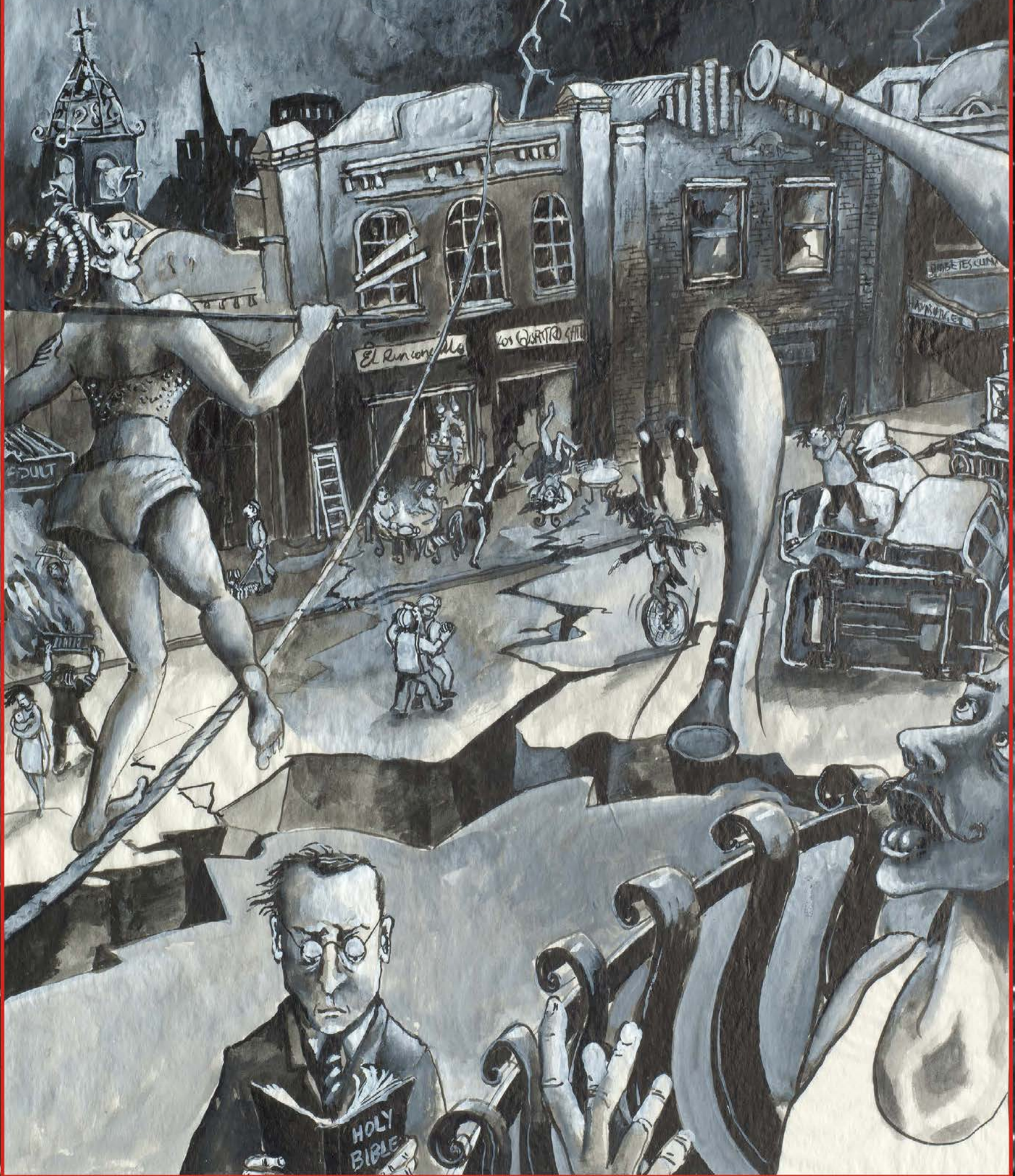


# NOVACASTRIA

Searles



***“...the duende...is a power, not a work. It is a struggle, not a thought...The duende is not in the throat; the duende climbs up inside you, from the soles of the feet.”***

