

Oswaldo Golijov's
Falling Out of Time

Heart Murmur

CENTAUR: It's like a murmur,
inside my head,
and it never stops
a dry 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

WOMAN: And he's not, he's not, and
not, and not.

Write it down
like a story:
There's a man
There's a woman
He will walk
She will not.

**MAN WHO
WILL WALK:** No
It's impossible

that we,
that the sun,
the clocks,
the moon,
the couples,
that tree-lined boulevards
turn green, that blood
in our veins,
that spring and autumn,
that things just are.

WOMAN: Stop
Return to me
Return to us

MAN: To him
I will go there, to him

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 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.

CENTAUR: Now,
for a moment,
they sink.
Both not saying
the same words.

I cannot see you,
not with my human eye

A human eye,
extinguished,
and the eye
of a beast.
Soaked with blood,
insane,
peered out at me
from your eye

Not bewailing him,
for now,
but bewailing the music
of their previous life, the
wonder of simplicity,
levity.

WOMAN & MAN: The earth
opens its mouth
And swallows us.

CENTAUR: 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, my 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
hurry, my child,
dawn is rising!

Touch a warm body,
a woman,
breasts in your hands,
the head of a newborn child, unborn
to you.
No, Stop—
come back
to obscurity,
to oblivion,

just do not see
with my own eyes
what happened
to you.

Interlude:

In Procession

(Townspeople 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...
They walk towards
a cliff cut
into round smooth mountain

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
My head rests on your shoulders
Walking,
Sleeping my mind away
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
unravel
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?

Fly

A WALKER:

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

Look there—
A fly lands on the leaf,

cleans his body
and extends his translucent wings.

He hovers and then
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.
Disaster.
We know, instantly.

He struggles,
tries to take flight,
and buzzes
until the skies
almost tear apart.
His mouth opens wide:

What?
What are you trying to say?
And what?
What is it that you know now,
that you did not know
when you were spawned?

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,
Like his death
be now
but only till
the shadow of his end
falls
on the shadow
of your being.

And there, my love,

among the shadows
of father-son,
There will come peace—for him,
For you.

Ayeka? (*Where are you?*)

WALKING MAN: Ayeka?
Where?
Where are you?
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
