

Falling Out of Time

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Pierce the Skies - Breathe

Text

Heart Murmur

CENTAUR: It's like a murmur
Inside my head,
And never stops
A rustle, dead leaves,
And there is someone
Treading on them

I have to tell it like a story
Find the words to understand
What happened to me...to him..
Because he'll never, never...

It's like a murmur... a buzz...
Inside my head...

MAN: I will go there, to him

WOMAN: Where's "There"? What's "there"?

MAN: There, to him

WOMAN: There's no 'there'
And he's not... he's not

CENTAUR: Find the words
To understand
Write it down
Like a story:
There's a man
There's a woman
He will walk
She will not.

WOMAN: There's no such place as 'there'
And he's not, he's not, and not, and not.

MAN WHO

WILL WALK: No

It's impossible
That we
That the sun
The clocks
The Moon
The couples
That the trees in the streets turn green
That blood in our veins
That Autumn and Spring
That the world simply *is*.

WOMAN:

Stop
Return to me
Return to us

MAN: To him

Messengers

Instrumental

Layla (*Night*)

MAN:

At night
People came
They carried a message
In their mouths
They walked a long way
Quietly grave,
And perhaps, as they did so,
They stole a taste, a lick.
With a child's wonder
They learned they could hold
Death in their mouths
Like a candy made of poison
To which they are miraculously
Immune.

MAN (cont): We opened the door
We stood there,
You and I,
Shoulder to shoulder,
They
On the threshold
And we
Facing them,
And they,
Mercifully,
Quietly,
Stood there and
Gave us
The breath
Of death.

I did not shout when he was born

WOMAN: I knew, tonight
You would come
Don't be afraid,
I did not shout when he was born, and
I won't shout now either.

Come, Chaos

WOMAN:	Come, Chaos Come, Chaos	MAN: I saw one eye Weeping And one eye crazed A human eye Extinguished And the eye of a beast Soaked in blood, insane	CENTAUR: Now, For a moment They sink. Both not saying The same Words Not bewailing him
	I cannot see you Not with my human eye.	Peered at me from your eye	For now. But bewailing the Music Of their previous Life.

CENTAUR: The wonder of
Simplicity,
Lightness.

WOMAN & MAN: The Earth
Opens its mouth
And swallows us.

The Earth
Opens its mouth
And swallows them.

WOMAN: Stop!
Return to me
Return to us

MAN: Here I fall
I do not fall
I fall
I do not fall.

Step by Step

WOMAN ATOP THE BELFRY: Step,
Another step.
He walks
And walks
To him.
He is
An unleashed question
An open shout.

My heart beats:
He walks
My blood pounds:
He walks

No
I did not go there.

Atop a belfry
I walk alone now
In circles
Slowly, Slowly,
Nights, days.
While he
On the hilltops
Facing me,

Days, nights
Orbits
His own circle.

Bo, Bni (*Come, son*)

WALKING MAN:

Look at me,
Son.
Here
I am
Not.

Come!
I am not here
The house is yours.
My blood your blood.

Come,
Be present
Vibrate
Laugh
Everything now is Yes.
So love
Burn
Lust
Fuck

Quick, my child,
My eyelids tremble!
Quick,
Devour
Be deep
Be sad
Rage
Rave
Quick, my child
Dawn is rising!

Touch a warm body
A woman
Breasts

MAN (*cont*):

In your hands.
The head
Of a newborn child
Unborn
To you.
No! Stop!
Come back
To darkness
Oblivion.

Just do not see
With my own eyes
What happened to you.

Interlude:

In Procession

(Townsppeople are drawn into the Walking Man's journey; all characters are voiced by the CENTAUR)

MIDWIFE: Y-y-y-esterday she
W-w-w-ould have been five

COBBLER: Poisoning your soul again?

MIDWIFE: W-w-w-hat is in your
M-m-m-outh? Open!

COBBLER: Don't touch!
Leave it!

