

Illés Molnár-Árpád Tóth

# Moon Child

Lyric opera in one act

Woman – Éva Gózon

Man – Dániel Turchányi

Moon – Tibor Botlik

Child – Magdolna Gál/Esra Limberger

For the 10th anniversary of Csíkszerda

The piece is Árpád Tóth and Illés Molnár's first co-production. According to the creators' intention it is both ancient and modern, with archetypical characters clashing. The woman yearning for a love, the Moon eager for a child, the man dreading infidelity, the lonely child – we can all recognize ourselves in these figures in one way or another.

Moon Child is an experiment to create a new genre as it is fully a cappella, purely vocal without instrumental accompaniment.

It was written for the 10th anniversary of Csíkszerda, for three mixed choirs and a children's choir, for close to 300 singers in total.

# Moon Child

ALL

Mirror of the sun, light of the night.  
Paint us a dream, and a face for the sky.

You twinkle your face, your dull rays,  
Your light is a silver court of the night,  
If you send us a soothing dream  
We fall asleep curled up.

Mirror of the sun, light of the night.  
Paint us a dream, and a face for the sky.

But if you chase through bad dreams  
Your empty mouth stares at us with a horrible grin.  
We will not see through the darkness anymore,  
Your one pupil looks down on us from the sky.

Mirror of the sun, light of the night.  
Paint us a dream, and a face for the sky.

You give low tide after high tide, day after day.  
A wave was hitting just before, now it's all mud.  
A celestial dance in the night, and down there foam  
Swings on where your arch dictates.

Mirror of the sun, light of the night.  
Paint us a dream, and a face for the sky.

## Scene 1

WOMAN

My cracked heart beats clattering,  
The world around me is in tiny pieces.  
The eyes have tunnel vision, and the mind is obsessed,  
As the one I love doesn't even look at me!

Silver faced Moon, oh tell me,  
Celestial mask on the fabric of darkness,  
What should I do if I am not meant for him,  
If he does not desire my skin, my hair, my scent,  
Who should I tell about my anguish.  
You are the only one that hears my sorrow,

And I can only see your wordless grey face.

**CHOIR**

My love is wind that blows through ribs,  
My love is fire that falls in cold ashes.  
My love is a curse that brings my doom,  
My love is a whirlpool that pours down the drain.  
It slips off, it slips off him, my desire.

Silver faced Moon, oh tell me,  
Celestial mask on the fabric of darkness,  
What should I do if I am not meant for him,  
If he does not desire my skin, my hair, my scent,  
Who should I tell about my anguish.  
You are the only one that hears my sorrow,  
And I can only see your wordless grey face.

**WOMAN**

It slips off, it slips off him, my desire.

**MOON**

Woman in love,  
Know that I see you.  
Thirst consumes you,  
And sorrow tears you.

I can see a snake  
Squeezing bones  
Crawls up your spine,  
Almost kills you.

I can see a spider  
Weaving its web,  
Whispering sorrow and curse  
In your ear.

**MOON+CHOIR**

I can also see the man:  
He overrides you,  
Does not see, does not listen.

**WOMAN**

It slips off, it slips off him, my desire.  
Could his indifference be mine?

If he was neutral... if I didn't care...

MOON

Your desire drives you  
To new waters,  
If you saddle it  
It will gallop with you,  
It is desire that you need,  
Do not kill it.

WOMAN

My love is an arrow that bounces back from him,  
It wounds me fatally,  
My love is a worm that bites me inside.

MOON

The thirst of your love  
Is the man's well.  
Your love is a stove  
Where his flame  
Will find its place.  
Just ask me  
To awaken it.

WOMAN

Will his thirst find a well?  
Is it stronger than death  
If he finds a fireplace?  
May it awake!

MOON

For the one that pays  
Everything is possible.

WOMAN

Is there a price too high  
For one who's sick with desire,  
A sister of death?

MOON

The dry branch of your body  
Turns fruiting  
If your agony is left behind  
And your womb conceives,

**MOON+CHOIR**

Your first child  
Has to be mine!

**WOMAN**

You ask for life for life?  
A child for love?

**ALL**

I cannot have a child without him.  
And without him I will not be...  
Is there a good decision, cruel question...