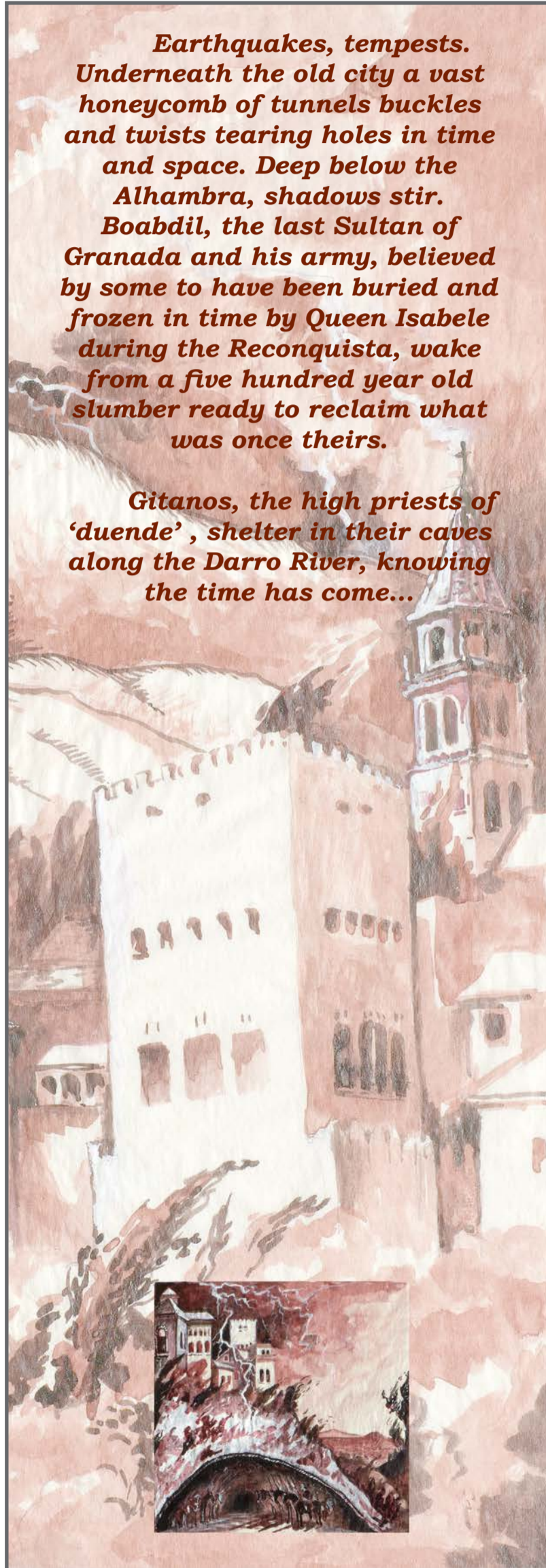
***Federico Garcia Lorca***

# GRANADA



*Earthquakes, tempests.  
Underneath the old city a vast  
honeycomb of tunnels buckles  
and twists tearing holes in time  
and space. Deep below the  
Alhambra, shadows stir.  
Boabdil, the last Sultan of  
Granada and his army, believed  
by some to have been buried and  
frozen in time by Queen Isabele  
during the Reconquista, wake  
from a five hundred year old  
slumber ready to reclaim what  
was once theirs.*

*Gitanos, the high priests of  
'duende', shelter in their caves  
along the Darro River, knowing  
the time has come...*

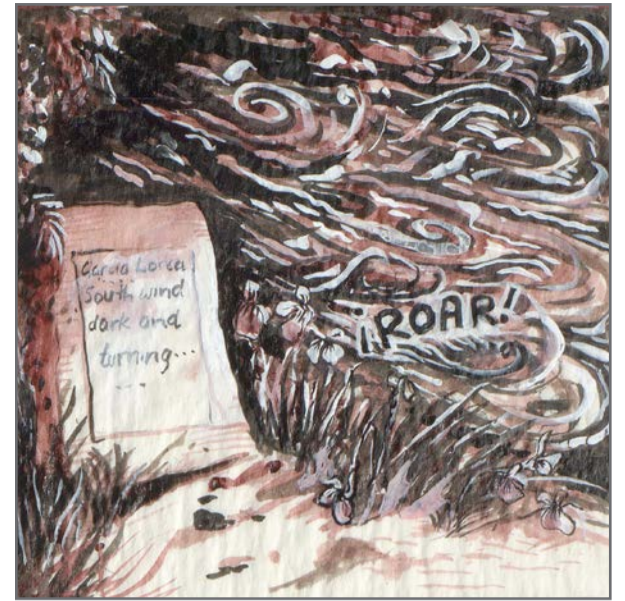




Sky and earth are cracking.  
Below, Boabdil's army stirs,



asleep for five hundred years,  
it wakes to Paradise cursed.



