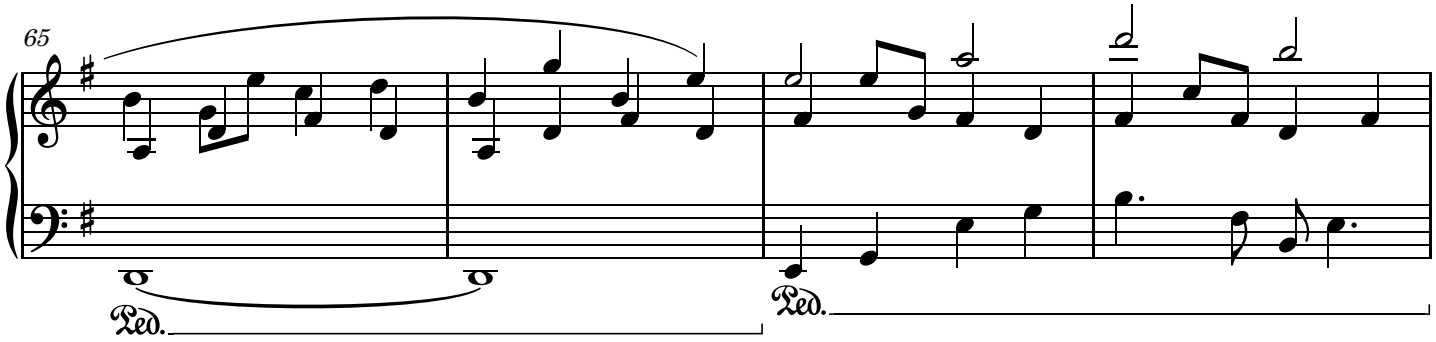


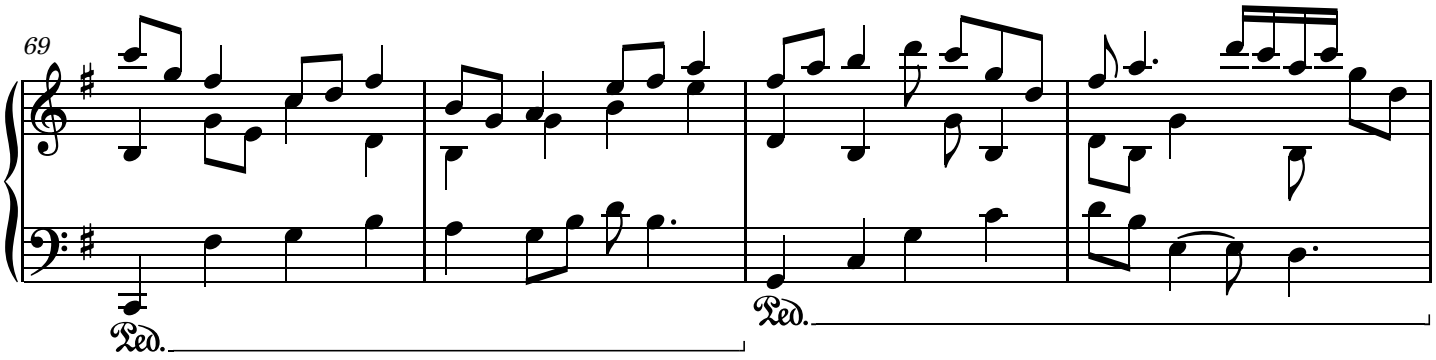
45

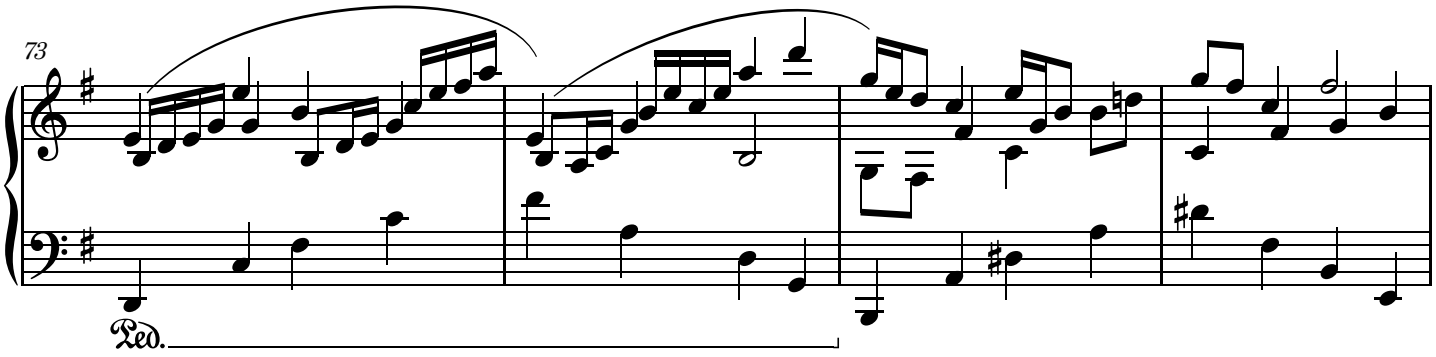
accelerando

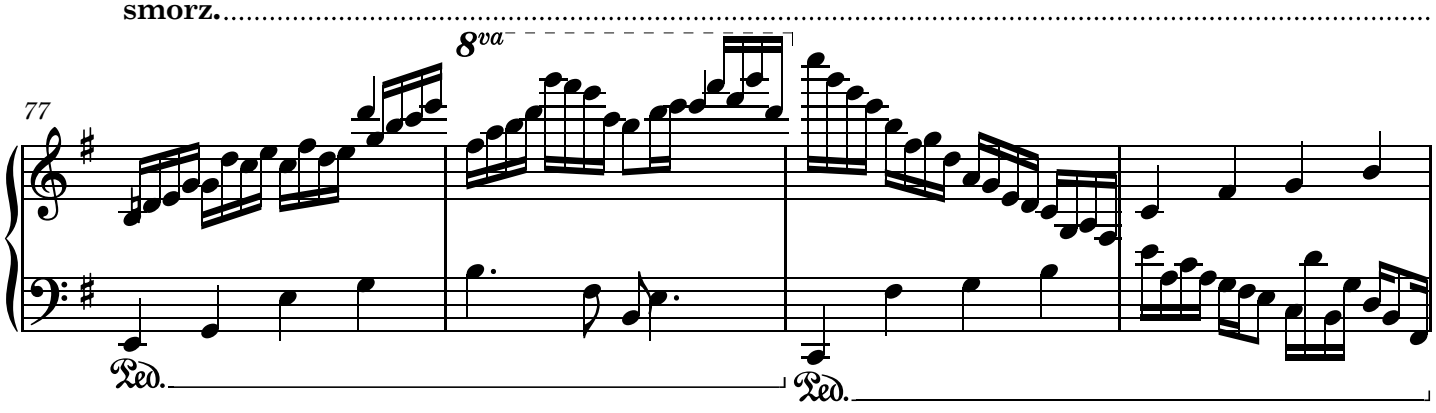


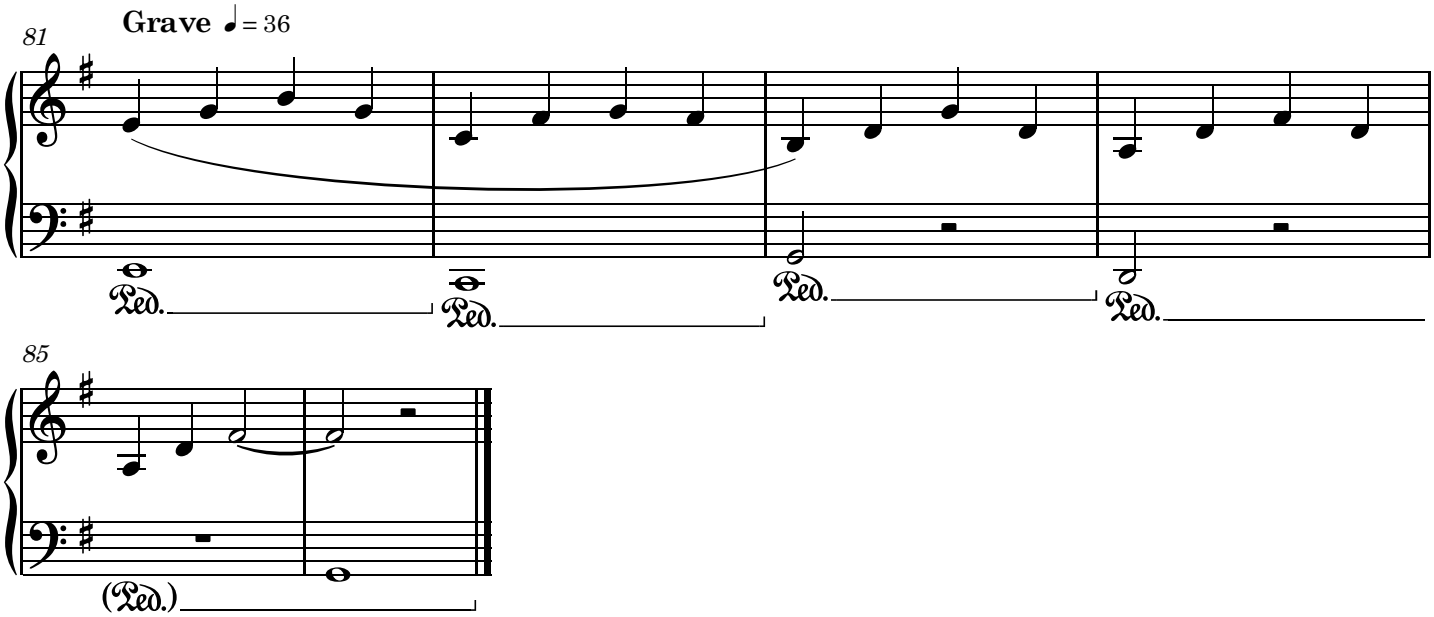
49
Ped.
53
Ped.
Ped.
57
Ped.
Ped.
61
Ped.
Ped.


65
Ped.
Ped.


69
Ped.
Ped.


73
Ped.


smorz.
8va
77
Ped.
Ped.


81
Grave ♩= 36
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

85
(Ped.)

Not Whole

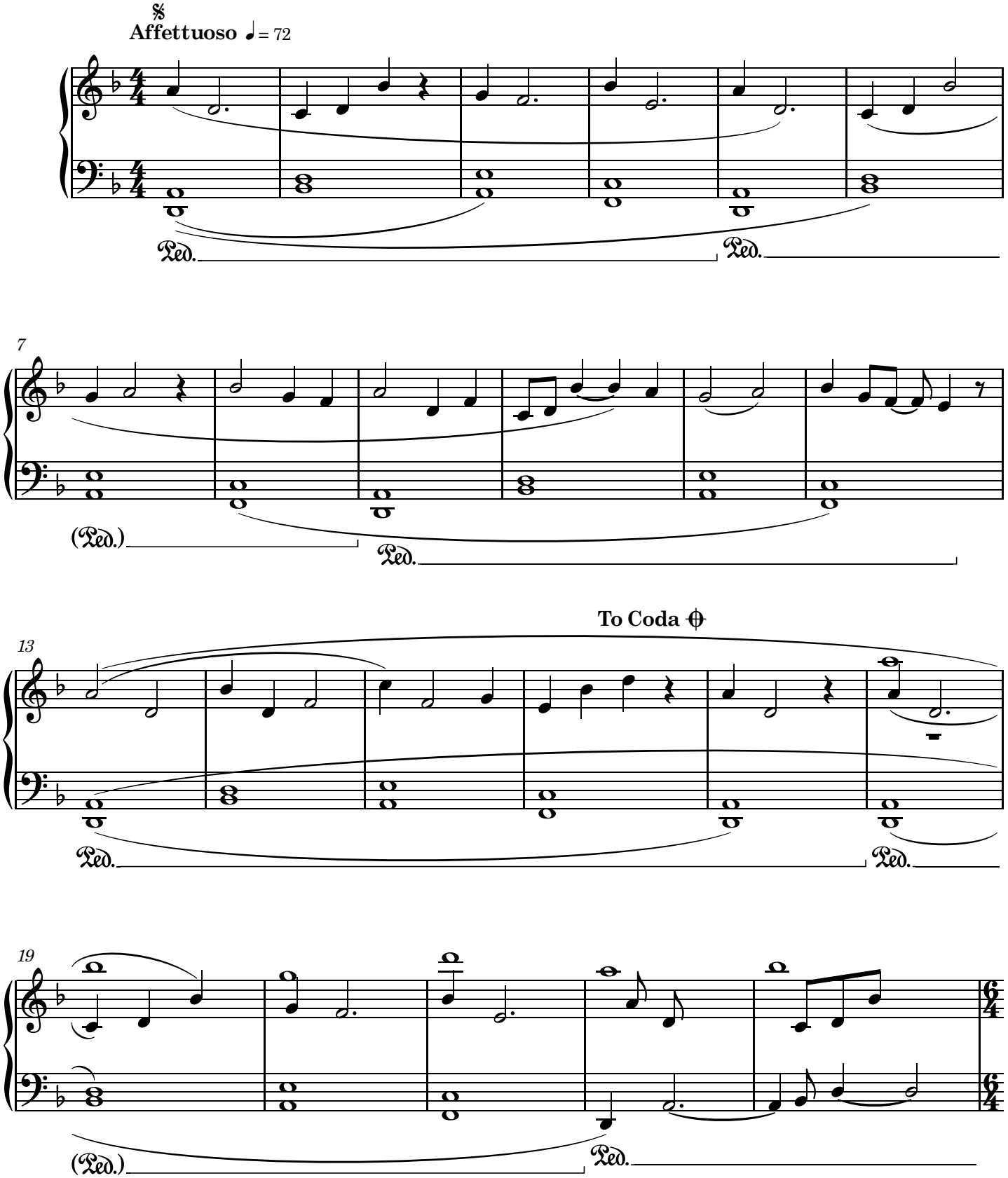
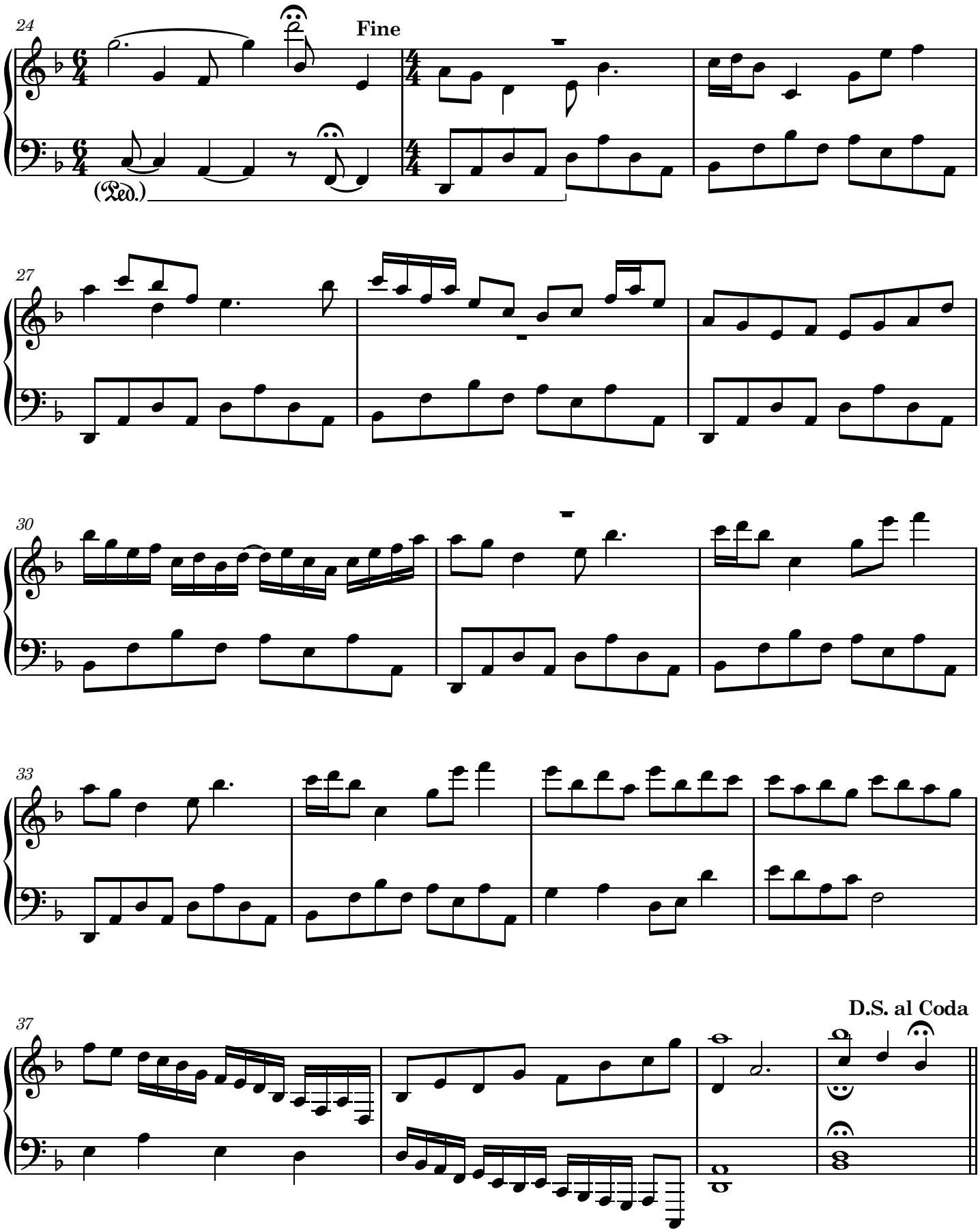
Poem: "Not Complete" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 42

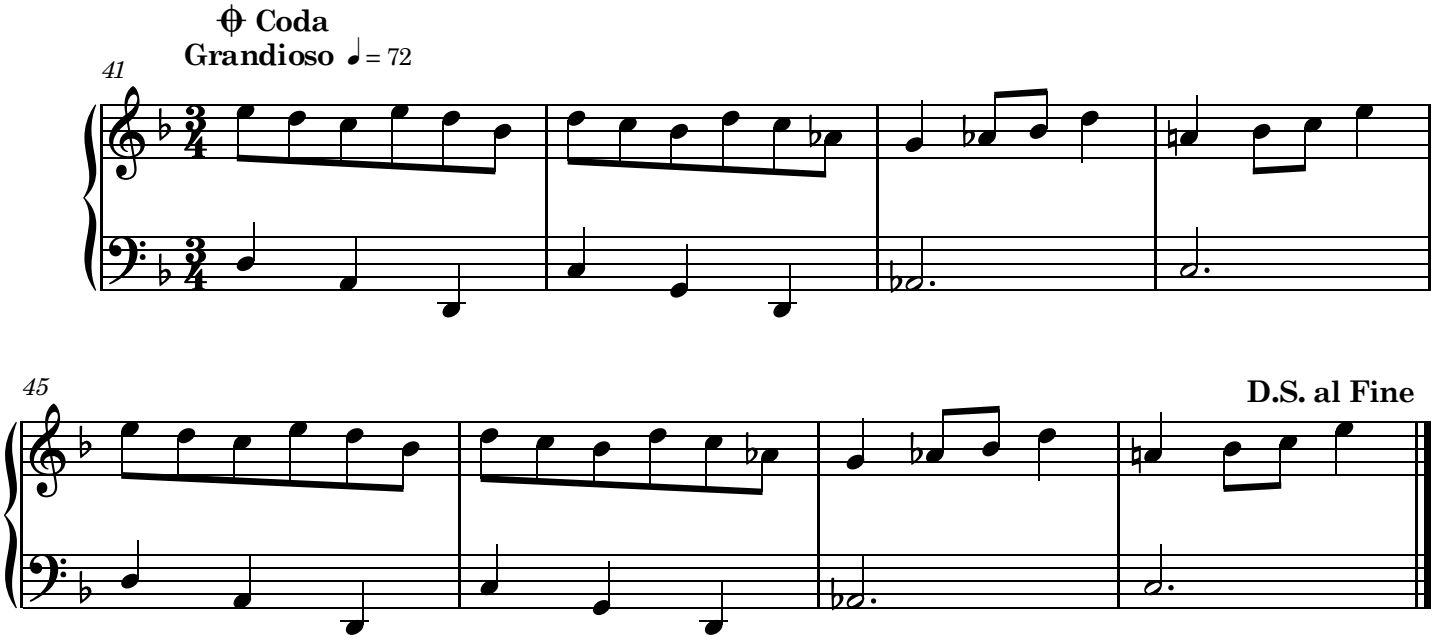
Click, Clack the sky is black
My wife has seemed to come back
Her hue controls the darkening sky,
Reminding me of her deafening lies,
Black, Dark, Hateful sky.
I can see her smooth curves,
I can hear her lying words.
Her fake catlike black eyes,
Curious, slanted, leaving me to sigh.
Get out of my eyes, and rid this dark sky!

