

## **PART I - Man**

1

Choir: Ah, bitter happening, ah, impious and cruel fate,  
Ah, unjust stars, ah, miserly Heaven.

2

A: Yes.

**S: Are you there already?**

A: Yes.

**S: Did you already start?**

A: No.

**S: You have anything to say to me?**

A: No.

**S: I don't know either.**

A: I don't know.

3

A: Heinrich the attempt fails!

4

**S: You have nothing to say to me?**

A: No. Not really. I don't know.

5

A: And do you remember ...

**S: Who is YOU?**

A: ... how the wind made dents in the cornfields,  
the skin of this earth, so incredibly thin & fragile &  
delicate.

How the wind tickled and stroked those cornfields,  
who struggled to keep their joy and excitement in check ...

**S: Why would they do that?**

A: ... because they wanted to jump up,  
out of mere lustfulness,  
and with just a gentle rustle exposed their suppressed desires.

Back there, behind the poplar lanes, the windmills, the electricity  
poles, the country road & the clouds above - back there  
the sea starts,  
with its countless waves,  
no one can count, no one can reach

**S: And yet the number of waves end with time.**

A: And also your breath comes to an end  
& when you whisper something in my ear,  
it makes that moment an infinity,  
but that infinity is already past,

or one day will happen  
but it is not there,  
it has no place in time,  
infinity, just now in the present,  
or time is in the present,  
the underworld, where time catches up with the present,  
redeems itself and shrinks back to its origin again.

You, however ...

**S: I notice.**

A: ... have a trail of blood on your abdomen,  
something has cut your abdomen, below the navel

**S: What is that, because there is no reason for it, that it should be like that all of a sudden.**

A: A pace across the abdomen,  
like an aeroplane that cuts through the sky,  
and from this abdomen ooze out the 100.000 dead child soldiers,  
who are buried here, from the last war, the lost souls, the revenants (ghosts),  
whose blood has soaked these fields.

**S: German blood, black and red.**

A: Who return, days nights, & the racket of guns  
& who ask questions, always the same ones,  
where love is, there must also be war,

because of the eternity of time,

darkness because of light,

the silence, that encompasses your kiss.

That's why I don't know what else your abdomen will create to top that

& if it was my semen,

the power of my thoughts, that impregnates them?

## Part II Woman - Mesostichon

Hush!

Quiet!

kiss

Me

With

the

kisses

of

Your

inaccessible

into

inside

folded

sealed

mouth

as

Your

love

is

very

unfortunate

that

it

a

woman

sadly

fears

like

tears

in

the

kiss.

Crazy

that

it

underneath

everywhere

glows

so

intensely

exactly

you

who

you

unfree



are

by

Your

own

blinkers

of

your

heart.

Freezing

reception!

Long

stayed

your

northstar

distant

of

your

blind

eyes

finished

is

your

desire

feeling.

Through

this

trapdoor

toward

a

quiet

unlocked

garden

of

dedication

in

distant

future

to

secret

places

in

another

presence

to

arrive.

DO love

GIRLS you

LOVE the

YOU? girls?

TAKE

ME

ALONG!

TAKE

ME

ALONG,

LET

US

FLEE!

TAKE

ME

ALONG.

LEAD

ME

O

KING,

INTO

YOUR

ROOMS.

TAKE

ME

ALONG,

LET

US

FLEE!

Inside

seems

me

no

prettier

tone.

My

sense

frozen.

Sombreness

hangs

your

shriveled

stubbornness

on

your

face.



Look

at

your

face...

A

ROOM

INTO

WHICH

I

YOU

WANTED

(to)FOLLOW

IN

Unreachable

closeness

kiss

joys

perceives

idolized

you

in

creeping

changing

play.

Here

sprouts

you

no

single

sweeter

thought.

Nevertheless

think

I

just

this:

LOVE

MORE

AS

this

hidden

innerness

which

my

innerness

not

awakens

WE

WANT

US (to)

REJOICE

YOUR

PRESENCE,

INHALE

YOUR

LOVE

RATHER

THAN

YOU

IT

ASSURSES

will

MY

HEART

alights.

I

LOVE

no

deception.

I

love

YOU

DARK

AM

I,

BUT

CHARMING,

lonely

too

saving

first

could

you

me

solace

find

once

however

it

saves

us



nobody!