Rivers rise, a south wind burns,  
poets' words disperse



as gypsies sing their own dark song  
beneath a fractured earth.



Pigs' legs swing in tapas bars;  
all commerce is disabled



as Anarchists preaching faithless texts  
pray for their survival.



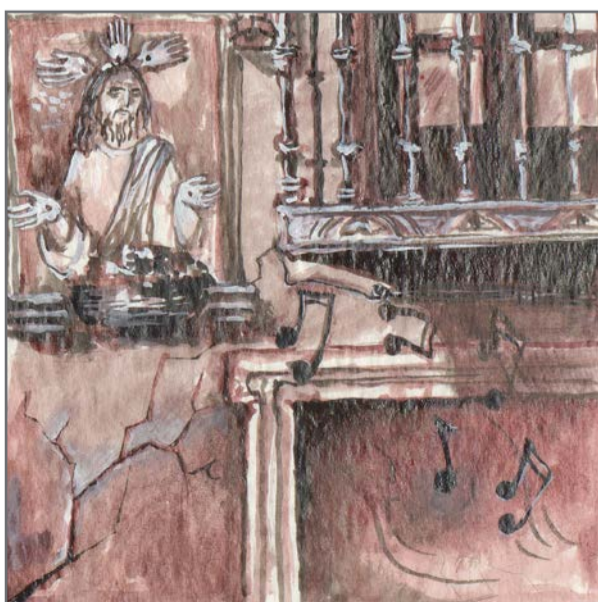
Meanwhile, the disaffected gather,  
faces hidden, penitent,



as urgent church bells toll  
under silent minarets.



A hymn of Hallelujah stalls  
before the Sacred Mother,



its broken notes drifting past  
the Son of God's stigmata



to feed *duende's* passion  
deep in the Arab Quarter.



Blood sisters, Death and Beauty,  
in the Garden of the Martyrs.



**Boabdil's troops and horses gather, straining at the bit to break the spell of Isabele and leave their coal black pit...**



**...through broken ground they thunder, swords slapping armoured thighs, over all the wars won and lost, intent to claim their prize.**



**But no Alhambra to be seen, nor sweet perfumed Granada, just blackened earth and smoking skies...Hail Novacastria!**

# NOVACASTRIA

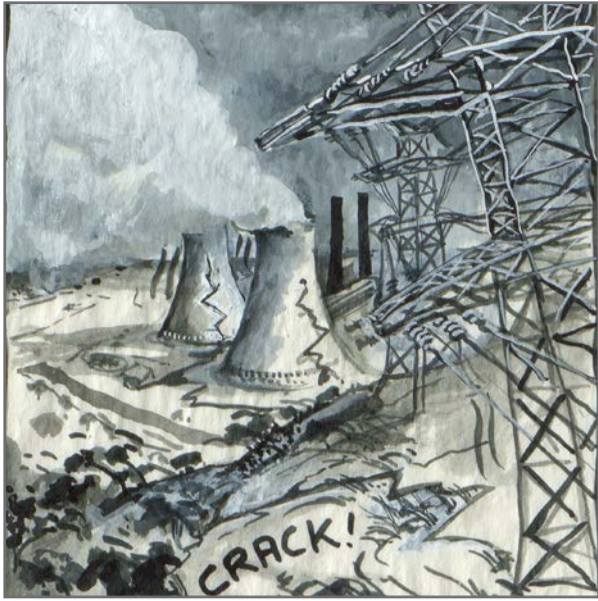


*Novacastria, a decaying industrial town on the other side of the planet, has its own labyrinth of tunnels. There are no fabled warriors or duende infused gypsies here, just vermin and stagnant water, a netherworld stripped bare by commerce.*

*But some surprises await ! A fine craquelure spreading through the Earth's crust from the earthquake ravaged Granada to the equally stormy and quake riven Novacastria, becomes a conduit for not only the last Sultan of Granada and his army, but also the black passion of duende! Up it wafts, into the noses and souls of Novacastria's citizenry...*



