

Damir Očko

The Moon shall never take my Voice

I
The Day is Fine

*It was a Sunday morning when
a stroke
woke me up.
Sound was*

*d i s t a n t
and at first I was not sure what it is.
While I was approaching my hotel room window to take a look on the street below another*

b l o w
has stroked.

This time it was closer.

*From my window I could see a
procession a p p r o a c h i n g in a
s l o w
m o t i o n .*

*On the head of the group dressed in a s h i n y golden uniform there was a man
pushing the l a r g e drum.*

*He was c o u n t i n g the steps
and I could see in this moment,*

*he r a i s e d the **drum** stick and
stroked the **drum** with all his*

f o r c e

*This blow was even closer, and I could feel how my room
t r e m b l e s .*

*Deep in my stomach something moved and with the every next blow it was closer to my
m o u t h .*

*A tune on the flute finally came through my mouth.
The procession moved away, and blows disappeared in the distance.
Flute, faded away.*

*I was left by myself in the hotel room, on that Sunday morning,
It was a quiet morning.*

II Schattenhaft

For a long time now,
I was looking for
a subtle tone
I had heard

It was after I got to Boston that I went into the silent chamber at Harvard University.
This was to be the place I was looking for, but in that silent room I had heard two sounds:

one high and

one low.
Afterward, I asked the engineer in charge, 'Why, if the room was so silent, I had heard two sounds?' He said,

The high one was your
nerve system
in operation.

The low one was your
blood circulation.
I am trying to describe it now...
It was a tone in which all tones resounded while at the same time it contained all the
silence

III The Astronaut

As the legends of a boy,
the legends of the

f l y i n g

machines have been in my
memories as long as I can
remember. They were wonderful
f l y i n g machines,
closest you can come to being a
bird.

I remembered
this some years later when we were building a rocket to send me on the
surface of the
m o o n .

I remembered
this when I was in my rocket, covering my ears from the

unbearable **noise**
made by the rocket engines.

I remembered
this when my body could feel no more gravity, and I was
floating through the
a i r, not like
a b i r d,
more likely like
a f i s h.

Now I am standing
on the
m o o n ,

surrounded by millions
of stars.
Moon surface is sparkling in sunlight.
It is a brilliant surface.
The horizon seems quite close to me because the curve is so much more pronounced than on Earth.
It's an interesting place to be...I recommend it

There is no **air** on the **moon**,
perhaps this is why it is so
quiet .

Nothing is moving

Even while I am walking it seems I am
not moving at all.
I made few *steps*
and then tried
to speak.
It seemed that the words were coming, but I could not
hear anything.
I tried again.
I said something, but still, I could not
hear it.
I speak and speak and speak,
but absolutely nothing came out of my mouth.

SPRING

To make a **puppet** that speaks,
Ask the **Butcher** for a **Pigs Pluck**

Be precise: for lungs and windpipe

To still be attached
And **look** for the **larynx** there

(Or the butcher may know it as a **Weez-end**)

If it's missing, **ask** for the **Goats throat**

○ Ah nature (It's as human as it gets)

Now, bring yourself to courage

And place acquired organs in **order**:

Lungs, **Windpipe,** **Larynx** (Pigs or Goats)

Make sure they are all well attached

Pierce a small **entrance** in the **windpipe**,

Then **get the tube** and gently, gently,

make it down the **frail** honeycombs

Until it sets itself inside:

at the **bottom** of Collapse

▼
Squeeze the windpipe,

Then inhale: **packing**

your **lungs, cheeks** and **other**

concealed **capacities** with air ○

Then **blow fiercely**

Into the tube into the thing into the lungs

Fig. P1

oooooooooooo
/

○
As if coming to **life, thing will swell**

Unwrapping towards you

— All-forgotten scales of life-

▼▼▼
-Light-pink-bloodless-grey-echoes-

of what **once** were the **moves**

relying only on impulses. ○

/

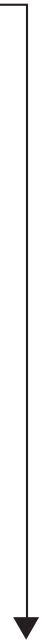





Fig. P1

Blow more and more (more **fiercely!**)
This **balloon**, this **flesh**, this **monstrous collection**
of **veins**, of **air**, of **expanded caves**, of **emptiness**,
(*p*) of something else too: **Vibrant in tension**
and on the edge of bursting - feigning life
- yet completely on the other **side**,
on the **table** where **You** made it,
You hold it, **You** know what it is for!
Now let it speak, **release the pressure**,
Let the windpipe break the clinch!!!











Fig. P2



Oooooooooooooo it roars
It roars in all directions,
Uttering primal consistency:
Of Mushrooms, of darkness, of rattling sounds
Of countless births, extinctions and rebirths,
Of first spines, first limbs, first lips
First words - **spreading in rage!**
Acoustic monster, that's what it is!
Incomprehensible, delicate, ancient, word,
Word before the words!
fff That's what it speaks!







(fast)









 high click
 low click
 lip click





(  )

Then the  came
 on the upper lip
 on the upper teeth,
 on the edge of the teeth
 on the inner surface of the teeth
 on the gum line just behind the teeth,
 to the back of the ridge
 on the hard palate on the roof of the mouth
 on the soft palate further back on the roof of the mouth
 and on the uvula hanging down the entrance of the throat



 my throat
 the throat itself





 
 the epiglottis
 the flap
 the windpipe
 the pink soft wet skin of the lower lip

 
 in front of the tongue
 by the tongue
 just behind the tip of the tongue
 on the blade of the tongue —
 the blade of the tongue, — }
 the body of the tongue — } 
 the root of the tongue in the throat

 my throat
 the throat itself
 the entrance
 the glottis

Every now and then
an era starts to ring.

At first,
It's a little white noise.
A **ringing** in your ears,
annoying tiny buzz 
of a midnight mosquito,
 zooming in and out.

Half-conscious
you **smack** your skin
Hope you got it now - 
- It will stop  buzzing - 
- You can go back to sleep. 

But as you drift away
Unease erupts:
P | Triggered by a breeze,
A far away car alarm
reveals the ringing night.

Now you **struggle**
not to **hear** it, and
when, ^l out of the blue
the **Alarm bangs into Bang**
and **Bang into Bang Bang**
- **into many Bangs,**
Midnight hysteria begins!
Banging and spelling
throwing words at you
words in eerie rhymes -

- flaring goosebumps
- all over your **being.**

▼▼
You **stand-shake** in fear
confused by this **spectacle**
Trying to **poke** the words,
out of **their orbit**
To get some **meaning**
wondering in **panic**:
Where are my **slogans**?

Where is the blank piece of **paper**?

Where are the **landscapes**?

Where is my **routine**?

Why am I not **ready**?

Is this a **dream**?

▼▼▼
Bang, bang, bang

Where are my **keys**?

You whip the **dark**

reaching for the **door**

but a **swarm of words**

fills the **entire room**.

▼
Bumping of each other,

▼▼▼
In noise, unaligned, stinging.

Where is my **escape route**?

Ah what a disillusion!
 When you finally get out,
there's a twisted landscape.
Rivers fall, strangely
diverted over this **rumble**
 as if fighting against
the natural currents.
 Trees melt **into the air**,
 and **those** still waving on **winds**
 bend **back and forth** - imagine
 as they **slither into trans -**
beings not there but **somewhere -**
back and forth, back and forth,
po pom po pom po pom

