

# ORLANDO TRIP

Cinematic Musical Theatre by Fox on Ice

*Lyrics by Anna Luca Poloni*

*Music by Christian Mair*

(2023-08-30)

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A FIT KNIFE (II)

## ***A Fit Knife (I)***

And when I tell you,  
That the most noble knight  
Becomes a nude lunatic  
Who spits on his reason  
Orlando...  
Cause he cannot accept  
That his love loves another  
Furioso...  
And his friend after all  
Finds his wits in a glass  
On the moon, yes the moon!  
That a renaissance-statesman  
Crusades in his fantasy  
Using the maps of all countries  
As a chessboard for thousands  
Of characters, animals, plants...

Would you believe me?

*And yet it is true  
It's more than true  
It's bigger than life  
A fit knife  
A good story's a fit knife  
A fit knife*

And when I tell you  
About a super-hero  
With a diamond-hard skin,  
Orlando Furioso...  
About a horse without weight  
Who flies like an arrow,  
Result of the wild night  
Of a flame and a wind  
About swords, wearing names,  
Always changing their owners,  
About punch-drunk love  
Biting harder than tigers...

Would you believe me?

*And yet it is true  
It's more than true  
It's bigger than life  
A fit knife  
A good story's a fit knife  
A fit knife*

## ***Intro***

Imagine... you could change, deeply change.  
And yet - stay the same.

Cross all borders,  
from land to sea, from live to death.  
*And back!*

From man to woman.  
*From man to woman, indeed...*  
Easily...

Overcoming age!  
Fooling the time!

ORLANDO - the story of a silent revolt.

Imagine the beginning...

## 1. SASHA

First there was dust,  
white sparkling dust.  
Then fragile sounds  
like frozen bells.  
Then like an arrow  
Kind of silver fish  
broke through this glow,  
flew straight ahead:  
Towards me!  
Towards me,  
who stood congealed  
upon the ice -  
yet sang with glee  
the wonder looked at me:

*Why do you attack my heart?  
Why do you affect my brain?  
Did I tell you to enter my court?  
Did I tell you to enter my court!?  
To whip up the blood in my veins  
To whip up the blood in my veins?*

Legs, hands and moves -  
they were a boy's.  
But no boy ever,  
had a mouth like that!  
Nor had he breasts nor eyes like that  
Which looked as if they had been fished  
from the bottom of the sea,  
from the bottom of the sea.  
Whom had I loved  
What had I loved  
Till now?

*Why do you attack my heart?  
Why do you affect my brain?  
Did I tell you to enter my court?  
Did I tell you to enter my court!?  
To whip up the blood in my veins  
To whip up the blood in my veins?*

Called her a melon,  
a pineapple,  
an olive tree.  
An emerald -

and a fox in the snow.  
Called her a melon,  
a pineapple,  
an olive tree.  
An emerald -  
and a fox in the snow  
A fox in the snow.

*Why do you attack my heart?  
Why do you affect my brain?  
Did I tell you to enter my court?  
Did I tell you to enter my court!?  
To whip up the blood in my veins  
To whip up the blood in my veins?*

## ***Intermezzo #1***

Imagine the beginning:

A young knight  
In times, when there were knights.  
Womanizer - in his gentle way.  
Suddenly, unexpected caught by the *lightning of love*  
on the banks of an icy river.

He's been a free man ever since.  
Now - the victim of SASHA,  
The Eastern Princess with the dazzling sex-appeal.

Failing to protect his heart he decides to flee  
with Sasha, to escape his secure court.  
The aim? Love, adventure, exstasy...  
Briefly: A life *worth living*.

Or as our ancestor, the great *Ariosto* would put it:  
The man became *Orlando Furioso* - out of mind for love!

## 2. JOUR DE MA VIE

The night was dark,  
it was pitch dark.  
But it was such a night,  
that they've been waiting for,  
yes, it was such a night,  
that they had planned to fly.  
The day had come.

*Jour de ma vie:*  
It was their sign.

