telling you all

reading pianist

eva-maria houben

telling you all

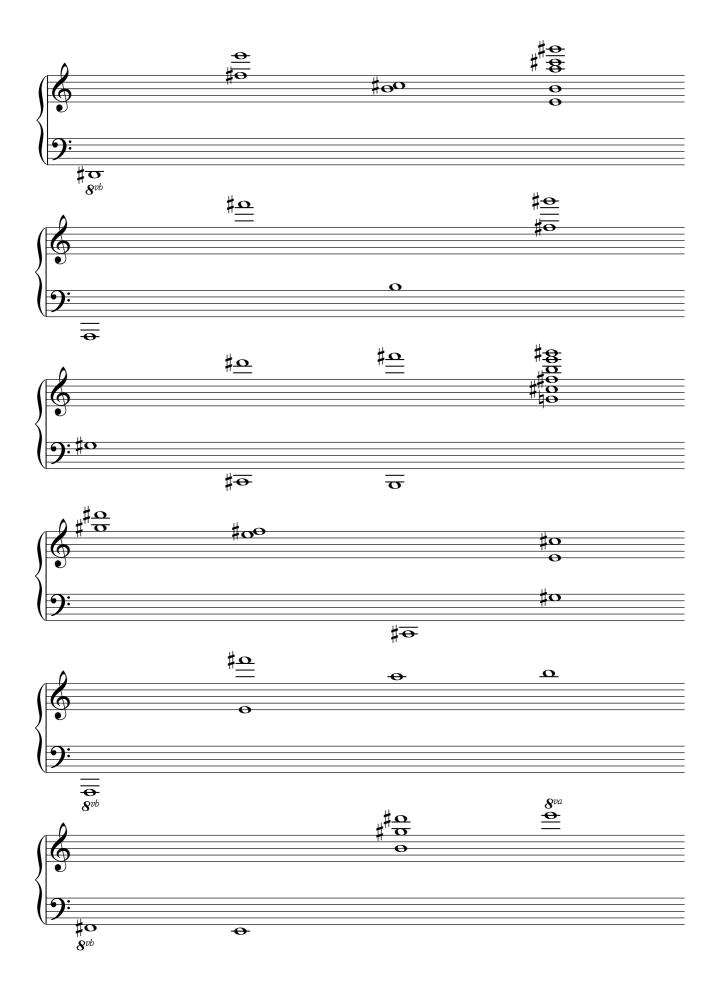
for a reading pianist

eva-maria houben

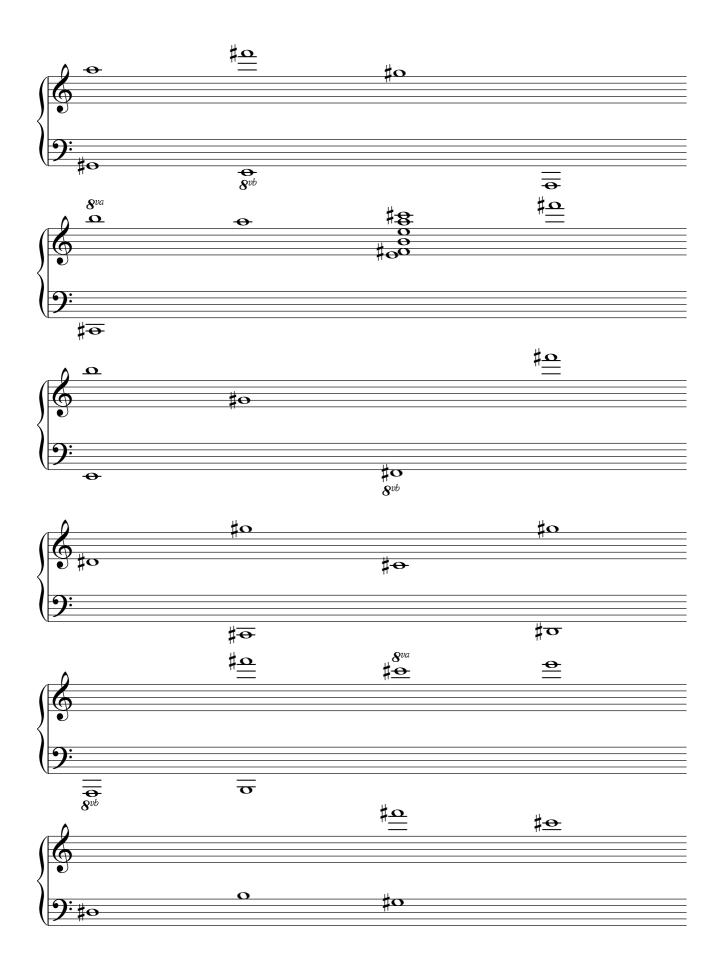
2024

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If I may have it, when it's dead,
I'll be contented – so –
If just as soon as Breath is out
It shall belong to me -
Until they lock it in the Grave,
'Tis Bliss I cannot weigh -
For tho' they lock Thee in the Grave,
Myself – can own the key –
Think of it Lover! I and Thee
Permitted – face to face to be –
After a Life - a Death - We'll say -
For Death was That -
And This - is Thee -
I'll tell Thee All – how Bald it grew –
How Midnight felt, at first – to me –
How all the Clocks stopped in the World –
And Sunshine pinched me – 'Twas so cold –
Then how the Grief got sleepy – some –
As if my Soul were deaf and dumb -