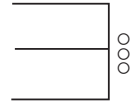


Fig. RE1

Nothing rhymes anymore!
Orders seem just a **dust in the sky.**



WORDS

Bubble, Gold, Mist, Reason, Strawberry, Revolution, Glass, Blood,
Many, Horse, Smoke, Pride, Curve, Freeze, Greed, Greed, Greed
Step, I, You, String, Back, Will, Rumble, Shoot-Shout, Love, Bone,
Hyena, Twist, Air, Look, Glare, Dust, Start, Door, Mather, Sister, Angel,
Car, Sound, Eye, Deaf, Salt, Solider, Hammer, Time, System, Turn,
Twist, Poke, Dot, Tempo, Gutts, Cut, Cat, Idea, Ideas, Omnipresent,
Lightning, Ground, Land, Storm, Sand, Sandstorm, Ice, Fear, Bone,
Shape, Feeling, Empty, Drift, Spit, Scull, Lump, Leave, Grand, Great,
Tower, River, Tree, Stars, Planet, Pain, Poverty, Catastrophe, Mind,
Steam, Ta-Tam, Ta-Ta-Tam, Ra-ta-ta-ta-tam, Oil, loin, Monkey, Birdnest,
Cage, Cages, Sharp, Sharpness, Lightness, Shapeless, Sharpness, Light-
ness, Shapeless, Shapelessness, Rattle, Rattlesnakes, Restlessness, snare,
snaring, Softness, shiftlessness, Shift, Shredder, Sensitive, Sensible,
Sensation, spectacle, empathy, sympathy, Turbulence, edge, edges, knife,
prime, before, after, mega, mass, moss, Mars, flower, willow, rose, thorn,
vicious, delicious, stinging, stinger, finger, ginger, ranger, opus, saints,
forget, gorge, forge, gorging, forging, IMALA, IMALA, IMALA,

...

A (sharp)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA (long loud)
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa (long quiet)
aaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAA (in crescendo)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaa (in diminuendo)
aaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAaaaaaa (combinaton)

B (sharp)
B B B B B B (many sharp B)
Bsssssss
Bzzzzzzz
Brrrrrrrr

C (sharp)
Csssssss
Czzzzzzz
CE (sharp and long)
CI (sharp and long)

D (sharp)
D D D D D D (many sharp D)
Doooooooo
Deeeeeeee
Diiiiiiiiiii
Duuuuuuuu
Drrrrrrrrrr

E (sharp)
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
Eh
Esssssssssssssssssss
Emmmmmmmmmmm
e.e.e.e.e.e.e.e.e. (with glottal stop)

F (sharp)
FFFFFFFFF (many sharp F)
fffffffffffffffffffff
Fsssssssssssssssss
ssssssF
F-t (with a lip stop T)
Faaaaaaaaaaa
Feeeeeeeeee
Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

G
GGGGGGGG (many sharp G)
g.g.g.g.g.g.g. (with a glottal stop)
Gaaaaaaaaaaa
Geeeeeeeeee
Guuuuuuuuuu
Gooooooooooo

H (sharp)
H (o) (with out a voice)
H H H H H H (many sharp H)
hhhhhhhhhhhhhh (like a wind)
H (e) (in the throat)
HaHaHaHa
HeHeHeHe
HiHiHiHi
HuHuHuHu
Hrrrrr
Hash

I
iiiiiiiiiiiiiii

J/

K (sharp K)
K K K K (many sharp K)
Ko
tK (with a glottal stop)

L (sharp L)
LLLLLLL (msL)
Laaaaaaaa
Loooooo
Luuuuuu
Leeeee
Liiiiiii

M (sM)
M M M M (msM)
mmmmmmmmmm (through lips)
MooooaaaaA
aM (short closing M)

N (sN)
N N N N N (msN)
nnnnnnnnnnnnnn (nazal N)

O (sO)
O O O O O O (msO)
oooooooo (cresc.)
Oooooooo (dim.)
OOOOOOOO (low voice)

P (sP)
PPPPPPP (msP)
Prrrrrrrrrr
Piiiiiiiiiii
Psssssss
PssssT

R (sR)
RRRRRRRR (msR)
rrrrrrrrrrrrrr (high and low)
Rt
Rn
rrrrrrrRn
Reeeeeee
Raaaaaaa
Riiiiiiiiii