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

Not Whole

Matthew Paul Haubert



24
Fine
(Ped.)
27
30
33
37
D.S. al Coda

Coda
Grandioso ♩= 72
41

45
D.S. al Fine

Fading Lights

Poem: "Misty Morning" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 12

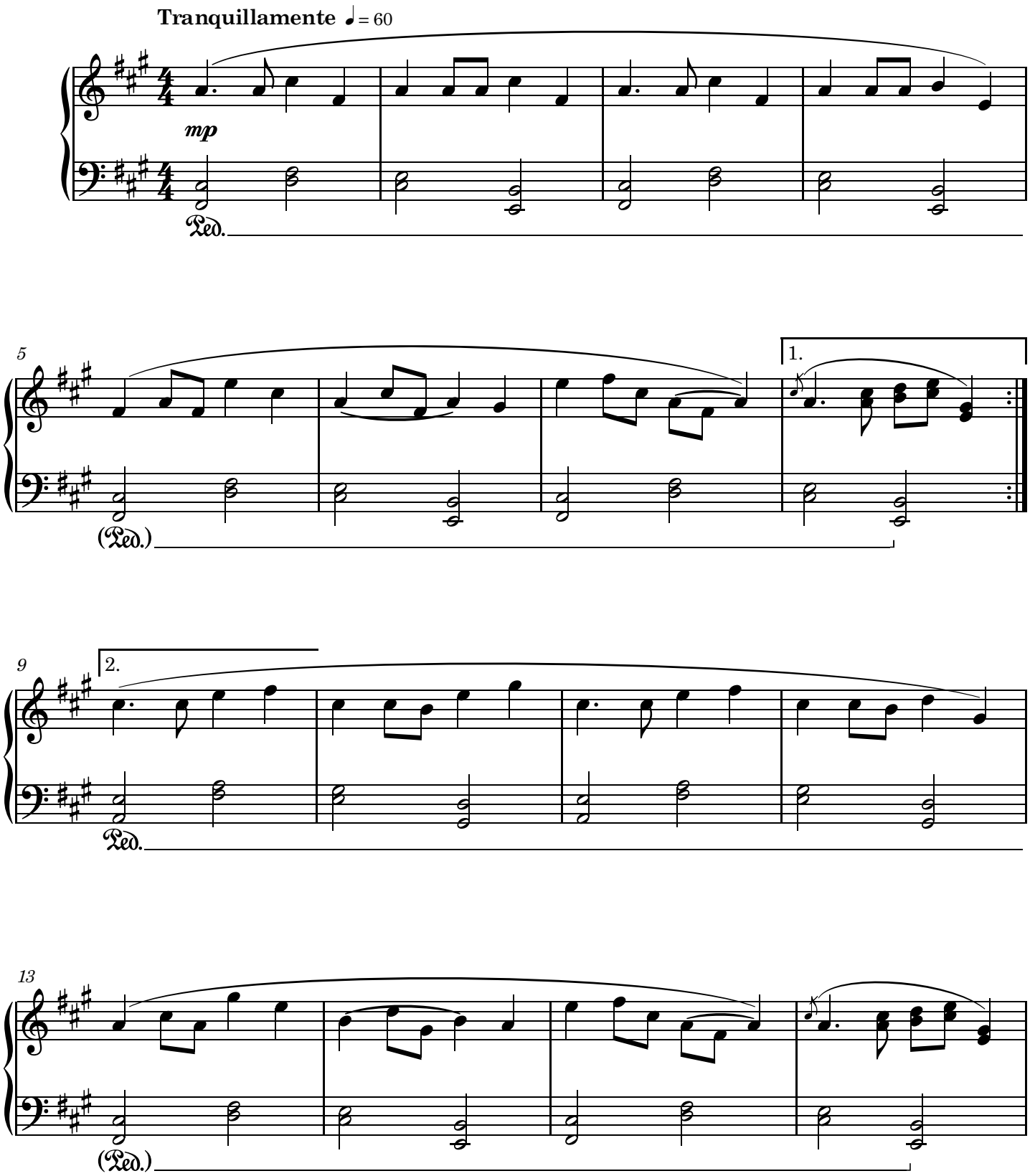
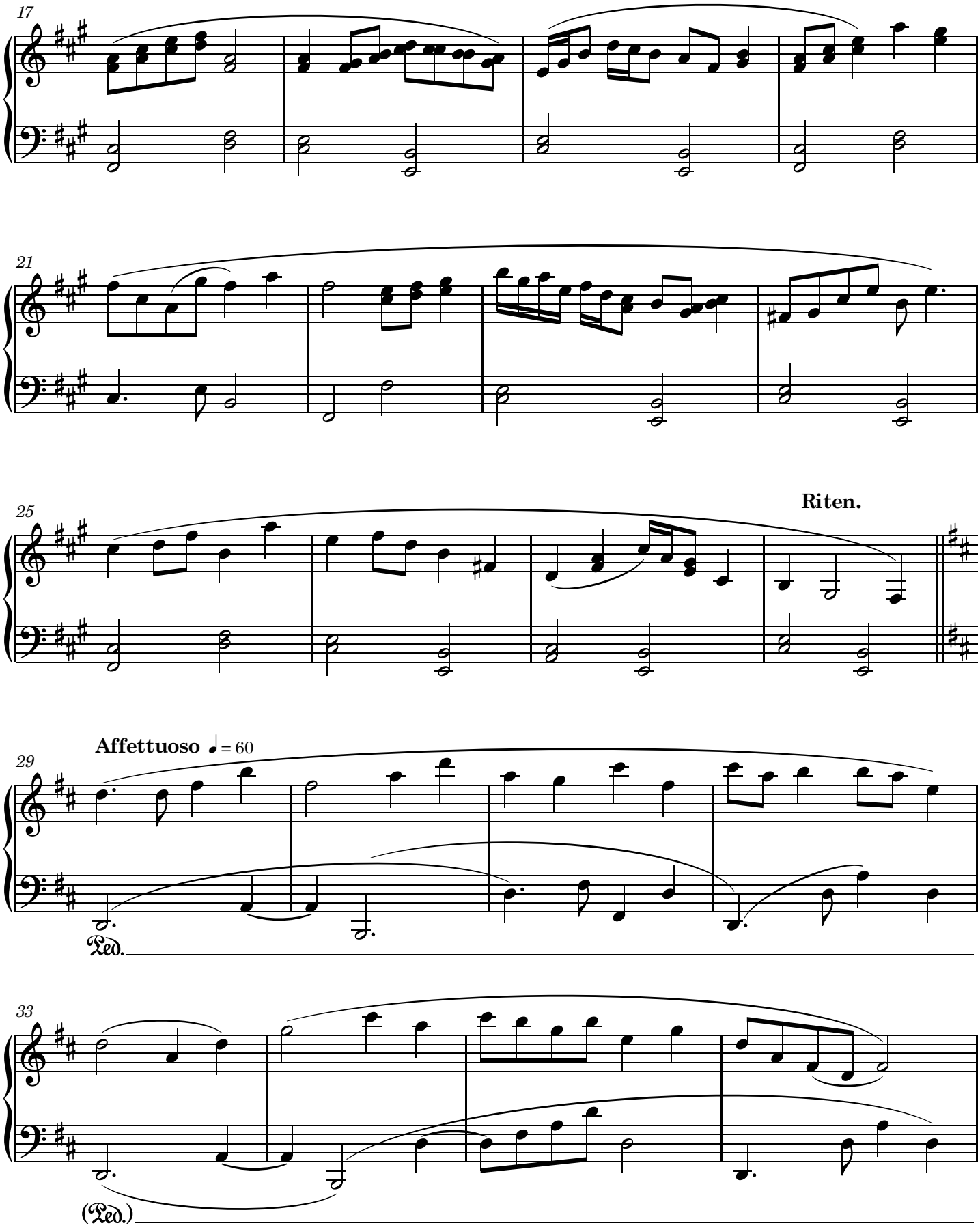
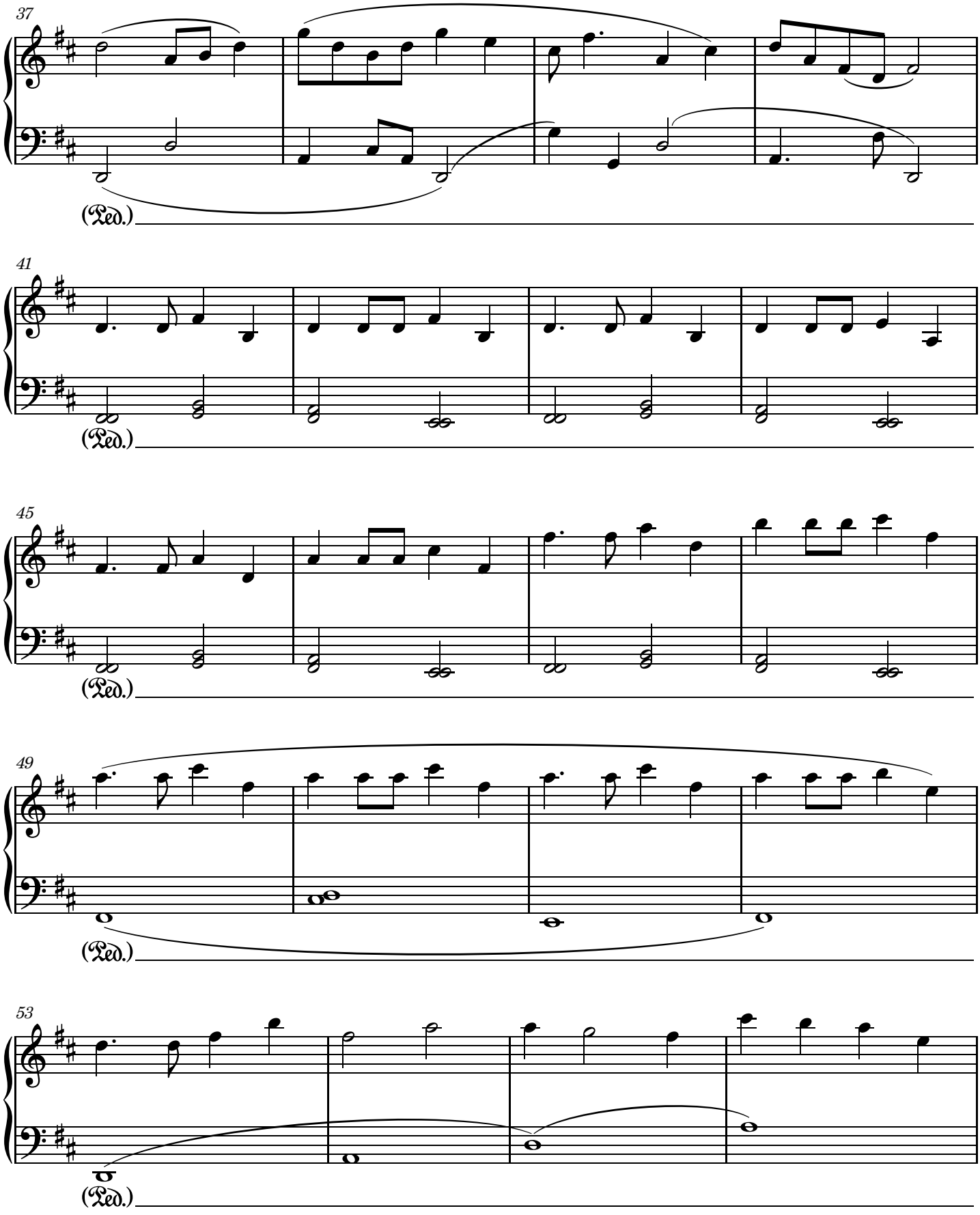
Wake at dawn silence peaks far,
Between the blinds comes a misty fog,
One which shines from the heavens dawn,
From beneath the roofs of the farmers' lawn.

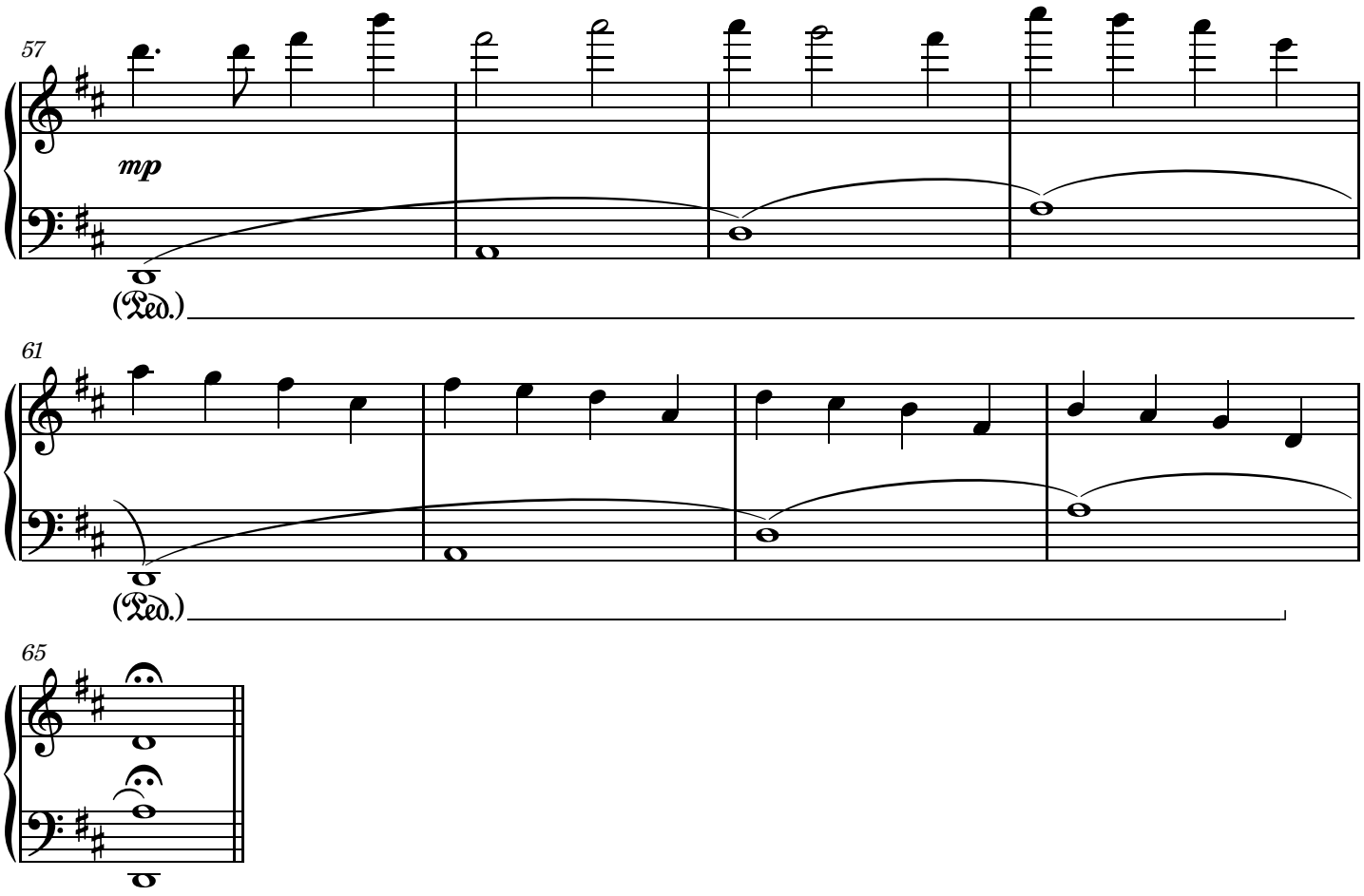
Into the holes which lie beneath,
To visit the souls who cannot weep,
Torment the ones who lost all hope,
With the calm breeze of misty fog.

When will I lie beneath this fog,
Along with the souls in depths of anger,
Or will I leave with the rainy dawn of the fog.
At the top of the sky in the mist and depth,
Where will I be, atop the fog? Or beneath the fog.

