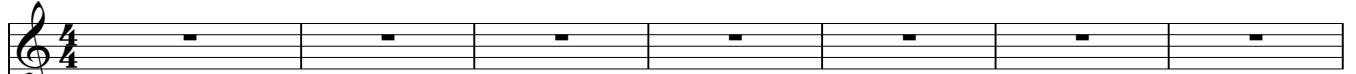


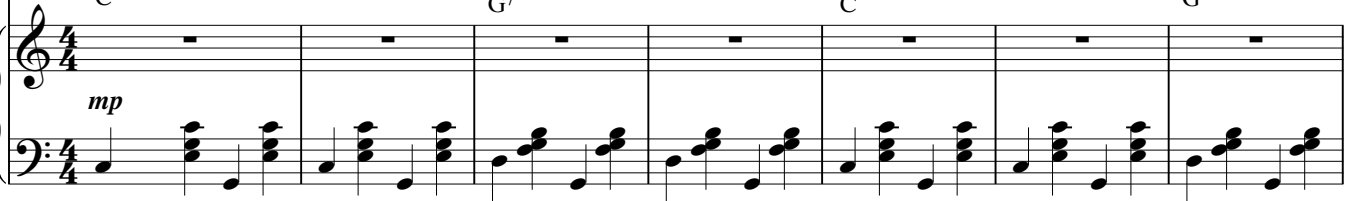
Coastal Forest Mosquitoes

♩=M108

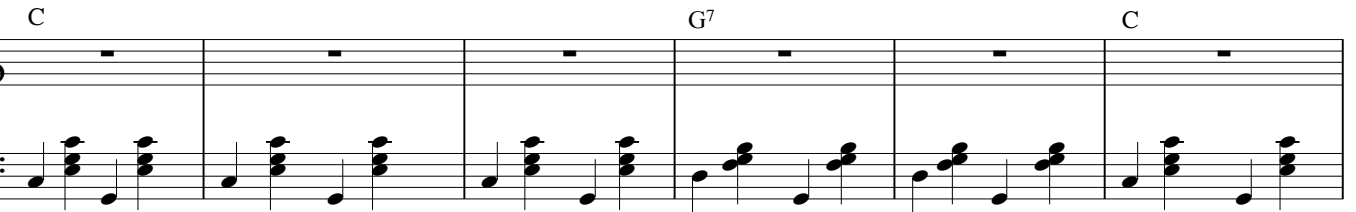


Please find audience member, kazoo, violin, or something to make an irritating mosquito sound throughout.

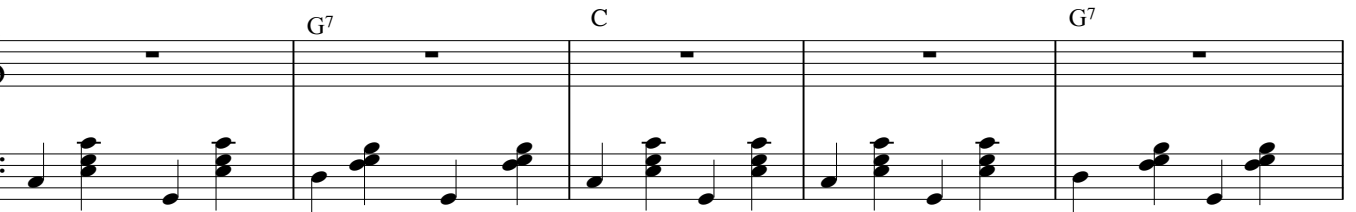
♩=M108



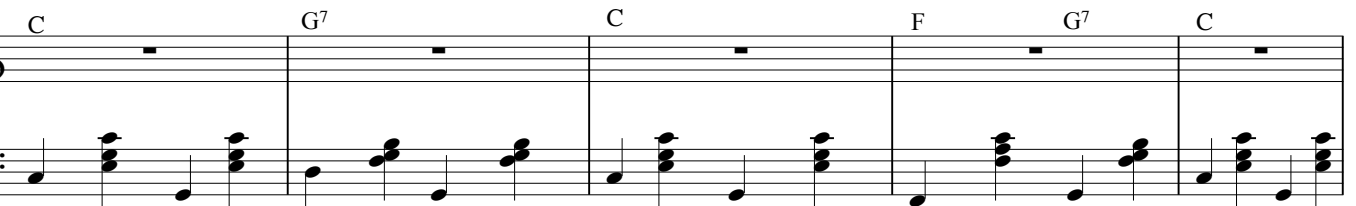
On our arms and legs con-stell - a-tions form u - nique as-freck-le- pat - terns, each bite our do-na-tion of



blood to the next gen-er - a-tion of larv-ae. On the Bak-er Bay trail the bites



mul-ti- ply as fast as we pull the red huck-le-ber-ries in - to our me-tal cups. My daught-er wears horns on her fore - head,



24

two round-ed buttes ris-ing east_ and west. At Mc-Ken-zie-head mos-

G⁷ C G⁷ C

29

qui-toes as big as An-na's hum-ming-birds ho-ver by neck and cheek and hand. My-

G⁷

32

son has itched and scratched and rubbed his legs in-to rang-es of red_ cra-tered vol-ca-noes.

C G⁷ C G⁷

37

So we en-ter the land-scape, leav-ing our blood liv-ing in o-thers,_ our hu-man cells

C G⁷ C

43

fly-ing past sit-ka and salm - on-ber-ry to pla - ces we'd ne - ver go. At_

G7 F G7

49

eve-ning on the porch as we count_ and com-pare our newcoins of_ raised_ flesh, mos - qui- toes_ wing from the

C G7 C

54

wax_ myr - tles and pines to our wait - - - ing arms and

G7

57

legs.

C G7 C