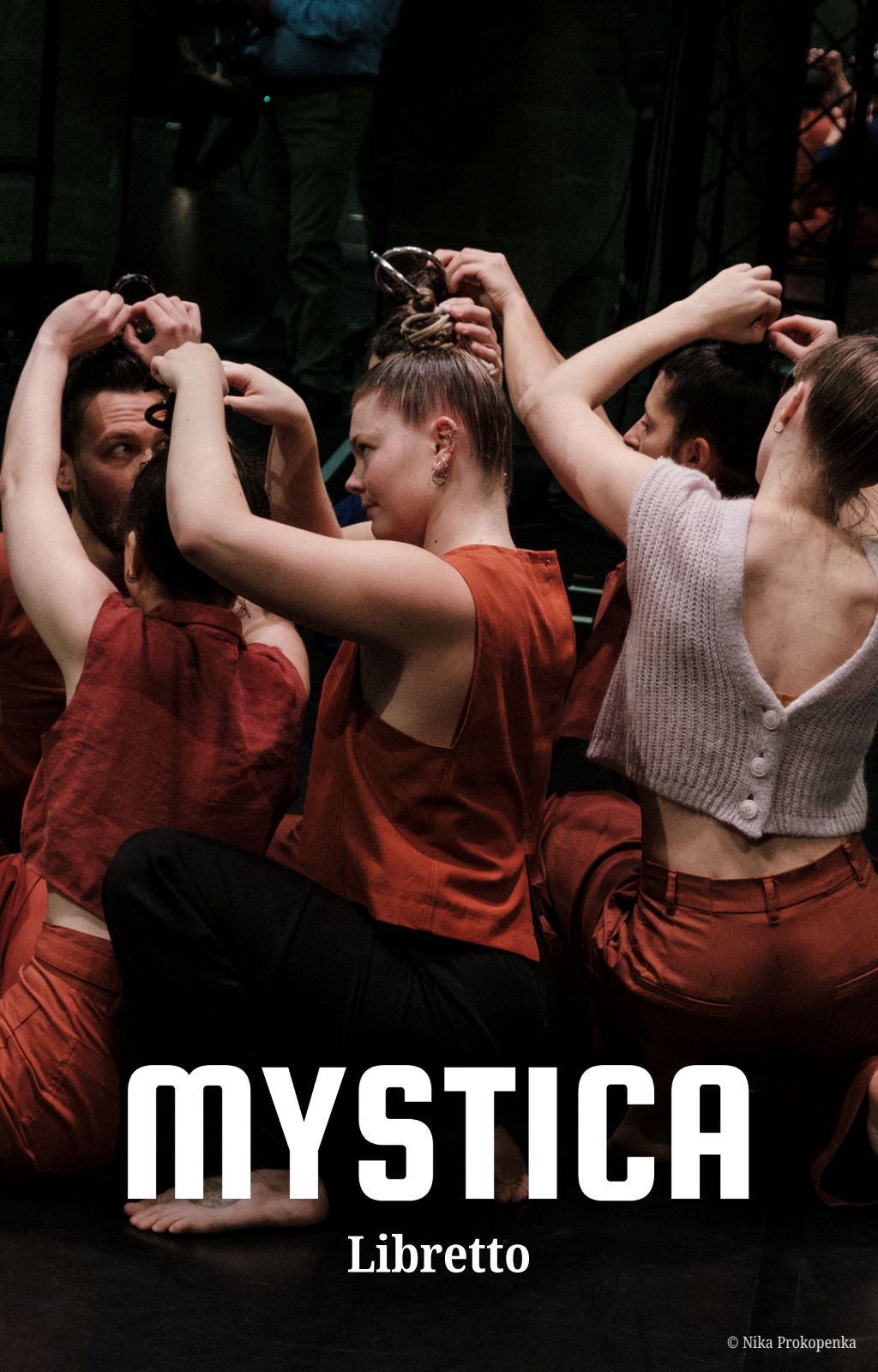

MYSTICA

Libretto

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WHAT I SAW - HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

What I saw
was a huge form, round with shadows shaped like an egg,
small at the top, wide in the middle narrower towards the end.

I saw in it
countless things, all kinds of things, living things, unliving things,
like the yolk of an egg
contains the bird it can become or not become.

And from its shell
all elements of all the world emerged right there with all their strengths and all their traits
so completely how they are.

What I saw
the egg cracking open, from within some light poured out
like it was liquid,
it flowed out into the surrounding air.

It seemed to cover
everything that I was seeing above the clouds, below the earth
and in between every being.

I saw wisdom
circling and swirling, containing, embracing all the things going upwards, going outwards,
dripping earthwards on its three wings.

I saw a wheel a man within
winds blowing to keep it spinning.
I saw a wheel a man within
winds blowing to keep it spinning.

What I saw
every movement set in motion of every creature in every circumstance
a force moving through all things, the wheel itself a cyclic dance.

Its spokes like rays of sun shining, connecting man, beast, stone
in its light our inner movement like a mirror, echoed in the larger night.

I saw these hidden forces, all the things you cannot see
in the world nor in yourself, not in any kind of ecstasy.