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

fading lights

matthew p. haubert

17
21
25
Riten.
Affettuoso ♩= 60
29
Ped.
33
(Ped.)

37
(Ped.)
41
(Ped.)
45
(Ped.)
49
(Ped.)
53
(Ped.)


57
mp
(Ped.)
61
(Ped.)
65

The Weight of Distance

Poem: "This Is the End of Our Roads" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 37

We didn't end the way we thought it would,
Life's theft stole our future.
We lost our love through the same old arguments,
More and more of the same, over so many dates.

I turned my back on you, so you traveled the train to a new world,
Left behind our script on the table, found a new path to take around the world.

Sometimes I still don't get how we ran away from our Sunday
morning promises that always came, always after each week's feuds.
We just left it behind, never really tried.

A road never paved, only freshly laid foundation,
We'll never know what it will look like finished freshly
shining in the summer's haze.

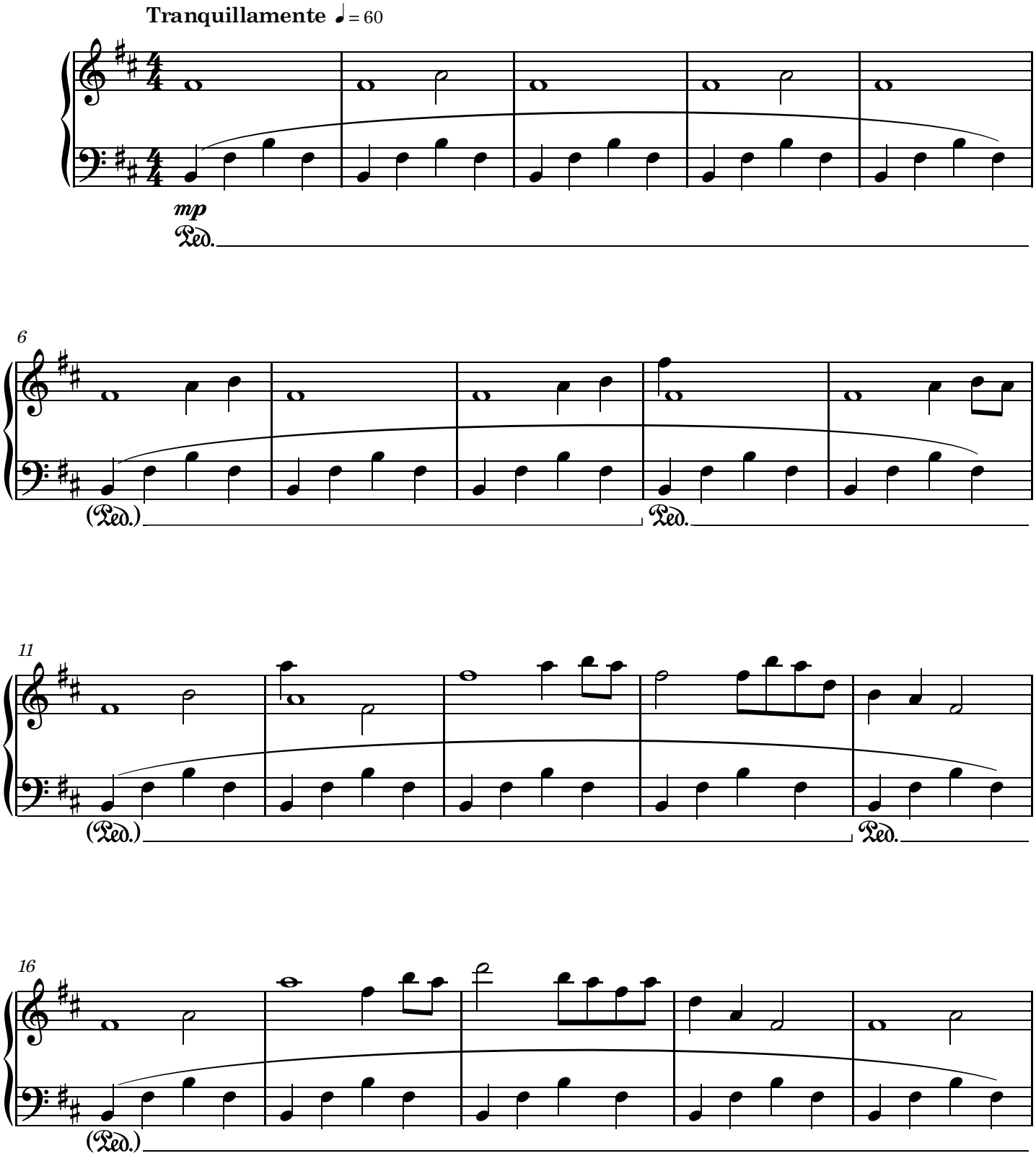
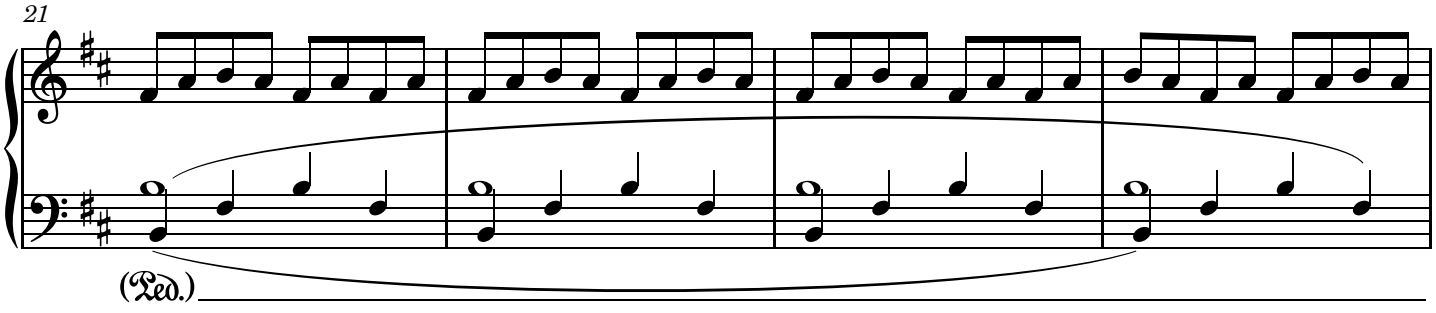
But I understand, our kisses haven't felt truthful
Your breath always held at bay.
I guess I always expected we would end up chasing each other down somehow,
someway, someday.

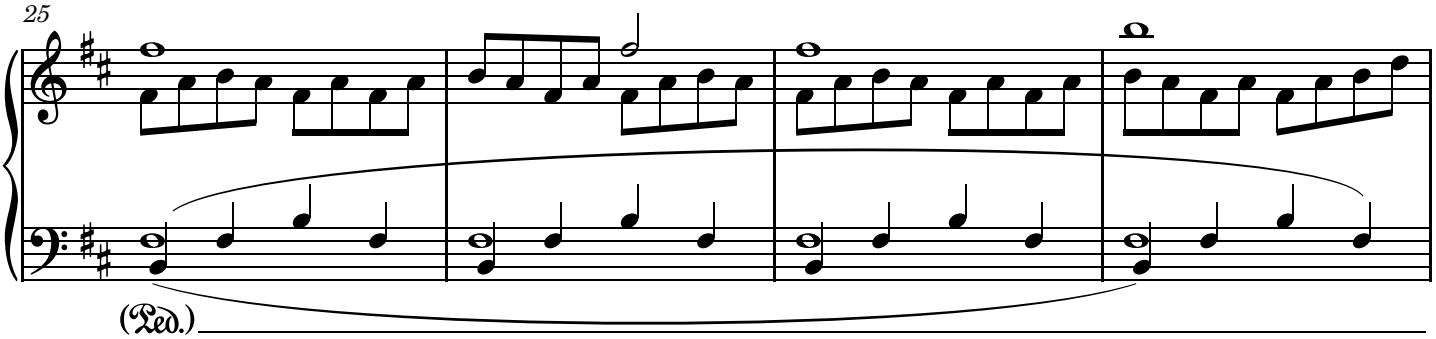
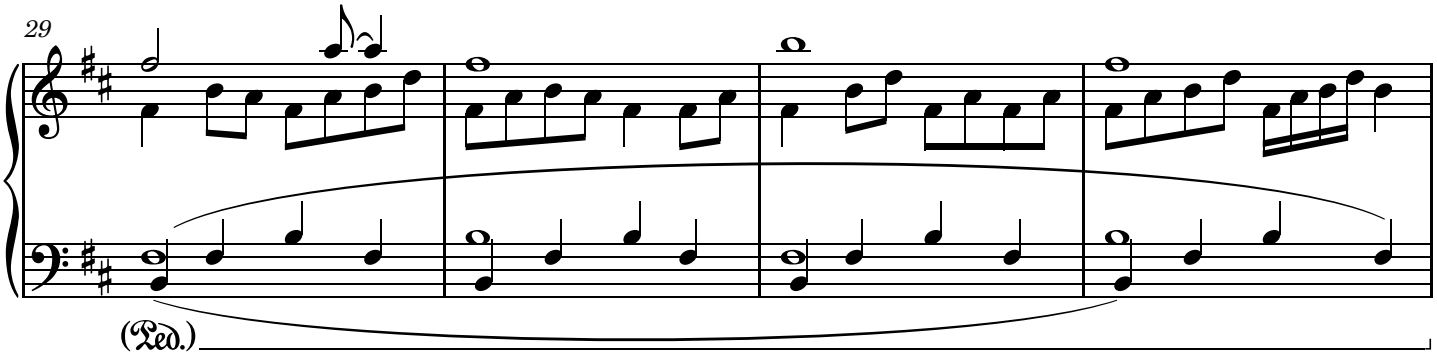
So sometimes to remember I still travel our drunken paths we took from the bars at night,
When we were young blazing youth in our feet.
I look around hoping somehow you will show up on one of our taken paths
we once walked hundreds of times before.

Chances are that it will never come.
But nightly, weekly, monthly, I still stray with hope.
Maybe one day, Maybe I say,
Or I'll die hoping you come back my way.

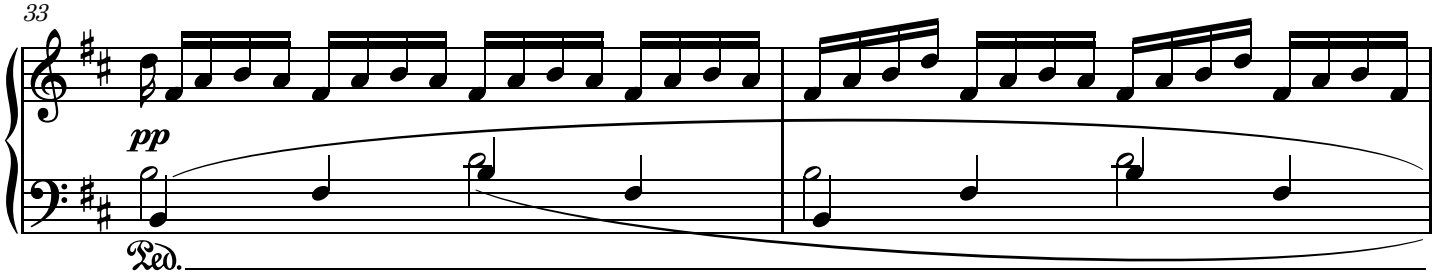
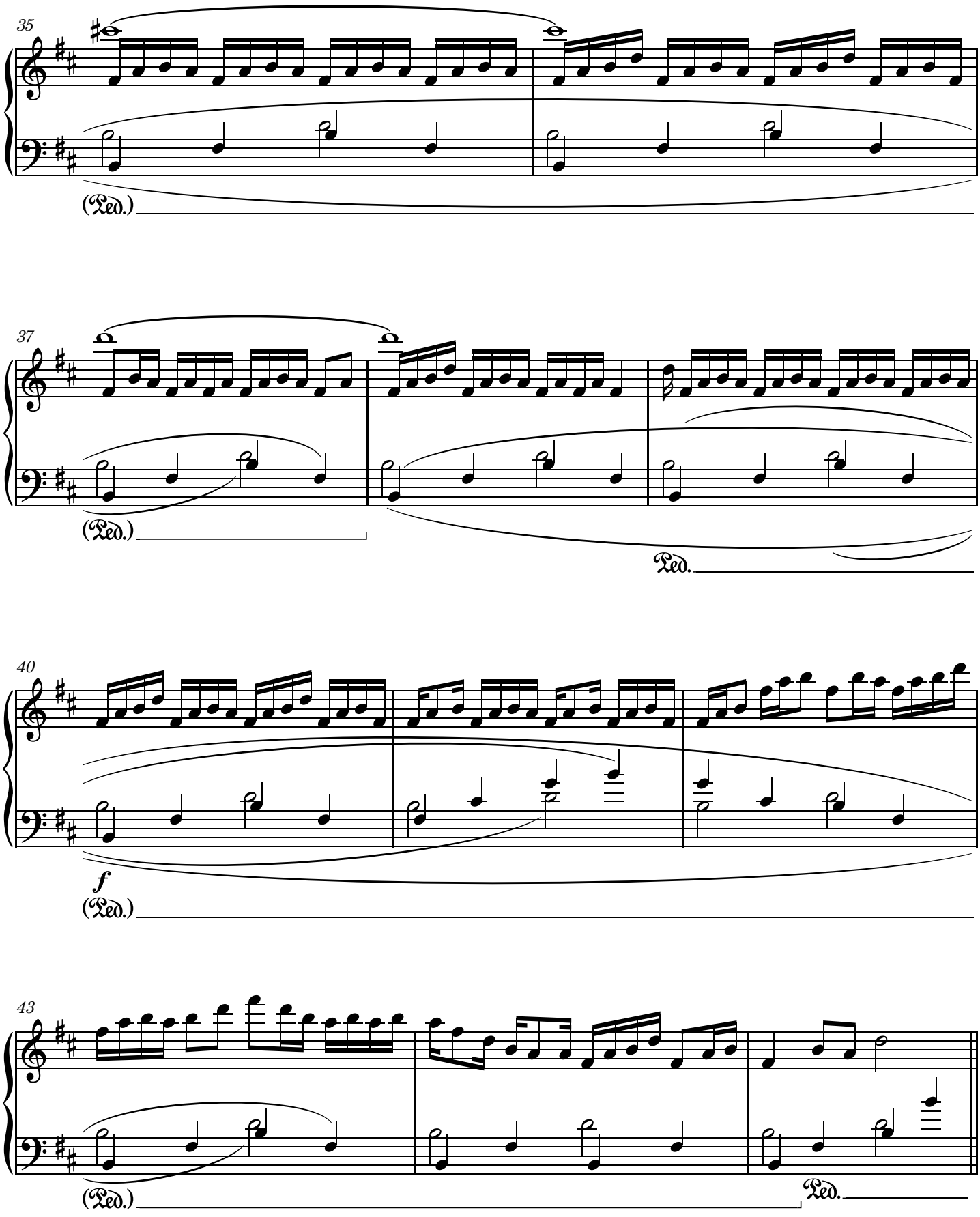
MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

