

Schema for an overture: Catgut



I

[X walks into the round. The round is a straight line that is always curved: this is to say the audience is in a semicircle. This piece can be memorized or they can hold a sheet of paper throughout.]

[X is an average height for the times Black nibbling.]

[X will announce a circle in their neck - once clockwise and then once anticlockwise - they must be decomposed to be composed.]

This is a draft,

no a preface,
no a requiem,
no an overture.

This is a schema for an opera of the 21st Century.

This is a schema for an opus marked today's date. The time: only the amount you can hold. The room: warm enough for a jumper but cold enough for sliders. Sliders are what we now call slippers. Slippers are what we used to wear to prevent slippage. Today we are in the days of a slippage between the black and blue. It's all there in the absurd catalogue called history, small case h.

In this case, we're living for the World Opera Premiere in a borough called Croydon. Where's that? Surprisingly not far from here. Reachable by land vehicle, summonable by taximon. It is London after all. True it wasn't always this way, but times change whilst peers stand still.

[X stops dead still to read the next lines having been moving or swaying at their will before.]

In this case, X is standing still. No Y, no B, no BL, no W, no N-

X stands marking sacred spot in the room that governs a hole to be made out of it. The audience gather round to carve a hole out of X. To be whole a hole is met with; (re)birth has always formed from this union so this method we shall succumb to here.

We are all standing seats in the Jamaican Coffee House. No, there is no indication to its name through signage anywhere in the room but we know this to be true because a duppy once whispered it to me. "I'm a wealthy wandering wight and I've seen long, long labour," he cooed. I know this myself and it is I you are instructed from for now so bear with me. None of us have been here before.

Is a rose red asks an audience member? We pause for said member to speak this into existence for archival sake because audio is just as worthy as the script.

[X can repeat the last line until someone in the audience answers audibly to X's liking. When it has been answered X turns to face in the direction of the respondee.]

If a rose gets to stay red then the poppy deserves to be black. As a susceptible word: black is never used lightly. I have remained blacker than I thought. So as to say, I have remained unnamed, unclaimed and unquenched. 'Plants are ground because the soil can't move itself,' says Zora from the hole of a man that got beaten downstream by two women. I write because I cannot sing. I can run though. Perhaps, therefore, I too am mixed raced.

Bearing - like the Jamaican ugly fruit. I once read 'when the devil can't reach you he sends a Jamaican', but I know that to be a lie because daemons live in the wealthy wandering wight.

And in brownness, nothing that wanted stillness has remained.

II

[sung]

{written sung here but never to be performed so read to a tune you care to keep}

[For archival purposes: Read aloud for the first time by the artist to Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's Romance in G Minor, Op.39 at 21:21 coming in at 00:13.]

I am sorry but I am not so sorry. Can my footsteps be retraced if what fills the boots was always empty? That's to say I have nothing left, ma'am.

I. Don't. Own. You.

I've always smelt fruity to my mother but she never cared to share. These words, these words were never mine. They always belonged to the oceans. I'm merely the maelstrom strung up by the coochie hairs dangling in the centrifuge waiting to be rung. I wonder what they'll get out of me next. Whether spun to exhaustion or spun in exaltation; it is endearing to keep trying. Like, today I feel like leaking blue. I'd say that's the colour of our times. Yesterday, it was a red roan. I'd thought to myself: What's the point of a sea with no river to lead to? What's the point of an archive with no sluice gate? What even is in there but remnants of the sea?

I'm grateful to let wandering hands in or I could have never felt hold. In hold there is selfishness. But you cannot have lust without jealousy. And you cannot have love without lust. I make her fall for the lovers in Dream Lovers just to commit uxoricide the next morning. A feast for a wedding feast. Fair.

For all genders, which also somehow means no genders, the IG salon is better than Hinge. Who knew?

Only the auburn.

III

X is still standing but you should all take a seat. Yes, sit on your bottoms, really meet the cold floor to feel the effect of your heaviness.

Now, please, I'm still here a placeholder for hold and a holder for voice: sung or hummed. I'm serious.

When I sit on a bus or a train I proceed to take up space so much space because audacity is a bitch and I can give birth between these legs. It doesn't get bigger than that, son. I say to the babe, "I won't abandon you when your mental illness acts up". In fact I'll step up - it's hilarious that we could all look like Bella Hadid. What was promising you again? Thank you. It's nice to know what's a'coming before the shore meets the tide. Sit go on sit. Let yourself be filled by sand ball bearings. Writhe in their gentle yet firm disturbance. Now suck. Feed me at my corpuscle. Out damned spot. That's better isn't it.

Yes wetter the

better

out than in I always say. You're welcome.

Had you noticed the black cab's resemblance to a hearse? We slid from within at every turn. That's my third grave this week. No goodbyes just 'alright' and 'bet'. The LDN way. Pour up the libations
aaaaand, seen.

Or skeen. We don't care to remember and breakable can't remember the ways in which they were born.

So, if bound in fear then a leap for joy will certainly kill us all.

[X may now leave the round to make way for the first act of the opera.]

Notes:

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