Karsten Brustad:

I CAME TO YOU

(short version)

for soprano and tenor

Durata: ca. 12 min.

Lyrics: Ilhan Çomak
Comments: Øivind Hånes
Translator of Ilhan Çomak's poetry: Caroline Stockford
Financial support music: NOPA
Financial support comments: NOPA and Fritt Ord

Poems by Ilhan Comak:

What things are not here? (excerpt)

There are no children scaling the garden wall to skip school no human good that makes words into friendships no rivers to run off the map life lies separated from the sun there is no direction

Let us not speak (excerpt)

Let us not speak so much, I say Let us laugh, leaping the fences of mistrust The wind is blowing, wind is blowing

Let us whisper into each others ears, into your ears. In the river's secret places, in the tender shade of rushes, in the composite of mudbricks

I came to you, Life (excerpt

I came to you with the pain of hands cracked by the mud I came to you, saying let childhood climb the garden wall again I came to you with the art of breathing sleep into morning

I came to you saying, Open the door to the presence of existence as the sky stirs in its form.

I came to you saying, Open the door of becoming Open the door of existence, to me

Comments by Øivind Hånes:

The words flow from the mind and down to the paper Spread across the desk Down on the floor, through the walls Out into the streets, people sitting half asleep with a glass of tea Greetings to the flowers, the trees, all these dogs The ridges outside of the city, the birds over the hills and far away Rises upwards in the thin air Mixing with clouds in an almost cloudless day Stars in crystal clear nights Beyond the Black Sea, where everything is endless: sonsuzluk

The words rise for you
Leaving the cell with the power of thought
Meeting us on the outside and making the morning even more
beautiful
For us, for them,
for you

You'll soon be out here
After all these days, that were almost the same day
All mornings without light
Nights without darkness
All this: soon history

Why did they put you in jail? You, who are friends with the finest, most valuable words and thoughts?

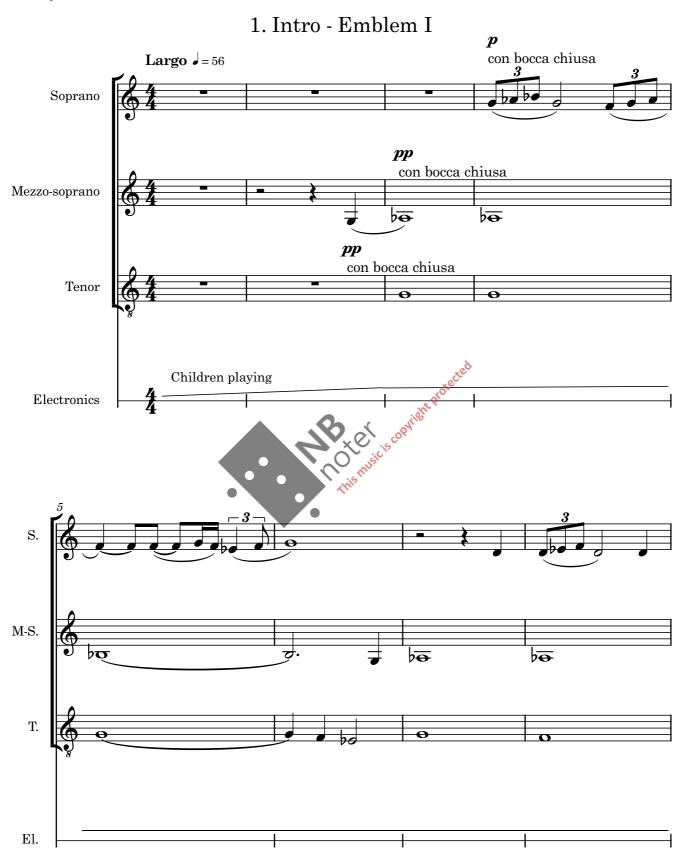
Rise up from the chair
Walk through closed doors
Paper thin walls
Waving goodbye to rooms that once were all and everything
Carefully deconstructing wall after wall with the precise use of words

