

METAL.ANGEL.TONGUES

concert for accordeon, goatbells and bloody mouth

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credits

metal. angel. tongues

concert for accordeon, goatbells and bloody mouth

by **krok & petschinka**

78 rpm record number one

**a gramophone wound up with a handle
needle placed on old 78 rpm record**

a black redstart sings

GRIGORI sunday
 august.
 I think it was a sunday.

UNCLE SHENYA sighs

GRIGORI I hear my uncle -
 UNCLE SHENYA -
 getting up
 very early.

 my bed is in a tiny little room.

 it's not even
 a tiny room.

 his bedroom
 is merely separated by a
 thick curtain.

UNCLE SHENYA opens a window

 my uncle in the front near the window.
 me in the back.

 I can hear him
 sighing.
 then opening the window.

 I sleep very lightly
 this august.

 I'm restless.
 no, he's restless.
 and
 that makes me sensitive to every sound.

UNCLE SHENYA Grigori!

UNCLE SHENYA sweeps out his workshop

GRIGORI and then his habits slowly change
 in these first days of august.

 he clears up his workshop.

UNCLE SHENYA brushing his suit

GRIGORI he takes his black suit out of the closet.
 beats the dust out of it.
 brushes it.

UNCLE SHENYA iron this for me!!

GRIGORI he wants me to iron it.

 then he stops drinking.

UNCLE SHENYA opens bottle and pours a drink

GRIGORI up to this august
 he drinks a few glasses
 of apricot schnapps every evening.

 he brews it himself.
 and then
 tastes it.
 tastes it again.
 and
 gets drunk.
 drunk for days.
 sings.
 sings all night.

 gets his instrument from the workshop
 and plays
 and ...

UNCLE SHENYA plays a few bars on the accordeon and sighs

garden. goats

GRIGORI then
 for days he goes back and forth
 between the fruit trees in the garden.
 leans on them.
 embraces them.

GRIGORI

he sits on his small bench
by the door
longer than usual.
holds the instrument in his lap.
strokes it with his hand.

a smile on his face.

from time to time
isolated sounds.

black redstart sings

GRIGORI

I live with him
in his small house in the Carpathian mountains.
on the edge of the village Uparikowsk
with its 100 inhabitants.

my mother wanted me
to move in with him.
cook for him.
wash his clothes.

and him.

„once a week stand him under the shower!
and rub him down!
he didn't smell so good
the last time I visited him!“
she said as I left for his place.

UNCLE SHENYA scoops water from a well and washes himself

GRIGORI

there is no shower.
there's a well.

he goes
there every day at dawn.
scoops up some water.
and washes himself there.
whatever the weather.

the water
ice cold.

washes out his mouth.
brushes his teeth with his fingers.

GRIGORI then he puts on his shirt.
 drinks a cup of water.
 and comes back to the house.

UNCLE SHENYA Grigori !!

black redstart sings

GRIGORI UNCLE SHENYA.

 how old can he have been?
 100.
 maybe 120.

a very lonely man.

maybe not lonely.
just didn't say much.

I was with him the last 5 years of his life.
we exchanged maybe 100 words
until that day in august.

his last day.

when he talked
from sunrise to sunset.

bedroom

UNCLE SHENYA Grigori get up!
 you have to make me some punch today!

GRIGORI right away!

UNCLE SHENYA no, now! come on! you can sleep tomorrow!

GRIGORI I get up.
 wash.

UNCLE SHENYA give me a hand!!

GRIGORI uncle holds up his black suit.

 you going out today?

UNCLE SHENYA yes, I'm going out today.
 give me a hand!

GRIGORI
the suit.
the tie.
the instrument.
we sit in front of the house
under the sun.

garden

UNCLE SHENYA
the house belongs to you.
the workshop belongs to you.
the instrument belongs to you.

everything belongs to you.
the apricots.
the potatoes.
the garlic.
everything belongs to you.

GRIGORI
in his workshop
twenty or thirty braids of garlic
on the wall.

in the afternoon
when the sun shines into his room
it gets hot.

and he sits in the heat.
with the smell of garlic.
working on his instrument.

evening

UNCLE SHENYA
25 august ...

GRIGORI
in the evening he sits in front of the house
writing down the day's events
in his diary.

UNCLE SHENYA
... lovely day.

GRIGORI
except that there are no events.
but he still manages to write a page an evening.

garden

UNCLE SHENYA

don't read it.
it's nothing.

but listen!
what I have here on my lap
that's ...
that's done !!