Just making signs – across – to Thee –
That this way – thou could'st notice me –
I'll tell you how I tried to keep
A smile, to show you, when this Deep
All Waded – We look back for Play,
At those Old Times – in Calvary.
Forgive me, if the Grave come slow –
For Coveting to look at Thee –
Forgive me, if to stroke thy frost
Outvisions Paradise!
                                                                                        (Emily Dickinson)
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reading							
inner, mute re	eadin	ng of the poem.					
piano							
harmonies							
		(fragments of) c	hords				
melodies							
	-	 (fragments of) phrases gestures					
	1.						
	ais	sappearance blurring					
		oraring	condensation				
					void		
						silence	



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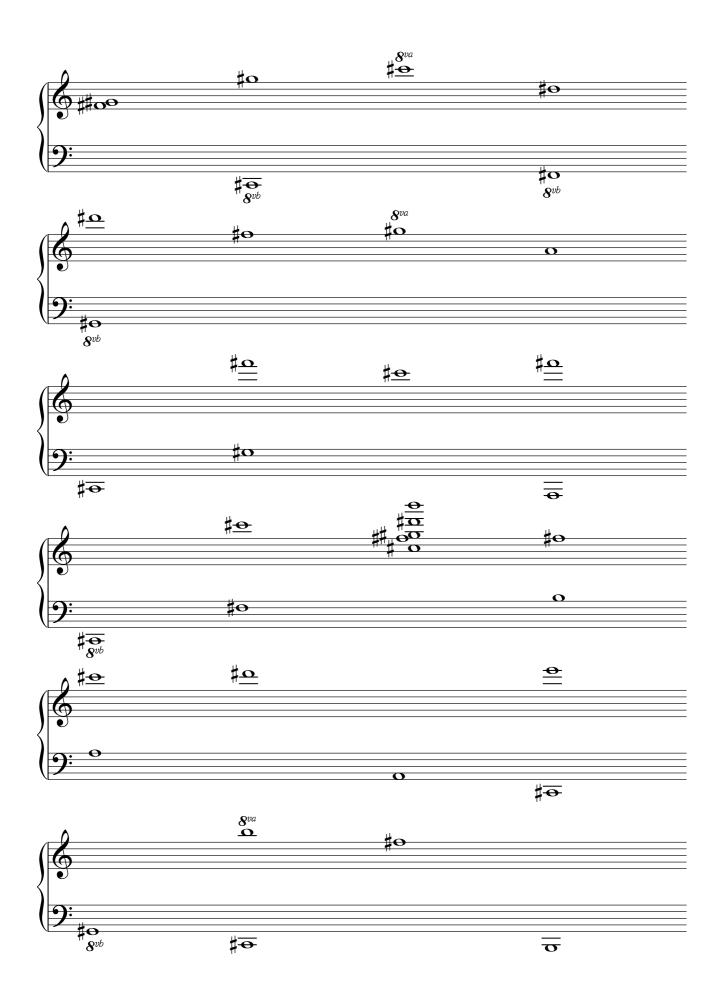