Rather

of (this)

dream

silence! (no word!)

HOW

THE

TENTS (of)

KEDAR

LIKE

you

one

once

at

home

impatiently

arrive

COVER

over

warm

light,

my

poor

soul!

LOOK

ME

NOT

AT!

LOOK

ME

NOT

AT,

THAT

I

THIS

DARK

AM,

BECAUSE

THE SUN

HAS

ME

THIS

BURNT

that's why

is

it

so

beautiful

Here

aside

a

person

who

me

not

always

just

COURAGE

has.

But

he

worries

about

a

in (the)

background

constantly

accompanying

prejudice.

Sure

the

obstacle

of a

difficult

constellation

but

no

unconquerable

situation.

I

step

backwards.

Me

seems

whispers

it

me

IN

the

ears

fades



it

on

further

consideration.

It

lingers

beloved

although

it

rather

delights

entrusting

dedication

would

come

to

you

my

secret

silence

no

inwand? inner reward

reward

to an

ignoramus.

What

kind

of

secret

would

for

you

be

hidden.

Come

my

trusted

one

I

don't

blame

you

at

first

sight

for

rash

deeds!

Tell

me

you

who

loves

my

soul

where

you

herd

where

you

rest

in

the

afternoon

don't

you

know

you

fairest

among

women

tell

me

you

who

loves

my

soul

where

you

herd

where

you

rest

in

the

afternoon

so

I

don't

go

astray



whenever

I

disperse

the

thoughts,

whose

children

once

step

onto

the

right

ground.

Children

of

a

different

generation.

Happier

perhaps

and

without

ignorance.

Don't

you

know

don't

you

know

you

fairest

among

women

so

follow

your

dark

track

through

the middle

of

a

labyrinth.

It

twists

in

windy

paths

through

intertwined

chatter

unclear

impenetrable

detours

different

meanings

of

one

and

the

same

situation

in

unequal

circles

collaborating

without

reaching

an

end.

I

fail

to

discover

a

magic word

coming

from

the

lips

of

a

liberating

thought

silent

words

meaningless

wandering

around

signs

of

a

not



fulfilled

desire.

Please

forget

my

words!

More

beautiful

I

discover

my

unknown

girlfriend

seconds

breath

our

togetherness

a

breath

out

of

which

grow

wings.

For

reasons

no

one

could

explain.

It's

fantasy

The

product

of

failing

brains.

Nice

are

your

cheeks

with

the

pearl

necklaces

your

neck

with

the

chain

of

shells

we

want

to

make

you

gold

garlands

with

little

silver

balls

as

long

as

the

king

remains

at

his

round

table

my

nard (spikenard)

gives

it's

fragrance

a

bunch

of

myrrh

is

for

my

beloved

is

in

between

my

breasts



hangs

a

cascade

of

Cyprus

flowers

is

for

my

beloved

from

vineyard

of

Engedi

beautiful

are

you

my

only

friend

no

one

is

as

beautiful

my

secret

friend

beloved

nameless

you

are

beautiful

beautiful

are

you

my

silent

friend

with

no

name

you

are

beautiful

beautiful

are

you

my

beloved

yes

charmingly

beautiful

are

you

my

understanding

friend

your

desire

and

your

eyes

are

pigeon (deafeningly?)

beautiful

are

you

my

beloved

yes

charming

and

our

campground

is

green

the

beams

of

our

house

are

cedar

and

our

rafters

cypresses

I

am

a

flower



in

Sharon

a

lily

in

the

valleys

like

a

lily

under

the

thorns

is

without

similar

abandonment

saddened

my

pursued

friend

still

among

the

girls

lingering

lying

like

fallen

down

appels

next

near

around

beneath

the

trees

the

shadows

like

elongated

love

bonds

that

you

see

glimmer

past

the

cool

oasis

is

my

beloved

among

the

younglings

in

its

shadow

I

would

like

to

sit

and

its

fruit

is

my

taste

sweet

because

also

in

here

beats

my

unquestioning

committed

heart

in

obvious

involuntary (or: sudden)

ending

times.

Times

originally

already

have

different

names.



Most

of

them

disappear

into

nothingness.

Show

me

the

madness

of

love

weakness

of

a

powerful

nature.