*Jour de ma vie!*  
*From that day on*  
*we blank the past.*  
*Our folie won.*  
*Adieu ennui!*  
*Sasha, let's run!*

She might be late,  
prevented thus  
Might what? Might what?  
Have missed her way!  
Midnight has come.  
The place is right.  
Blackfriars' inn.  
The horses wait.

*Jour de ma vie!*  
*from that day on*  
*we blank the past.*  
*Our folie won.*  
*Adieu ennui.*  
*Sasha, come on!*

It's silent still.  
Silence is death.  
Pitch dark is death.  
I should have known.  
Known what? Known what?  
Love is a fraud.  
And words won't help.  
And words won't help.

*Jour de ma vie!*  
*from that day on*  
*we blank the past.*  
*Our folie won.*  
*Adieu ennui.*  
*Sasha, you're gone!*

## ***Intermezzo #2***

He' s been wounded by love.  
Mortally wounded.

A beaten knight hiding from the world.  
Desperately trying to kill his memory, to drown his pain.

When something remarkable happens...  
*Sleep* – deep as black velvet comes upon him.  
For days and days, for nights and nights.

Is this – What?  
Endless sleep?  
Or – maybe ... death??  
Or is it a genius solution to recover from mortal's pain?

To be reborn in life... with some scars, yet: free.

### 3. IF THIS IS SLEEP...

Wake up, dear  
Morning light  
Hear, dogs bark  
Trumpets fanfare  
Drums beat  
Get up!  
Get up!  
Get up!  
Get up!

One day -  
Two days -  
Three -  
Four -  
Five -  
Six -  
Seven -

Where have you been?  
Abed?  
In heaven?

*“Sleep may be death  
Yet death is not the end  
Dreams all but innocent  
Wake up, new life!  
Hide well, old pain!  
Hide well, old pain!  
Hide well, old pain!”*

Was this sleep?  
May I ask -  
If this is sleep  
How is it made?  
You think  
We need...  
We need...  
We need...  
We need...

Small dose -  
Of death -  
A day -  
To -  
Live -  
Our -  
Lives?

We have to die?  
Sometimes?  
To live on?

*Sleep may be death  
Yet death is not the end  
Dreams all but innocent  
Wake up, new life!  
Hide well, old pain!  
Hide well, old pain!  
Hide well, old pain!*

*Sleep may be death  
Yet death is not the end  
Dreams all but innocent  
Wake up, new life!  
Hide well, old pain!  
Hide well, old pain!  
Hide well, old pain!*

### **Intermezzo #3**

(Video)

The taste for books was an early one.  
As a child I was sometimes found at midnight... still reading.  
They took my wax-light away – I collected glow-worms.  
They took the glow-worms away – I almost burnt down the house with a torch!

But worse was to come!  
Once you are addicted by reading, you hopelessly fall into writing...  
So – before I was twenty five, some forty seven plays, histories, romances, poems had been written.  
Some in prose, some in verse. Some in French, some in Italian, all Romantic, and all long.

I forgot about „the outer life“.  
But yet: my life was rich!  
I found myself confronted by problems which have puzzled the wisest of men:  
Such as „What is love?“ What friendship? What truth?

I was not at all interested in my career as a man, a knight, a political subject.  
Nevertheless the feeling grew, that my hidden life would enable me to be a better man,  
knight, *leader*.  
When needed...

In such thinking I spent months and years of my life.  
Some weeks added a century to my age, others not more than three seconds at most.

The unknown man alone is at peace!  
You may seek the truth and speak it.  
And so I added some lines to a poem when a strange shadow met my eye...  
Strange, strange shadow...  
Nearly two meters high...

It carried with him.  
Uneasy feelings, hot and dangerous, and long forgotten...

#### 4. RABBITS AND BIRDS

You know, stranger things  
Sometimes happen to us  
In the center of silence  
In the middle of peace:  
Uninvited she came  
A six-foot tall lady!  
Look-alike of a rabbit  
Staring eyes, trembling ears  
Hasty moves of a rabbit  
She came scarily near  
Provoked something...  
he feared...