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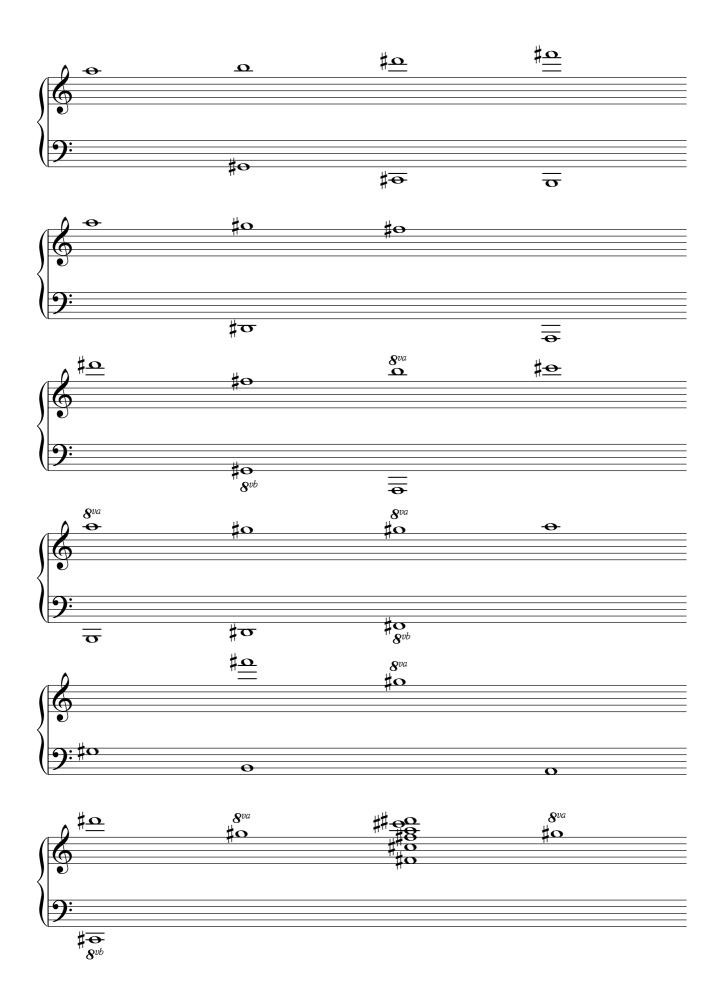
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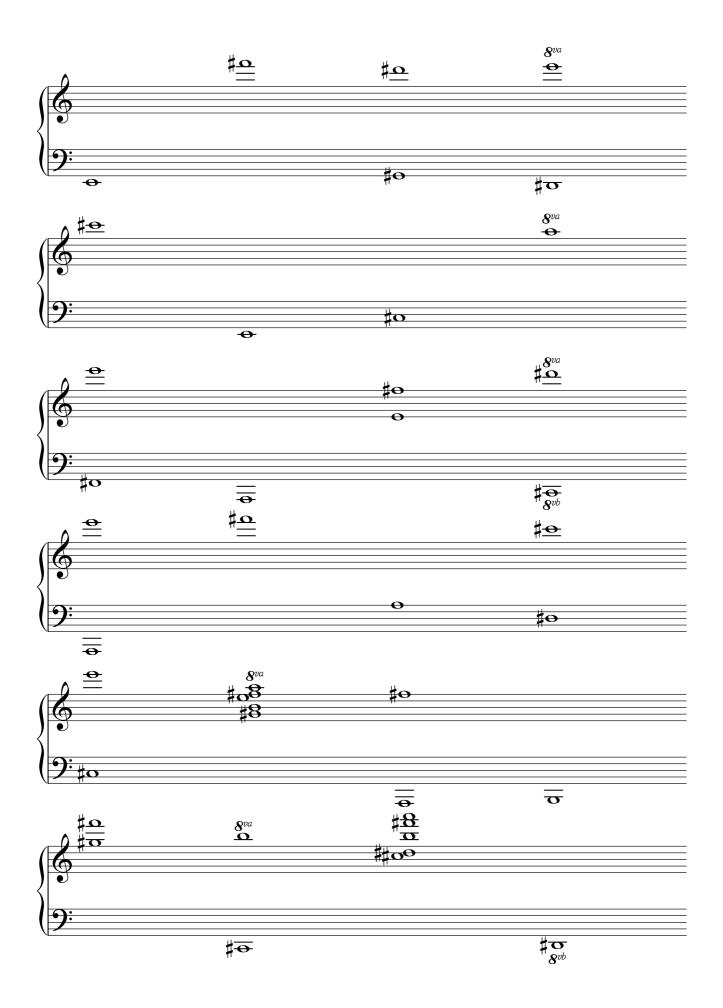