MIDWIFE: Th-th-th-there's blood...
Sp-p-p-it the nails!

CENTAUR: Look there: It's the midwife and her husband, the cobbler.
Walking behind the Walking Man.
And look, look, there!
It's the mute net-mender.

NET MENDER Agh...agh...

CENTAUR: And the elderly math teacher
Muttering his equation, like Spinoza:

ELDERLY

MATH TEACHER: The object--*the life of the son*--
Must never be located in the universe
At a distance
From which the father--*the observing subject*--
May encompass all of him
With one gaze
From beginning to end.

CENTAUR: ..and they groan... and trip...and stand...
walking half asleep...
behind the walking man...

A wail rolls over the desert...

MIDWIFE: L-l-l-ook, woman!
Over there: a c-c-c-liff c-c-c-ut
Into round smooth mountain!

CENTAUR: A barren brain-hill
It pulsates, perhaps
Once in a thousand years.

It is the brain of the universe
It is not what emits the wail
It is desolation.
Only desolation.

Mute and deaf and
Flat

It has no wails
No thoughts

It has no answers
And no love.

SILENCE

Pierce the Skies

Instrumental

Walking

WALKING MAN: Walking,
Walking my mind away
Walking,
Sleeping my mind away
My head rests on your shoulders
I don't know
Who carries whom

**CENTAUR
&**

WOMAN: He walks,
Puts himself
To sleep

MAN: My legs
Lift slowly
From the earth
Lightly, slowly
We hover
Between
Here, and
There.

Skein
(Interlude within **Walking**)

CENTAUR: It breaks my heart, my son
That I could--
Find
The words
To This

Walking (*cont.*)

WALKING MAN: The thread will soon
And we will glide
And look
At whatever
Is there
At whatever we dare
To see.

This void
This absence
Where you
Still breathe
Still flutter

This void
Where one can touch
The *here*,
Still almost feel
The warming hand
That touches
There.

Perhaps/If you meet

CENTAUR: And you, walkers?
When you meet them,
If you meet them,
What will you tell them?

Will you tell him
Of his brother,
Born after him?

Will you tell her that
You took all her pictures
From her room?

That you couldn't bear it any longer?
That you gave his dog to a boy in the street?

WALKING MAN: You were right, woman.
Perhaps I don't need to reach
The end of ways
Perhaps this walk itself
Is both the riddle and its answer
You were right, woman.
Perhaps, there is no *there*.

Go Now

WOMAN ATOP

THE BELFRY: Go now,
Be like him

WALKING MAN: You were right, woman.
I am here and he's there
And a timeless border
Stands between here and there.

Thus to stand,
To fill with knowledge.
As a wound fills up with blood:
This is to be man.

WOMAN ATOP

THE BELFRY: Go now,
Be like him
Conceive him
Yet be your death too,
Almost.
Like him
Be now, but only until
The shadow of his end
Falls
On the shadow
of your being.

WOMAN ATOP

THE BELFRY (cont.): And there, my love,
There will come peace--for him--
For you.

Fly

A WALKER:

Look, there:
A leaf, green,
A miracle on the rock.

Look there:
A fly, landing on the leaf

Now he cleans his body
And extends his translucent wings.

He hovers
And lands again.

Vibrant... a riddle...
But he should be careful, right?
From the one in the web.

No! He touched it.
The fly, with the tip of his wing.
He touched it.

Lost.
Tragedy.
We instantly know.

He struggles.
Tries to lift off.
And he buzzes
Until the skies
Almost tear apart.
His mouth, wide open.

What?
What are you trying to say?
And what?
What has been revealed to you?
That you didn't know
When you were spawned?

Ayeka? (*Where?*)

WALKING MAN: Ayeka?
Where?
Where are you, my son?
And who are you there?
And how are you there?
Ayeka?

Pierce the Skies : Breathe

Voice of a Boy: There is
Breath
There is
Breath
Inside the pain
There is
Breath

THE END