I've prepared the diagrams for you.
they're lying in the drawer.
all described
in my best handwriting.

come on !
pour me a drink !

GRIGORI pours a glass of schnapps

it's finished.
finished.

you know,
finished.

UNCLE SHENYA plays the accordeon

another garden. horses. frogs

UNCLE SHENYA

the village.
now it's ...
it's nothing anymore.

not a village.

but 100 years ago !!
it was
a village
and ...

you know,
100 years ago,
there were twenty girls
in this village.

I don't know
whether people organised it that way :
„in that year : children!“

UNCLE SHENYA

the previous year – 3 children.
and in the year I arrived – 30!!
afterwards 5, then 7 or 2.

in my year
30 children !
20 of them girls.
a whole bunch.

in the neighbouring villages too.
10 girls there.
over there 12.
and always: fewer boys !

GRIGORI

doesn't matter.

UNCLE SHENYA

no no, it doesn't matter.

we had a huge choice.

there were all sorts:
carnations lilys roses tulips and dandelions.
many dandelions.

GRIGORI

not one ORCHID ?!

UNCLE SHENYA

yes one.

but I have to start from the beginning!

will you give me a drink of water?!

flute

we were a gang of boys.
fought hunted sang.
in church in school at home.

sheep

singing.

that was what was important.

singing and playing the flute!

everone learned that instrument.

you heard it
already in the womb.
the flute.
the high-pitched sound of the flute.

UNCLE SHENYA there were also other instruments.

GRIGORI brass !?

UNCLE SHENYA yes brass.

but most important was the flute.
flute and singing.

black redstart sings

and then :
I'm 13.
summer solstice.
there's a war.

a war between the villages.
not with weapons.
with the flute.
with song.

and we -
our gang -
we win.

and the boys
from the village over the mountain -
don't understand defeat.

they'd won for decades.

they had to win.
or be despised!

accordeon

but that year we win.

unbelievable celebration.

the golden madonnas come to our village.

and the boys
from the village over the mountain have to show
that they are winners.

they ambush us.
attack us with iron bars.

knock out my teeth.
break my friend's finger.

UNCLE SHENYA the first blow catches me in the throat.
the second in the face.
knocks out my front teeth
and ...

I was proud of them.
lovely white straight.

„a lovely smile!“

GRANDMOTHER a lovely smile.

UNCLE SHENYA grandmother said

GRANDMOTHER beautiful smile.

UNCLE SHENYA „beautiful smile!“

I spit them out.
those beautiful front teeth
spat out.

garden. goats

yes.
that was it
no teeth no flute.

sheep

and since that day
my voice -
croaks like a crow.

and stayed that way.

the others developed lovely male voices.

my voice -
listen to it -
never recovered from the blow,
from the shock.

GRIGORI didn't you swear revenge?

UNCLE SHENYA I swore revenge.

cried, hid away
burned my flute.
strewed the ashes in the stream.
for years no more smiling.
no smiling.

GRIGORI cutting bread

GRIGORI I go to get him a piece of bread from the kitchen.
 when I get back
 he's sleeping.
 sweat on his forehead.

UNCLE SHENYA I'm not sleeping.
 you know,
 I find my way
 better
 with eyes
 closed.

 my way through heaven.

UNCLE SHENYA plays the accordeon

UNCLE SHENYA they'll call it a pig-organ.

 even now
 when it sounds like a flute.

 that's what they'll say: pig-organ.

 but don't let that put you off.
 you take it
 and go to Vienna.
 go to Cyrillus Demian in Vienna.

 and you play there
 like I showed you.

 before then
 you don't play !

GRIGORI ok I promise.

accordeon

 again he tries to find his way through heaven.
 sweat on his forehead again.
 again the deep sighing.

78 rpm record number two

**a gramophone wound up with a handle
needle placed on old 78 rpm record**

nightingale

UNCLE SHENYA in the village in those days
 we were like nightingales.

 you know
 how it is with nightingales?!

GRIGORI no, I say.
 tell me, UNCLE SHENYA.

UNCLE SHENYA in early May
 the cocks come to us from the south.
 fight their battles.
 knock out the teeth of their rivals.
 destroy their throats.
 tear up their vocal cords.
 and then ...

 then come ... the LADIES.

 for nights on end
 you hear the cocks singing.
 songs arias operettas.

 and the LADIES sit in the trees
 and listen.

 flying from garden to garden.
 from opera house to opera house.

 take it all in.
 consider the choices
 fly back again to La Scala in Milan.
 then to the MET.

 and at last come to a decision.

night. horses. and screech owl

 that's how it is for us in the village.
 back then.
 with a small difference.