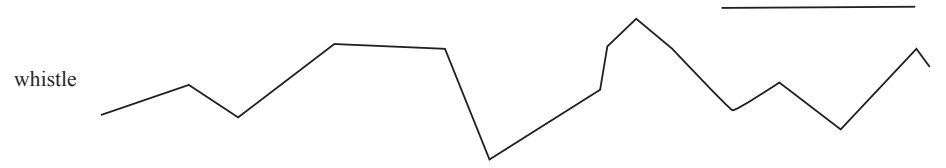
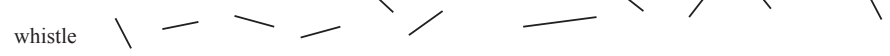
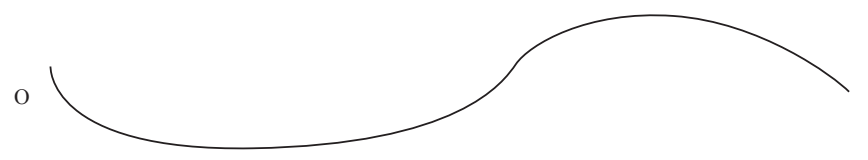
S (sS)
SSSSSSSS (msS)
sssssssssssss (snake)
Sa
Se
Si
So
Su

T (sT)
TTTTTTTTT (msT)
Trrrrrrrr
Tsssssss
Trn
Tcz (upper teeth T)

U (sU)
UUUUUUUU (msU)
uuuuuuuuuuuu
Uaaa
aUUU
Uf (windy)

V (sV)
VVVVVVVVV (msV)
Vi
Va
Vo
Ve
Vu
(OUI)

Z (sZ)
ZZZZZZZZZ (msZ)
zzzzzzzzzzzz (nasal)
Zum
Zing
Zip
Zsssssss



TK

TK1

In morning

[REDACTED]

we praise

[REDACTED]

the Sun

[REDACTED]

In the name of

[REDACTED]

the rotation and the return

[REDACTED]

In the name of

[REDACTED]

"honey, did you put the sweetener in my coffee"

"I never drink my coffee black and bitter"

"honey, it is bitter"

[REDACTED]

The world is black and bitter,

but about to be stirred with a spoon

In the name of the returnable Sun

And the metal spoon that clings

until the evening returns

[REDACTED]

Withdrawn

[REDACTED]

as the glow of two red rubies

blinking in the deep

Numb and silent
Numb and silent
Together
we step into the cold day
where the core is chilled
and the frostbitten tongue
pushing the fumes through
the cool blue lips
The shivering word is spoken
In Tranquillity the word is shivering
Tranquillity is the shivering word
Shivering warm white,
The word of kindness in these cold times
The dim of transparent features,
Shape-shifting, the empty one,
That is not returning like a returnable Sun,
The word that once out there
assumes its lasting place
among the warm white fumes
dissolving in ears over and over again
Repercussive but heard not

TK3

Numb and Silent,
Numb and Silent,
Gathered around, we are
of a reasonable distance
to stone the stone, numb and silent
Mouths kept shut,
in heavy grip
hands hold lips cold
and inside are teeth
chattering in tranquillity
where silence is a virtue
Tranquillity is an empty space between fingers
but here
there are no fingers
and where there are no fingers,
heads are turning
like an answer into a question
Is it?
Is it stuck?
Why is it stuck?
Why is it?
Is it?
The crystal, heavy and black
does not reflect the sorrow back

Burden is stuck in the throat
like a starfish on the sea floor
five fingers to climb up the deep

advancing

gradually

for ages

to reach a shore,

and there

the Sun dries it in instant
and the next wave slips it
back to the sea floor

in the same slow fall

Burden is stuck in the throat

Attempt to spit

what is stuck

Attempt to cough out

what separates saying and

swallowing, said in blood

and keep your mouths shut!