Finally: open, endlessly open
The sound of ice in a pool of water
We sing this word together:
sonsuzluk, endless:
sonsuzluk

I CAME TO YOU (short version)

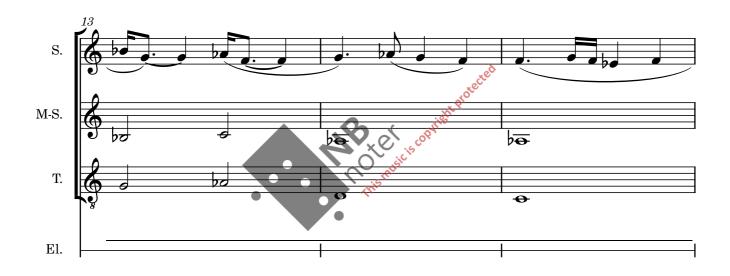
Ilhan Çomak/Caroline Stockford

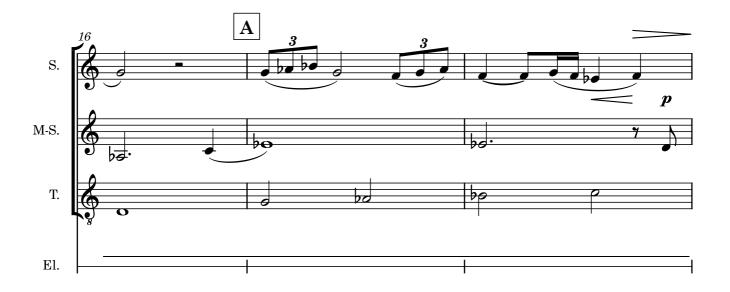
Karsten Brustad

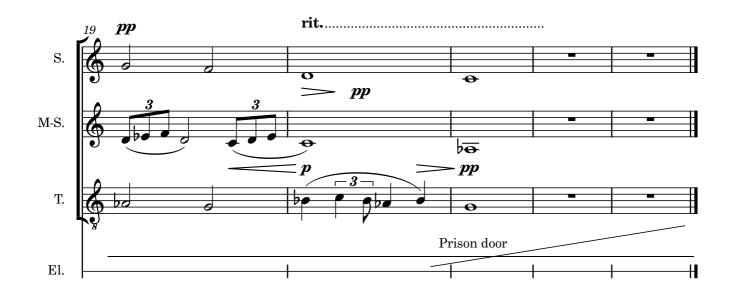


Intro - Emblem I 5



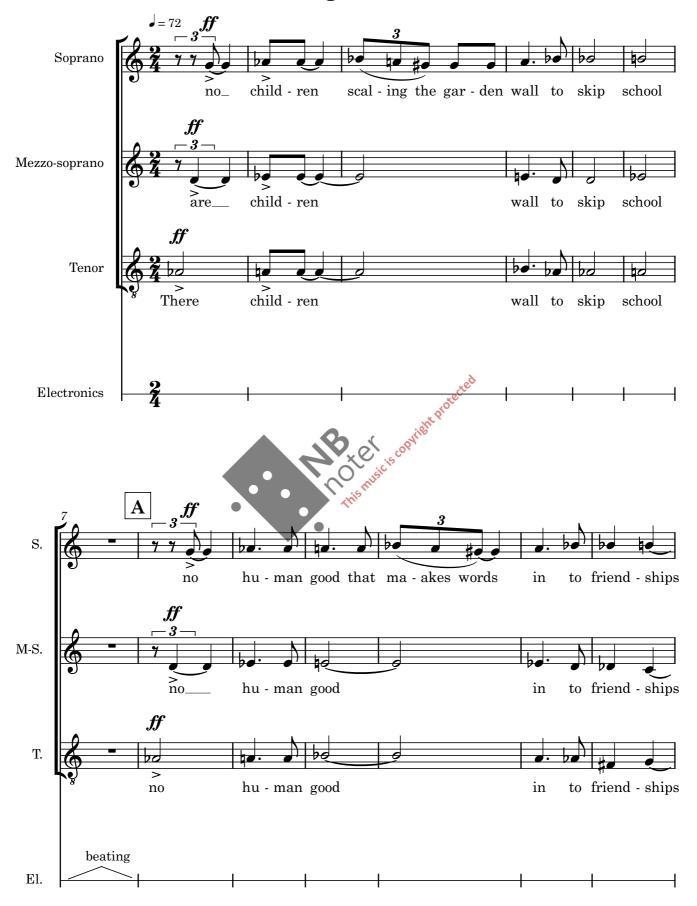