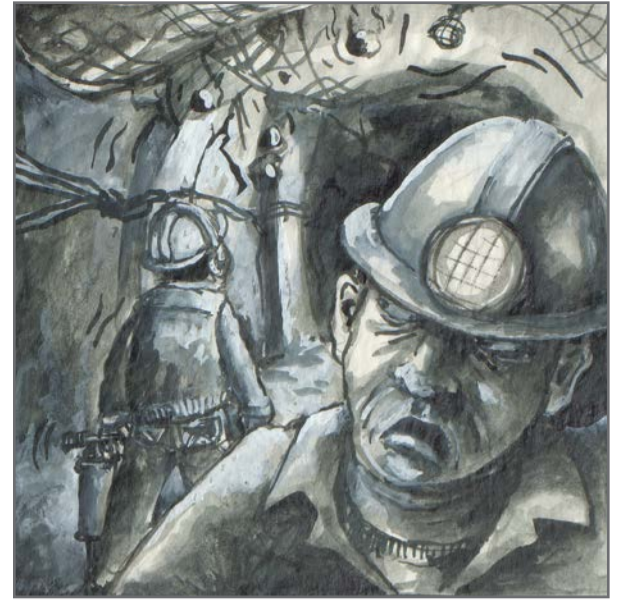




**Ominous, bleak, bereft.  
A wounded earth unsheathes**



**a force beyond the Devil,  
greater than Mammon's greed**



**to crack and split asunder  
tunnels deep underneath.**



**Coal boats linger at the mouth,  
a dredge returns to port,**



**a man fishes for his soul  
long lost overboard.**



**Carnies spin their carousels  
of baubled spider webs**



**to catch the still unwary,  
the fooled and overfed.**



**Bells swing, finials whirl,  
a Devil's dance invoked!**



**A fleur-de-lis cross teeters,  
a Redemptorist's eyes are smote!**



**And madhouses start to fill  
with those who cannot cope.**



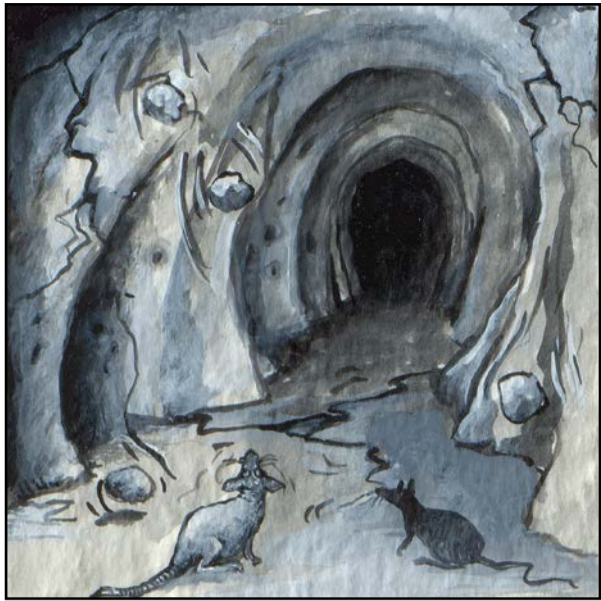
**Meanwhile Boabdil's army,  
seeing all life befouled,**



**searches for sense and finds it,  
below, where idiots howl.**

*The Crucible*





The shifting underground is the city's feet of clay.



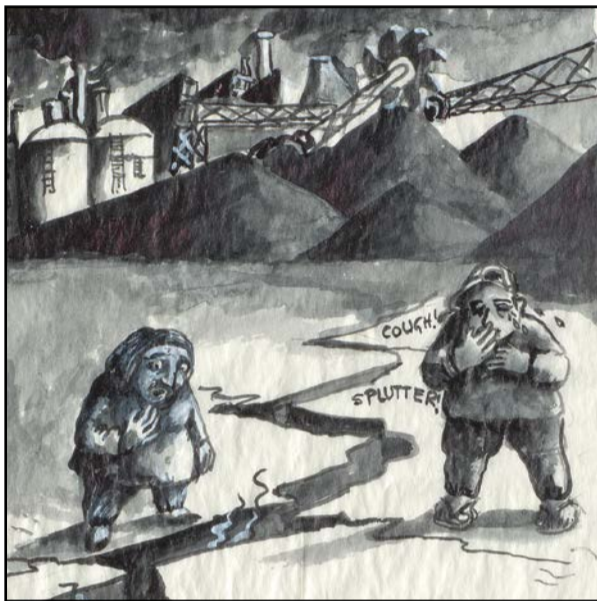
Strange sweet smells seep through sewers crumbling with decay,



and scents from the Sultan's garden, cypress, cardamom,



sweep over nightcart lanes, up noses of those numbed



by acrid stinking coal dust and hexavalent chromium.



