

Requiem for Mariza

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CYCLE 1

MARIZA: Am I flying?
Am I flying downward?
No
I am falling.
Where is the ground?
I should have reached it by now.
Am I dreaming?
This cannot be.
This isn't real.

Stop.

I will land on my feet.
Upright.
Arms spread wide.
Perhaps I should bow—
A grand finale.
Tadaaaa!

CHOIR: Requiem aeternam dona eis

MARIZA: No.
It's too fast.

I—
Grab—
Grab something.
Then grab!

Come on—
Dig your nails into a wall—
Claw yourself back up.
Go back.

I'm coming from too high.
A fall that falls differently.
Is this the fall?
The final fall?

Help me.

Won't someone help me?

My breakfast—
My breakfast is waiting upstairs.
The tea is still hot.
I belong to the ones who wake—
Go barefoot into the kitchen—
I stare through a window—
I curse the light—
Try to find a purpose in the dawning day —
Sipping my tea—
Unable to eat much in the morning—
I shower too long—
I color my face—
Blue jeans.
A green turtleneck.
Flat shoes.
And down the stairs, into the world.

The low sun—
I rattle back and forth—
My young knees bump the safety bar—
I sit close to mama—
She wraps her arm around me—
We rush downhill—
My heart takes flight—
My stomach sinks into my chest—
She throws her arms in the air
I hate it.
Why would anyone pretend to fall to their death for fun?

Is there no brake?

Give me my tea.
Give me my mirror—
The one where I count the lines on my forehead—
Give me a banana—
A rice cake—
Let me eat and drink and sit at my table,
Tulips in the vase in front of me,
Tulips I should've thrown away days ago
But I couldn't
It's cruel to throw things away when they still have their—

Their...

When their color is fading.
Do I still have color?
Can anyone see me?

Clouds have
Wrapped themselves
Around me
Like a blanket.

Before I reach the ground, I'm gone.
Swallowed in grey.

My fingertips—
They are asleep—
They are numb—
Have they already given up?

I see a child?
In the distance—
It comes towards me—

Go away.
Go away, child.

I've heard about this.
No one is coming for me.
I am going nowhere.

I've heard about this!

Do you hear me?

DO YOU HEAR ME?

No one.
Nowhere.
Nougat.
I just want to eat nougat once more.

Do brains hurt
When they burst?

Will I eventually be
Nothing but a strangely shaped balloon
Filled with blood
Shattered on the tiles?

Who will clean me up?

Would my tea still be warm?

Let me drink—

Whimper softly—

Breathe—

Let me curse the morning light.

CHOIR: Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,

Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Kyrie, eleison.

Christe, eleison.

Kyrie, eleison.

CYCLE 2

MARIZA: I know this place.

I'm lying on my back
In my grandmother's greenhouse.
Surrounded by her flowers—
Sweet peas—
Poppies—
Bellflowers—
It smells heavy and sweet—
Like she did.
I search in vain for her lap—
My head beneath her breasts—
Her hands in the soil—
How she would softly hum—
And thus tame the chaos.

Around me, stems glide—
Caressing my body
They hold me up.
Then one slips—
Into my mouth—
Into my throat—

Grandmaaaaaaaaaa!

Glass shatters
Rains down on me
Soft as snowflakes

A cold forest—
My footsteps muffled in the white.

He should be beside me.
He was there, then.
With his heavy coat and his round glasses
I can't see his eyes anymore
Where is he now?
Where are you?

I sink through the snow—
And there's light—

CHOIR:

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat saeculum in favilla,

teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando judex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!

MARIZA: My insides are tearing through my stomach
This pain must be worse than child birth
Mother?
Mama?
'This is the one time you should be present
Mommy
Just show up
SHOW UP!
Your maternal instinct is a bit of a joke—I know
You always say you've tried
Well you haven't tried hard enough
And what is instinct anyway
Motherhood is nothing more than an obligation
To be there for your child
Even if you want to run
Just force yourself
Just sit beside this bed
Put your own life on hold
Caress my hand
Cradle my soul
Scream at a nurse for painkillers
'I will burn this hospital down if you refuse to help my daughter.'
Mother?
Mom?
I know
I was not enough for you to be here

I will never see your face again.

MARIZA: I don't want to stay here.
Get me out of here!
Get me out of here!