*L'amour est un oiseau rebel  
A deux visages: blanc et noir  
Pour cet instant il semble bel  
Brutal et cruel un peu plus tard  
Je vous en prie: ce jeu sans moi!*

As he bowed to his shoes  
Wings came near, tender wings  
They reminded him faintly  
Of love, lost in the ice  
Hot feelings, deep scars  
He was moved, yes, but why?  
From the heat of a duchess,  
Who reminded a rabbit?  
Could it really be love  
Bird of paradise, that  
Provoked something  
He feared....

*L'amour est un oiseau rebel  
A deux visages: blanc et noir  
Pour cet instant il semble bel  
Brutal et cruel un peu plus tard  
Je vous en prie: ce jeu sans moi!*

He was really inclined  
To let the bird land  
What a shock in the end  
As it clearly turned out:  
The bird was a vulture!  
The foul vulture of lust  
Not gilded by love  
Hence he ran to his King:

The Crown sent him to Stambul  
And he happily flew  
Provoked by something  
He feared...

*L'amour est un oiseau rebel  
A deux visages: blanc et noir  
Pour cet instant il semble bel  
Brutal et cruel un peu plus tard  
Je vous en prie: ce jeu sans moi!*

*L'amour est un oiseau rebel  
A deux visages: blanc et noir  
Pour cet instant il semble bel  
Brutal et cruel un peu plus tard  
Je vous en prie: ce jeu sans moi!*

## ***Intermezzo #4***

Being ambassador in Istanbul in those ancient times of the *Golden Horn* sounds adventurous, mysterious – doesn't it?

But Orlando had to face,  
that leaving his court for the white, white house at the Bosphorus  
would neither free his body nor his mind:

An admired young diplomate,  
Yet elegantly bored.

Breaking out of his golden cage – only by night –  
hidden in the warm, lively dark.  
Orlando makes friends with men and women.  
So fundamentally... *different*,  
that he shivers with wild joy...

At dawn he creeps back,  
a different man.  
A different man...  
Full of forbidden desires.

## 5. FREE WHEN YOU TRAVEL

In houses like eggshells  
So white and so naked  
He had to sign contracts  
He used to shake hands  
Behaved like a gentleman  
Played the ambassador  
In houses like eggshells  
In oriental chambers  
Exchanged banalities  
Forecasted the weather  
Ashamed of his job  
Stuffy and useless  
In houses like eggshells

*You should be free  
When you travel  
Master of your  
Cruising level:  
Marry a stranger  
Commit a crime!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Be back in time!  
Be back in time!*

So he turns the tables  
In his house like an eggshell  
With a feast for the senses  
Beyond any description  
Gold plates, candelabras  
Fountains of sweet wine  
Birds in gold-cages  
And the host himself:  
Such princely manners  
So interestingly sad  
A lady 's the reason  
That's what they say  
He, again, cannot stay

*You should be free  
When you travel  
Master of your  
Cruising level:  
Marry a stranger*

*Commit a crime!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Marry a stranger  
Commit a crime!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Be back in time!  
Be back in time!*

In houses like eggshells  
So white and so naked  
He swallowed his wishes  
He prayed to be free

*You should be free  
When you travel  
Master of your  
Cruising level:  
Marry a stranger  
Commit a crime!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Save a poor devil  
Be back in time!  
Be back in time!  
Be back in time!*

## ***Intermezzo #5***

Night followed the big celebrations in the *Eggshell-Palais*  
– gossip in whole Istanbul.  
A night full of doubts, dreams and dangers.

Men and women conquered the ambassador's house.  
Or had he *invited* the colourful crowd?  
What was going on?  
A riot? A battle? An orgy?

This is the story of a silent revolt.

So the next morning the ambassador was found by his secretaries  
in rumpled sheets in deepest sleep.

There again – the seven days black-velvet sleep.

What next?  
Will he escape his memory again?  
Flee his inner tempest?  
Some scars, yet untouchable...  
Will he?

## 6. METAMORPHOSIS

So again seven days he sleeps  
Far away -  
Again every cure has been tried  
In vain  
Something different has to be found  
Something new!  
An extraordinary tool to survive  
Watch out!  
In his soul two forces debate:  
One says -  
Be abstinent, modest and pure  
The other?  
Be sensual, generous, wild  
What now?  
Midst of all that noise he wakes up  
Ssshhhhhh!  
As a woman he leaves the bed!  
Say again!  
Yes, a woman, naked stands up  
No!  
It's the truth!

