



“in the
earth of
varied hues
most surely
there is a
[sine]”

An-Nahl 16:13

Shado (n.): a Kyudo master; the captive of her father's history; the one who teaches you to hit your mark (to miss your mark is to sin, hamartia); the one who leads you through purgatory; the one who was conceived in your childhood; your lover on the way from where you began to where you will end; a voice in your memory's museum; an ideal; an idealization; a force of sight; a force that blinds you to the human in front of you; a force that brings you to your knees; the good in you; the vision you've had of responding rightly; the one you meet when you see the woman as she is, a real human being.

Shadow (n.): the dark place when a light is cast; obscurity; an attenuated form; the unconscious; the unbearable; what must find light to grow; where you go when your parents growl at one another in the night; what you've hidden from yourself; your human form; your earthly sins; the one who seeks Shado; the one who is sought by her; an inseparable companion; one who shadows; and when they come face to face, the light reaches beyond its domain and the arrow hits through the heart.

Shado[w]

FOREWORD

“... take a little boy who gets to
see his papa broke down
now he's a shadow made for
the modern world ...”

– Esperanza Spalding



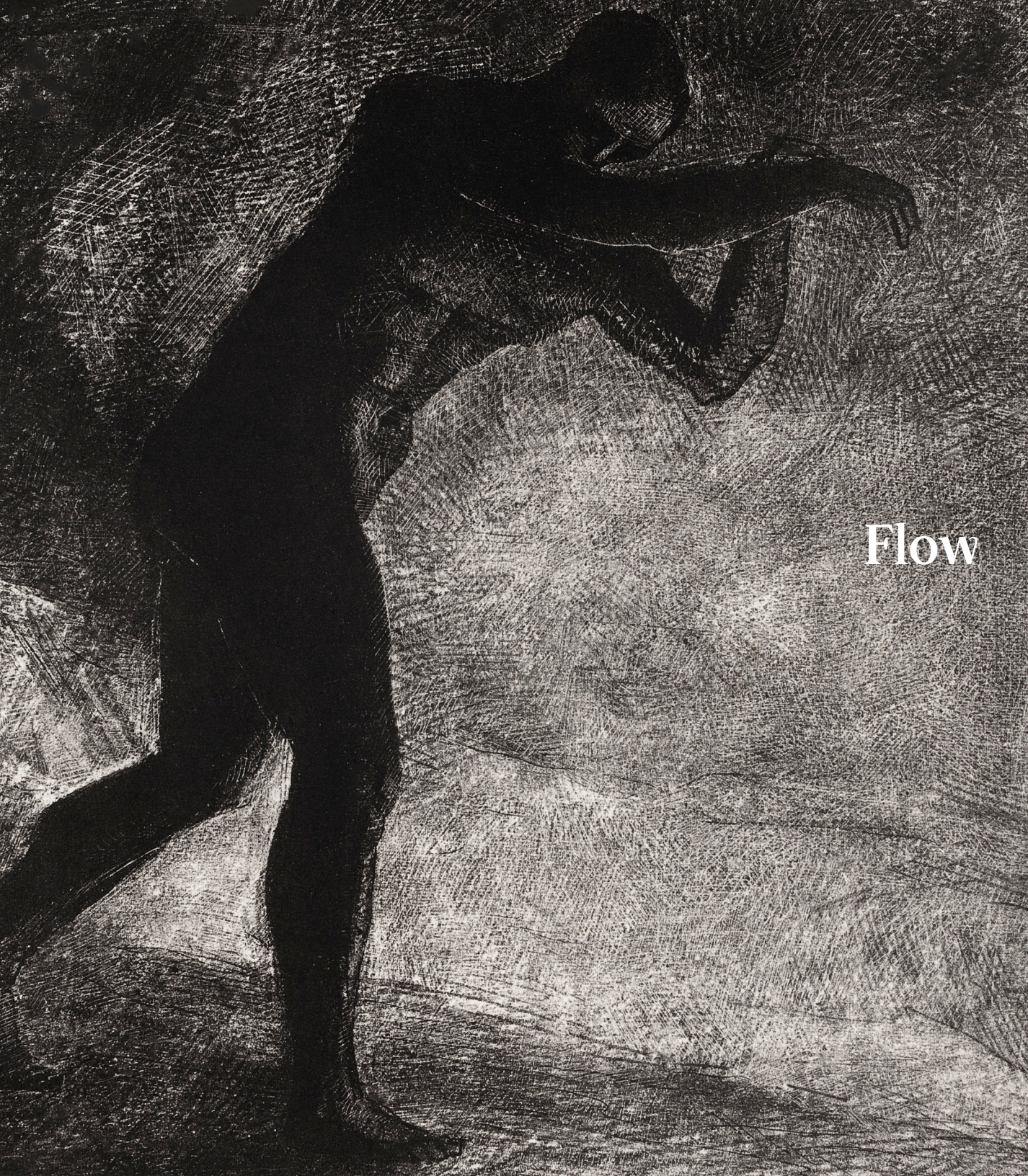
Ebb





drawbridge

We could crash at sea
But what would we be
If I didn't need to know why
You make me feel so high
I think we could fly



Flow

... time flies. So let's move on.



SHADOW

All I see is stories of old
She's from a better a life
If I was born in strife
Do I fit the mould?
They say you can look
In the eyes to see the soul
They seem so cold
That I won't seek to be consoled
I feel so free when I'm alone
I got this far on my own
I fall back to keep going
Like I could stack till I'm Boeing
Then all I'm holding gets offloaded

Like two long roads
Slow to weave in
The toll is we've been
Standing at the edge of life
In hope of flight
Hold me close, losing sight
Comatose, reunite then overdose
I don't think I need love
Like I need you when you see it too
Knowing I'm playing a part
Could we walk the path of the heart?
Where do we start?
You know my heart and my thoughts
Been growing farther apart



Shado

(Shadow) Shado
(Now he's a shadow) were we just
Shadows made for the modern world?

And you have proved to be
And you have proved to be
A real human being
A real human being
And a real hero
And a real hero





driftwood

I want to tell you I love you sometimes
But who am I? so young to say
I've tried but I just run away
What would you say if
I were to tell you I loved you one time?
Why bear my burden for one more day?