MARIZA:
The child.
There it is again.
What have you come to tell me?
Who do you think you are?

I'm not ready.
How dare you throw me into this?
I have to be in the place where things make sense—

No!
Not the horse!

MARIZA: Stop.
No boats.
No Charon.
I am not the past.
I am not finished.

The gate to the realm of shadows must stay shut.

Look at these arms—
So strong—
This mouth—
A ripe cherry—
These hips—
Still so firm—
My mind—
Juicy, fresh, aching for fulfilment.

Let me go.

Please.

Don't let me be a missed chance.

MARIZA: If you dare to enter the Styx I'll jump out.

CHOIR:
Lacrimosa

Lacrimosa dies illa

Qua resurget ex favilla

Judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo parce, Deus,

Pie Jesu Domine,

Dona eis requiem.

CYCLE 3

MARIZA: What time is it?

Of course.

We let go of time.

You know,

I was going to see him tonight,

At the bar we used to live around the corner from.

A good sign.

Our meetings in the weeks before had taken place in a coffee shop,

Where people stare at laptops,

And we exchanged our stuff with cold eyes.

MARIZA: Here, I still had your sweater,

And your old cap.

No, keep it.

If I wear it, I just cry.

MARIZA: I'd walk in,

A little later than him, as usual.

He'd be sitting at our corner table,

Hands fluttering nervously.

I'd grab them,

Out of habit,

To calm him down.

We'd chuckle—

That familiar gesture—

And talk about our day,

Like we always did.

Peter from Human Resources,

Still an asshole?

RA: Still an asshole.

MARIZA: How are you?

RA: I'm getting through the days.

MARIZA: I'm not doing too well either.

I made the biggest mistake of my life.

I'm so sorry.

I was so stupid.

I betrayed you terribly.

And your shoulders would drop,

We'd cry,
I'd kiss away your tears,
Sit next to you,
Thigh to thigh.

RA AND MARIZA: Together.

MARIZA: Are you happy?

RA: I'm happy.

MARIZA: I have so much to tell you.

RA: I never stopped talking to you, even when you didn't answer.

MARIZA: And we would go to your place,
It would still smell the same.
Lavender and cigarettes
First to your bed,
Making waves.
Then together on the couch with bare legs,
And a bowl of crisps.
Outside, dawn is breaking.
And in the days that followed, we would unfold,
Different from the first time.
A calm happiness,
Stretching over the course of our lives.

RA: Will you scratch my back? I'm itchy.
Higher. Lower. No, a bit to the left. Right. A little harder.
Aaaaah. Yes, right there.
You're the universal empress of scratching.

MARIZA: We're having a child.

RA: Really?

MARIZA: Yes.

RA: This is the happiest day of my life.

MARIZA: And then I would grow and grow.
And at night, we'd watch how under my skin, a tiny fist was punching,
A little bottom turning.
Every Saturday morning, we would stroll to the market,
Very slowly, because I was full of child.
You would hover around me,
To shield me from anything that came too close.

And one autumn evening,
I would bring our life to earth,
In our bed,
In our home.

MARIZA:

Sssshh.
Be still.
Close your eyes.
A web of veins beneath your skin,
Soft fuzz on your back.
You grab my hand and squeeze.
You have the strength of legions.
I breathe you in,
Your sweet, buttery scent.
I teach you everything I know,
How to stand upright,
That nightmares are normal,
That it's okay to have tangles in your hair,
That sandwiches taste better when cut into triangles,
That if you ever see a fox in the city
You will live to be a hundred
That you can always get back up when you fall,
That I will always be there for you.

MARIZA:

Where are you?
Sweetheart?
Please, stay a little longer.

CHOIR: Domine Iesu Christe, Rex gloriæ,
libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum
de pœnis inferni et de profundo lacu:
libera eas de ore leonis,
ne absorbeat eas tartarus,
ne cadant in obscurum:

MARIZA: How empty arms can be,
That have just carried so many desires.
How much pain
Tomorrow's ghosts can bring.

CHOIR: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus

Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt cæli et terra gloria tua.

Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Hosanna in excelsis.

CYCLE 4

MARIZA: Don't hurt me.

CHOIR: Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi.

MARIZA: Are these still hands?
Can someone tell me if I still have hands?
Can I caress someone?

CHOIR: Dona eis requiem.

MARIZA: Can you help me?

