

## The Moonlight Sonata

### **The song in the beginning:**

...Blue flowers cast up a scent,  
their shadows long on the wardrobe, the bed,  
and especially on the body of the naked woman.

### **Monologue:**

Let me come with you. What a moon tonight! /  
The moon is good to me -- you can't tell /  
my hair has turned white. The moon /  
will make my hair golden again. You won't be able to tell the difference. /  
Let me come with you.

When there's a moon, the shadows in the house grow larger, /  
invisible hands draw the curtains, /  
a ghostly finger writes forgotten words in the dust /  
on the piano -- I don't want to hear them. Be still.

Let me come with you /  
a little ways down, as far as the brick factory's low wall, /  
there where the road turns and you can see /  
the cement yet airy city, whitewashed with moonlight, /  
so indifferent and immaterial, /  
so positive, like metaphysics, /  
that at last you can believe you exist and do not exist, /  
that you have never existed, that neither time nor its ravaging ever existed. /  
Let me come with you.

We shall sit for a while on the low wall, there on that height, /  
and as the spring wind blows about us /  
we may even imagine we shall fly /  
because many times, even now, I hear my dress rustling /  
like the flapping of two strong wings beating the air; /  
and when you enclose yourself within that sound of flying /  
you feel that your throat, your ribs, your flesh have grown firm; /  
and thus tightly wedged within the muscles of blue air, /  
within the vigorous nerves of those heights, /  
it doesn't matter whether you go or come back, /  
nor does it matter that my hair has turned white, /  
(this is not my sorrow -- my sorrow is /  
that my heart, also, has not turned white). /  
Let me come with you.

I know that every human being goes his way alone toward love, /  
alone toward glory and toward death. /  
I know this. I've tried it. It doesn't help. /

Let me come with you.

This house has become haunted, it repels me -- /  
I mean to say, it's grown very old, its nails are falling out, /  
its picture frames tumble down as easily as though plunging through a void,...