

sunturbine

Bo Lundby Jæger

(1995)

Sunturbine

For sopran og guitar

til tekst af Morten Søndergaard

fra digtsamlingen ILD OG TAL

Skrevet til Klaudia Kidon og Tomas Krakowski

Sun Turbine

Translated by W. Glyn Jones

There is a clear, pellucid darkness
where hands transport desire
through wilds of life,
there's an insanity in the wind
destroying cities
and consuming spoken tongues.

There are moments when things
are self-evident,
and with the voice the face breaks loose,
slips into the obscure side of the universe,
restless like the sound of the children at play in the yard,
an ambulance stops close by,
and a little light of laughter
spreads fan-like from a window,
and my white voice-shadow
falls on a table.

A foetus turns
in the stomach's gloom,
a vessel laden with chalk and snow
leaves the morning,
and everything falls quite silent,
like a hand closing.

There's a madman running
with all his strength against the wall,
there's an ocean mounting
from its hollow depths,
there's an animal arising,
hesitantly, numb,
there's an empty swing
dangling between the trees.
It's the sun turbine turning in the flesh,
it's superfluity
singing in the blood.

And within the light
there is darkness
enclosing us all.

And I remember a face,
I remember a voice,
it's as though
when someone speaks
it grows lighter.

The flowers awake
from frost's anaesthetic,
and meaning flows out across
the sentence's confines,
into the slow daybreak
desire cannot think,
rhinoceros-like
raging it rushes
the sentences
breaking down all doors.

The sun is atomised on warm animals' backs.
It's the day's draught through
windows and voices,
open accessible rooms,
like all the memories
that disappear with someone one's known,
it's the look within the look,
it's the incomprehensible words of the moon,
it's cables on the bottom of the sea,
it's the blind person in me,
it's the quiet riddle of the equal- sign,
it's the boundary of a future,
it's no longer face or voice.

And a blackbird
hurls a triangle on the wall,
and bees eat sugar
on the bottom of a cup,
and the mole crawls through its tunnels,
and the weed's busy hands cover up the spot
with the plants' perpetual metamorphosis
of light and water.

Like the shadows' pattern on a warm wall,
like a zinc bath-tub
glistening on a green field,
like dead telephones in dreams,
listen again,
you'll understand each word.
Just then someone throws
a piece of spinning fireworks on the wet asphalt,
it's chaos eating at my shadow,
things talking differently of me
and far more precisely.
Clouds saturate the street with caresses,
light arrives from a star,
forms a circle in time.

Children fly through light and sleep
on the floors of cars,
two suns collide
somewhere in the universe.
I make miniature fires of my thoughts' paper,
and a colon pierces this moment,
The street turns and turns,
a woman gets into a car to a stranger,
and the voices open outwards,
fill space, grate against glass.

Here the sea unfolds new strategies for starting,
here ferries set out from my dreams,
here the lovers' sweat is collected
when they have loved,
here the ice and the ice-blue kingfisher cry at dawn,
here a door opens in the water,
into maniacal music
that blossoms on all clouds,
it's written in nights
when the moon makes me sneeze,
I hear it on slopes where the grasses sleep.

It suffices to lift the sun
into the lips' contour,
the darkness will still betray you,
down in the street the lights are at red,
then they turn green,
my face is no longer found,
as when everything fuses
and burns through
to a simple truth,
life is a song,
sung in us all
with the slow echo of things.

Af Morten Søndergaard
fra digtsamlingen ILD OG TAL

Tekst : Morten Søndergaard

Musik : Bo Lundby Jæger

1 $\bullet = 80$

soprano

guitar 1 dwelling and lazy *pp*

10 A *pp* gentle

sopr. There is a clear pel - lu - cid

guit. *pp*

18

sopr. dark - ness where hands trans - port de - si - re through wilds of life

guit. *pp*

23 *p* *mf*

sopr. there is a in - sa - ni - ty in the wind de - stroy - ing ci - ties and con - su - ming spo - ken tongues

guit. *p* *f*

28 B *p* simple

sopr. There are mo - ments when things are self e - vi - dent

guit. *p* *pizz.* *Dump*

34

sopr. and with the voice the face breaks loose, slips in to the ob - scure side of the u - ni - verse

guit.

39 teasing 4 gentle 3

sopr. rest - less like the sound of the chil - dren at play in the yard an am - bu - lance stops close by

guit. Sul pont. fast p

44 3 3

sopr. and a lit - tle light of laugh - ter spreads fan - like from a win - dow and my white voice - sha - dow

guit. 44

C

49 3 4

sopr. falls on a tab - le A foe - tus turns in the sto - machs

guit. 49 3

56 = 60 like a lullaby

sopr. gloom p a

guit. 56 Legato 3

60 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

sopr. ves - sel la - den with chalk and snow leaves the mor - ning leaves the mor - ning and ev' - ry - thing falls quite si - lent

guit. 60 non legato 3 3

D

65 pp 46 p quiet and rubato 4

sopr. like a hand clo - sing There's a mad - man run - ning with all his strength a - gainst the

guit. 65 p

sopr. 72
wall there's an o - cean moun - ting from its hol - low depths, there's an a - ni - mal a

guit. 72

sopr. 80
ri - sing, he - si - tant - ly, numb, there's an emp - ty swing dang - ling be - tween the

guit. 80

rit. a tempo

sopr. 87
trees It's the sun tur - bine tur - ning in the flesh, it's su - per - flu i - ty sing - ing in the blood.