*Change!*  
*His body revolts*  
*His mind claims for*  
*Change!*  
*How long can you sleep*  
*And how often escape till you*  
*Change?!*

He unites the power and the grace  
Wow!  
He sure is a woman, no doubt  
She!  
But in every other respect  
What?  
Exactly Orlando she stays  
How?  
It would change her future, for sure  
No doubt!  
Her identity though is the same  
Really?  
Some doubt her change of sex  
Sure!  
Some say, never she'd been a man!  
Her response?

She enjoys!

*Change!*  
*Her body revolted*  
*Her mind claimed for*  
*Change!*  
*How long can you sleep*  
*And how often escape till you*  
*Change?!*

*Change!*  
*Her body revolted*  
*Her mind claimed for*  
*Change!*  
*How long can you sleep*  
*And how often escape till you*  
*Change?!*

*Till you Change?!*  
*Till you Change?!*

## **Intermezzo #6**

(Video)

There, in the shadow of a giant fig tree my old friend was waiting on a donkey.  
Male or female: the friend made no difference.

Unlike him and his people many *experts* insisted, that such a change of sex is against nature.  
Let biologists and psychologists care about that!  
Fact is: I was a man till the age of 30 when I became a woman and remained so ever since.

My being dark haired and suntanned supported the idea of being a born Gipsy.  
With just a few... well... strange manners.  
Such as... overwhelming love of nature.  
Sisterly Compassion with *every* being beginning with greyhounds, ending with flies...  
So my new friends began to suspect that I had other beliefs than their own...

„She prefers a sunset to a flock of goats“  
There was some truth in it...

My old friend, a wise man, knew: No passion is stronger in the breast of man than to make  
others believe as he believes.  
Nothing fills him with rage as the sense, that another rates low what he prizes high.

The wise man was alarmed....

## 7. TRUST A GIPSY

Imagine she had a friend  
An old, gipsy friend  
Who came as she whistled  
Who came with two donkeys  
Who said:

Let's head for the highlands there  
Let's leave, when the heath is grazed!  
Let's wash in the streams,  
And believe you are dark,  
Believe you are dark,  
Believe you are dark,  
Cause you're gipsy.

*Yet in her eyes  
Mountains are walls  
Flowers on porcelain  
Grass - velvet rugs  
Trees turn to witches  
Sheep to a mountain range:  
Everything, believe me,  
Every, every, every, everthing  
– is something else!  
Is something – else!*

Imagine, her friend was alarmed  
Her old, gipsy friend  
Who came as she whistled  
Who came with two donkeys  
He said:

I fear, you are ill my dear  
Dazed by nature, you fool!  
But this goddess is cruel:  
Lamed my hand -  
Crushed my foot -  
Is brutal and cruel  
Trust a gipsy

*Yet in her eyes  
Mountains are walls  
And flowers on porcelain  
Grass - velvet rugs  
Trees turn to witches  
Sheep to a mountain range  
Everything, believe me,*

*Every, every, every, everything  
– is something else!  
Is something -*

*“Listen girl,  
You think, your family's old?  
Have you never been told:  
We have always been here  
Being constantly clear  
About the difference between  
Life and a *fictional* scene?”*

*Yet in her eyes  
Mountains are walls  
Flowers on porcelain  
Grass - velvet rugs  
Trees turn to witches  
Sheep to a mountain range:  
Everything, believe me,  
Every, every, every, every  
thing – is something else!  
is something....  
Everything, believe me,  
Every, every, every, everything  
– is something else!  
is something – else.*

## ***Intermezzo #7***

„Oh, if only I could write“ she cried

That was exactly the moment, when her old friend decided to accompany her down to the harbour, to encourage her to board the *Enarmoured Lady*.  
– Wonderful ship, wonderful sailors –  
To help her exchange one pearl for a lady's dress, and to wave goodbye as the ship finally sailed for the Mediterranean.

