



**SO
NO**

SOUNDS OF
CONFINEMENT:
READINGS
AND **NOTES**

or **MISERY**

- 1** **INTRO, A GINSBERG CHANT** (vignette)
- 2** **SONNET 32**
- 3** **WALWORTH ROAD FOREST**
- 4** **THE SICK ROSE**
- 5** **SHE LOVES HER LOOPS**
- 6** **ROLL YOUR EYES ALL YOU WANT** (vignette)
- 7** **MR. GREENE (MISERY)**
- 8** **ANDREA'S PALE BLUE EYES**
- 9** **WERE YOU REALLY EXPECTING THIS *NOT TO BE SAD?*** (vignette)
- 10** **LONDON**
- 11** **INFANT SORROW**
- 12** **ANJO LITERÁRIO**
- 13** **HOW COME?**
- 14** **SONNET 22**
- 15** **SCARY MOTHER/A LULLABY** (vignette)

(BONUS TRACKS, with Pedro Ricco and Marcelo Bressanin)
- 16** **YOU (A MINUTE SONG)**
- 17** **SICK**

LYRICS

INTRO

Allen Ginsberg (from
Wichita Vortex Sutra, 1966)

...Khaki Baba fat-bellied mad with the dogs
Dehorahava Baba who moans Oh how wounded, How wounded
Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur who commands
give up your desire
Satyananda who raises two thumbs in tranquility
Kali Pada Guha Roy whose yoga drops before the void
Shivananda who touches the breast and says OM
Srimata Krishnaji of Brindaban who says take for your guru
William Blake the invisible father of English visions
Sri Ramakrishna master of ecstasy eyes
half closed who only cries for his mother
Chaitanya arms upraised singing & dancing his own praise
merciful Chango judging our bodies
Durga-Ma covered with blood
destroyer of battlefield illusions
million-faced Tathagata gone past suffering
Preserver Harekrishna returning in the age of pain
Sacred Heart my Christ acceptable
Allah the Compassionate One
Jahweh Righteous One
all Knowledge-Princes of Earth-man, all
ancient Seraphim of heavenly Desire, Devas, yogis
& holymen I chant to...

SONNET 32

William Shakespeare

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
a DEArer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of bettER Équipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love'.

WALWORTH ROAD FOREST

Nísia Floresta (from *A lágrima de um Caeté*, 1849)

...Ou tira-me esta vida, que se escoa
Na dor, que a vista tua mais acerba.
- Não é ilusão, não, o que lá vês.
Pausadamente diz a que tão dura
O infeliz Caeté desabusara;
Mas não temas, que seja a tua bela
Do monstro que a persegue triste vítima...
Contempla-a bem agora; ela sorri-te
Como a um de seus filhos mais diletos
Que nela vira sempre o seu bem todo.
Tu dobras o joelho!... Oh! Sim, adora;
Adora o que na vida mais tu prezas;
A Liberdade adora e nela Deus.
Linda e pura se vai ela
Da capital separando;
Na fileira de seus filhos
Seus defensores buscando....

THE SICK ROSE

William Blake

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

MR. GREENE (MISERY)

MJ Sono

Mr. Greene once described
as not necessarily braver
the last walk
of the death-sentenced
than ours,
towards our own misery.

For a while I
held on the front steps
tapping the handrail
with my forehead.
And re-rehearsed the words
I'd use to postpone saying

'how was your day?',

and then let the misery in.

'Kindness and lies
are worth a thousand truths',
'Kindness and lies
are worth a thousand truths',
'Kindness and lies
are worth a thousand truths',
he said.

ANDREA'S PALE BLUE EYES

MJ Sono

In her generosity she shared
her visions of me,
with a winged fire devil
trapped in my rib cage,
my metal rib cage.

Humid blankets
dampened down the flames in my chest;
we gathered around it
to revive the faint ember in my heart

with leaves and sticks and air
blown from our hearts to mine

to make heat and nurture the baby
(a newborn of me)
sent astray through the rushes
like Moses.

In her generosity she saw
this shepherd mate ready to guide me
to myself.
She couldn't tell it was my higher self
or something really off with my high.

But for me it was her own
dancing figure fanning flames
of kindness
from her pale blue eyes
(from her pale blue eyes),
Andrea's pale blue eyes.

LONDON

William Blake

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

INFANT SORROW

William Blake

My mother groand! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud;
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands:
Striving against my swaddling bands:
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast.

ANJO LITERÁRIO

MJ Sono

Enquanto decide
que futuro
vale o seu presente
(passado o vagar das vidas,
silenciosa turba aos berros
que flana em brilhantes trevas),
orgulhoso contempla
a beleza da ficção.

E reluz,
(e reluz)
(e reluz)
(e reluz)

lustroso de orgulho,
Embora podre por dentro,

e pensa:
(E pensa)
(E pensa)

Um anjo literário me apunhalou.
Ah, se eu soubesse escrever.
Sangrar eu sei.

HOW COME?

MJ Sono

How come things you already know (how?)
too obvious to be aware of all the time,
so predictably, come for your surprise,
invisible; see?

Sometimes you feel
like you may describe it,
you might described it,
but where's your pen?
Oh superfluous basic needs...

Instant that's worth a life long, long
longing for what you don't need nor desire
What's killing you, pumping life within,
so eloquently blunt.

Sometimes you feel
like you may describe it,
you might well write down
what spells silence.
Right in front of you. Where?

New songs that sounded so old, old (Sometimes you feel)
Oral wisdom no one knows well by heart (like you may describe it)
always within you... (You shall put into words what spells silence)
Most conspicuous mystery (Insignificant everything)

SONNET 22

William Shakespeare

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain,
Thou gav'st me thine not to give back again.

SCARY MOTHER/A LULLABY

MJ Sono

You can hear the lullaby
You can't see her eyes
You can hear the lullaby,
it sings you to sleep tight.

You can't see her eyes.
Don't raise your face up!

BONUS TRACKS

YOU (A MINUTE SONG)

D.H. Lawrence

You, you don't know me.
When have your knees ever nipped me
like fire-tongs a live coal
for a minute?

SICK

D.H. Lawrence

I am sick, because I have given myself away.
I have given myself to the people when they came
so cultured, even bringing little gifts,
So I pecked a shred of my life, and I threw off with a croak
of sneaking exultance.
So now I have lost too much, and I am sick.

I am trying not to learn never
To give of my life to the dead
Never, not the tiniest shred.