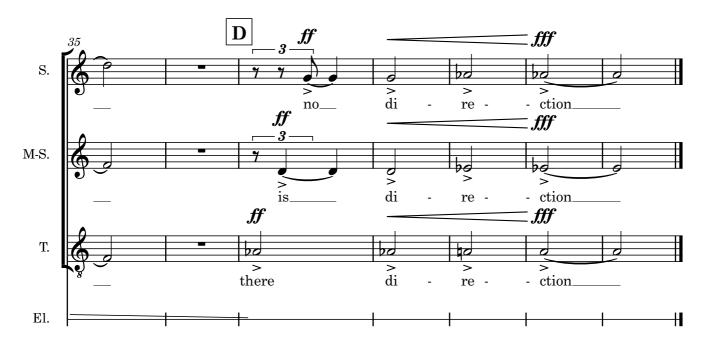




2. What things are not here?

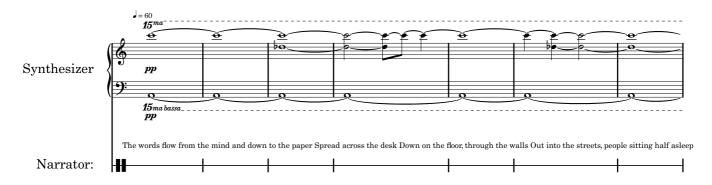


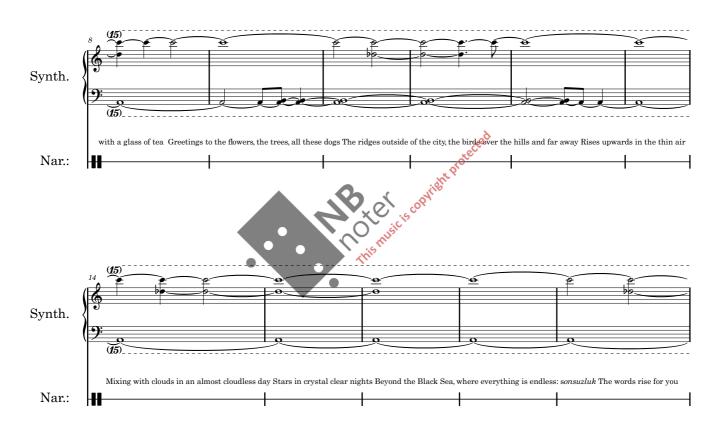