CHOIR: Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi. Dona es requiem.

MARIZA: Dona es requiem.

MARIZA: Everything I knew is fading away
But of course this stays.
'There will be angels, they said, and they will be indifferent.
Angels don't care.
'They just sing the same songs for everyone.
In Latin.

It feels like waking up from a dream
When you're so sure about everything you've just experienced
You've caught a glimpse
Of a strangely clear dimension
You long to hold on to it
But it's all too slippery
It fades away at lightning speed
It vanishes
Is this that other side?
The final destination?

RA: Sssshhh, shhhh.
I am here, my dearest.
I am here.

MARIZA:
I just want someone to touch me.
Is my tea cold?

What is tea?

RA: Tea is nothing more than a fluid time machine

CHOIR: Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: dona eis requiem sempiternam.

MARIZA: Can you tell me who you are.

RA: I am your first and final memory
I am here before the beginning and forever ending
I am not made of flesh
I cannot touch you
But I am here
I am here
At last, I sit beside you
In pieces and fragments
I swirl around you,
I dance in your soul
I don't care about the short in-between
That thing you call life.
The sweaty skin
The groaning
The bargaining
The fighting over space
The voices no one hears
The cruelty
That unreachable itchy spot on your back
The furious tears
How one earbud always gets lost
The sighs of loneliness from under the covers
The gorging
The aching in your spine
The 'excuse me, after you, noooo after you, no no no after you.'
The keys clenched in your fist when you're in a dark alley
The aching joints, every day a little worse
The wars
The blisters
The bleeding
Why you always have to cough in places you're expected to be silent
The nightmares, the waking up drenched in sweat
Eating sad food
Regretting your decisions
Regretting your existence
The constant overflowing sense of missing

RA: Graaaaaandmaaaaaamamamamama
Man
Graaaaaandmaaaaaamamamamama
Man
Grandma mama man

Goooooone!
Tadaaaaaaaa!

A grand finale.
Their needs
That stretched across your days
Bent over you like shadows
I draw it all away from you
I suck the grief in
And blow it out
In tiny, velvet shatters

I can not leave you as there is no I

You used to go
Straight ahead
Into the future
I?
I have no history
I only help you give in
Lean in
Until we, together,
With radiant eyes
Fasten our hammock to a pair of stars
Rock gently
Drink some tea
And let eternity
Endlessly
Slide through your fingers.

CHOIR: Lux æterna luceat eis, Domine:

Cum Sanctis tuis in æternum:

quia pius es.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine:

Cum Sanctis tuis in æternum:

quia pius es.

RA: Sssshhh, shhhh.
I am here, my dearest.
I am here.
Sssshhh, shhhh.
I am here, my dearest.
I am here.

MARIZA: Look, it's my door.
I move towards the handle

And everything I lacked
The quiet burn of missing
Fades away
I wish they could see me now
I can see me now
I was enough
Not in transit
A whole on my own
Look, there we are
My room
My tea
My mirror
I gaze into it
I can see everything I was
And I am so moved by my reflection
This sweet, sweet woman

RA: Her kindness could smother rage.

CHOIR: Lux æterna luceat eis, Domine

RA: She could read a book as if she were building a city.

CHOIR: Cum Sanctis tuis in æternum:

RA: Her eyes were like a forest lake you could bathe in.

CHOIR: quia pius es.

RA: She could own a space the way a dancer owns a stage.

CHOIR: Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine:

RA: She always wanted to really see me.

CHOIR: Cum Sanctis tuis in æternum:

RA: She was fierce when nobody dared to say anything.

CHOIR: quia pius es.

RA: She touched a part that I forgot was there.

MARIZA: I eat my banana
My rice cake
I sit at my table
Tulips in the vase before me

I touch their silky petals
They will stay with me.

They will stay with me.
I will stay with me
My table
My tea
My tulips
My table
My tea
My tulips
My tea
My tea
My tea

CYCLE 5

MARIZA/RA:

Table

Tulips

Hands

Grab

Child

Bed

Cherry

Sweetheart

Poppies

Breakfast

Color

Mouth

Arms

Tadaaaaaa

Final

Tea

CHOIR: Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda:

Quando cæli movendi sunt et terra:

Dum veneris iudicare sæculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo, dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.

Quando cæli movendi sunt et terra.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,

Et lux perpetua luceat eis.