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OPEN SOURCE

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navona
records

Open Source

(A theology built on the voices of many)

LIBRETTO

by Jacqui Sutton

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Lost voice

Open. Open. Open. Let me in.

We tell on ourselves
by the tracks that we leave.
The bumps on our skin
cannot rise high enough
to shelter our shaky souls.
It is impossible gravity.

Open. Open. Open. Let me in.

The cruelty of accrual
of age and pain,
of blackout and black
listing to and fro
side to side-swiping
name and identity
from the data
base of humanity.
Our lifespans now measured in bytes.

Open. Open. Open. Let me in.

Where's the source?
Code for God and Universe?
A multi-logue built
on multiple tongues.

Open. Open. Open. Let me in.

Don't want to get God-spammed
by door-to-door trumpets.
Don't want endless yarns of speech.
I want a source that feels true.
A superhighway that also stands still.
That keeps me still.

Open. Open. Open. Let me in.
But where?

Opening: Remarkable

Open. Opening. Open.

There are souls
like candles in the night.
Remarkably bright
about to flick out
of hope saddled with doubt
and fear realized.

They cry out in their heads
so as not to disturb
the peace with their mouths
and still they seek.

They are souls laid down
like goods for sale
in the steaming marketplace.
Where is the place for them?

They seek.

They seek the oldest of old things:
Truth and light.

Let them in. Let them in. Let them in.
But where?

What this town needs

You might get a little give at the fringes,
or static cling from the status quo.
You may feel secure until questions arise
and to your surprise
your wheel is so squeaky
you're square-pegged until
your reason for being's
erratic and leaking energy out
in all the wrong places.

Frustrating.
Deflating.
Endangering the species.

What this town needs
is an incubator of love.

Where there's bread at the table,
and crumbs on the ground
are swept away
to feed to the mice
and not men.
A place where place does not hinge
on sameness.

What this town needs
is an incubator of love.
From above.

Source material

What do we have?

A lot.

A plan.

Nails.

Wood.

Glue.

Song.

A door, swung wide open.

What else?

Carpenters and painters

Mothers and fathers

Sisters and brothers

Old and young

Minor and major.

A door, swung wide open.

What else?

The Word.

A long poem we can't stop reading.

Perplexing, arcane, then brain-seizing
to the point of mysteria.

Then back again, a satin road, then to near dullness,
then another turn toward light.

And back around again.

The Word is a poem we can't stop reading.

What we have

is a door swung wide open.

An incubator of love
from above.

Let's get to work.

Building trade

Your pain for my shoulders,
my ears for your trembling tongue.
Your loss for my patience,
my touch for your loneliness.
Your cataracts for my memories,
my prayers for your disbelief.

We exchange until the gaps are filled.
And when they are, the building will arise.
A place where meeting face to face
creates the space for working humanity out.

Workout

See the back of her head
and the front of his face
and the fright on their lips
and the steam in our ears
and the scald on His heart!
We are here to work out
the soul of All Folk.

Which ancient language
sans critical thinking divides us?
Let us not speak it.
Which ancient songs
sans critical melody un-moors us?
Let us not sing it.
Which ancient drumbeat
sans critical steadiness spins us?
Let us not tap into it.

Let us compose with
life-dreaming stanzas
dense sometimes,
and spare sometimes ...
The sound is found in the round.
A Sanskrit of true.

Hitch

Sounds good in theory.

Question is: Will we walk the talk?

Will we welcome those candlelit souls
to hitch their dreams to this place
where place does not hinge on sameness?

We try. We rise. We fail. We rise.

We misunderstand. We rise.

We heal. We rise.

All rise. We rise.

There will at times be a hitch,
but never so large that we cannot bridge it
in the round.

Open Door

What we've made is a place
where there's bread at the table.
And crumbs on the ground
are swept away
to feed to the mice
and not men.
A place where place does not hinge
on sameness.

What we've made is
an incubator of love.
Inspired from above.
Of love.
From above.
Pure love.
From above.