Orlando's second experience as a woman surrounded by men would be rather instructive too – although for completely different reasons...

It is there on deck of a ship in the middle of the Big Blue, where *the inner turn her personal Sea Change* takes place.

The end of Orlando, the man.  
The beginning of her practical life as a woman...

## 8. DIMMI', CAPITANO!

Feel the silk on my skin?  
Lets me shiver somehow  
Makes him nervous, just look!  
Handsome smile  
Blue-dressed captain...  
Could I leap overboard?  
Would I swim in this dress?  
Should I ask him for help?  
What a mess! What a mess!  
Blue-dressed captain -  
Would I?  
Blue-dressed captain -  
Not really!

*Dimmi, capitano*  
*Non posso lottare più?*  
*Non devo gridare più?*  
*Commandare più?*  
*Condannare più?*  
*Dimmi, capitano*  
*E giusto?*  
*L'ho scelto?*

Asks me, if I want more  
Of this excellent meat  
Is this awkward or sweet?  
Dazzling game,  
blue-dressed captain!  
How do I have to play?  
Second-rate more or less...  
Listen to your bold tales?  
What a mess! What a mess!  
Blue-dressed captain -  
Would I?  
Blue-dressed captain -  
Not really!

*Dimmi, capitano*  
*Non posso lottare più?*  
*Non devo gridare più?*  
*Commandare più?*  
*Condannare più?*  
*Dimmi, capitano*  
*E giusto?*  
*L'ho scelto?*

*Dimmi, capitano*  
*Non posso lottare più?*  
*Non devo gridare più?*  
*Commandare più?*  
*Condannare più?*  
*Dimmi, capitano*  
*E giusto?*  
*L'ho scelto?*

*Dimmi, capitano...*  
*Dimmi, capitano...*

Which is the greater extasy? The man's or  
the woman's?  
And are they not perhaps the same?  
No, this is the most delicious: to refuse,  
and see him frown.  
For nothing is more heavenly than to  
resist and to yield.  
To yield and to resist.  
I'm, not sure that I won't throw myself  
overboard -  
For the mere pleasure of being rescued by  
a blue-jacket after all.  
Heavens! What fools they make of us –  
what fools we are!  
To deny a woman teaching lest she may  
laugh at you.  
To be slave of a petticoat, and yet to go  
about as if you were the Lords of creation.  
“Praise god that I'm a woman” I cried –  
Huh, I was about to run into the extreme  
folly  
Than which none is more distressing in  
woman or man either –  
Of being proud of my sex.

*Dimmi, capitano*  
*Non posso lottare più?*  
*Non devo gridare più?*  
*Commandare più?*  
*Condannare più?*  
*Dimmi, capitano*  
*E giusto?*  
*L'ho scelto?*

## ***Intermezzo #8***

When she finally left the ship, all the *Blue Jackets* and the *Blue Dressed Captain* she started to re-organize her life as a writer, a now female writer.

In her former live as a young poet, long ago, she already had made experience with so called experts, intellectuals, *Connaisseurs*, popes of arts and literature...

Orlando, the man, was impressed by their knowledge, their safe judgements.

But...this is a story of a silent revolt

So, being a woman she begins to doubt the expertise of the fancy explainers, such as *Mr. Greene*.

## 9. MISTER GREENE

How she loves books!  
Books and solitude  
Poems and solitude  
Greyhounds, rosebush,  
- solitude  
Heroes, Writers,  
Solitude!

But there is Mr. Greene  
The judge of books  
Of heroes, poems,  
Writers anyway  
Opinion Leader  
King of public talk

“This book – ridiculous  
This poem – plain  
The rosebush – uninspired  
The greyhound – lame  
Poets and heroes?  
Either boring or insane!”

*Can I trust you, Mr. Greene?  
Dare you stand the solitude?  
Do you know, where I have been?  
Could you sense, what I have seen?*

How sharp he thinks!  
Thoughts and attitude  
Wits and attitude  
Knowledge, networks  
- attitude  
Supporters, friends  
Attitude!

