



“The Monk” is not music. It is the attempt to embody a state of mind with sounds. The monk does not judge because everything is sheltered inside himself. He does not lead, he is. One can learn from him though he is not teaching. “One does not talk about the things that have been achieved with great hardship, neither of the things one has not experienced”, the monk stated, when asked to tell about his life. Wisdom lies within love, in unconditional devotion, not in the admonishing forefinger.

This piece is not a piece, it is an attempt at self-abandonment, to give oneself away for something that could possibly become true if one does not expect it anymore. Being the last part of a musical triptych (“The Monk” is my third piece as composer for the Jamboree), it is as well my regretful farewell as a resident of Kirsten Kajer’s Museum, which is such a strong and wondrous place where joy and pain are closely entangled.

*Marius Ungureanu (trans.: Monique Popescu)*

Extinguish thou my eyes, I still can see thee,  
Deprive my ears of sound, I still can hear thee,  
And without feet I still can come to thee,  
And without voice I still can call to thee.

Sever my arms from me, I still will hold thee  
with all my heart as with a single hand.  
Arrest my heart, my brain will keep on beating,  
And should thy fire at last my brain consume,  
the flowing of my blood will carry thee.

*Rainer Maria Rilke*

*From: "The Book of Monastic Life" (1899).*

*Translated by: Albert Ernest Flemming*

### **do not leave**

do not leave  
friend or stranger  
neighbour widely-travelled  
do not leave  
without a word  
stay for another trice  
and you as well unknown visitor  
take an instant to look  
through the spire lights  
and there above the roofs  
muse over the skies  
the spaces and your dreams  
in your mind  
learn to dance  
over the pediments

do not leave  
without a word  
you might  
never come back  
and without you a whole  
world would be missing

*Hans Gysi (trans: Monique Popescu)*