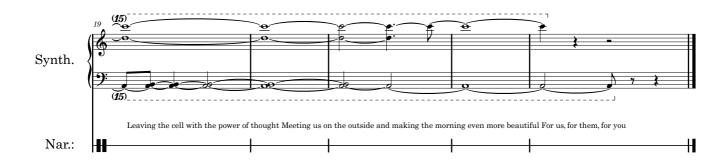




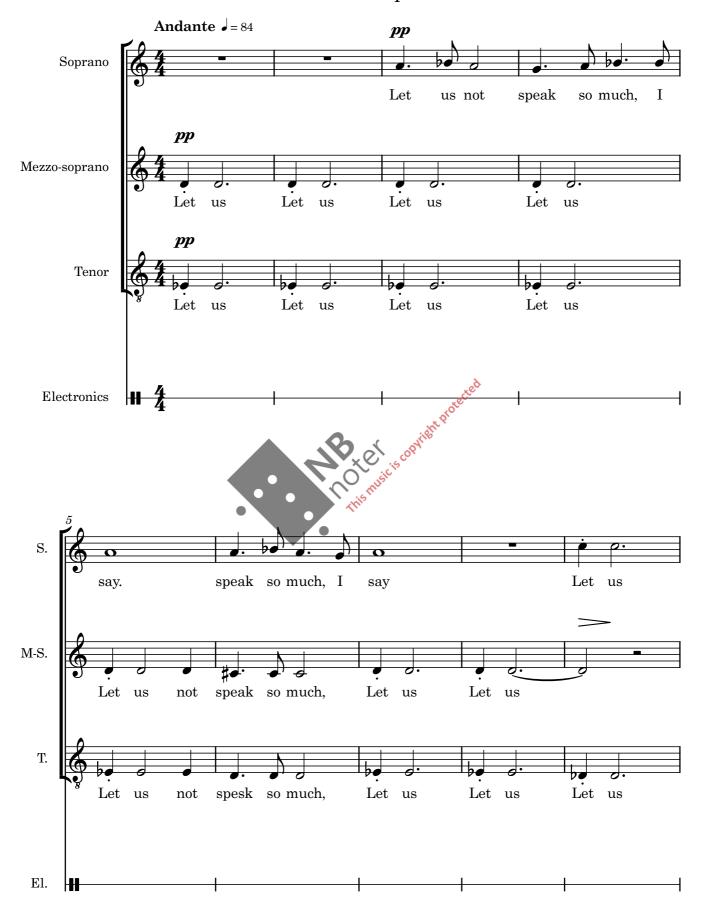
3. Comment I

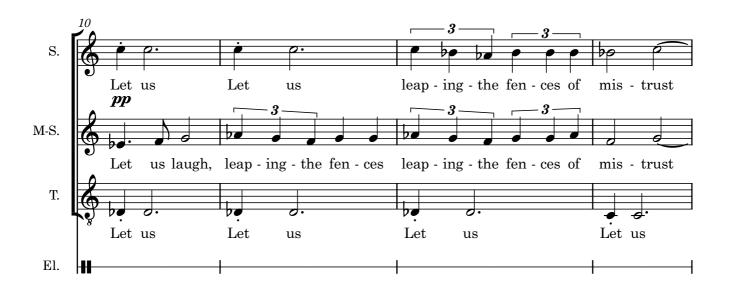


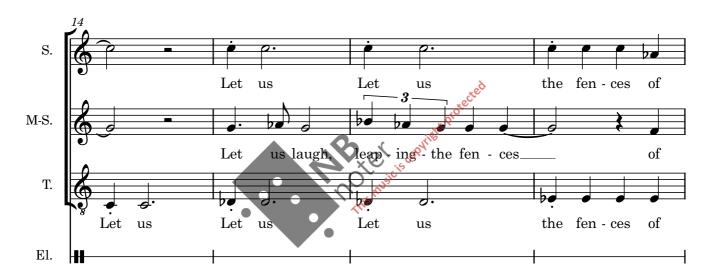