UNCLE SHENYA

it isn't the girls who go from opera to opera.
from aria to aria.

no.
we nightingale cocks
flutter from window to window.
sing twitter clack our tongues
and crow our souls out of our bodies.

if a window is opened,
it doesn't yet mean
you can go in.

but it's a good sign.

if a white handkerchief flutters from the window
it's an excellent sign.
your heart beats wildly.
because it means
come again tomorrow night!!

garden. goats

for me the windows remain shut.

no flute.
and this broken voice.
no!!

a stable. flies

don't make a fool of yourself SHENYA.
come to terms with it, SHENYA.
retire to a cloister, SHENYA.

church bells

jump off a bridge, SHENYA.

but I'd already tasted the fruit
when I was twelve.

there was a wedding.
and our relatives
stayed at our place.

church bells

an uncle and his wife.
and an elderly aunt with her daughters.

we didn't have
enough room for all these people.
so I was kicked out of my bed
and given a mattress
in a narrow broom closet.

UNCLE SHENYA

I was 12 at the time.
my mother laid out the mattress in the broom closet
saying :
„your cousin Carla
is going to sleep next to you tonight!“

night. screech owl

she was 17.
and me 12.

and my cousin smells of roses and liqueur.
and when she comes in
I'm already sleeping.

she had stayed longer at the wedding feast.

"SHENYA, are you asleep?" she asks.
and I say nothing.

"move over a bit!" she says.

I edge nearer the wall.

"you're awake!" she says.

it's dark.
black.
completely black.
I can't see her.
only smell her.

smell the roses.
smell the liqueur and ...

she takes off her nightdress.
and I feel her hair.
feel her hair
on my face.

and she says:
"does it tickle you?"

yeah!
„then push the blanket away!“

so I push the blanket away.
and lie naked next to her in the darkness and ...
feel hair on my face.
her hair.

UNCLE SHENYA

she doesn't see me.
I don't see her.
only feel her hair on my face.
on my chest.
on my belly.
smell the roses.
feel her lips on my belly and ...

nightingale

I couldn't forget her scent.
nor the silk nightgown
she slipped off
leaving traces of silk on me
1000 times finer
than the nightgown.

couldn't forget her kisses
there in the darkness.
in that narrow space.
under the stairs
in my mother's house.

couldn't forget the hands
which touched me.
nor the fingers
which brushed over
my chest
and belly.

couldn't forget the tongue
which flicked over my innocence.

couldn't forget her laughter
as heavenly lust
swept her up
and freed her body
from gravity.

couldn't forget the tears
she cried
as she lay next to me
after her trip to heaven.
in that narrow space.
under the stairs
in my mother's house.

screech owl

UNCLE SHENYA

„kiss me!“
she said.
„kiss me!“
„kiss me!“

so I kissed her.
kissed the tears from her cheeks.
the tears and the sadness.
kissed the sweat from her belly.
from her breasts.

and heavenly lust
swooped down
once again upon her.
and me.
and lifted us to the stars,
only to drop us back down again.

and we fell.
like falcons.
like eagles.
with shrieking cries
we swooped and fell
into a raging storm.

swooping gliding falling cries tears
all night long.

GRIGORI scooping water from well

GRIGORI

I had to bring him a glass of water.
an apple.
raisins.

garden. goats

he had never spoken about this.
not about the wedding night.
nor having his teeth knocked out.

UNCLE SHENYA

I couldn't forget it.
my tongue remembered.
my hands.
my lips.
they all cried out for it to happen again.
all cried out begging.
again !
again !
go, SHENYA, go and get her !
we want it all again !

UNCLE SHENYA

but she was hundreds of kilometres away and ...
she was my cousin and ...
it was a secret.
the secret of one night.
it was nothing.
but it was really
my whole desire.
and I
was nothing but this desire and ...

frogs

and I didn't look at girls
in the same way
as others did.

I looked at them with my hands.
with my lips.
with my tongue.

and
the girls felt this.
felt my tongue flicking over their skin
while we sat in church.
and in school
while we learned about faraway places,
my finger
glided over breasts and bellies.

and I noticed
that they enjoyed my touch.
and
that they watched me
with furtive shyness.

and when our glances met
their eyes blazed.

nightingale. a blow.

then the blows with the iron bar.
I spit out my teeth.
along with hope.

