How Little You Are is a large piece, for twelve guitars and choir. I found a sequence of texts written by pioneer women in Texas and in other places in the 19th century expansion to the west. Their concerns range from the agricultural to the spiritual, and from the wonder of the open spaces to the horrors of infant mortality. The camera moves away from the woman in the final section of the piece, towards the cowboys and wranglers working in the far distance. The piece is meant to capitalize on the extraordinary sonic possibilities of a dozen guitars, as well as vocal ensemble Conspirare¹'s ability to navigate the simple, the complicated, and the in-between. The first movement describes the landscape during the day: brush, rabbits, springs, coffee, and the camaraderie between women left without their husbands. The second movement is pure heartbreak: a woman and her husband bury their child in a home-made coffin. In the third movement, we begin to sense the presence of danger in the distance: a howl, half-human, and half-animal menaces the women at night. The fourth movement turns its focus towards God, and the incredible stillness in the seemingly-empty West. After a brief springtime interlude, we move into a more dismal nocturne, during which a cowboy can be heard singing³ Bury me not on the lone prairie² in the distance. This music dissolves into a version of the original folk tune shimmering and scattered amongst the guitars.