Yes, such is Mr. Green!  
The judge of books  
Of heroes, poems,  
Writers anyway  
Opinion Leader  
King of public talk

“This book – ridiculous  
This poem – plain  
The rosebush – uninspired  
The greyhound – lame

Poets and heroes?  
Either boring or insane!”

*Can I trust you, Mr. Greene?  
Dare you stand the solitude?  
Do you know, where I have been?  
Could you sense, what I have seen?*

*Can I trust you, Mr. Greene?  
Dare you stand the solitude?  
Do you know, where I have been?  
Could you sense, what I have seen?*

*Can I trust you, Mr. Greene?  
Do you know, where I have been?  
Could you sense, what I have seen?*

## **Intermezzo #9**

*(Video)*

I overcame the good advices of all kinds of Mr. Green.  
And worked on my endless poem, when a shadow darkened the page.  
It was a familiar shadow, a grotesque shadow.  
A monstrous rabbit. Staring eyes, trembling ears...  
The six feet tall Lady!

But stop!

This was impossibly a lady. I was alone with a tall gentleman!  
„Ha“ I cried – how you frightened me!  
„Gentle creature“, cried the Archduke, „forgive me for a deceit I have practised on you – long time ago!“

I sipped my wine graciously, the archduke kissed my hand.  
In short: we acted the parts of man and woman for ten minutes with great ambition and then fell into natural discourse.  
But still...

If this is love – so I felt, now from the woman’s point of view – there is something highly ridiculous about it.

Then, falling on his knees he gave me a toad in the form of an emerald...

As he uttered his wedding proposal enormous tears formed in his eyes.  
Men cry as frequently and as unreasonably as women as I knew from my own experience as a man.  
But I learnt that women should be shocked when men show emotion in our presence.

So, shocked I was.

## 10. LIFE AND A LOVER

He's been wounded by love  
And she hurt others too  
Knows the paradise-birds  
And the vultures of lust  
So he grew...  
So she grew...

Can't you go for a walk  
Without meeting an archduke  
Who presents you a toad  
In the form of an emerald?  
Who forgives you and utters  
A wedding proposal?  
Can't you live on your own?  
Polymorphic and free?  
En voyage – in adventures  
A mismash is your head  
Meeting point of delusions  
Battlefield of two sexes

So what?

*What the hell?  
Why decide?  
Life and a lover  
So she cried  
Why glue together?  
Is this nature's will?  
Why firm me up?  
I'm evolving still!*

Can't you jump to your feet  
Tear down satin and pearls  
Snatch your trousers and boots  
Ride a horse or a jeep  
Don't you know it's a fact  
That clothes change our way  
How we look at the world  
And the world looks on us?  
Superficial, you say?  
Symbols of something hidden!  
Clothes just keep up the surface  
Of a secret, forbidden...

So what?

*What the hell?  
Why decide?  
Life and a lover  
So she cried  
Why glue together?  
Is this nature's will?  
Why firm me up?  
I'm evolving still!*

*What the hell?  
Why decide?  
Life and a lover  
So she cried  
Why glue together?  
Is this nature's will?  
Why firm me up?  
I'm evolving still!*

## ***Intermezzo #10***

Imagine... she met the man of her dreams!

Is that possible? Is it real?

We may ask...

Is the man who really convinced her with his romantic attitude, his mysterious profession – again she fell for a seaman – his baroque name and his strange behavior *real*?

Or is he a product of her dreams, a phantasma of her fantasy?

However – freedom seems to be the goddess of the strangest couple the world has ever seen.

Freedom... and fluidity

## 11. SHEL

Seven feathers had she picked  
And drawn between her fingertips  
Faster she went, she ran, she tripped  
Her ankle broke, she could not rise  
But there she laid content:

I found my mate, it is the moor  
I'm nature's bride, here will I lie  
Shall dream wild dreams of lands  
And more: the endless turquoise sea!