I stand in front of the tiny mirror
in our bathroom.
and I see an ugly hole.

UNCLE SHENYA and
 I try to sing.
 and I hear croaking.
 and I know
 I'll never be able
 to feel happiness
 again.
 never.

accordeon

UNCLE SHENYA „I'll sell my pearl necklace!“ says grandmother

GRANDMOTHER and that will pay for four new teeth.

UNCLE SHENYA so she sends one of her sons to town.
 and he comes
 back
 and says :
 „THEY WEREN'T REAL PEARLS!“

 and she grabs a stick
 and beats him.
 beats him
 till he admits
 he gambled the money away.
 and
 then he needs to get drunk ...
 calm himself down
 with a girl.
 and ...

GRANDMOTHER SHENYA,
 before I die
 I want to see your smile again!

UNCLE SHENYA but I don't have it any more.
 it's been knocked off my face
 by an iron bar.

a shed. woodpecker

 I sit in a small shed behind the house.
 thinking
 about the night with my cousin.
 and there
 I scream.

UNCLE SHENYA

in there
I forge wedding plans with death.
and cry.
and try out the flute.
thereby only feeding my misery.

oscillating reeds

in there I think about
an oscillating reed for the first time.
like on the Chinese glass harmonika
which I saw
at a fair in Kopaija.
connected to bagpipes.
a kind of bellows.

step by step
the ideas come to me
in my little shed.

women chanting

as grandmother lays dying
I'm standing next to her.
a smile on my lips.

GRANDMOTHER

SHENYA !

UNCLE SHENYA

she looks at me
and says :

GRANDMOTHER

you don't know
how happy that smile makes me!

I would have gladly given you those pearls.

I want you to forgive him.
will you forgive him?
I beg you!

UNCLE SHENYA

yes, I say at her deathbed.
yes!

I didn't forgive him !

nightingale

GRIGORI

when I came to him
5 years ago
he didn't speak to me.

GRIGORI

I sat by him in the workshop
and watched him.

I turned over the garden.
dug up potatoes.
strewed cornflower seeds.
planted sage lavender rose of sharon.

and into the wild garden
with its odour of garlic and parsley,
came the smell of wildmint wormwood monk's hood.

a shed. woodpecker

UNCLE SHENYA

you want to try?

GRIGORI

with pleasure.

UNCLE SHENYA

ok! let's go! take it! strap it on!

garden. goats

GRIGORI

that was 4 years ago.

for a whole year
I sat by him in the workshop.
and watched him.
how he filed away at the reed.
how he blew through it.
listened to the sound.
how he shortened the reed.
how he tried
to enlarge the bellows
by making folds in it.

a shed. woodpecker

UNCLE SHENYA

and now play!

GRIGORI

and now play!

UNCLE SHENYA

come on! play!!

GRIGORI begins to play

UNCLE SHENYA

no, no, no, slowly!

GRIGORI every day he showed me
 how to make the instrument sound.

UNCLE SHENYA that's good!

GRIGORI he played me all the tunes
 they played a hundred years before
 under the girls' windows.

UNCLE SHENYA this tune opened the window.
 every time!

UNCLE SHENYA plays a tune

78 rpm record number three

**a gramophone wound up with a handle
needle placed on old 78 rpm record**

eagle

UNCLE SHENYA

there were lots of lovely girls here.
but one of them ...

hawk

she didn't come to the village fairs.
she didn't go to church.

you only ever saw her at her window.

beautiful face.
blue eyes.
black hair.
at the window.

„an illness!“ people said.
but no one knew which one.

such a lovely girl.
locked up.
in one room.
on the first floor of a house.

the more I think of her
the more powerful her image.

why doesn't she ever go to church?
or to the fair?

she lives with her aunt.
is she tyrannical?
a monster? a witch?

why does she keep her locked up?

in the evenings I often stand
behind a bush
and watch the house, the window.

watch
how she combs herself.
watch
how she makes a braid
of her long black hair.

evening. crows

UNCLE SHENYA

once.
it's the beginning of may.
the season
when the nightingales
arrive.

I go to her window.
with my small instrument.

in the meanwhile I had learned
to play the tunes
I had played on the flute
on the accordeon stops.

I stand under her window.
she's nowhere to be seen.
but the window is open
and I begin to play.

I play the first bars.
and the window is shut.

the window is shut.

a red kite

ok.
I know
it's not the sound of a flute.
not yet.
but it's the right melody !

and the window is shut !
already with the first refrain the window is shut!

yeah!
come on down !
beat me up !
grind me into the dust !
throw me off the bridge into the river !
come on!
come and kill me !!

the window is shut.
and my little tune goes silent.

