

Blood to Light

A Performance for One Musician and Two Voices

The verb *to be* is irregular in many languages. Children broke it up; traders fought with it; neighbouring villages burnt each other with it by mistake; men and women loved because of it, in spite of it; invaders made it their game.

They made of it what they would.

Haaaiii. Essere. Est. Est ...

Infinitive, *to be*. It finished changing as we finished learning.

*Fosse. Fuése. Fuera.
Demeure, il faut choisir ...*

Continuing changing, that goes without saying.

“I – AM – the beaker not yet broken, still brimming,
the beaker of clear water, the beaker of soft water
that Virginia Woolf carried across the lawn,
that Virginia Woolf spilled like a thought in conversation,
like a thought of the future, like her thought in the river”.

“I – AM – the lacework man, I can breathe,
since they cut holes in me, cross-wise, silver-piping,
my trunk is a case for some cruel musician
to pick up like a god and play like Chopin,
piano piano, like stardust pearling out of myself”.

Highly irregular. It conjugates the babble of the first passage after birth, birth the passage from sound into light, this the passage into speech in the manufactured world, the world that has touched on sight. *To be*. It gives form to the forced meeting of strangers. It is the geography of chance, it is, it is, would you say, the genealogy – of – a scream.

Ist ...

“I AM the transparency attained through fire.
Roses and lilies are really the only
flowers that name us; their flow of power
runs in our veins, whose redness has,
occasionally, suddenly, opened before them”.

That was the beginning. It played in the beginning. It became so tame that it started wars.

*Soit. Siamo stati. So
it was, so it is, skal
vera, skal vera, sará.*

How to describe it? When it was not always like this?

*Est. Est. Est ...
Shall, shall, shall ...*

At the time

it seemed safe. The sun fooled me into looking straight at him. It was late November. That's why I don't see you. He was dressed up like the moon, like somebody's daughter – his face dazzled. The sun slashed me. Cover your eyes!

“I AM Cleopatra. Because I am crazy.
Because becoming Cleopatra is usual.
Too much makeup, men off whoreships.
Monstrous to most people, marvellous to my poor self.
Sideways I vanish like a serpent, like news”.

You want to hear things that will be bitter to you? Like the coolie boy who drank a potent weedkiller locally known as ‘Indian Love Juice’, an export from the First World where it is banned? Listen to his words, risen from the rice fields: “If Romeo could do it, who is me?”

*Estar ... Estar ...
To be, if
temporarily ...
Estar ...*

“I AM a language learner, I can listen but I cannot speak –
Among voices that scud like birds arcing arcing,
signing the blue with sounds that could be tranquil,
if there's one that encloses fire, that's where I'll take direction.
For even in my sleep, all I know is burning”.

“Would I be the hunter who is happy to go after hidden creatures,
but if they turn towards him, he turns away in disgust.
Would I be the prisoner who scorns the pigeon he's been taming,
because it comes to him, when it could fly away.
Is my love the burning globe, whose blue is shrill with metal?”

“IT SHALL HAVE BEEN a sense of existing,
a time for individuals, a time without choices,
a time with the freedom to be terrified of questions,
where the faces of death are more faces unlike ours,
where the pictures of our dying are more polished than this speech”.

“WOULD THERE BE a way to take up
the art of recognition as the first way to look?
People who are caught up in the pursuit of loving,
they hurry after the present, that is hardly realistic.
Let me die on a pulse like light, not harden as gold”.

Love is internazionale.

*Uh huh? Go tell that
to the Marines.*