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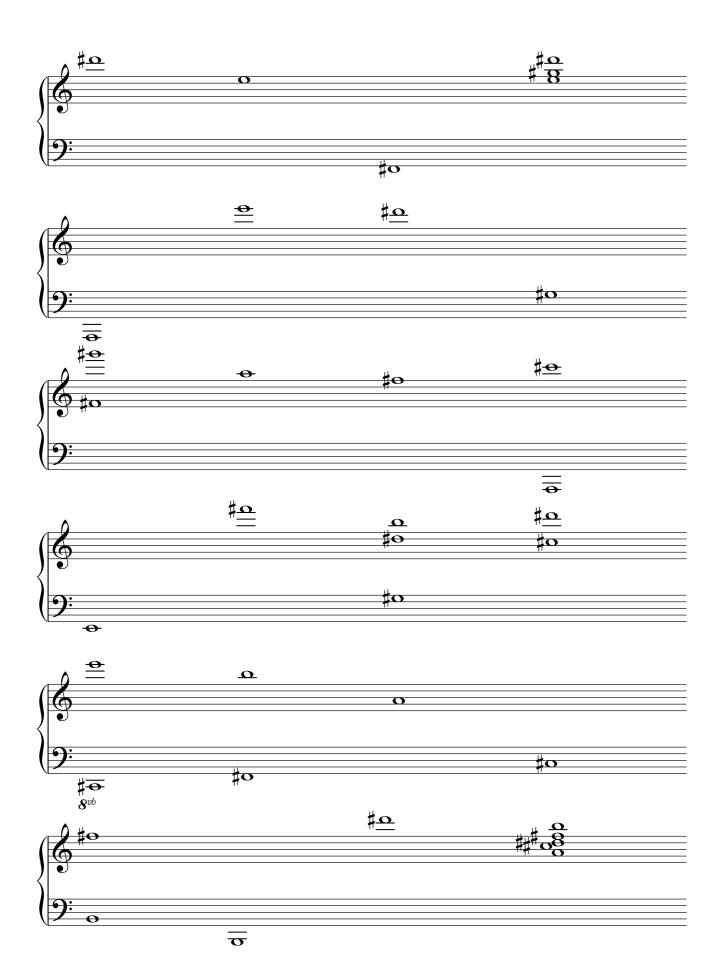


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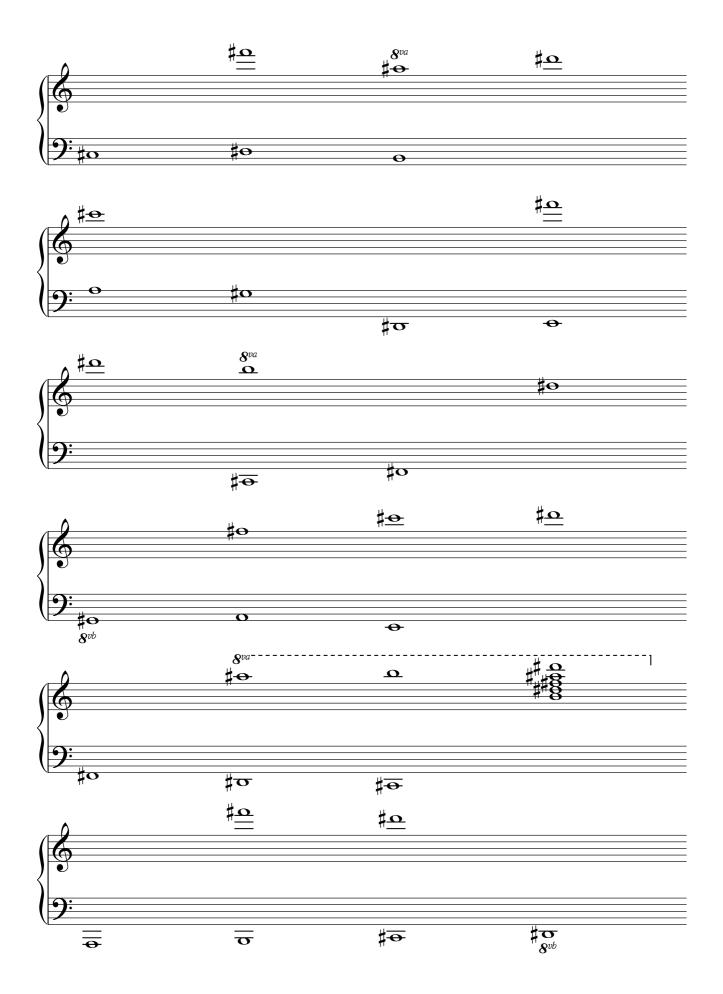
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