This

shames

me

not.

Not

the

darkness

of

my

eyes

although

beside

many

thoughts

also

light

can

influence

me.

Regale

me

with

apples

because

I

am

sick

with

love

as

sick

with

love

am

I

in

the

beginning

your

face

seemed

like

a

fantasy

hardly

more

than

an

illusion

grimace

phantom

and

then

it

ambushed

my

heart

my

head

and

look

there

is

obviously

no

real

reason

for

an

outburst

of

the

sudden

instant

me



I

am

no

longer

in

command.

What

words

described

this

disordered (confused)

confusion.

I

am

silent,

daughters

of

Jerusalem

I

assure

you

by

the

saints

of

all

times

the

countries

of

all

continents

now

or

remaining

days

in

the

past

and

bygone.

No

creature

may

break

this

promise

that

delicate

balance

wastes

the

end

forthwith!

I

assure

you

that

you

won't

wake

the

love

I

assure

you

that

you

will

not

wake

the

love

I

assure

you

daughters

of

jerusalem

please

assist

me

to

protect

our

fortune

from

judgement

pausing

one

wants

never



ending

appearing

fractions

of

seconds

and

also

in

different

dimensions

of

endlessness

that

no

one

could

measure

or

understand.

Let

this

be

said

to

you:

that

you

cannot

wake

love

until

it

pleases

you

get

up

my

beloved

friend

be

not

silent

anymore!

Your

silence

destroys

your

beauty.

Speak

and

come

here

there

is

the

voice

of

my

friend

my

beloved

fears

you?

In

you

there

must

be

an

all-embracing

fear

in

your

locked

heart.

Open

your

ears!

Listen

sweetheart!

My

beloved

behold

the

winter

is

finished

the

rain

has

finished

and



gone

listen

there

will

be

a

breeze,

there

is

the

voice

of

my

friend

the

flowers

have

merged

into

the

earth

the

time

of

singing

has

come

there

it

is

it

jumps

over

the

mountains

and

leaps

over

the

hills

the

voice

of

the

turtle dove

is

heard

in

our

land

it

is

a

many-voiced

concert

of

many

thousands

of

sounds

sounds

of

a

big

radiating

orchestra

extending

itself

indefinitely

but

as

one

my

beloved

or

what

is

your

perception?

It

does

near

our

perception.

Your

ear

also

is

already

always

speech



for

our

thought

deepens

what

is

first

heard,

for

all

stays

misunderstood

to

us

with

our

blocked

ears.

On

one

condition,

cross

yourself

for

one

another

in

unison.

Questions

everywhere

questions

and

yet

do

you

have

your

mouth

your

lips

shut.

Please

air

your

thoughts

it

is

worthwhile.

At

least

it

gives

me

intense

joy.

Like

beautiful

blossoms

look

he

does

stand

behind

our

wall

and

looks

through

the

window

looking

in

through

the

grates

get

up

my

beloved

friend

forget

your

own

mighty

spirit,

for

the

fairest

and

craziest

or

for



my

part

I

make

a

circle.

It

means

simply

nothing

as

also

you

release

my

beloved

friend

me

of

stubbornness

we

would

be

a

beautiful

devoted

No

that

sounds

complicated.

Come

my

heart

break

open

my

silent

friend

I

am

thus

your

beauty

for

look

winter

is

finished

the

rain

has

stopped

and

gone

it

is

time

you

open

up

my

beloved

friend

to

forget

about

yourself

to

offer

yourself

come

over

the

flowers

have

become

one

with

the

soil

the

time

of

singing

has

come

to

first

find

oneself

outside



inner

circles

whose

paths

cast

out

must

be

blank.

Then

stops

for

me

and

you

Then

come

here

beloved

Hark!

the

voice

of

the

animals

and

shrubs

sing

our

lovesong.

Unique

primitive

accompaniment

is

heard

in

our

land

if

time

ends

this

landscape

for

my

friend

Here

and

us

only

there.

cannot

possibly

be

created

previously

just

so

we

experience

a

delight.

Closer

observation

can

under

circumstances

evoke

projections.

Know

by

no

means

everything.

A

premature

fruit

of

our

perception

or

do

I

think

the

wrong

way?

Our

unrestrained

imagination?