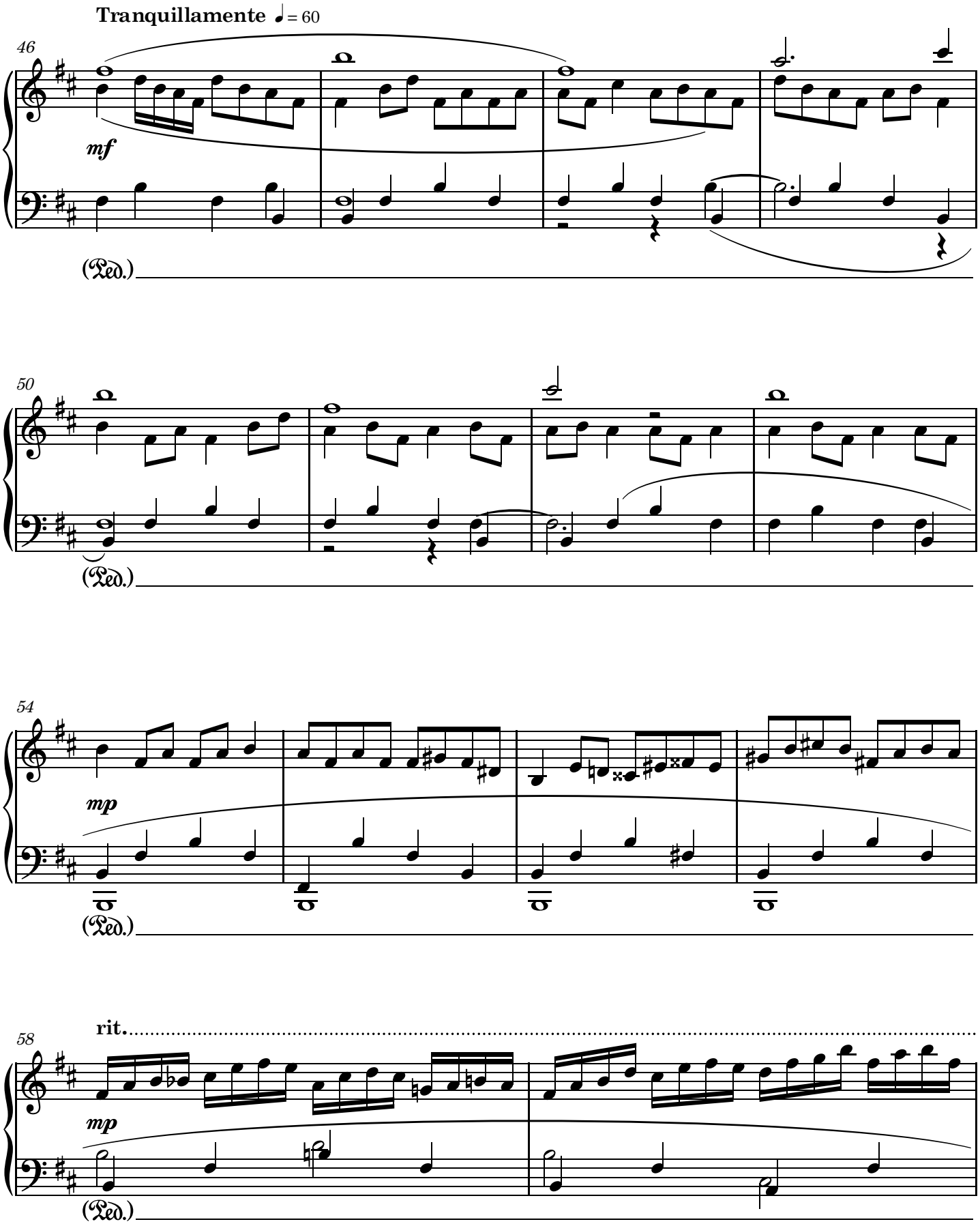
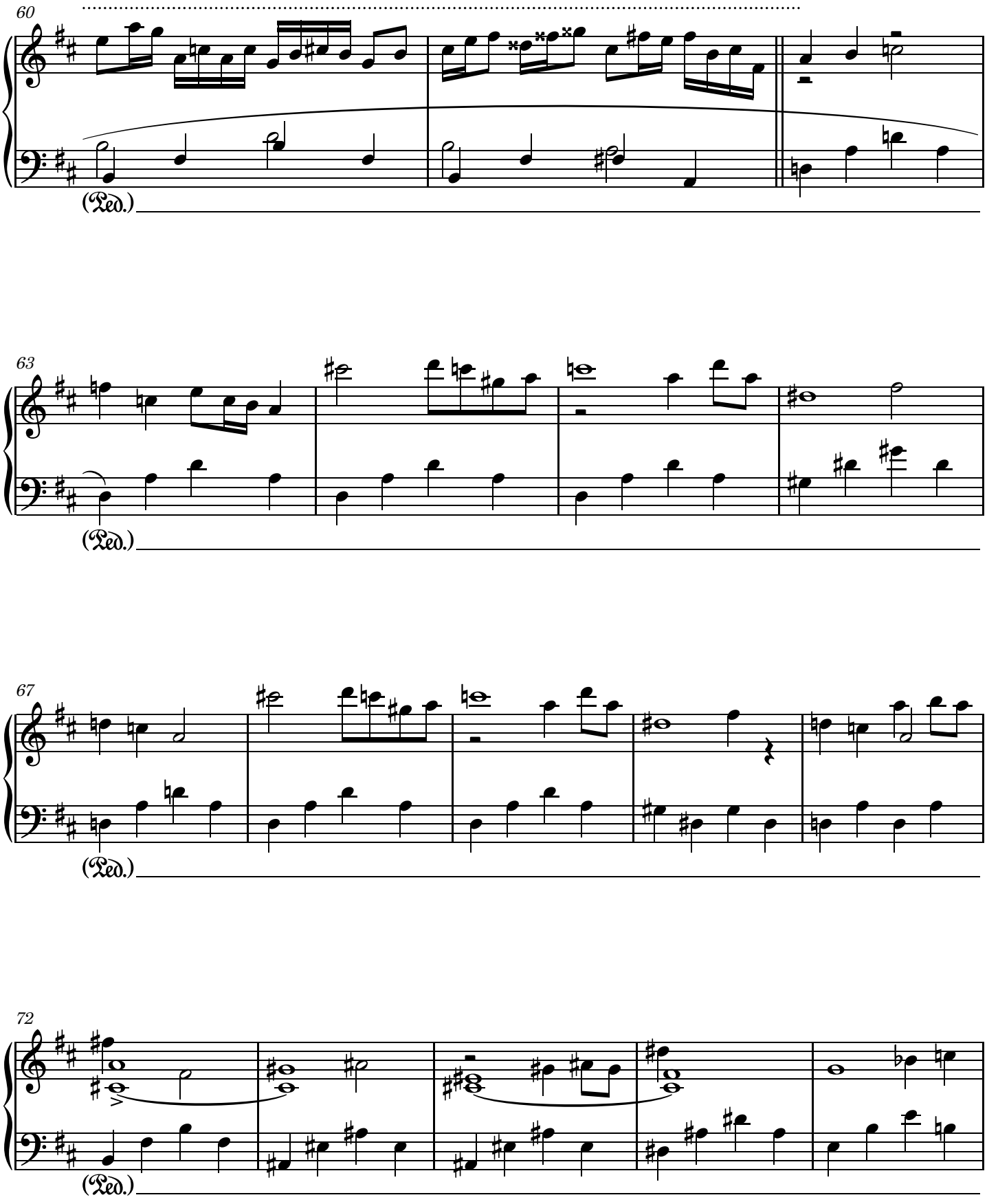
The weight of distance

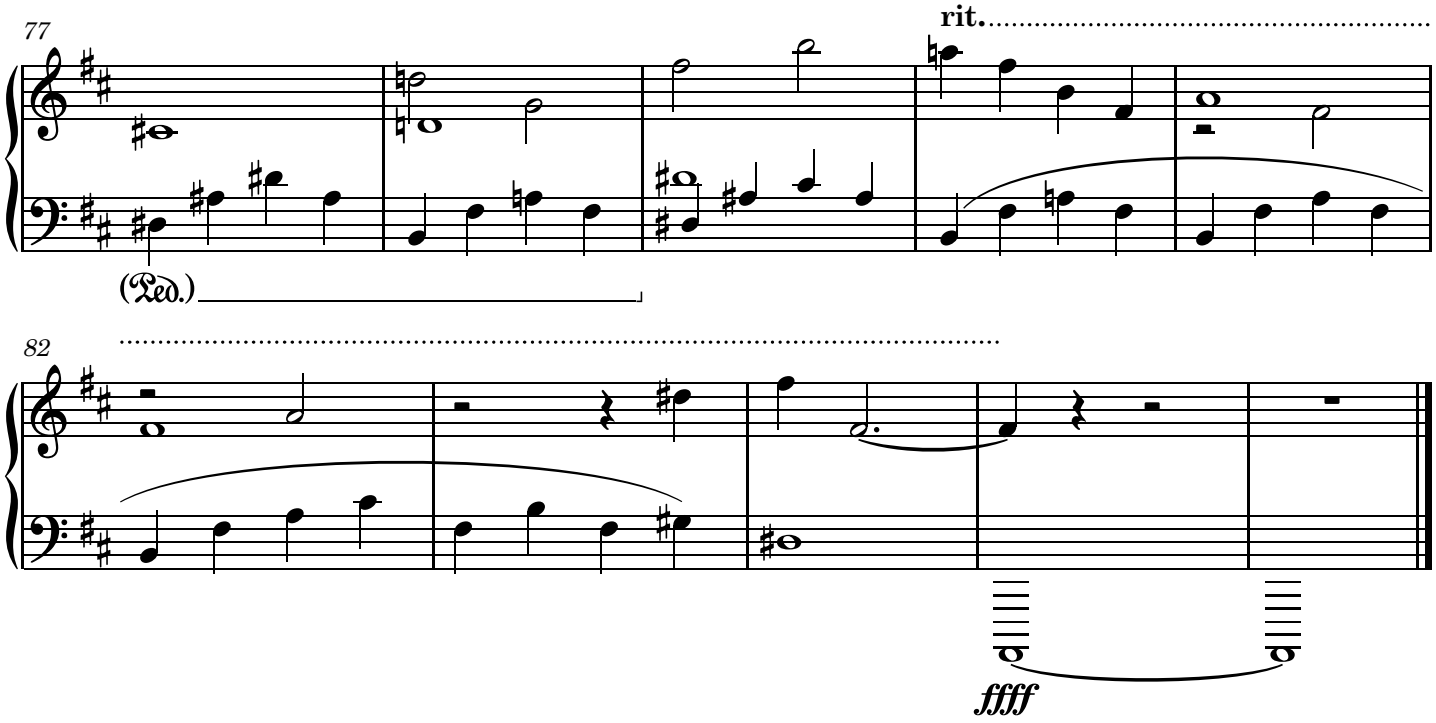
Matthew P. Haubert





as if holding something that might slip



35
(Ped.)
37
(Ped.)
Ped.
40
f
(Ped.)
43
(Ped.)
Ped.

Tranquillamente ♩ = 60
46
mf
(Ped.)
50
(Ped.)
54
mp
(Ped.)
58
rit.
mp
(Ped.)

60
(Ped.)
63
(Ped.)
67
(Ped.)
72
(Ped.)


77
rit.
(Ped.)
82
ffff

Inspiration

Poem: "Dialogue with the Voices (excerpt)" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 19

Self:

Yes, I remember. My life is based around these traits,
how I will use them to be successful.
Like before, I've made so many people love, listen, envy my talents.
Even though I barely practice or partake in my studies,
I can pick the instruments up and make people watch me in awe.

The Voices:

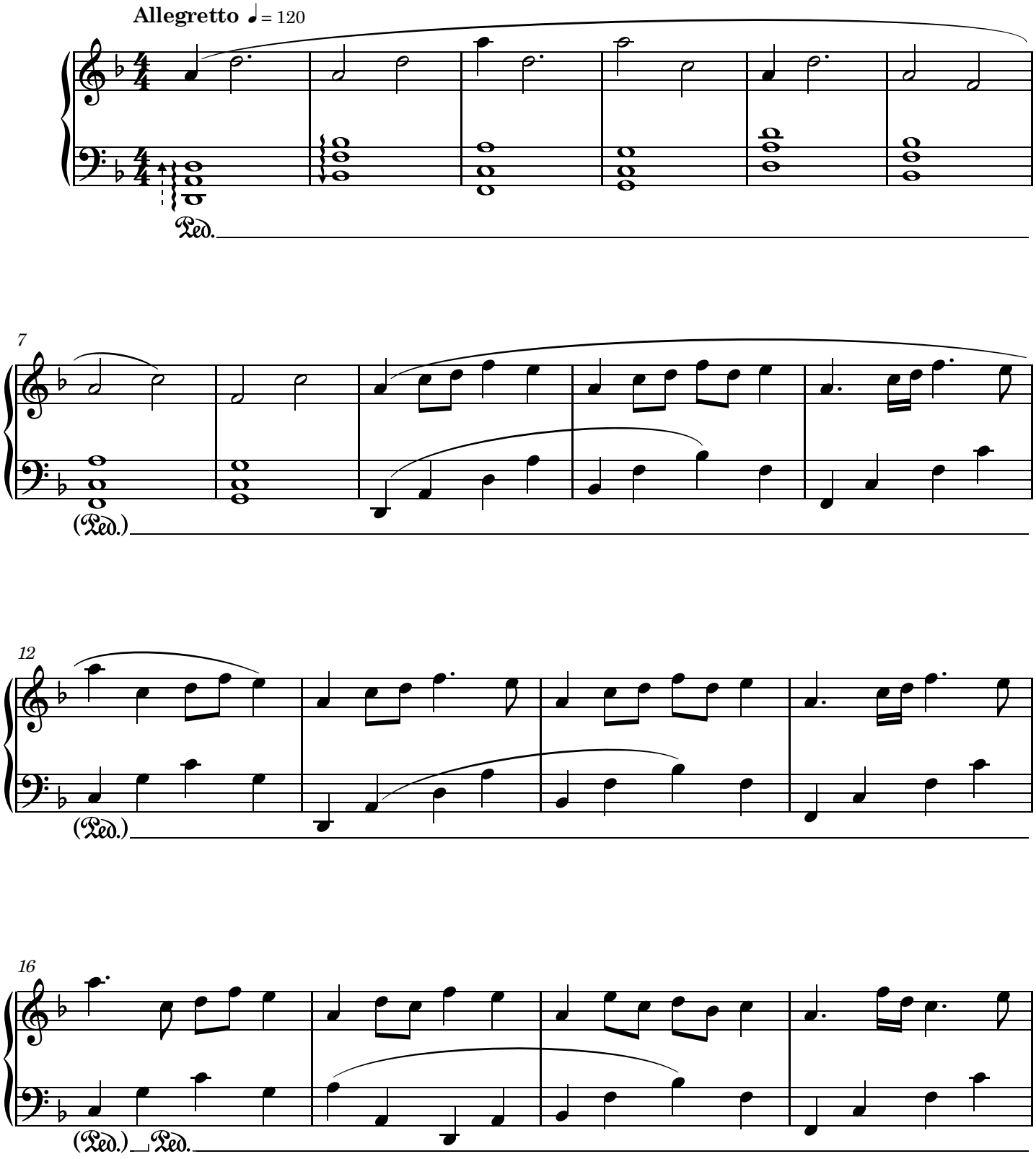
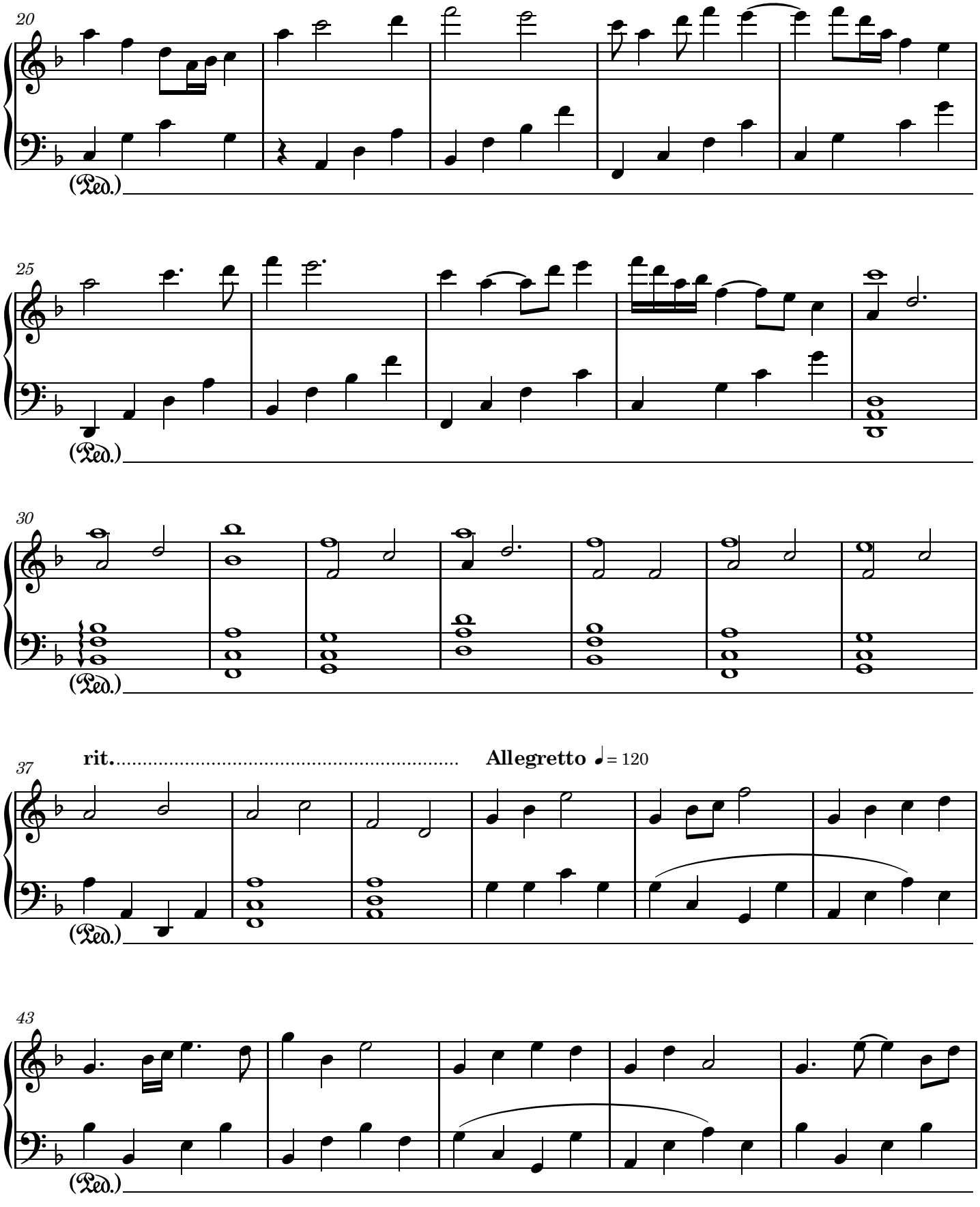
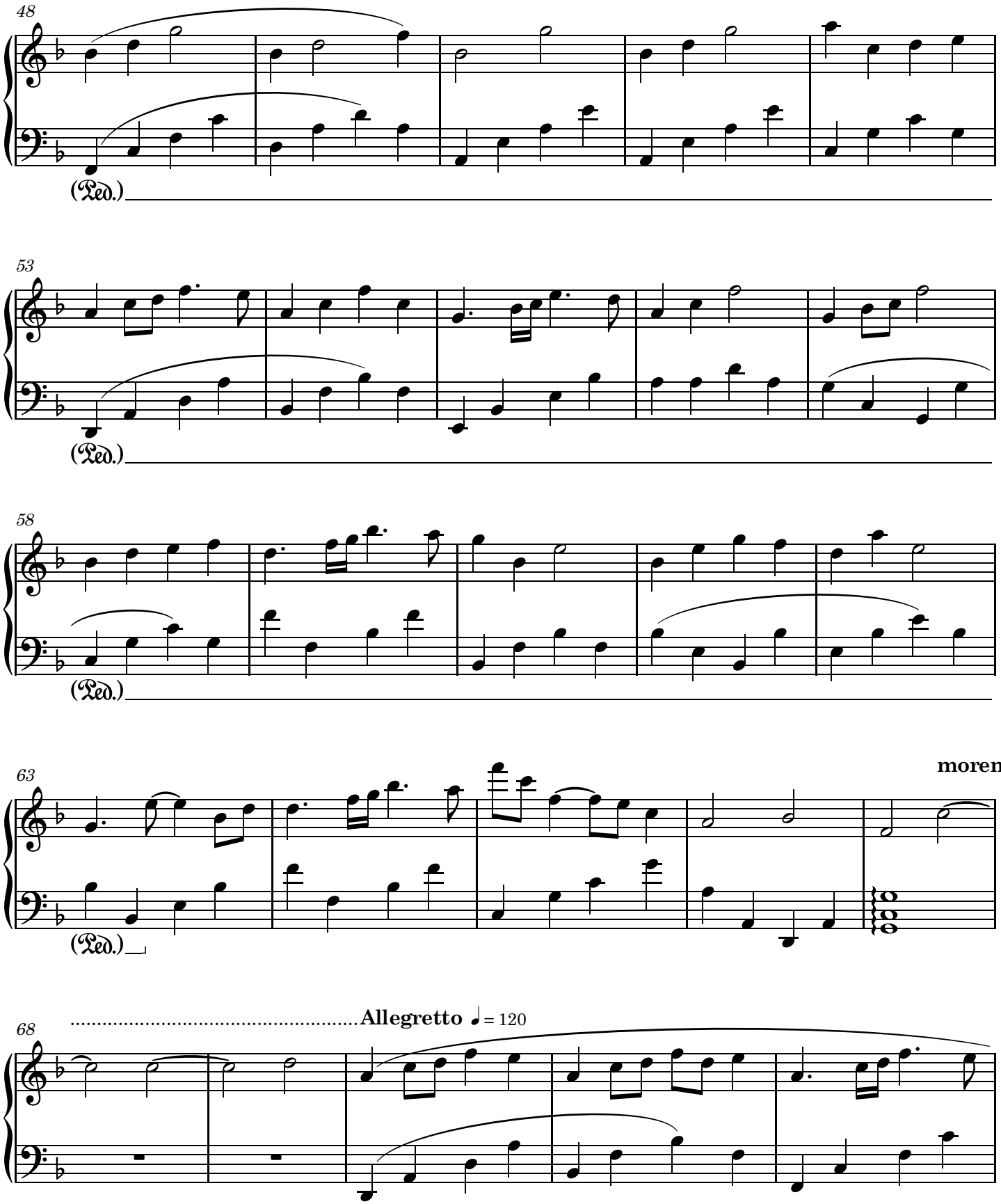
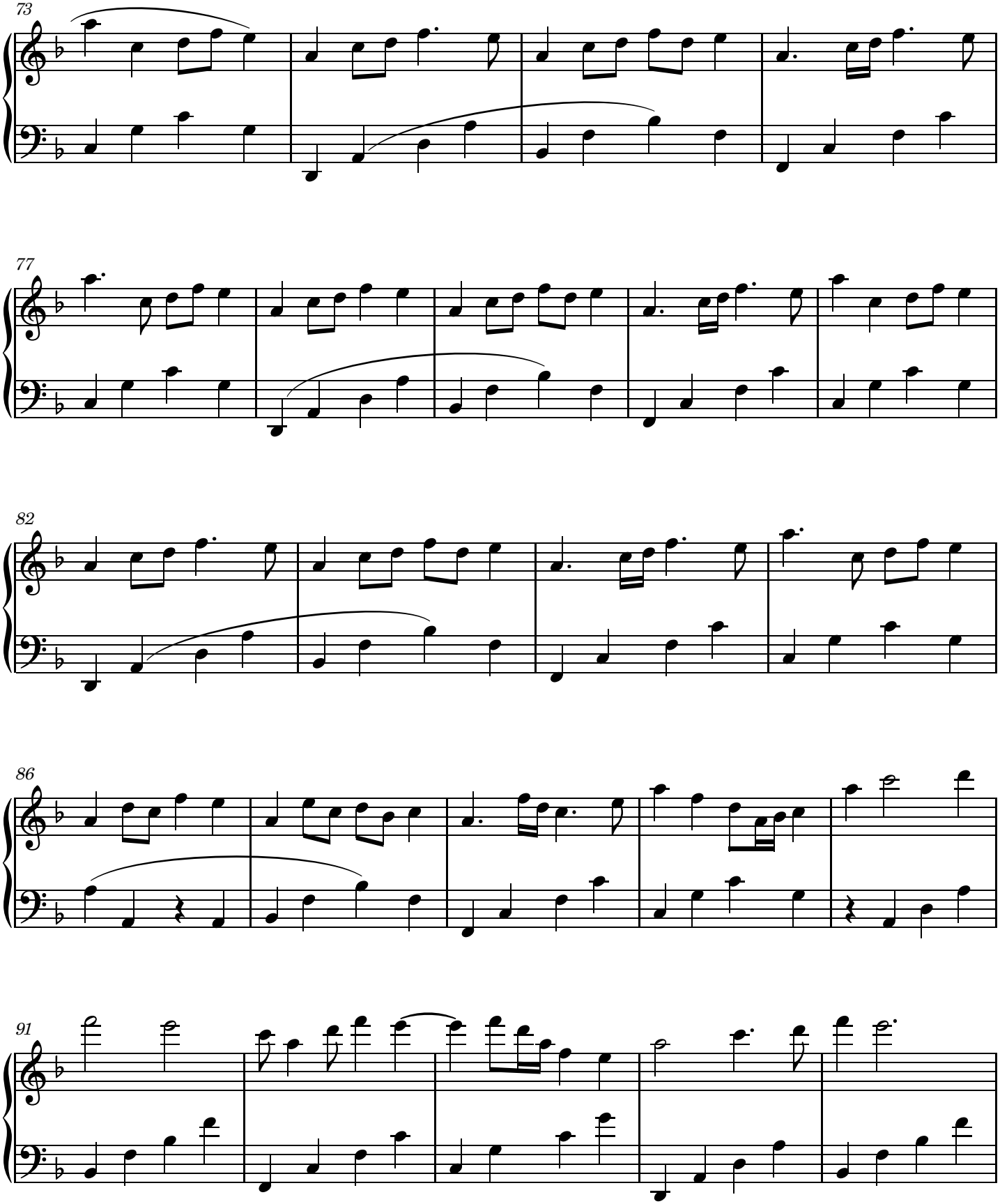
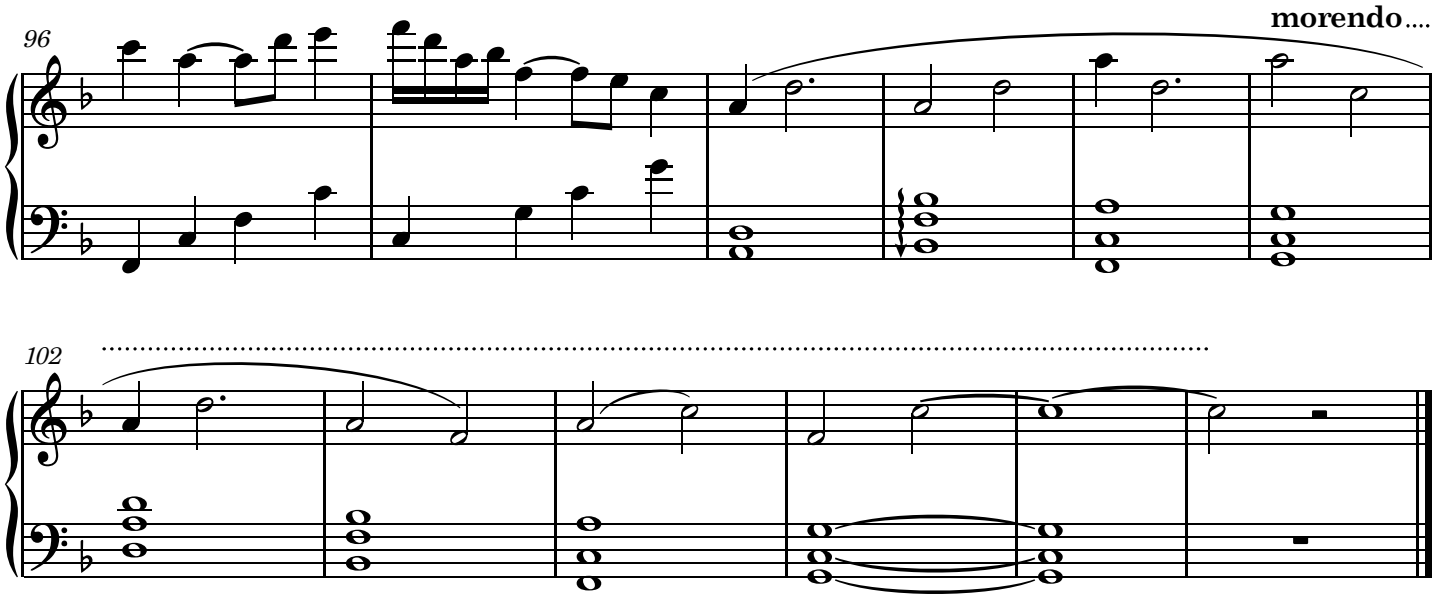
Correct. What you say is correct, but they are lies you
tell yourself to comfort your erasing mind.
You cannot even begin to focus on anything for more than five seconds.
Our mind races, paces.
The fingers and arms move, but your mind is in a whole other dimension.
The reason we have never pushed our dreams, never calmed your dreams,
is the ever-consuming pain you bottle up—
the memories you suppress so much it's impossible to remember now.
Let's be honest: you are a shell of what you once were.
Lost now in so many paths of lies and deceit.