guit. 87

sopr. 93
Dolce And with - in the light there is a dark - ness en - clo - sing us all en - clo - sing us all en - clo - sing us all I re -

guit. 93

even slower

dim.

pp *pp* spoken

sopr. 100
mem ber a face I re - mem - ber a voice it's as though when some - one speaks it grows ligh - ter The

guit. 100

f

G

sopr. 105
flo - wers a - wake from frost's a - nae - sthe - tic and mea - ning flows out a - cross the

guit. 105

88 crazy, hysteric and ironic

107

sopr. sen - ten's con - fines in to the slow day - break de -

guit. 107

109

sopr. si - re can - not think, rhi - no - ce - ros - like ra - ging it ru - shes the sen - ten - ces break - ing down all

guit. 109

H

112

sopr. doors. The sun is a - to - mised on warm a - ni - mals backs it's the

guit. 112

116

sopr. day's draught through win - dows and voi - ces o - pen ac - ces - sib - le rooms like

guit. 116

119

sopr. all the me - mo - ries that dis - ap - pear with some - one one's known it's the

guit. 119

123

sopr. look with - in the look it's the in - com - pre - hen - sib - le words of the

guit. 123

127

sopr. moon, it's cab - les on the bot - tom of the sea it's the

guit. 127

130

sopr. blind per - son in me it's the

guit. 130

132

sopr. qui - et rid - dle of the e - qual - sign it's the boun - dary of a fu - ture

guit. 132

135

sopr. it's no lon - ger face or voice And a black - bird hurls a

guit. 135

$\bullet = 50$ *mp* pastorale sempre legato

138

sopr. tri - an - gle on the wall bees eat su - gar on the bot - tom of a cup the

guit. 138

141

sopr. mo - le crawls through its tun - nels the weeds bu - sy hands co - ver up the spot with the

guit. 141

144

sopr. — 3 — 3 — 3 — — 3 —

plants per-pe-tu-al me-ta-mor-phor-sis of light and wa-ter

guit.

149

sopr.

guit.

157

sopr. *f*

like the sha-dows pat-tern on a warm wall

guit.

164

sopr.

like a zinc bath - - - tub glis-te-ning on a green field

guit.

169

sopr.

like dead te-le-phones in dreams li-sten a-gain you'll un-der-stand

guit.

175

sopr.

each word each word just

guit.

182

sopr. then some-one throws a piece of spin - ning fi - re - work

guit. non legato

K

189

sopr. on the wet as - phalt it's cha - os ea - ting at my sha - dow

guit.

195

sopr. things tal - king dif - ferent - ly of me and far more pre - cise - ly

guit.

199

sopr. clouds sa - tu - rate the street with ca - res ses light ar - rives

guit.

L

204

sopr. from a star forms a cir - cle in time gay chil - dren fly through light and sleep on the floors of cars

guit.

and then like a broken mirror

209

sopr. two sons col - lide some - where in the u - ni - verse I make mini - a - ture fi - res

guit.

214

sopr. of my thoughts pa - per a co - lon pier - ces this mo - ment the

guit. 214

an unmeasured glissando with the voice

219

sopr. street turns a wo - man gets in - to a car

guit. 219

224

sopr. to a stran - ger and the voi - ces o - pen out - wards fills space grate a - gainst

guit. 224

229

sopr. glass. Here the sea un - folds new stra te gies for star - ting. here

guit. 229

233

sopr. fer - ries set out from my dreams here the lo - vers sweat is col - lec - ted when

guit. 233

236

sopr. they have loved, here the ice and the ice - blue king - fis - her cry at dawn, here a

guit. 236

239 *f* 3 *mf* romantic

sopr. door o-pens in the wa-ter in-to ma-ni-a-cal mu-sic that blos-soms on all

guit. 239 *f* *mf*

243 3 3 3 *pp* 3

sopr. clouds it's writ-ten in nights when the moon makes me sneeze I

guit. 243 *N*

246 3 3 3 3 3 3

sopr. hear it on slo-pes where the gras-ses sleep it suf-fi-ces to lift the sun

guit. 246

249 3 3

sopr. in-to the lips con-tour, the

guit. 249

252 3 3 3

sopr. dark-ness will still be-tray you down in the street the lights are

guit. 252

255 3 3 3

sopr. red then they turn green my face is no lon-ger found as

guit. 255

258

sopr. when ev'-ry-thing fu - ses and burns through to a sim - ple thruth

guit. 258

262 *p*

sopr. life is a song sung in us all with the slow ec-ho of things

guit. 262 *< p*

266

sopr.

guit. 266