**WOMAN+CHOIR**

Let it be, the child is yours  
If he is finally mine!

## **Scene 2**

**CHOIR**

Let it be, the child is yours  
If he is finally mine!

**MAN**

My gaze looks in the distance  
Until it meets your eyes,  
And what I can see does not let go,  
I can see myself in your eyes.  
I became one with you today.

**WOMAN**

The night feels like home today,  
As if the Moon fit in my palm,  
My hand is shaking and when it touches yours  
I pretend it was by accident.  
My hand in yours,  
I became one with you today.

**MAN+WOMAN+CHOIR**

I lived closed in myself  
Until I touched you,  
Until you opened the  
Roof of the starry sky on me.

MAN

I can see the moonlight in your eyes.

WOMAN

I can see my eyes in yours.

MAN+WOMAN+CHOIR

I became one with you today.

## **Intermezzo**

CHOIR

Nine months, three seasons,  
Nine months, summer, fall, winter,  
You conceived, grew,  
And were born.  
Your cry brought milk  
In your mother's bosom,  
Snow fell and she wrapped you  
In soft fabric.

WOMAN

When you conceived  
A new star appeared on the sky,  
You filled my life,  
Light was born in the darkness of the body.

CHOIR

Nine months, three seasons,  
Nine months, summer, fall, winter,  
You conceived, grew,  
And were born.  
Your cry brought milk  
In your mother's bosom,  
Snow fell and she wrapped you  
In soft fabric.

MAN

Look at her hair – it's snow white!  
Look at her eyes - filled with veins!  
The blue coldness of her skin,  
As if it was the Moon.  
Where is this child from?

WOMAN

How dare you?

CHOIR

Nine months, three seasons,  
Nine months, summer, fall, winter,  
You conceived, grew,  
And were born.

MAN

Can you see anything in her that you see in me?  
Can you see any of my features?  
Where is this child from?

WOMAN

Why do you keep asking?

MAN

She doesn't even look at me if she turns to me,  
She doesn't look at me but stares inside me.

CHOIR

Your cry brought milk  
In your mother's bosom,  
Snow fell and she wrapped you  
In soft fabric.

MAN

She doesn't even look at me if she turns to me,  
She doesn't look at me but stares inside me.

### Scene 3

CHOIR

The sand of time falls in dark deepness,  
The child is growing but her color is fading.  
Her mother is rocking her, holding her in her lap,  
Her father is glaring at her, watching her, he is suspicious.

WOMAN

To be a mother, to be fulfilled,  
This has always been my desire.  
My husband next to me, my child in my lap,  
What else could I wish for?

**CHOIR**

To be a mother, to be fulfilled,  
This has always been my desire.  
My husband next to me, my child in my lap,  
What else could I wish for?

**MAN**

I just look at her, so alien,  
As she looks at me coldly,  
I cannot find my face in hers.  
Am I blind or am I asleep?

**CHOIR**

To be a mother, to be fulfilled,  
This has always been my desire.  
My husband next to me, my child in my lap,  
What else could I wish for?

**MAN**

I would rock her, raise her,  
But she makes me sweat.  
To me this moon child  
Is not a joy, only mystery.

**WOMAN**

You keep asking:

**MAN**

Where is this child from?

**WOMAN**

Why do you hurt your love?

**MAN**

If honor is at stake  
I know no mercy.

**WOMAN**

May the mute night fall on me  
If I touched another man,  
May ancient sludge swallow me  
If any thought tempted me  
That was not about you.  
So think twice

What you accuse me of.

**MAN**

No need for logic here,  
There is no conspiracy,  
What has happened  
Common sense can tell  
Anyone that looks at her.

**CHOIR**

May the mute night fall on me  
If I touched another man,  
May ancient sludge swallow me  
If any thought tempted me  
That was not about you.  
So think twice  
What you accuse me of.

**MAN+CHOIR**

What does this child look like!  
It shows your infidelity!

**CHOIR**

Where did the Moon disappear tonight?  
Tonight is so unusual, dull,  
Darkness fell on the earth  
As if light has escaped.  
Even its memory is distant.  
Moon, bringing dream to our eyes,  
Say, where did you disappear? You are far,  
And this darkness doesn't mean any good.