I'm learning, I'm burning my driftwood away
I'd hope you'd stay if...

If hell is in your mind, the devil is alive all the time
So I look him in his eyes, he replies
"Where does God hide out?
If you're saying you're getting slaughtered
Till your kind dies out
And you're praying for holy water
Till your [tithe] dried out?"
My pride died, how did I falter? Now I'm
At the altar with my father what did I find out?

That I can aim higher in
Then, I would see pain as desire
And desire as the fire, since
Usher taught me to let it burn
No wonder I never learned
That the heart could be [urned]
And my thought concerned
With my fault discerned
In my walk observe, the ark returns
When God is word, the lost are [herd]

Solder

Noah: ... I don't have much solder skills.

Samuel: ...

Noah: I haven't soldered it.

Samuel: ...

Noah: ... there's more things that need to be fixed that I don't have the skills to fix.

Samuel: ...

Noah: ... what's crazy is, this piano when it was new in the 60's or 70's cost the equivalent of like 6,000 dollars. It was really expensive—

Samuel: Top of the line.

Noah: ... now it's ... like 2000. Around.

Samuel: Damn.

Noah: ... this was like a seriously complicated electric piano 'cause it sounds like ... at the time, it probably sounded very like a piano.

Samuel: ...

Noah: Well, it's got piano action.

Samuel: Yea.

David: Alright, that's enough.



All tracks written and produced by Daoure Diongue

Daoure Diongue – Saxophone (Tracks 2, 3, 4),
Keyboard (Tracks 2, 5, 6, 7), Wurlitzer (Track 8),
Verses (Tracks 5, 7) Background Vocals (Tracks 3, 6)
Hwansu Kang – Bass (Track 1)
Troy Long – Keyboard (Tracks 1, 3)
Jongkuk Kim – Drums (Tracks 1, 4, 6)
Bobbi Rush – Vocals (Tracks 2, 6)
Randi Withani – Vocals (Tracks 3, 6, 7)
Matt Malanowski – Piano (Tracks 4, 6)
Thea Kammerling – Harp (Track 6)

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Artwork: Odilon Redon
Graphic Design: Daoure Diongue

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Recording Engineers: Edwin Huet, Craig Bowen
Additional recordings by Daoure Diongue
Mixed and mastered by Edwin Huet

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Daoure Diongue is a saxophonist, composer, and sound essayist. A polyglot and alchemist, he evokes his homes of Baltimore and Senegal through sound. His work draws on a world-class conservatory training as a saxophonist and the self-determining ethos of Black American Music. Each of his projects is a first-order experience that is both mysterious and whole. In *Shado[w]*, Daoure explores how understanding our histories can bring us new clarity, beauty, and possibility.

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