Countless patterns, implicit order in past and future, history propelled forward
on and on by patience, faith, humility.

The light shatters all its faces through the prism of the dreamlike state
where you and I reside in equal measure as light, sun, shadow, shade.

THE DAY I SAW IT - SUN BU'ER

I cut the brambles long enough
sprout after sprout.
The growing bush I cut it down
I cut it to the ground.

I cut the brambles long enough
sprout after sprout.
The spiky thorns, the staining fruits
I cut them to the ground.

I cut and cut and didn't stop
cutting down the bramble
from the ground where it kept popping up
impossible to tame.

Then suddenly a wild iris out of the upturned soil.
Its purple lips licked my eyes because it wanted to.
The wild iris appeared buried in dark earth.
Branches shifting overhead, a whispering of birds.

The day I saw it the day I turned into it.

THE MIDDLE OF THE MAZE - TERESA OF AVILA

A world lies behind my eyes,
an inner world that I can't see.
It's vast and limitless out there
a landscape, a labyrinth, and somewhere me.

Follow the corridors, room to room.
Follow the corridors, room to room.
Where am I in this labyrinth?
Where am I heading to ?

Follow follow follow follow
The sound of my thoughts, the pulling of peers,
the roles I play in life.
The sound of my thoughts, the pulling of peers,
the troubles thrown in my face.

So quiet here, the eye of the storm.
The moment I move again
I'm blown away once more.
Be prepared to reach the place,
everything turns mute.

I know at its heart,
in the core of this space
lies a spot like an almond
where it all falls away.

The almond spot in the middle,
circles of rippling water,
many stones thrown in
confusing, diffusing order.

I lost myself, nothing remains
yet everyone I gained
everything that is and was
everything at play.

My hands stretch forwards,
my eyes inwards,
to that almond place
in the middle of a lake,
in the middle of the maze.

LINA’S CONFESSION

This connects in a very real way for me.
How I'm sitting, it’s such an intense experience. I want it, all the time.

It’s a physical sensation as if it is opening this room, this space.
The pull is creating an alignment like a sharp presence.
As if my atoms, my cells, my weight, it all becomes so real.

And then the release is almost as if I’m evaporating,
dissolving into thin air.
Of course my physical body ends somewhere,
but all the particles are so small,
so how would I know?

I feel there is a layer just here,
where I am as much my surroundings as I am me.
And in this release I am nothing anymore,
I’m space, air, complete.

And the more I go into this concrete reality of my compact,
physical form
the larger the experience of expanding or disappearing.

Not in a negative sense at all,
rather like being in a loving moment with someone else,
like being in a larger experience than this container of physical form.

ALL SHALL BE WELL - JULIAN OF NORWICH

What you need is the quiet evening whispering in your ears
through the sound of snapping young twigs that keep the fire burning.

You want the stone to be lifted from your chest so it will fill up
with fresh air,
the stone can stay it's you who leaves it out of your own way.

The stone came rolling from the mountain, from each glacier,
taking you on its course,
dissolving into the land making the air humid once more
turning into ice into snow.

All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.
All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.

Your unburdened body will sink into the ground
your flesh nourishing the soil.
From the rotting roots arises a playful child (you!).
It scoops the earth with its hand and brings it to its mouth.

AY VALE VALE MILLIES - HADEWIJCH

Ay Vale Ay Vale

Summer came early in life,
the sun shone so abundantly,
radiantly on my young skin.
I played and I laughed so much,
I hopped and I skipped and I turned
dizzy on this wonderful feeling

Then winter came fast and lasted forever.
I pined for the memory of the hot sun,
the sun who had warmed me so deeply
and made me see my life so clearly.
Now I am full of joy and deep despair.
Now both seasons take place at the same time
and nothing can be done but living both at once.

Ay Vale Vale Millies Si Dixero Non Satis Est

ALL HER GARDENS - MIRABAI

I'll be with her in all her gardens.
I'll be with her in all her orchards.

Come Come Come

When I eat them from her mouth,
the peaches taste so sweet.
I set my teeth in apricots and plums.
I tear the skin pulled tightly over the flesh
until the juices stream down my chin.

When will she come?

FUNERAL SPICES - RABIA AL BASRA

I dreamed my hands to be water.
I let go, I let it all go.
The water put out the fire.
I died before I died.

Here there is no change,
the balance does not tip,
no substitute for this,
here the smokescreen lifts.

I saw my body as it gave up (Fire!)
Ravage traveling through me,
burning every cell in me.
I saw the end of me.

What I saw,
I saw in it.
And from its shell
Its three wings

Funeral spices on my skin.
Funeral spices on my skin.

MY HORSE - SJAMANKA

My horse has manes made of rainstorms
sing

My horse has hair made of sky rope
sing

My horse has hooves made from dark stone
sing

My horse has ears made of grain
sing

My horse has eyes made of stars
sing

My horse’s head made of mixed waters
sing

My horse has feet like clouded shadows
sing

My horse has legs made of strong winds
sing

My horse’s voice is made of strings
sing

My horse’s mouth makes all the sounds
sing

My horse calls out into our dawn
sing

My horse goes on and does not stop

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