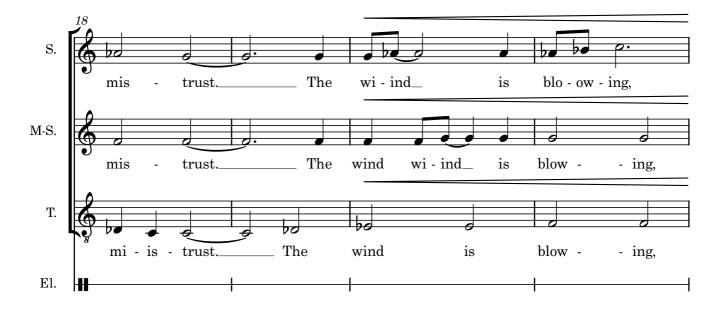


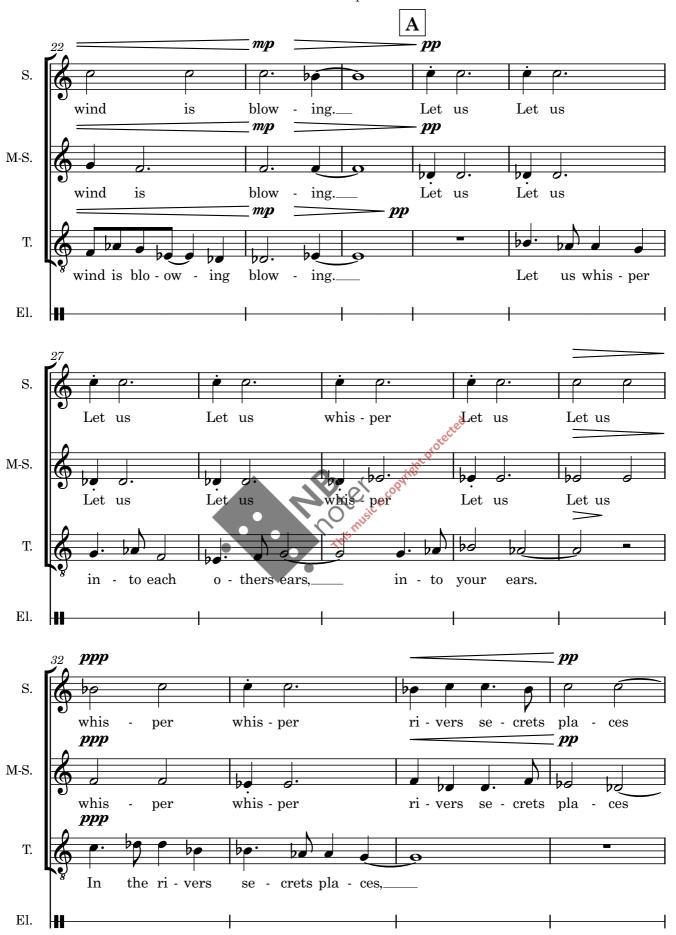
4. Let us not speak

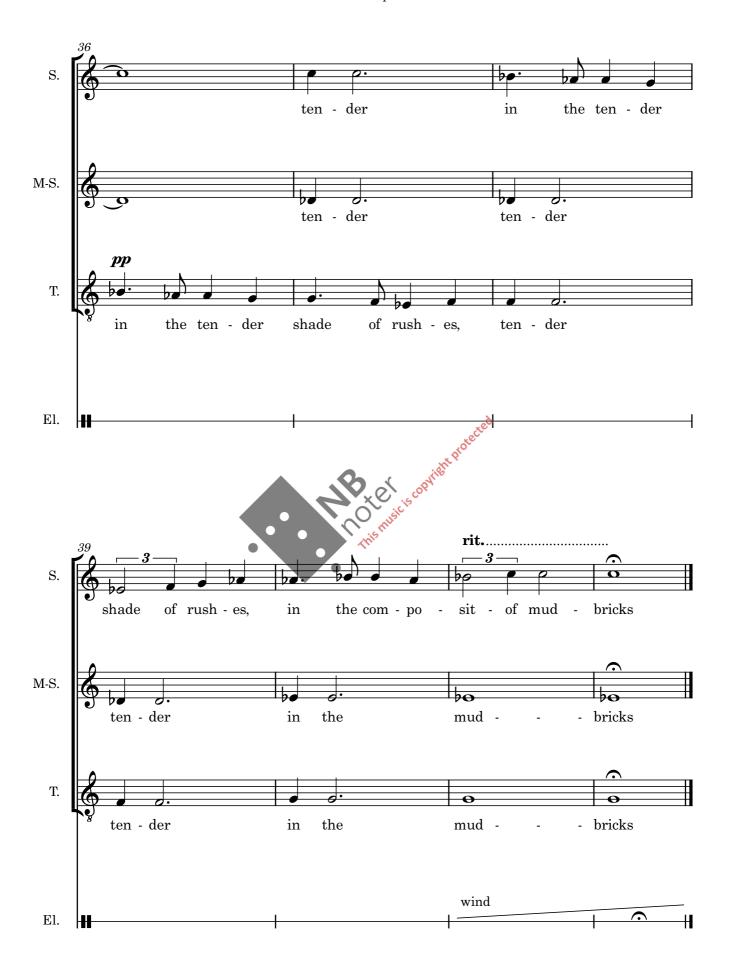




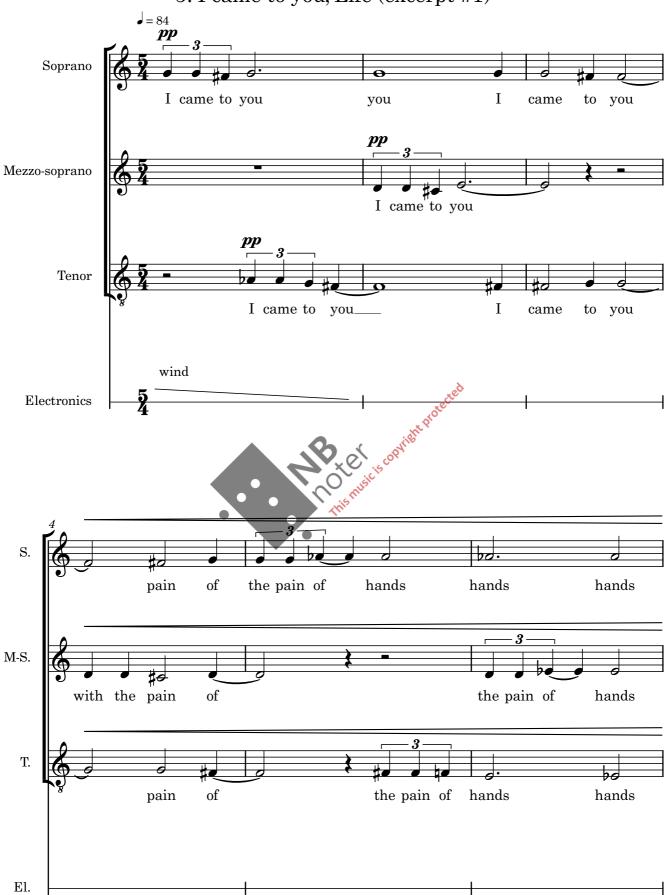


