



RENDEZVOUS IN PROVIDENCE

music Andrea Wolper

based on a poem by D. Nurkse

Perhaps the gods are like us
A couple breathless in a narrow bed
They speak in low voices
Watching a fly cross the ceiling
The self they lost
Comes back on the breeze
Of a rickety fan
A clock strikes
One touches the other gently on the wrist
As they undressed each other
Now they dress themselves
In deep silence
And leave us alone with this clock and mirror
This love, this fear, these white hairs
Tangled in a single comb

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