

## Siberry Jane

# "The Bird In The Gravel"

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the master:

i was dreaming in the steam room  
everything was so clear for a minute  
and i thought...  
and the dripping tiles and...  
and i say i'll confess everything  
yes. i own this land  
i own these forests surrounding my...my estate  
this is my tea coming  
everything i can-i confess

the servant:

bend  
now i have the bend  
the best i ever  
place the tea just so  
then release and turn  
oh no not yet  
then release then go  
better try again  
looking at me he's  
wait til tomorrow  
don't want him to know  
next time he orders tea  
release and turn  
turn and limp away  
turn and limp away  
the maid:

i was walking through the forest  
on my break today  
i had this funny feeling  
something was going to change  
i was walking through the dry leaves  
it was very strange  
they hadn't changed their colour  
all the leaves were green  
i don't mind when it's over  
i don't mind when it's all done  
it's just the moments in between  
just before it's gone  
something's going to happen  
something's going to change  
i know i know i know...

the pantry:  
and when autumn comes  
well, there's lots of work to do  
bill-that means you  
time to clean the kettles and the pots on the wall  
pickling and preserving all the vegetables  
stop kicking the apples  
are we pickling this year?  
yes-you know we are  
and when autumn comes  
well, there's lots of work to do  
bill-that means you  
time to get the twigs up-you know, all those stick things  
time to trim back the roses so next year even more  
grow  
does it hurt them to do that?  
does it hurt them? no.  
(truck driver - francesco)  
and when autumn comes  
well, deliveries start to go  
here he is now  
down into the valley to the market he goes  
down along the tiny roads that wind along the  
vineyards  
and people lean on their rakes and they say hello  
hello there francesco  
francesco there hello  
the bird:  
(high sustain)  
a boy coming home from lesson  
another boy:  
and those are my swans, believe me...  
there's no light.  
and there isn't because...  
it's so dark.  
because it's so dark.  
because it's so dark.  
the maid:  
i was walking through the dry leaves  
it was very strange  
the leaves fell without changing  
no yellows and no reds  
something's going to happen  
something's going to change  
and just then as i looked up  
i remembered what you said  
i'm crying because i love you  
i know that things must change  
i can't be there when you leave  
what if you're afraid  
you said something about the leaving

the moments in between  
the yawning when the world shifts  
the clanging of the trains  
and a dog sits up and growls  
and a cow begins to bawl  
and a nun nearby stops to listen  
cross herself and then move on  
i was laughing in the forest  
i fell down in the leaves  
and i watched the trees above me  
crossing in the breeze  
i love the bare branches  
i love the healing bells  
the bareness in the last sun  
the greyness and the gold  
and a flock of geese flew over  
and i laughed harder still  
i laughed til i was heaving  
then everything was still  
the servant:  
bend  
now i have the bend  
place the tea just so  
then release and turn  
oh not yet  
turn away then go  
better try again  
he's looking at me  
wait until tomorrow  
don't want him to know  
next time  
time he orders tea  
release and turn  
turn and limp away...  
limp away just go  
turn away just go  
just go...  
just go...  
just go...  
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