Self:

I know. But I still have hope. But why?

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

inspiration

Matthew P. Haubert

20
(Ped.)
25
(Ped.)
30
(Ped.)
37
rit.
Allegretto ♩= 120
(Ped.)
43
(Ped.)

48
(Ped.)
53
(Ped.)
58
(Ped.)
63
morendo
(Ped.)
68
Allegretto ♩= 120

73
77
82
86
91

96
morendo....

102

Opus 4 — Afternoon Lullaby

Poem: "The Pond" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 9

Your heart is calling, my mind is falling.
I have your toy in my head.
Don't bother trying to explain,
I know exactly what goes on.
In my heart, just a little pond…

Built at first, ugly at last…
You gave me your heart, but I'll just pass
Look through the water, you begin to believe,
that who once had me, will begin to bleed

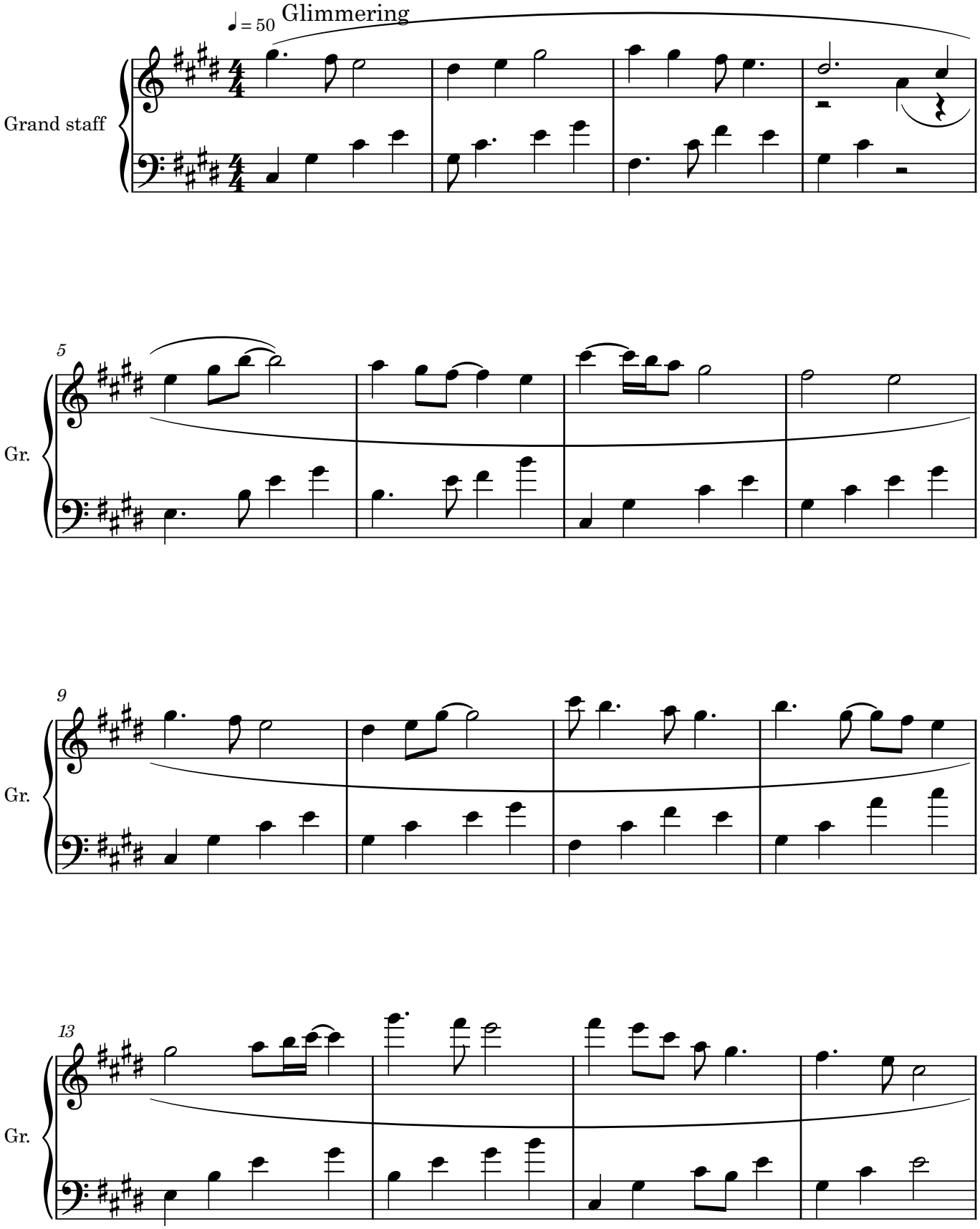
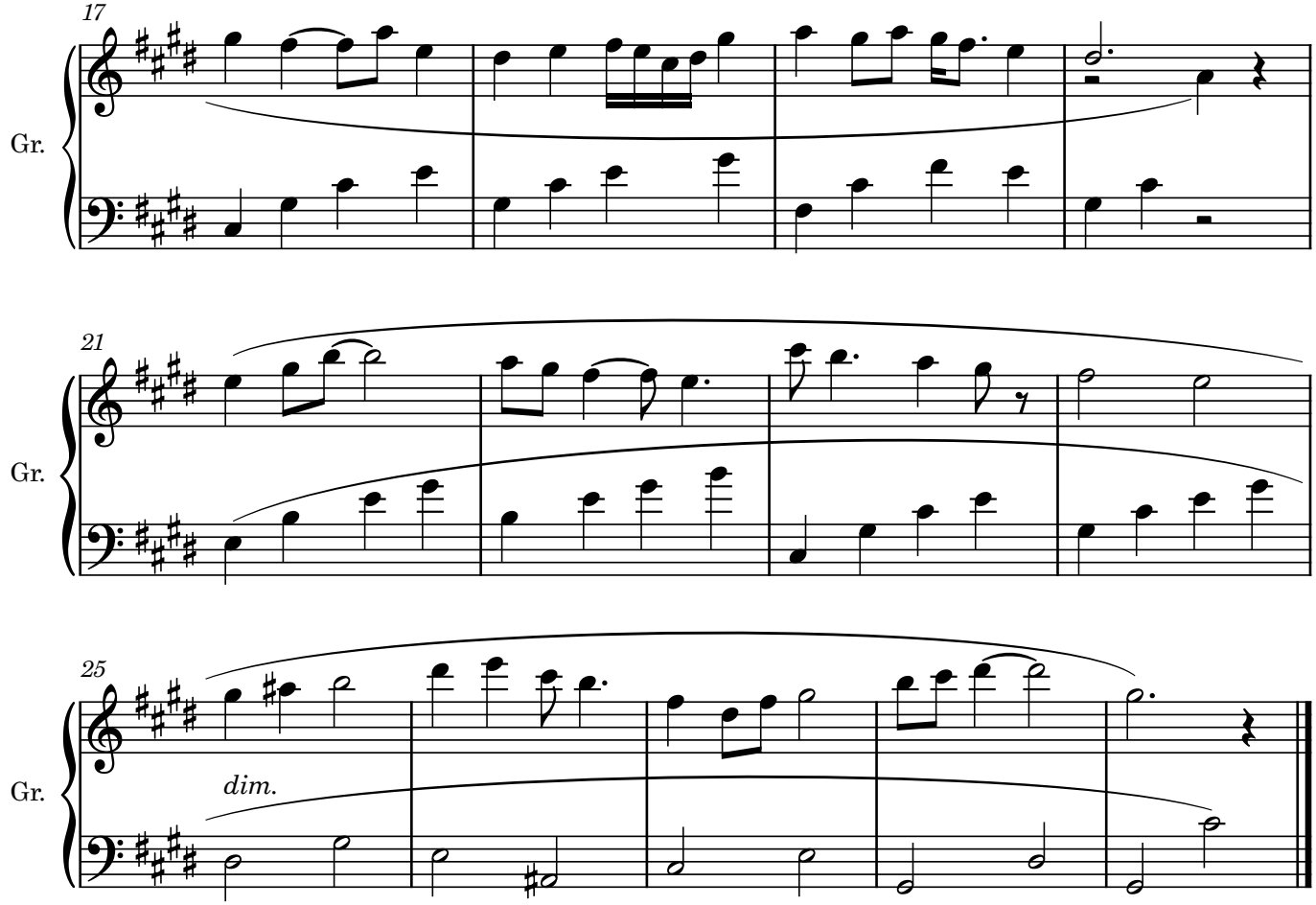
You're at the top, I'm at the bottom.
Stuck in between I just want out.
But you just stare in unbelievable doubt…

Eyes wide open, I begin to weep,
but you don't notice, as it's under a sheet
Covered up, but still can see.
You start to believe you will still have me?

As time has passed, I try to last.
But you won't disappoint, as I begin to gasp
I'm lost in the deep, farewell in my eyes,
while yours still do not say, a simple goodbye

Still that hope…
Looking for air, but as thought, you have none to spare
I'm lost, barely able to see.
I take my last gasp for air, and it's bare…
My eyes, my heart stopped. But you are still at the top.
As you begin to realize, you try to see,
but all that's left, is your memory of me

Opus 4 Afternoon Lullaby

Matthew P. Haubert

17
Gr.
21
Gr.
25
Gr.
dim.

Opus 12 — 2:41 AM

Poem: "Pacing Mind" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 8

Down, desperate, defeated
Feels so good
Alone, allowed, alienated
Feels so warm

My blurring vision keeps me alive
waiting, wishing, wanting
Feels so normal
Faking, vanity, frightened
Feels so right.