UNCLE SHENYA

the croaking sound
sticks in the throat of the instrument.
in the throat of the crow.

flute

I quit the square in front of the house.
and at that moment I hear
the sound of a flute.

and I hide behind a bush.
and watch the house.

garden. goats

GRIGORI

and what do you see?

UNCLE SHENYA

I see
what I don't want to see.

GRIGORI

what?

UNCLE SHENYA

he's coming.

GRIGORI

who?

UNCLE SHENYA

the one
who destroyed my future
with an iron bar.

he arrives.
and starts to plays.

a beautiful tune.
serene loving fiery.

slowly his song turns melancholy sad.

and the window
is opened.

which encourages him.

he begins a second piece.

puts his whole heart into it.

and the white handkerchief
flutters out of the window.

flute

UNCLE SHENYA

the wind plays with it.

and carries it down
directly before his feet.

and then I swore :
I'll be there.
the next evening.
of the next night.
with a knife.

eagle

GRIGORI

then the next day.

screech owl

UNCLE SHENYA

the day of revenge.

I'm going to slit his throat
like a ram.

I put on my suit.
pack my instrument in a suitcase.

I'm going to leave.

as soon as I've quenched my thirst
I'll leave the village.

when darkness comes
I stand behind a bush in front of her house.

a knife in my hand.

he arrives around midnight.

at midnight he enters the arena.

his heart yearns.
his song is sad.
and full of longing.

and the girl opens the window.
listens.
leans out
to look at him.
smiles at him.
and this gives him wings.

a single cricket

flute

UNCLE SHENYA

he begins with a tarantella.

the melody ...
fiery
zestfull
terrific
wild.

and she begins to dance.

wildly at first.
then
passionately.

the rhythm seizes her heart.
she whirls.
is enraptured.
laughs for joy.
and
falls forward.
falls out of the window.
below.
directly before his feet.

she's lying.
still.
breathing.
breathing.
with difficulty.

and now I see
she has no legs.

and at the same moment
HE also notices
she has
no legs.

he's seized by panic.
and runs away.

and I
forget my revenge.
stick the knife into my boot
and run to her.

take her in my arms
and carry her up to the first floor.

room. a pendulum clock

UNCLE SHENYA

she's beautiful
with tears on her cheeks
and blood.

she lays there.
and I think:
she's dead.

and I listen to her heart and ...
hear nothing.

so I open the buttons of her blouse.
and lay my ear
on her
naked
bosom and ...

this bosom
smells like that of my cousin.

and I kiss her breasts.

the breasts.
the nipples.

take them in my mouth.

I take the little buds
in my mouth.

take them between my lips.
and they grow hard.

and the girl
opens
her eyes.

THE GIRL

who are you?

UNCLE SHENYA

the one with the accordeon.

THE GIRL

did I fall?
fall out the window?

UNCLE SHENYA

yes.

THE GIRL and you brought me into the house?
UNCLE SHENYA yes.
THE GIRL and him?
UNCLE SHENYA gone.
THE GIRL when he saw I had no legs!?
UNCLE SHENYA yes.
THE GIRL will you stay with me?
UNCLE SHENYA yes.
THE GIRL will you play for me?
UNCLE SHENYA you want me to?

UNCLE SHENYA begins to play

UNCLE SHENYA I take the instrument
 and begin to play.

 she closes her eyes.

 I listen to her breathing.
 and
 then
 I hear
 the flute.

flute outside the house.

 and the girl smiles.

 so I think :
 now you're going to die !!

 I go to the window.
 take my slingshot
 out of my pocket.
 and a stone.
 and ...

UNCLE SHENYA

it's a starry night.
and it's easy to see
in the moonlight.
so I aim.
and shoot.

slingshot

and hit him in the temple.

and he falls to the ground.

eagle

GRIGORI

but why did he come back?

eagle-owl

UNCLE SHENYA

I stand near him.
he didn't recognise me.
didn't remember
the blow with the iron bar.
nor the blood
which poured from my mouth.

second eagle-owl

I pulled the knife out of my boot.
kneeled above him.
grabbed him by the hair.
and put the knife to his throat.

YOUTH WITH FLUTE

I was ... really ...
when I saw
she had no legs

the girl
and then the
stumps

and I rushed away.

no legs no legs
hammered in my head

I was shocked by
the sight
no legs
I only wanted to get away
to not see it
didn't want to see that woman die.

