## dedicated to Sylvia Broeckaert

## Ten sketches on the eye of a secret

for low voice and plano

Dynigs Delle Meander Musics Frank Nuyls

- 1. Everything will change. And we will remember. We must bring to mind. Look into the eye. Do you see what's concealed? What is silent? Do you hear the recollection? What changes.
- Frogs croaking. Ears creaking. Blood spills from ear-cups. A horn blows past times. In the morass of what we do not know. Sense the red slipperiness. Of the frogs.
- There is nothing. I'm fine. Pills always work. One for every (orgotten night. Slipping slowly out of our brain. Out of our hearts. We shall forget. Never mind. Nothing.
- 4. The buzz of war. Somewhere in a remote corner of our mind. We'll never going to learn. That. That trains should be employed to carry passengers. Goods abide in another station. Full of tears. And buzzing.
- Do you fly? Little fly. While there is no wind. Only a wound wonder. In clear weather. Not a speck in the sky. Breathe slowly. Eyes closed. Arms wide open. We shall fly.
- 6. The man. The man stands near the water. The man stands near the water in the forest. The forest. The forest grows around the man. The forest grows around the man of water. We shall know him. The man.
- 7.
  All the clouds are red. Today. And they float so densely in the sky. We shall catch them. To release them later. Which leads to wonderment. About red clouds on our hands.
- 8.
  There's a box in the meadow. Among the cows. On a spot of grass. Choked by barbed wire.
  With loads of electricity. And a drinking trough. With some water. We shall drink. In the meadow. A box.
- 9. Black is not a color. It is not really real. But that much less white. Aura around white. Or not. Pretty misconceived movements. We'll light a candle, though. Color. Black.
- 10. Black is not a color. It is not really real. But that much less white. Aura around white. Or not. Pretty misconceived movements. We'll light a candle, though. Color. Black. (Meander, Jelle. "Tien schetsen aan de vooravond van een geheim". Uit *Opus*, 2023)

## (11. Afterword)

I tried again to hear the music. The sounds that occasionally revive a person. Which dispel the impotence and the impossible. But the pianist went mad. And the gods, they laughed. But I no longer do.

(Meander, Jelle. "De schilder." From Opus, 2023)

(lyrics translatied from Dutch by the composer)

Total durations approx.:  $\pm 19' - 20'$ 

Notes::

The coda of song #10 is optional

Song #11 'Afterword' is optional too when the complete cycle is performed.

The optional coda is delected when ending the cycle with #11

This song cycle is not gender-specific.

This cycle is commissioned by Wilfrid Van den Brande

The English version is a proposal from Marie-Juliette Ghazarian

## Ten sketches on the eve of a secret.