My distorted memories keep me begging.
Beg for a reason,
A reason to live
Beg for a sign
A sign to stop please,
Least painful blocking memories
these torturing reality behind my eyes
I beg…
I beg…

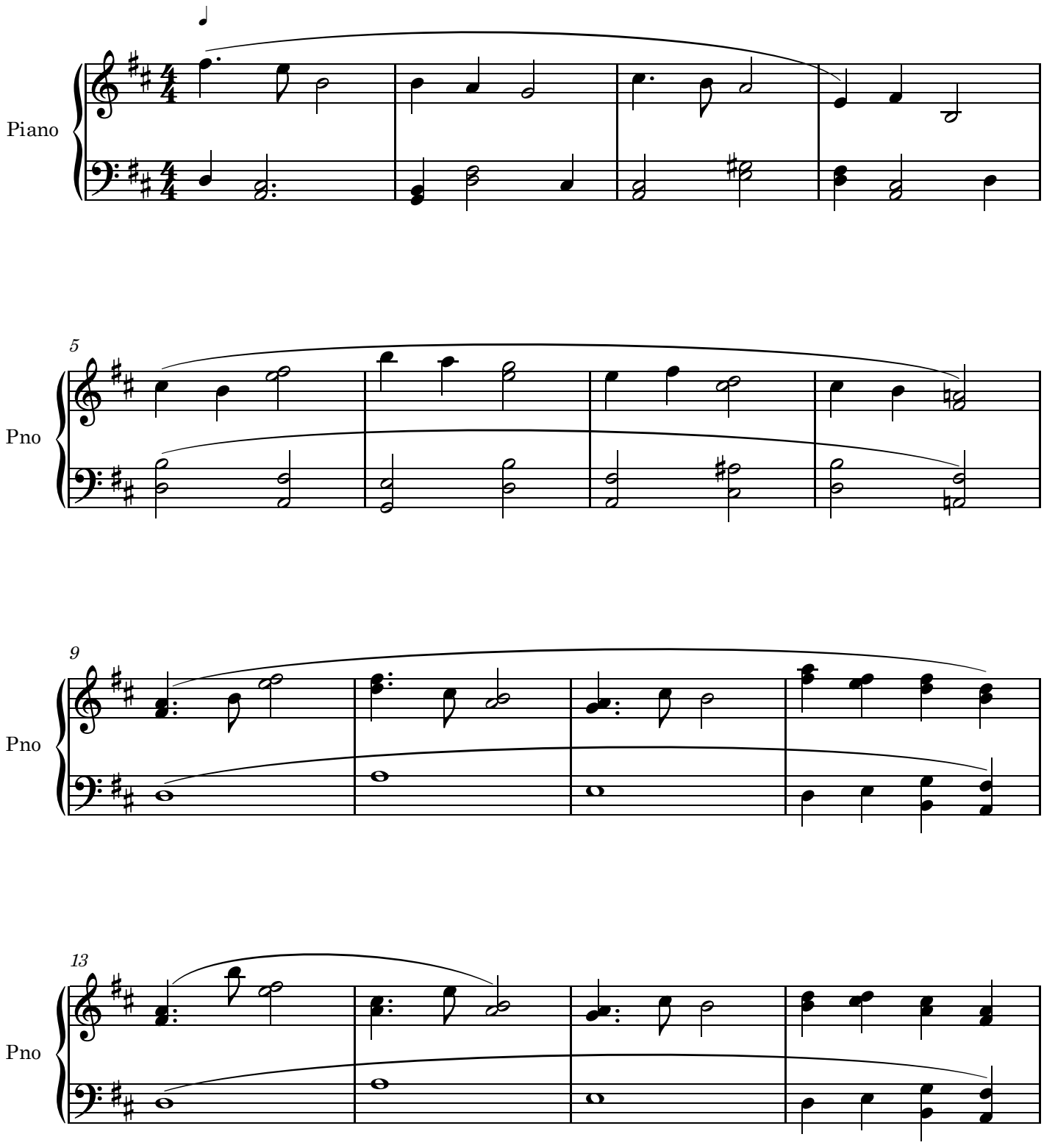
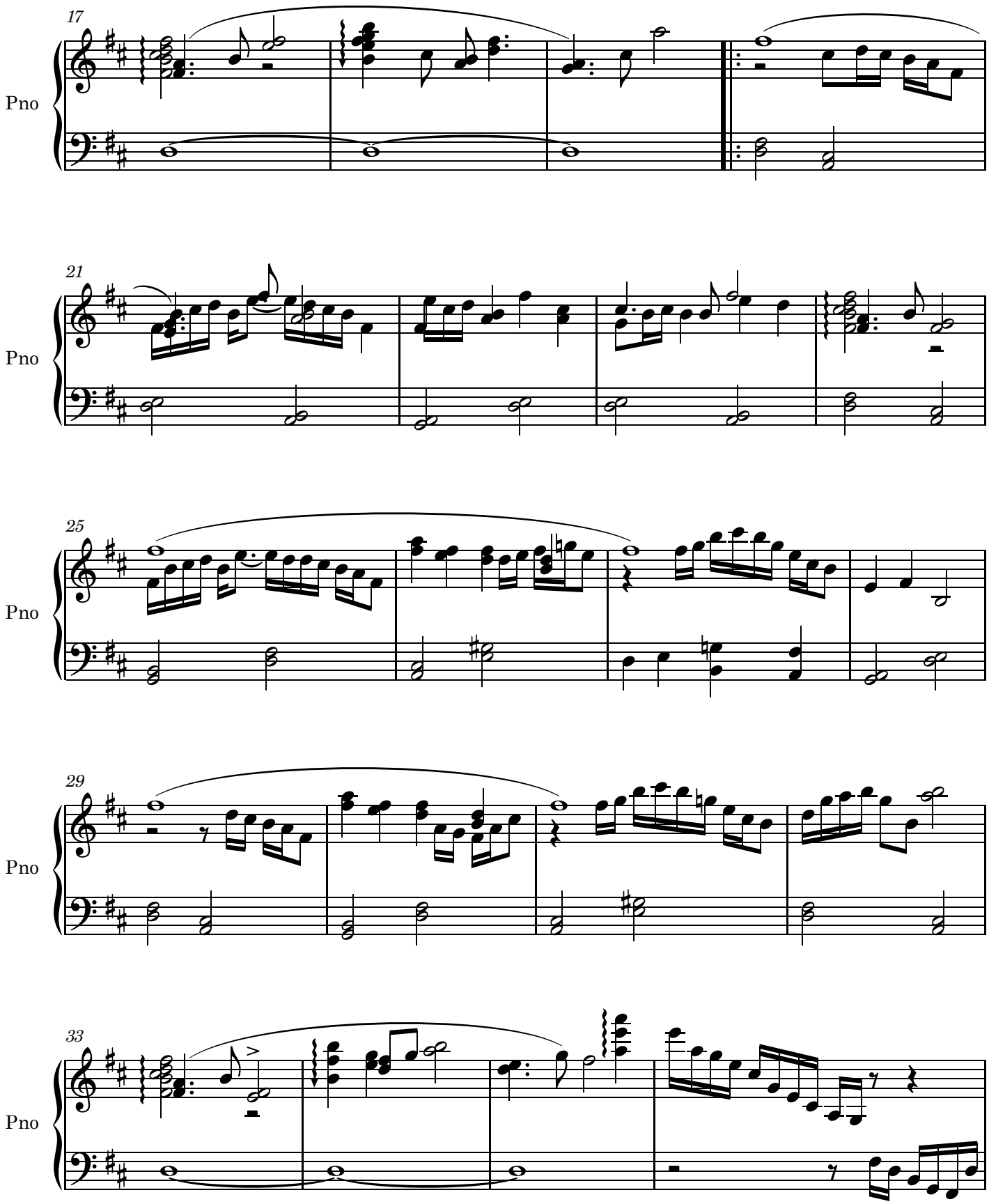
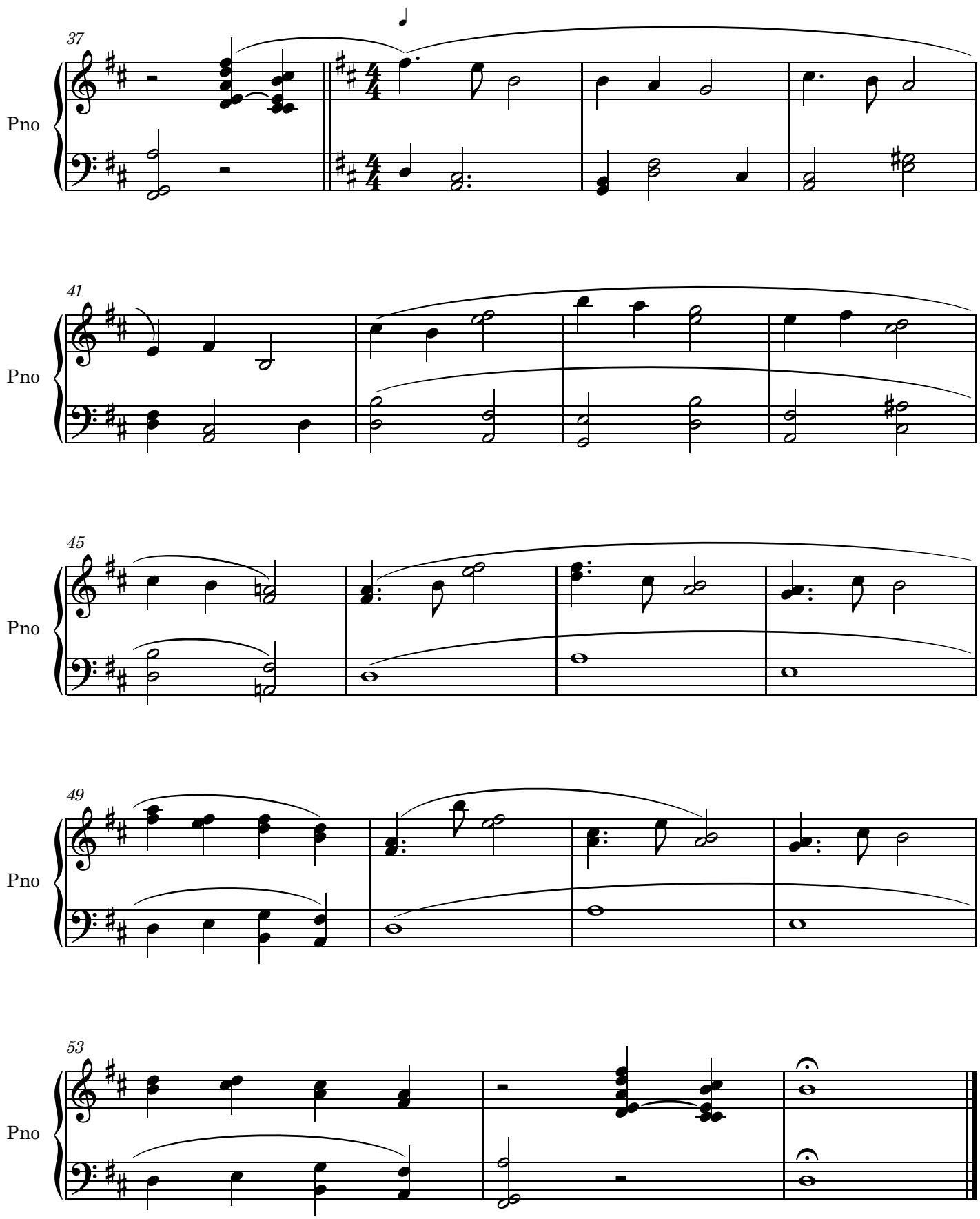
Down, drunk, defeated
Feels so sad
Alone aloud, alienated,
Feels so true

My screaming through caught, no one hears.
Waiting, wishing, wanting,
Feels so familiar,
Faking, fighting, frightened,
Feels like me
My distraught memories have me begging please

Opus 12 2:41 am

Tranquillamente ♩= 72

Matthew P. Haubert

1. Flow 1

17
Pno
21
Pno
25
Pno
29
Pno
33
Pno

37
Pno
41
Pno
45
Pno
49
Pno
53
Pno

Opus 5 — Nocturne of a Nightmare

Poem: "Tormented" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 35

I am your thought in which you do not wish to have,
one that hides in your pathetic head.
You are not normal to me, you're sad!
I am the images that run the control inside your head.

Yes indeed you are truly sad.
When you say you're tormented and mad,
to the point of tears your woes have begun.
A created delusion you make me,
Try to write a song, that comes out dispirited.