Stuck voices, leftovers,

half-eaten-half-deserted

other voices, bloody voices

quiet voices at Sunset

This is where we met

We met

In love

To kiss

With teeth

...And knives

Curved

With heavy virtues,

To dance

Naked

Around the dark

Crystal

That never looked back

We danced

Naked

All night long

Bodies

That flicker

Numb and Silent let me see,
what lurks under the tree
with no shadow behind it



A deaf mouse perhaps?



Numb and silent, there might be
a blind owl on that tree
Pale and either with no shadow
but its ears turned toward the sound
and the whisper without the lips
that carries over the dead grass
that call both flat and crisp;



A deaf mouse! A deaf mouse!



Where? The Owl asked, but
not a fraction of tone
there is against the stars



Just give it back to its source
back to the quiet beginning
Thinks the hungry owl
And I'll feed myself with force
until quiet again. No ringing

Then
The picture was taken
where the mountain ridges
surround the resort
at the relaxed side
The picture was taken
of the red Sky
descending
One man said to another:
no gunfire is heard
it is hard to hear anything
the mountain is too high
I keep the future in the freezer
preserved in the shape
of ice cubes
until the first hot day
I'll keep it there
No gunfire heard
The sunset was great
The picture was taken
of an ice cube
melting

TK7

N
N
I
to
o
So
H
F
o
is
to
of
loo
Sl
I
are
A
your
pr
sh
s
Re
ble
co
glaze the white flag?

In Tranquillity each stone has a purpose
each has a purposed size,
volume, mass, determination
and every size is political

Tear-stone

Spit-stone

Candy-stone

all wrapped in nice paper

Useless stone too small to be called a stone

Silent-stone standing
Thrown-stone understanding

The circle meets at the top
The Sun broke his teeth

The mob

all dressed up
in battleship grey
no makeup,
rumble as they go:

Bring me a brick

Bring me a brick

Bring me a brick

This is not a rehearsal

This is not a rehearsal

This is not a rehearsal for a piss in the wind

This is

This is

This is the unrehearsed run: a spontaneous piss

We are

We are

Troublemakers we are

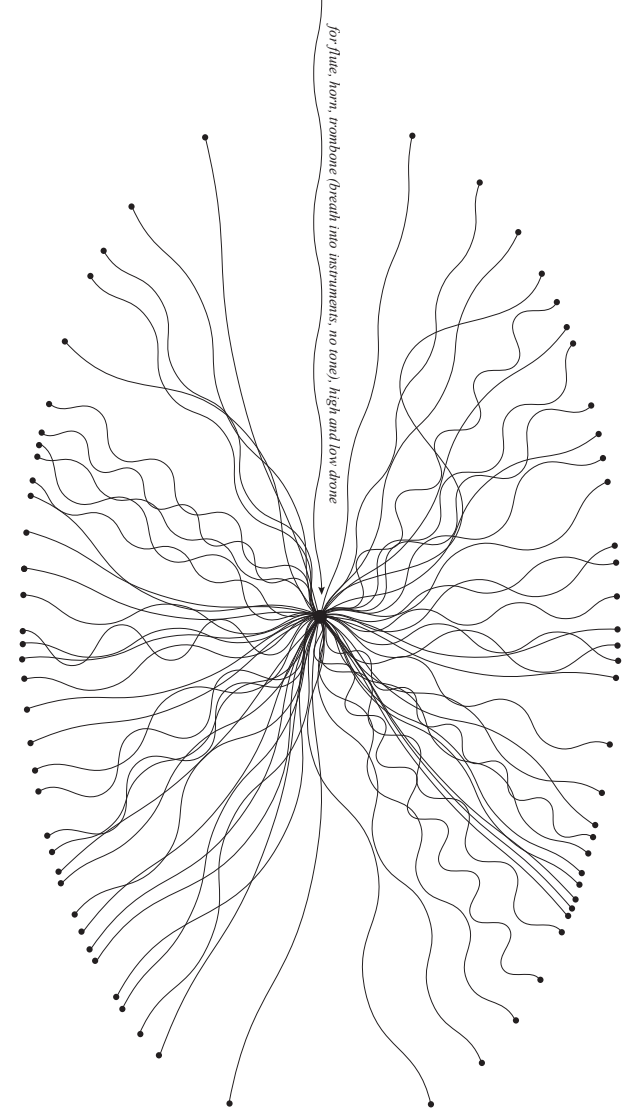
And troublemakers are unpredictable

We saw nothing but the uniform blue of the Sky

We saw nothing but the uniform blue of the Sky

sirens for voice and sounds

Voice ———→ *stutter* - - - - -→ Sirens

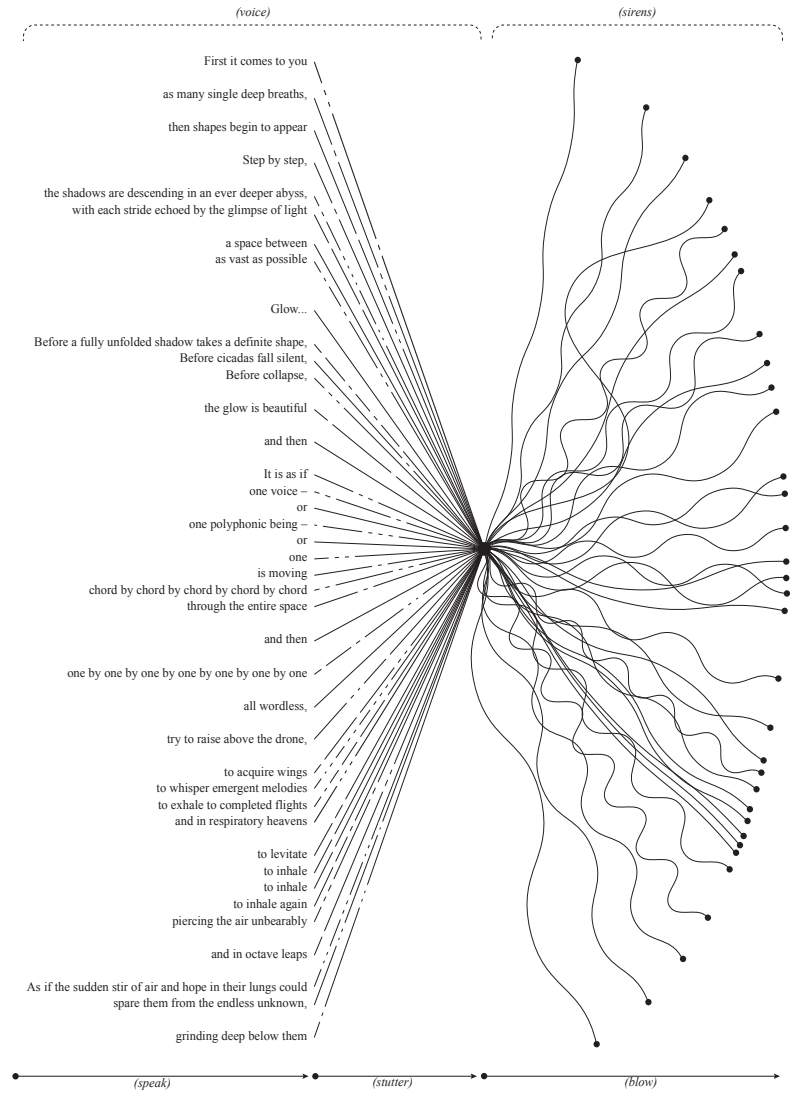


for flute, horn, trombone (breath into instruments, no tone), high and low drone

Duration: 12'



We saw nothing but the uniform blue of the Sky



UB2

We saw nothing but the uniform blue of the Sky