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock  
The horse was very near...  
She sat upright

*"Madame, you're hurt?"*  
*"I'm dead, sir" – she replied.*  
*Few minutes later:*  
*Groom and bride.*

*"Your name, sir...?"*  
*"Marmaduke, Bonthrop –*  
*And Shelmerdine!!"*  
*"Orlando mine"*

*"Sure, you're not male, Orlando?"*  
*"Sure, you're no woman, Shelmerdine?"*  
*"Who cares? If you are mine!?"*

People gathered, bells were rung  
A sea of candles s'been arranged  
Marmaduke Bonthrop, on your knees!  
Shelmerdine, sailor, stay right there!  
Orlando, kneel down too!

The priest's voice triumphed in the end:  
Rings were passed from hand to hand  
But then confusion rose:  
Orlando, thin-dressed, waved good-bye...

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock  
His horse was there to leave...  
She stood upright

*"Madame, you're hurt?"*  
*"I'm dead, sir" – she replied.*

*Since a few minutes:*  
*Groom and bride.*

*"Your name, sir...?"*  
*"Marmaduke, Bonthrop –*  
*And Shelmerdine!!"*  
*"Orlando mine"*

*"Sure, you will wait, Orlando?"*  
*"Sure, you will come back, Shelmerdine?"*  
*"Don't care! I'm thine!"*

## **Intermezzo #11**

Being a woman stays a gift and a burden, a triumph and a riot.

Accepting what some call „a balanced life“ is not the way of an ancient, ageless knightly poet.

So she keeps nourishing the flame of *Orlando Furioso* without any weapon, but changing, transforming, flowing, scandalizing.

Even her husband and her son had to face it.

Her sailor husband and her sunny son so live next to a demonstration of personal freedom.

For freedom and... ecstasy.

## 12. EXTASY

She was married, true  
But if one's husband was always sailing  
'round Cap Horn  
Was it marriage?  
If one liked him, was it marriage?  
If one liked other people, was it marriage?  
And finally  
if one still wished  
More than anything in the whole world  
To write poetry.  
Though being mother of a boy?  
Was it marriage?  
She had her doubts.

*Listen, life!  
What are you?  
The only shot?  
A game for free?  
A random venue  
For Shel and me?  
I do wanna know,  
I insist:  
Tell me!*

She was Orlando, true  
Yes, but a million other things as well  
A snob am I? The leopards?  
My ancestors? Proud of them? Yes!  
Greedy, luxurious, vicious  
Am I? Don't care a damn, if I am!  
Truthful – I think so  
Generous – oh, but that don't count  
Fine linen, silver dishes, wine!  
Spoilt – perhaps  
I love trees and sheep dogs  
And the night

*Listen, life!  
What are you?  
The only shot?  
A game for free?  
A random venue  
For Shel and me?  
I do wanna know,  
I insist:  
Tell me!*

Damn it all!  
A toy-boat, a toy-boat, a toy-boat!  
It's not laws, or articles, or contracts,  
that matter! Wrong focus, Mr. Green!  
It's something useless, sudden, violent  
Something that costs a life  
Red, blue purple, a spurt, a splash,  
Something rash, ridiculous, like my  
hyacinth,  
Husband, I mean – I love you, Shell!  
That's what it is – a toy boat on the  
Serpentine  
A lizard's call!  
Extasy – it's extasy, that matters.

*Listen, life!  
What are you?  
The only shot?  
A game for free?  
A random venue for  
Shel and me?  
I do wanna know,  
I insist:  
Tell me!*

*Listen, life!  
What are you?  
The only shot?  
A game for free?  
A random venue for  
Shel and me?  
I do wanna know,  
I insist:  
Tell me!  
Tell me!  
Tell me!  
Tell me!*

## ***A FIT KNIFE (II)***

And when I tell you  
That the Renaissance poet  
Invented tough ladies  
Fighting as equal knights  
Overwhelming some giants  
Dueling for their love  
Taming wild hypoglyphs,  
Flabbergasting magicians,  
With their powerful tricks,  
Sometimes sparing the weak,  
Often taming their lovers  
Always claiming respect  
And when I tell you:  
This strange carpet of colours  
Survived all the centuries...

Would you believe me?

*And yet it is true  
It's more than true  
It's bigger than life  
A fit knife  
A good story's a fit knife  
A fit knife*