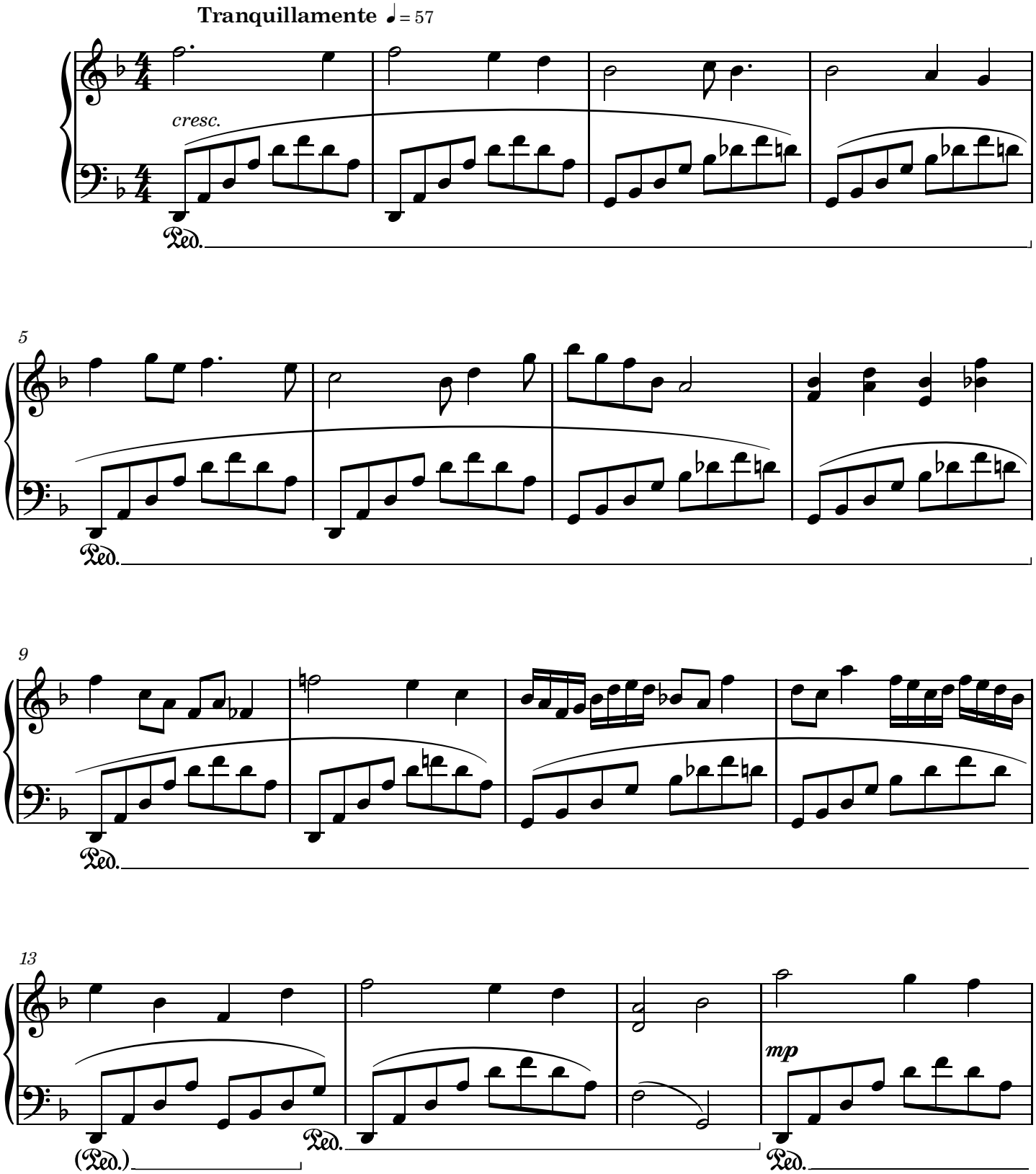
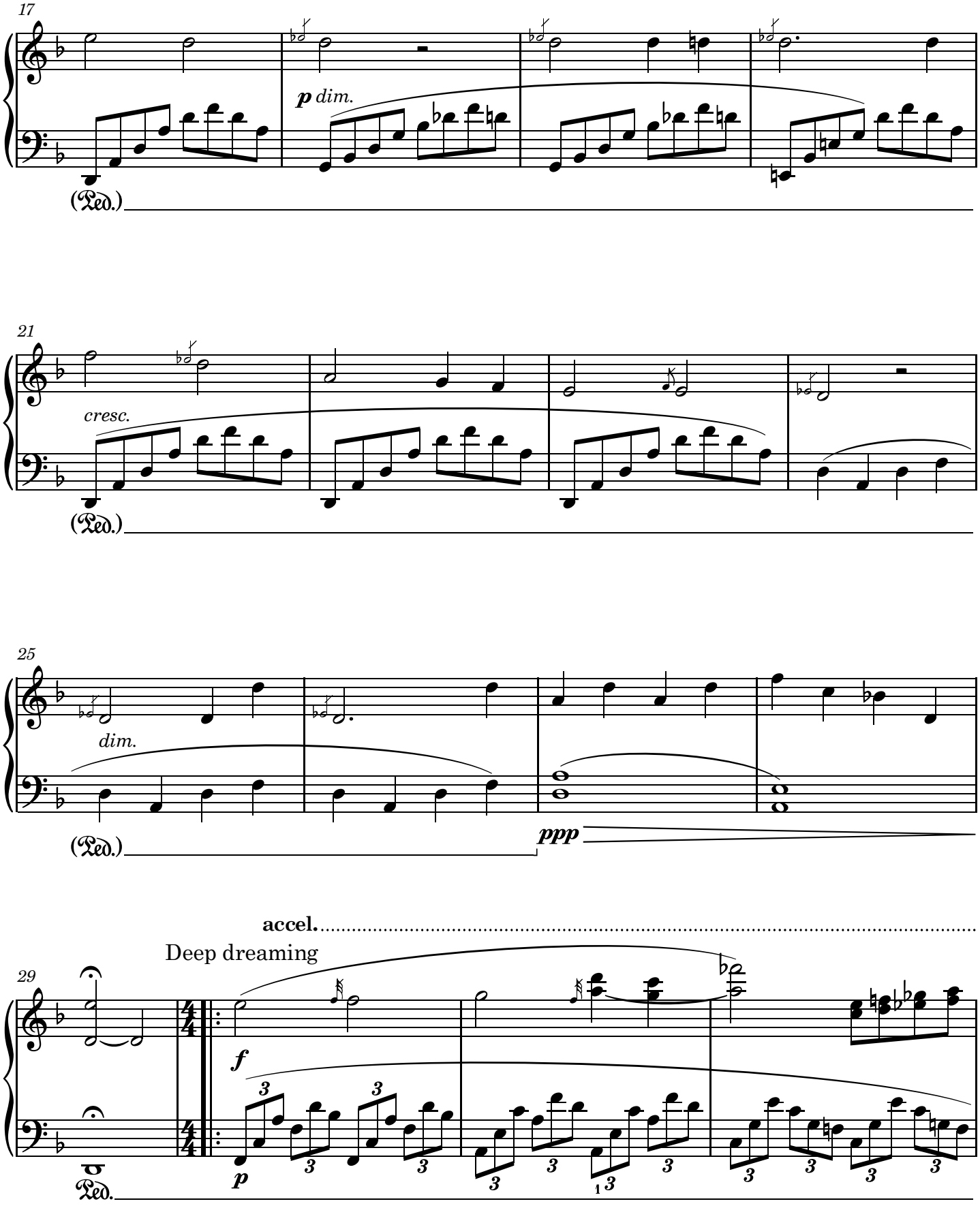
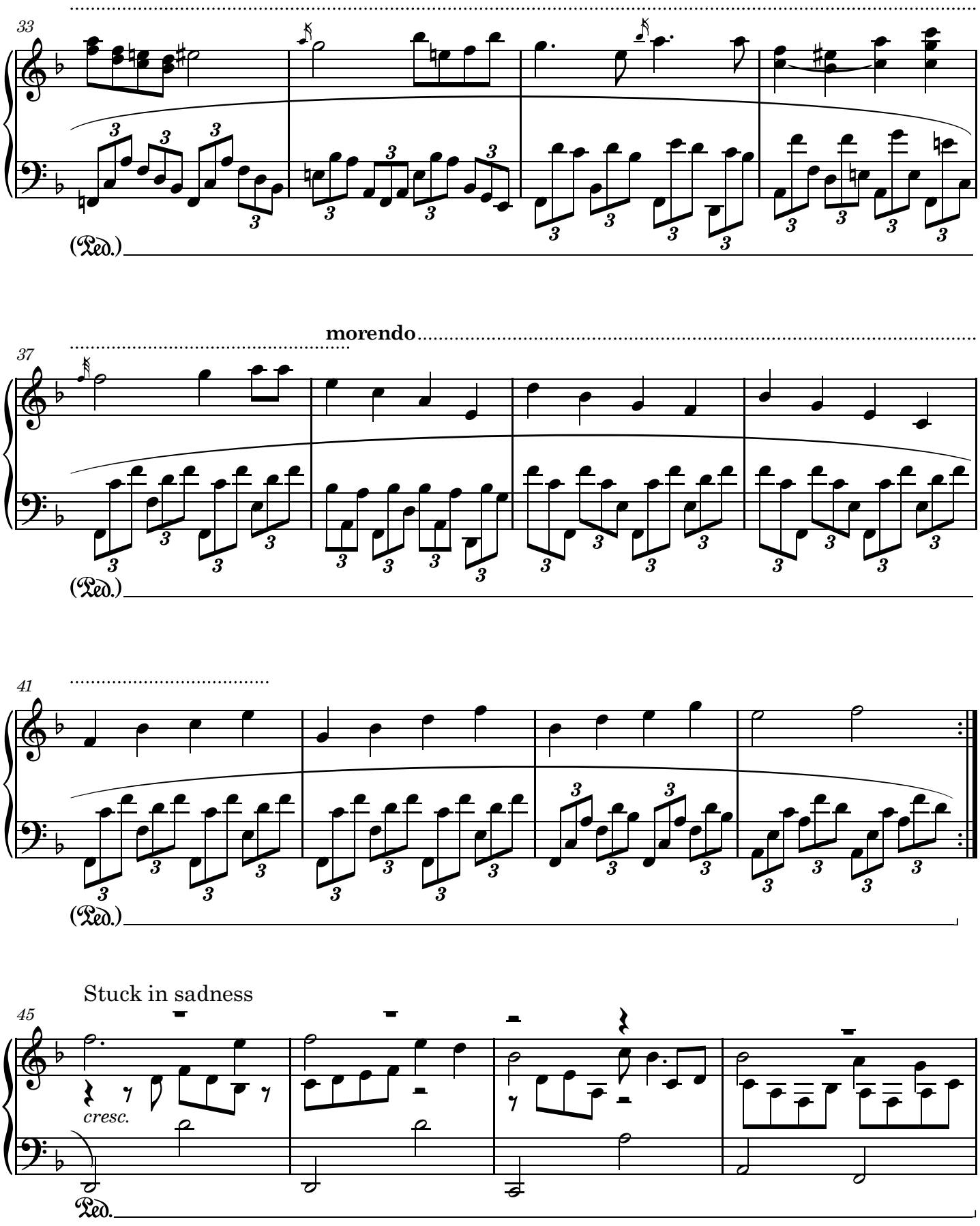
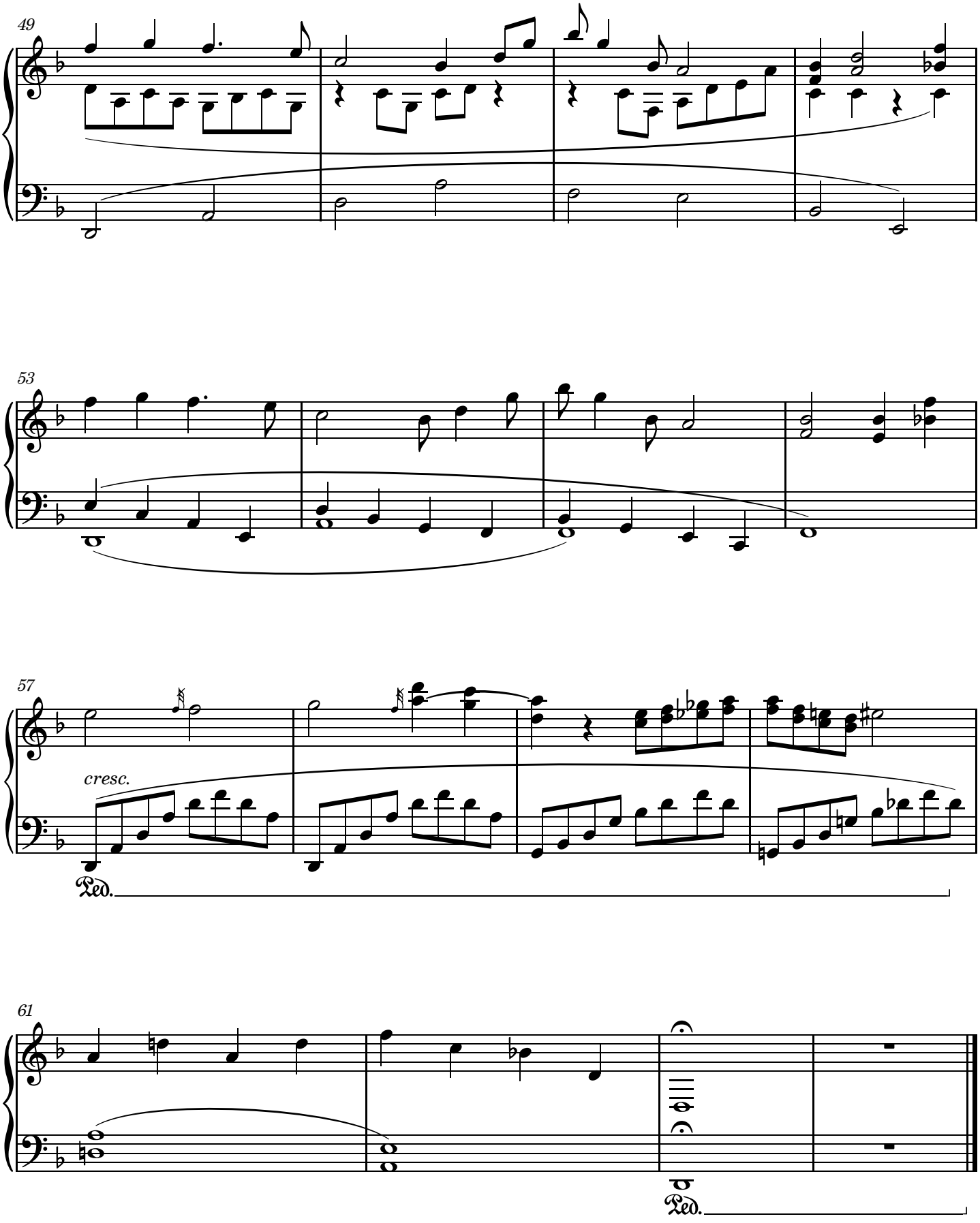
When will you learn your mind is mine.
Cast down your happiness you will never have.
Down poured, drowned heart, dragged in chains is you.
Accept the terms you pathetic fool.

Tormented with me, forever intertwined we will be.
In pain, insane, in love, you and me.

— Signed, your subconscious

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

Opus 6 Nocturne 4am

Matthew P. Haubert

17
p dim.
(Ped.)
21
cresc.
(Ped.)
25
dim.
(Ped.)
ppp
accel.
Deep dreaming
29
f
p
Ped.

33
(Ped.)
morendo
37
(Ped.)
41
(Ped.)
Stuck in sadness
45
cresc.
Ped.

49
53
57
cresc.
Ped.
61
Ped.

Nocturne — Sadness of Chelsea

Poem: "Sub-Par" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 25

He's hanging by a moment, suspended in time
Watching from the window, a pale of divine
Rain patters so gently, sends a smothering sound
Falling from the heavens, thudding to the ground

A tempest of question, all into his mind
Watching away, feeling nothing but grind
One question stands out, though in his brain
The question was a fault, that would drive him insane

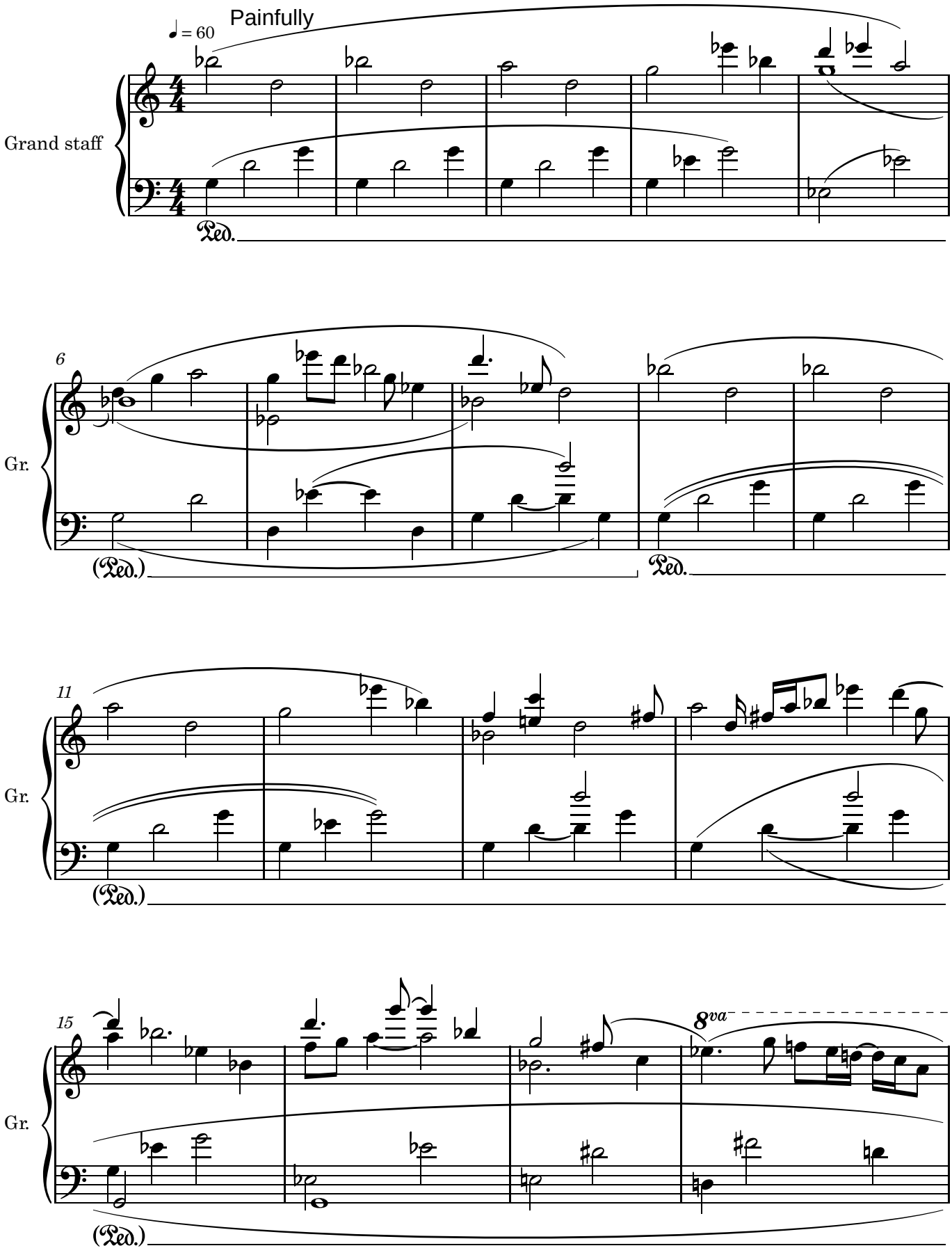
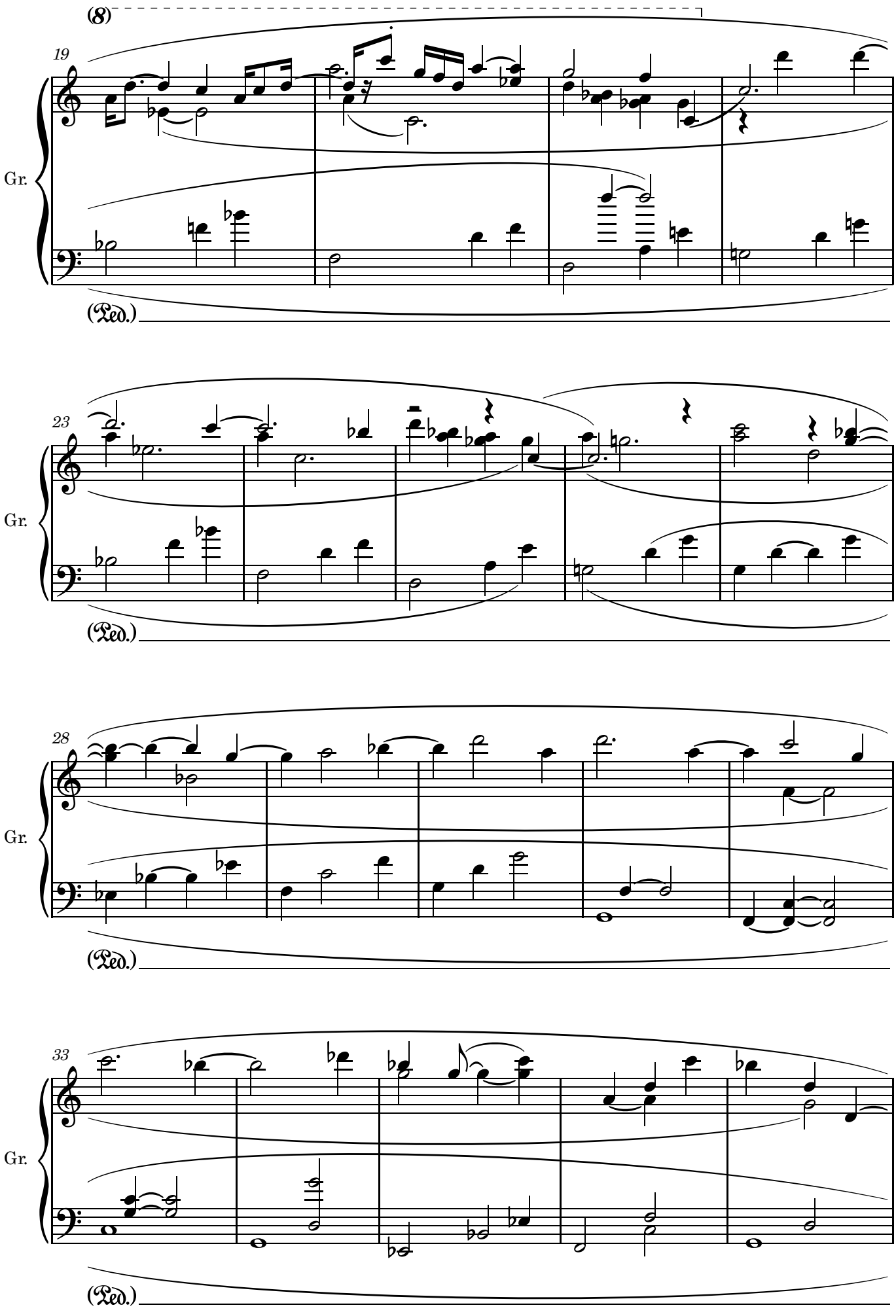
Sketched in the mind, memory of her face
But she hurried away at the sign of his grace
Hurt and confusion, her eyes so clear
She did not want the unease that came with him, fear

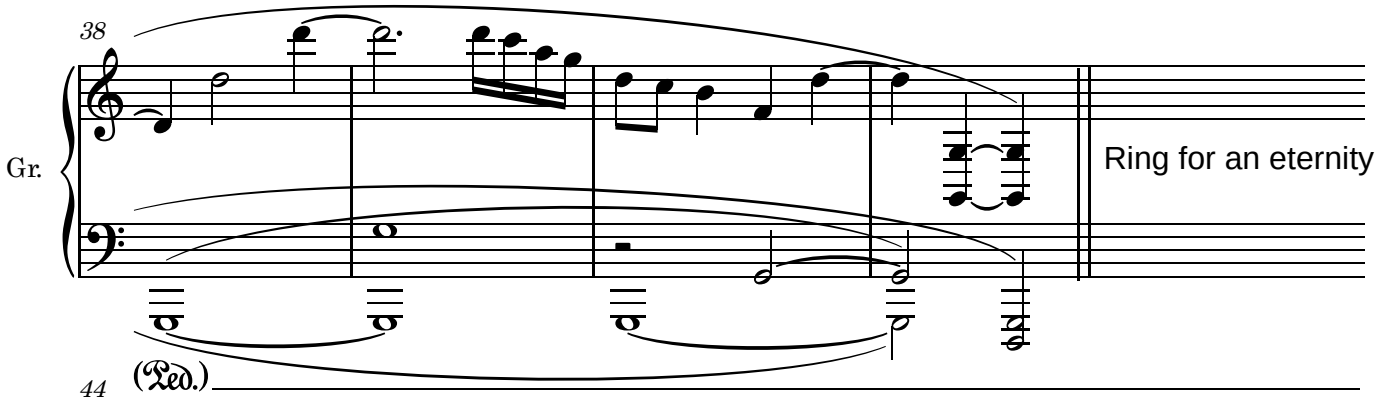
Fear of the others, thoughts so dense
He wishes they knew, before they would sense
The fruit of his dreams, is gone for that day
Maybe that girl, will come out of the grey

Her eyes so passionate, but not to him
For he is nothing, but a mere grim
Love is there, for both of the pair
But impure is he, not worth one single spare

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

Opus 6 in G minor Sadness of Chelsea

matthew p haubert

(8)
19
Gr.
(Ped.)
23
Gr.
(Ped.)
28
Gr.
(Ped.)
33
Gr.
(Ped.)