On the dark canvas of the night a white face, a dim spot dawns,  
Not the Moon, but somehow she reminds me of it.  
White face, white hair, we don't know her name.  
A strange creature: an alien, wordless thing.  
Still a child but her eyes are like shining old silver,  
She lives with her parents and still: alone.

Where did the Moon disappear tonight?  
Tonight is so unusual, dull,  
Darkness fell on the earth  
As if light has escaped.

MAN

To live in shame is graver  
Than death!  
Why did she come to me  
If she finds joy elsewhere?  
Who can be the child's father,  
I do not know.  
What is for sure:  
for my life, I will take revenge.

WOMAN

You will take revenge,  
Say, what for?  
Your madness, obsession,  
Mania?

MAN

To live in shame is graver  
Than death.

MAN

Fickle woman,  
Who cheats and flatters.  
I can't allow it  
If honor still matters a bit.

CHOIR

Fickle woman,  
Who cheats and flatters.  
I can't allow it  
If honor still matters a bit.

WOMAN

Wait, you know wrong...  
There's a secret...  
Let me tell you...

ALL

The Moon hid behind closed eyes,  
As if it disappeared in the distance forever...  
The weight of night has weighed on us,  
As if the air was getting thinner, too...

CHOIR

Hot pitch is running in the lungs,  
Dense darkness fixes inside,  
A single voice sounds without echo,  
Then silence expands for good.

(silence)

**MAN**

May no one ask  
If I regret what I have done.  
I could not allow  
The one I loved so much  
To stomp on my honor.  
From today I will wait  
lonely, wandering  
for my long-awaited  
death to catch up  
and fall on me.

**CHOIR**

“How stumped is the Moon tonight,  
how mute and deserted is the sky,  
how sad I am this woeful night,  
how stumped is the Moon tonight.

Everything Whole is now broken,  
every fire flickers in fragments,  
every passion flares up in pieces,  
everything Whole is now broken.

A bad wagon runs with me,  
as if followed by a sound of woe,  
in deep silence with the noise kept low,  
a bad wagon runs with me.”

## **Scene 4**

**CHILD**

The earth is dreary and dark,  
Not a soul anywhere.  
I walk in my own steps,  
And live day by day.  
I do not wait anything but  
The redeeming end.

**CHILDREN'S CHOIR**

The earth is dreary and dark,  
Not a soul anywhere.  
I walk in my own steps,  
And live day by day.  
I do not wait anything but  
The redeeming end.

**CHILD**

The hills have come down,  
The sea has evaporated.  
All the trees have dry-rotten,  
Nowhere, nowhere anyone.  
The sun has moved far away,  
Darkness has become my home.  
The world has become black,  
The sky twinkles faintly.

**CHILDREN'S CHOIR**

The earth is dreary and dark,  
Not a soul anywhere.  
I walk in my own steps,  
And live day by day.  
I do not wait anything but  
The redeeming end.

**CHOIR**

My shining crescent, celestial cradle,  
Rocks a boat on the sky's water.  
Takes you in and takes care of you,  
Your caring, good nurse.

**MOON+CHOIR**

If the world is empty cold,  
You care for nothing down there.  
Look at the Moon, not the worries,  
Climb up to the sky.

**CHILD**

The sky is far, the earth is flat,  
I am small, how do I get up?

**CHOIR**

“The earth below you,  
The sky above you,  
The ladder in you.”

**CHILD**

The earth inside me,  
The sky above me,  
The ladder far from me.

**CHOIR**

“The earth below you,  
The sky above you,  
The ladder in you.”

**CHILD**

The earth below me,  
The sky far from me,  
The ladder above me.

**CHOIR**

“The earth below you,  
The sky above you,  
The ladder in you.”

**CHILD**

The earth below me,  
The sky inside me,  
No need for the ladder.

**ALL**

Mirror of the sun, light of the night.  
Paint us a dream, and a face for the sky.

# **The Csíkszerda Choir Family's 10<sup>th</sup> Year**

**TO CREATE TOGETHER – TO GO DEEP CREATIVELY**

To be free with responsibly – To become an artist together

We believe that in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century it is time to challenge hundred-year-old routines in choir singing, and re-consider every momentum of the creative process of singing together. The choir has spread this message since 2004 (as Csíkszerda since February 2009).

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