

The Reed

Blue: narrators

Red: mezzo

Violet: tenor

Black: choir

A

Listen to the reed, how it tells a tale

Complaining of separation:

*“Since they cut me from the reed bed
My cry has caused men and women to moan.*

*I seek a heart torn by separation
So I can tell the story of the pain of longing.*

*Whoever has been parted from his origin
Will seek again the time of reunion.*

*In every company, I made moan
I mingled with the sad, I mingled with the joyous.*

*Every one became my friend by his own suspicion
No one sought my secret from within.*

*My secret is not far from my cry
But eyes and ears have no light to trace it.*

*Body is not hidden from soul, nor soul from body
Yet no one has eyes to see”.*

B

*It is fire, the sound of the reed, it is not wind.
Let those without fire be gone!*

*It is the fire of love that ran through the reed
The boiling of love that mingled with wine.*

*The reed is a companion to everyone / cut off from a loved one
Its sound tears the veil from our hidden secrets.*

*At once a poison and an antidote
A lover anxious for union.*

*The reed tells the tale of bloody ways
The story of Majnun’s love.*

*The consciousness only the unconscious know
Like the ear, sole purchaser of the uttered word.*

C

*In our sorrow days draw to a close
Days are mingled with burning grief.*

*As days go by, say 'Go, I have no fear
You outlast them, and no one is as pure as you'.*

C

*Through love, the earthly body rises to heaven
Mountains are made agile and begin to dance.*

*And then, when I lie beside two lips that share my secrets
I too, like the reed, will tell many tales.*

*One who is separated from those who speak his language,
Is without a tongue, though he may make a hundred sounds.*

*Just as, when the flowers are gone and the garden dead
You no longer hear the nightingale's song.*

*The beloved is all, the lover only a veil
Alive is the beloved, the lover is dead.*

B-A

*And he who has no courage for love
Woe upon him! He is like a wingless bird.*

*O how shall I keep my senses now and then
If my beloved's light does not shine, now and then?*

*It is love's desire that these words be spoken
Just as the mirror must manifest the truth.*

*Do you know why your mirror does not reflect?
The rust has not been washed away from its face.*

*Listen my friends, listen to this tale
For the truth itself is the state in which we live.*