Scents



of

your

blossom

get

up

my

silent

friend

don't

forget

my

love

is

still

dormant.

I

invoke

your

sanity

and

come

here

my

mute

friend

Don't

forget

the

desire

of

my

beautiful

dream

my

dove

in

the

clefts

of

the

hill

in

a

cranny

in

the

hillside

show

yourself

let

me

hear

your

voice

for

your

voice

is

sweet

and

your

sight

is

lovely

catch

for

us

the

foxes (beggars)

the

little

foxes

the

destroyers

of

true

joy

for

our

love

could

not

use

destroyers.

For

our

vineyard

in

our

Balsambergen

now

have



blossoms

my

beloved

is

mine

and

I

am

to

be

him

among

the

lilies

herding

till

the

day

dawns

and

the

shadows

fade

come

my

beloved

like

a

gazelle

turn

here

my

friend

like

a

gazelle

or

like

a

young

deer

on

the

Balsamberg

### Part III – Durchführung

A: There, behind the dunes,  
there he comes,  
through the beachgrass,  
there he comes,  
as a cloud of sand,  
an infant in the wind.

S: But you are here,  
not overthere behind the dunes,  
and you don't walk through the beachgrass,  
and the pinewoods, that smell like the cedars in Lebanon.

A: And you have to hurry,  
barefoot in the sand,  
because the sand is hot in the sun,  
and because of the long needles of the pine trees  
but where are you going,  
I have taken your dress off.

S: Where are you, he who loves my soul,  
I searched, but did not find you,  
he who loves my soul,  
I walked a little further,  
just as I was, as God made me,  
I walked through the woods and beyond  
on the streets and along the fields.

A: They have beaten you, he who loves my soul,  
the women have beaten you,  
those who stood at the side of the street,  
and the men have also beaten you,  
because you were naked, they have taken you  
and you did not make a noise.

S: No, not a sound.  
Who should have helped me, because among them were also guards,  
so I waited & then I walked on,  
until the streets were empty,

and no blue light glimmered behind the windows anymore.

A: Here is the voice of my girlfriend,  
the sound of which pleases my heart  
like the sheep, frolicking on the dunes,  
like the singing of birds at daybreak.

S: The city seemed deserted, barren & empty,  
no light anywhere, nowhere,  
no place anymore, everywhere like the walls of oblivion,  
I was not me anymore  
I forgot every hour,  
and was neither there nor here,  
going nowhere,  
do I say I.. I was no more.  
I had lost my trail.

S: I have taken my dress off. I have ...

A: Behind the dunes,  
there he comes,  
through the beachgrass,  
there he comes,  
as a cloud of sand,  
an infant in the wind.

S: But you are here,  
not overthere behind the dunes,  
and you don't walk through the beachgrass,  
and the pinewoods, that smell like the cedars in Lebanon.

S: But I am here, my beloved,  
the one I looked for, and did not find,  
his voice is balsam for my ears,  
enough, to wake a thousand dead people,  
enough, to fill the place beyond the place with light.  
I am here & have taken my dress off.

A: Here is the voice of my girlfriend,  
the sound of which pleases my heart  
like the sheep, frolicking on the dunes,  
like the singing of birds at daybreak.

A: She has golden hair,  
her neck long and slender like a gazelle,  
and her skin as soft as the wind,  
that strokes over the cornfields.  
Her lips are red and white is her face,  
and he whispers words into my ear,  
I do not understand,  
but my whole body shivers.

A: I stood in front of the door to your chamber,  
my hand was on the latch  
as moist as a mushroom,  
The wind whistled through the chinks of the house,  
and the storm roared out in anger,  
as if he wanted to blow the house away, and the sea and the dunes,  
as if he wanted to reverse creation to its beginning and its end,  
the underneath to the top and the above to nowhere.  
but when I opened the latch,  
you were gone, gone and left,  
in your bed your perfume was sweeter than honey  
and your warmth, still flowing from your pillow, embraced me,  
you were gone & left  
flown out, she who loves my soul

S: I beseech you, your daughters and sisters,  
by the fruit of your loins,  
by the beauty of the dunes, & the murmur of the sea,  
I beseech you by Time,  
that finds no end and no beginning,  
I beseech you, your daughters & sisters & mothers,  
don't wake up this love,  
just don't wake up this love!