38
Gr.
Ring for an eternity
44
(Ped.)

Chromaticism

Poem: "A Prose to a Rainy Night" — Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life, p. 33

The silent night rain arrives,
For some rain soothes,
For some rain cries,
But always though the rain will arrive,
And remember 12 colors of which rain is derived.

Arriving first come a pigment of yellow,
Bright, vibrant, and shining smoothly mellow,
Like that of a song from strings of a cello,
Like a good fellow, the color of yellow.

Now a tint of red, turning to orange citrus rain,
A visual which tends to poison with pain,
Truth be told when they say orange will turn one insane,
The citrusy hue now above my eyes plain.

Pouring down now rapidly red rain begins,
Pumping like blood, quietly from your skin,
As red is the color of passion and sin,
Now the color of red has placed its spin.

Hurrying away the red rain turns to green,
Nourishing nature's natural cream,
The green hue this night soothes it so seems,
Like a dark green wondrous, beautiful doll figurine.

Now subsequently late the green turns heavy brown,
Thudding, vibrantly, heavily to the ground,
Causing the loudest most ever annoying sound,
The color brown has now the thunderous crown.

As the thuds subside now, the ground now bleeds,

The red tint has returned, planting its violent seeds,
And growing graphically, explicitly like wild weeds,
The color red continues to ultimately exceed and succeed.

Violet has come! Lies from above!
The derived from red who has been rid of,
And sweetly secretly flees by like a dove,
With the violent lie and mischievous love.

Now heavy violet is no longer, the teal now burns the sky,
A true sight to see, from a newborn's eyes,
The teal of rain bright, light, and slowly dyes,
The teal, the color of truth and no lies.

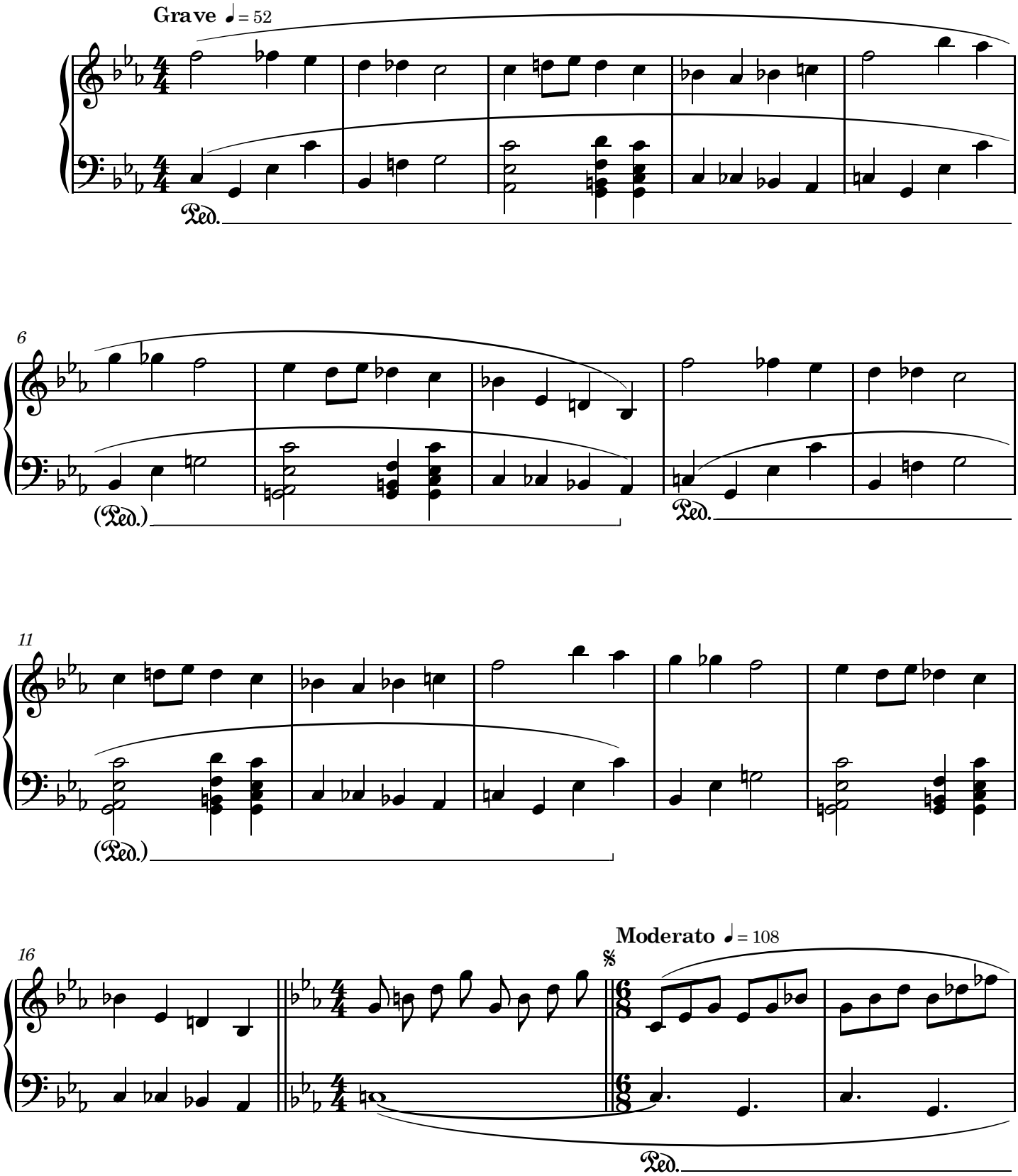
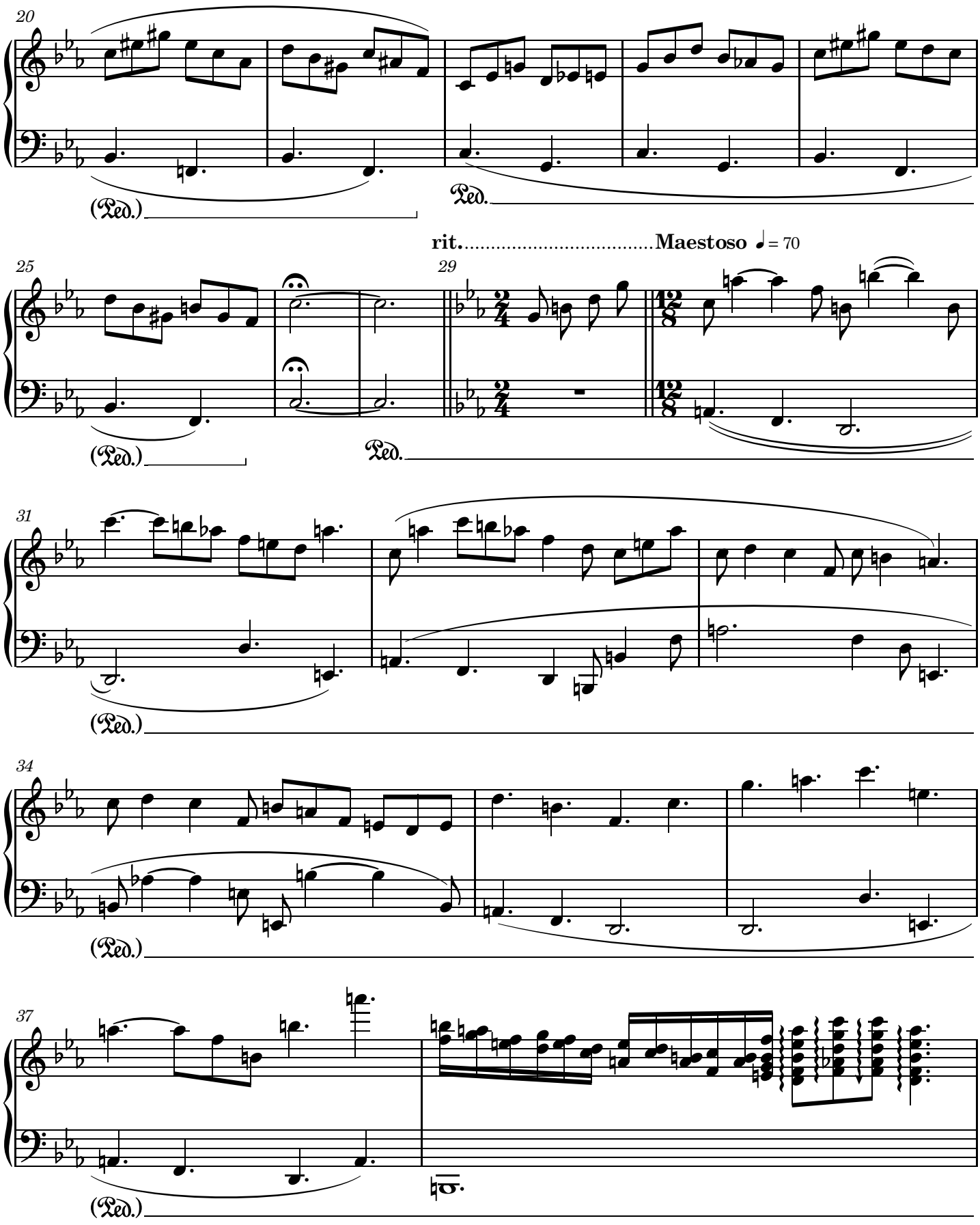
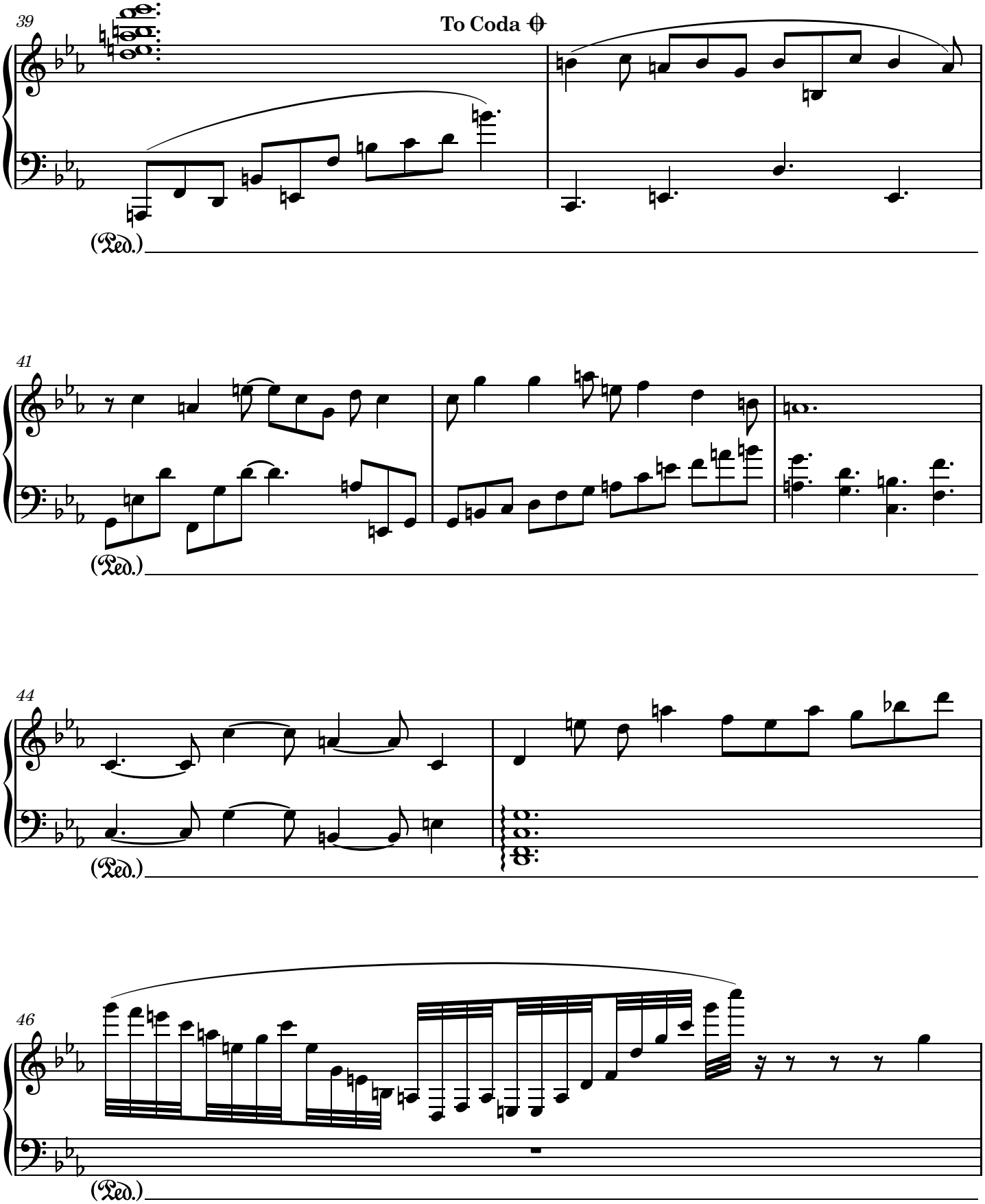
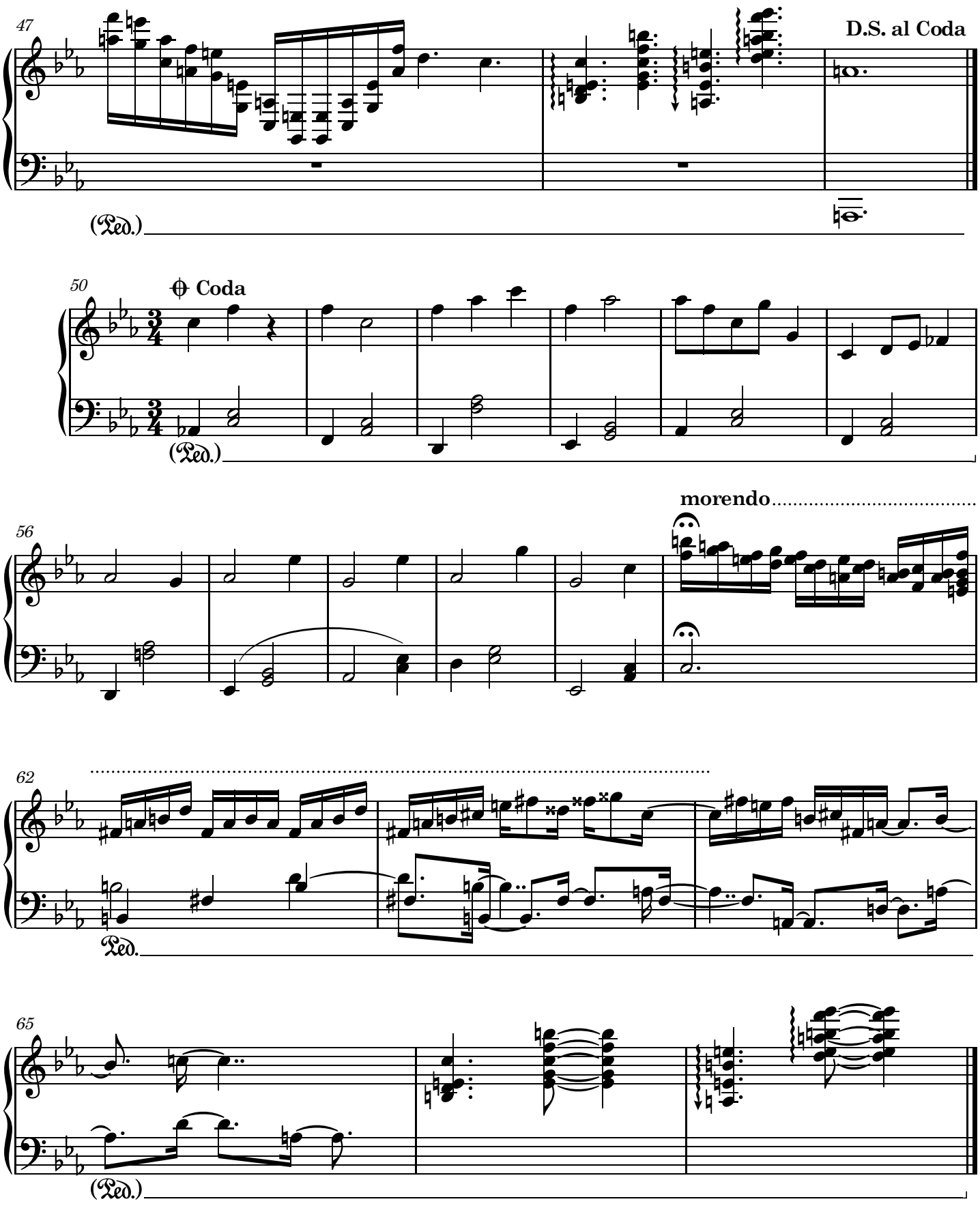
Though now the teal darkens to a short down blue,
Depressingly, so slow, the blue spreads like plague's flu,
Consumes, takes over, and attempts to control you,
The color of blue, kills and tries to imbue.

Quick! Now deathly, dark, disastrous black!
The nasty rain has finally come back,
A horrendous color, with a devilish pact,
The color of black, the rain clicks and clacks.

Oddly the black turns low, becomes pale white,
Chilly the truth you regain your sight,
No longer your worries of rain nonwhite,
The rain of white, finally now you may end this night.

MATTHEW P. HAUBERT

Chromanticism

Matthew P. Haubert

20
(Ped.)
Ped.
rit.
Maestoso ♩= 70
25
29
(Ped.)
Ped.
31
(Ped.)
34
(Ped.)
37
(Ped.)

39
To Coda
(Ped.)
41
(Ped.)
44
(Ped.)
46
(Ped.)

47
D.S. al Coda
(Ped.)
50
Coda
(Ped.)
morendo
56
62
Ped.
65
(Ped.)

TRANQUILLAMENTE

All music composed and performed by Matthew P. Haubert

Poems © Matthew P. Haubert, from Trauma: Songs and Poems of a Failed Life

Published under Fracture & Form

matthewhaubert.art