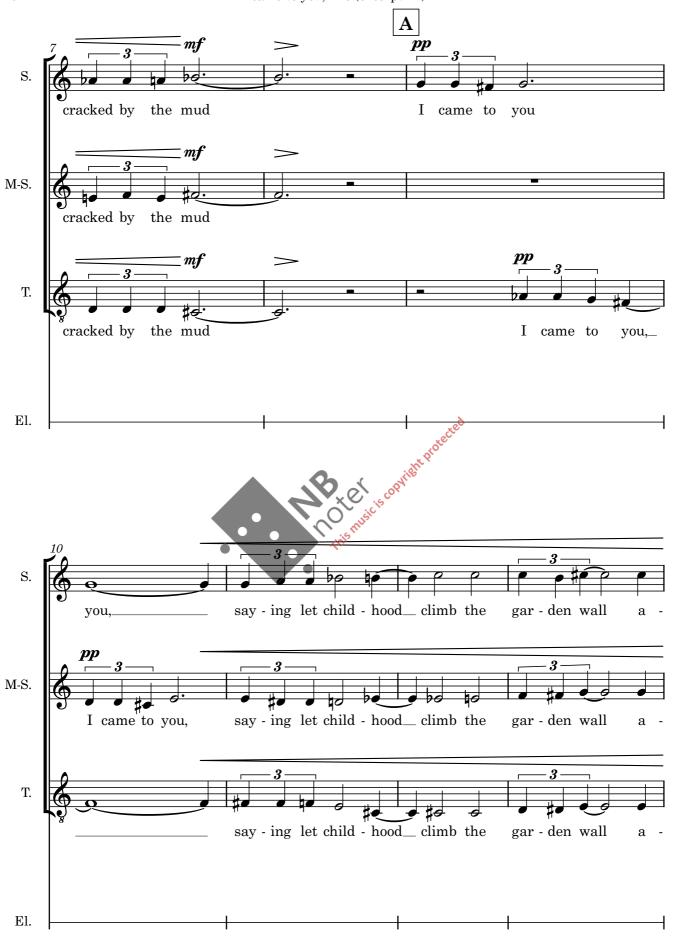


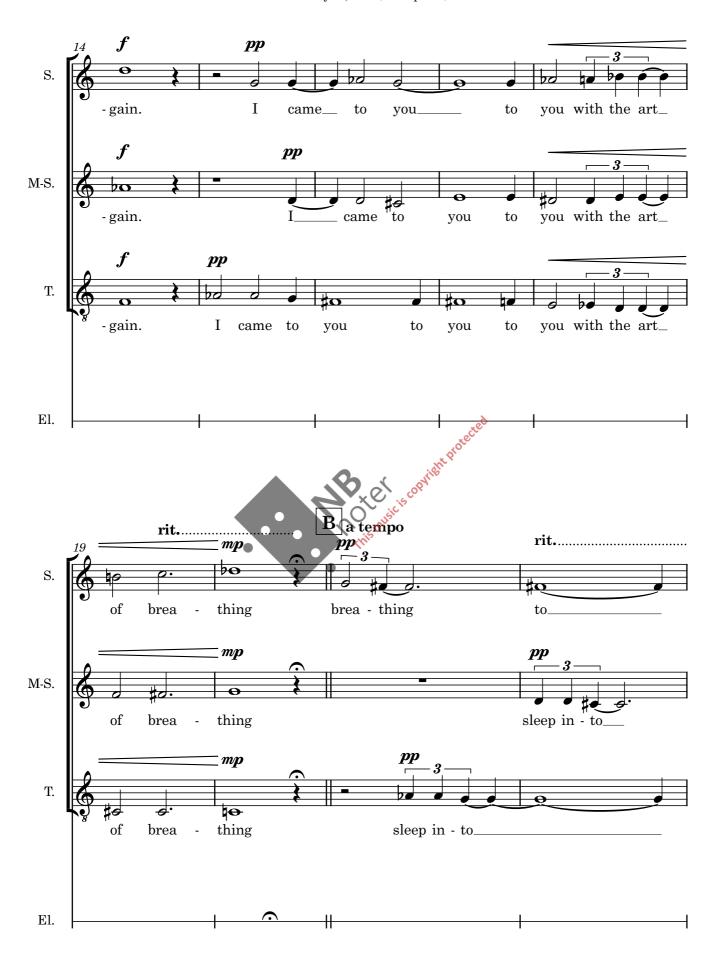


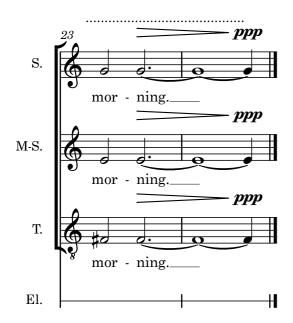


5. I came to you, Life (excerpt #1)











6. Emblem II and Comment II