YOUTH WITH FLUTE

but then
I had to come back
because I thought
she's lying there
with no one to help her
and so
I had to come

and then I came
and she wasn't there
and I thought
it all wasn't true
she didn't fall
she's not dead

but then I saw
her handkerchief lying there
and then I wanted
to
show myself
to show her
I'm there
I'm there
I'm only waiting for
a sign from you
and I'll
come into the
house ...

UNCLE SHENYA

and he dies.

garden. goats

before I can
slit
his throat.

GRIGORI

and then?

UNCLE SHENYA

then I stick the knife back in my boot
and drag him behind the house.

UNCLE SHENYA digging a hole

take a spade from the garage.
and dig a hole.

I toss him into the hole.
and spit on him.
then I fill up the hole again.

room. a pendulum clock

UNCLE SHENYA

as I come up to her bed
she's lying
calmly now.
with a smile on her lips.

I sit down beside her.

she's asleep, I think.

but she's not breathing.
not breathing any more.

dead.

she died
while I was digging his grave.
and I wasn't with her.

I was busy with him.
with him.

GRIGORI lights candles

GRIGORI

UNCLE SHENYA closes his eyes.
makes his way through heaven.

I carry him into the house.
lay him in bed.
light candles.

women chanting.

I hope
his cousin comes to him
on this first night.

lies down with him in the darkness
of the narrow broom closet.
takes off her nightdress.
and spreads her hair
over his face.

after three days I bury him
in his garden
under a walnut tree.

GRIGORI the neighbours come.
 and sing.
 and drink.

 they leave
 long after midnight.
 and I give them the goats
 and the beehives.
 the schnapps
 and the braids of garlic.

eagle

 the next morning
 I leave for Vienna.

 hand over the instrument
 to Cyrillus Demian
 at the indicated address.
 with all the diagrams and building instructions.
 and go walking on the street called Graben.

graben street in Vienna. violin

 and there I hear
 the sound of a violin.

 I follow the sound
 and find an old man
 sitting on a small stool
 at the entrance to a house.

 I ask him:
 where do you come from?

THE RUMANIAN Rumania.

GRIGORI how long have you been here?

 since the great flood! he says.

THE RUMANIAN begins to play the violin

GRIGORI one more question, I say.
 where can I buy a loaf of bread around here?!

THE RUMANIAN over there.

GRIGORI he points to one of the expensive Graben shops.

GRIGORI you want one too?

THE RUMANIAN sure!

eagle

GRIGORI I go into the shop
 he indicated.

 it's full of delicacies.
 I find sausage ham kaviar & confectionary.

I ask for the bakery
and
stand behind a rich woman
smelling of blood oranges.

she had tied her long black hair
in a braid.
blue eyes.
and a pearl necklace.

she leans
over the pastries.
and is unable to decide
which of the sweets displayed here
can please her tongue today.

she takes her time.
listens to suggestions.
tastes.
turns up her nose.
has an idea.
rejects it.

from outside I hear
the sound of the violin.
and I think
of the great flood
which robbed the old man
of all his worldly possessions.

I think
of the girl without legs.
of the grandmother
who wanted to give him her pearls
to get new teeth.

GRIGORI

think of the wedding night with the cousin
in the little narrow space
under the stairs
in his mother's house,
in which UNCLE SHENYA
became a man.

violin

and I feel tears on my cheeks.

when will I
experience such a wedding night
in a narrow space
under the stairs
in my mother's house ?!

when will heavenly lust
sweep me up
and free my body
from gravity?!

when will I shed tears
because I'm lying again with my girl
after a trip to heaven?!

when will I say :
„kiss me! kiss me!“
and the girl kisses me.
kisses the tears from my cheeks.
the tears and the sadness.
kisses the sweat from my belly.
from my chest.

while heavenly lust
swoops down
and lifts us to the stars
only to drop us back down again.

when will we
swoop down and fall
out of heaven
like falcons like eagles.
with shrieking cries
into a raging storm.

end

closing credits

metal. angel. tongues

concert for accordeon, goatbells and bloody mouth

by **krok & petschinka**

with

andre jung
norbert schwientek
silvia fenz
gerti drassl
and markus meyer

accordeon : walter soyka
violin : nika sapojnikov
flute : angelica castelló

sound production : katharina böhm
 and herta werner-tschaschl

director's assistant : elisabeth putz

director : p e t s c h i n k a

an ORF production 2007

English translation: David Zane Mairowitz