

[5] Darkness in the Ancient Valley – Finale: Consecration

Text by Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī (13th century). English translation by Rafiq Abdullah

Again with burning lips I swore
An oath in last night's heart,
I confess with a sigh again I swore
An oath on your ruby blood.
I swore that I would fix
My longing gaze on your chaste smile.
I swore that I would not flinch
Even if you struck me with a blade,
My faith in you is green and strong
It would rise again unscathed. I suffer,
My heart is torn from your breast
Which none can cure but you.
You may willfully cast me into fire
But I am an ingot glowing for you.
I swear I am dust, dry powder
Rising from your path, as hapless atom,
A circling would held by your gravity
I turn and turn in your wake.

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A Woman's Life

Texts by Maya Angelou (b. 1928)

[7] I. Little Girl Speakings

Ain't nobody better'n my Daddy,
you keep yo' quater,
I ain't yo' daughter,
Ain't nobody better'n my Daddy.

Ain't nothing prettier'n my dollie,
heard what I said,
don't pat her head,
Ain't nothing prettier'n my dollie.

No lady cookinger than my Mommy,
smell that pie,
see I don't lie,
No lady cookinger than my Mommy.

[8] II. Life Doesn't Frighten Me

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn't frighten me at all
Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don't frighten me at all
Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
Way they run
I won't cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys in a fight
All alone at night
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don't frighten me at all.

That new classroom where
Boys all pull my hair
(Kissy little girls
With their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes
And listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all
It's only in my dreams.

I've got a magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve,
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breath.

Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all.
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

[9] III. They Went Home

They went home and told their wives,
that never once in all their lives,
had they known a girl like me,
But... They went home.

They said my house was licking clean,
no word I spoke was ever mean,
I had an air of mystery,
But... They went home.

My praises were on all men's lips,
they liked my smile, my wit, my hips,
they'd spend one night, or two or three.
But...

[10] IV. Come. And Be My Baby

The highway is full of big cars
going nowhere fast
And folks is smoking anything that'll burn
Some people wrap their lives around a cocktail glass
And you sit wondering
where you're going to turn.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

Some prophets say the world is gonna end tomorrow
But others say we've got a week or two
The paper is full of every kind of blooming horror
And you sit wondering
What you're gonna do.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

[11] V. Let's Majeste

I sit a throne upon the times
when Kings are rare and
Consorts
slide into the grease of scullery maids.

So gaily wave a crown of light
(astride the royal chair) that blinds
the commoners who genuflect and cross their fingers.

The years will lie beside me
on the queenly bed.
And coupled we'll await
the ages' dust to cake my lids again.

And when the rousing kiss is given,
why must it always be a fairy, and
only just a Prince?

[12] VI. My Life Has Turned to Blue

Our summer's gone,
the golden days are through.
The rosy dawns I used to
wake with you
have turned to grey,
my life has turned to blue.

The once-green lawns
glisten now with dew.
Red robin's gone,
down to the South he flew.
Left here alone,
my life has turned to blue.

I've heard the news
that winter too will pass,
that spring's a sign
that summer's due at last.
But until I see you
lying in green grass,
my life has turned to blue.

[13] VII. Many and More

There are many and more
who would kiss my hand,
taste my lips,
to my loneliness lend
their bodies' warmth.

I have want of a friend.
There are few, some few,
who would give their names
and fortunes rich
or send first sons
to my ailing bed.

I have need of a friend.

There is one and only one
who will give the air
from his failing lungs
for my body's mend.

And that one is my love.

from *The Complete Collected Poems of Maya Angelou*, published by
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