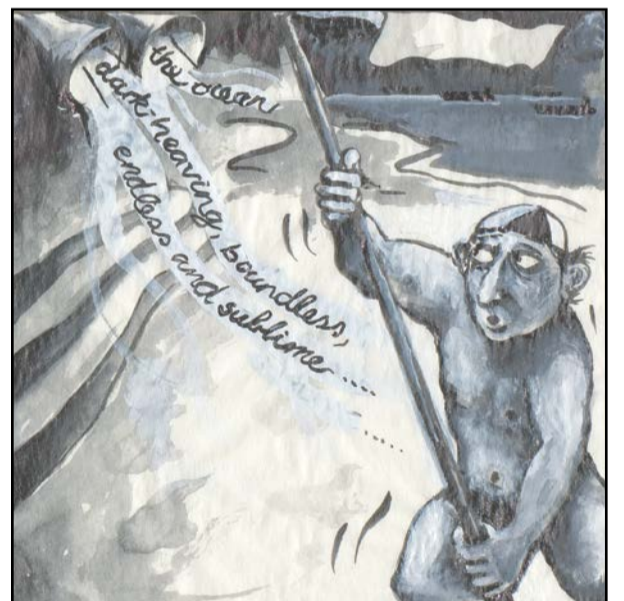
Ships' horns in the harbour chant a sad and mournful 'ommm'



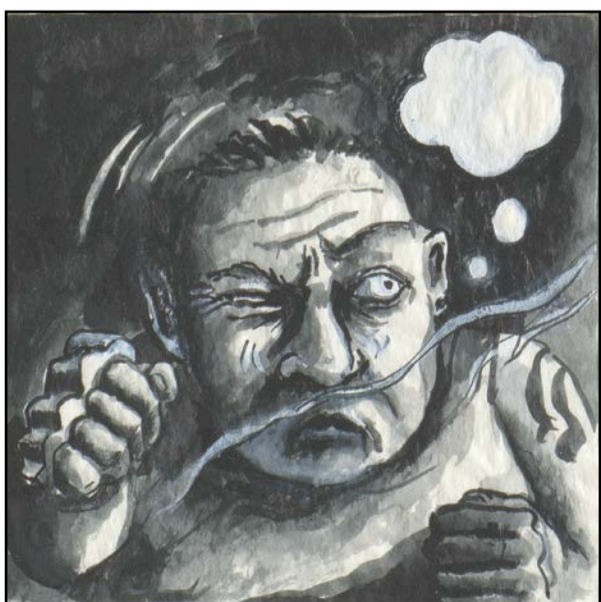
to Novacastria's citizens, blind to what they've done.



But a lifeguard's shouted orders naming borders and beach crimes



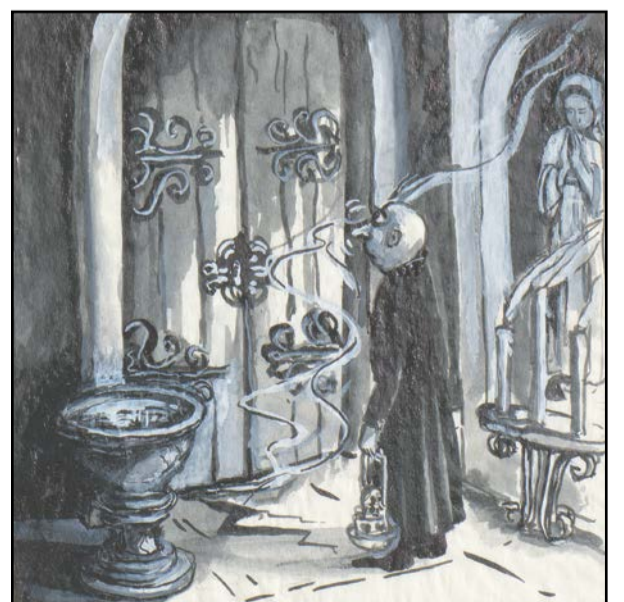
shifts with every taken breath to tender hymns and rhyme



as marauding hoons and hoodlums are strangely mesmerised,



arms held high mid glassing, their bloodlust cauterised.



Nearby a Stella Maris priest sniffs poetry and danger...



**...as everywhere men of God  
fail Mary and the Manger.**

*The Miner*



The miners, worn, exhausted,  
prepare for their descent,



pass greetings devoid of light,  
truncated, leaden, dead,



then wordlessly tap into veins  
a staccato of lament.



A crack above a miner's head  
tears through thoughts of home,



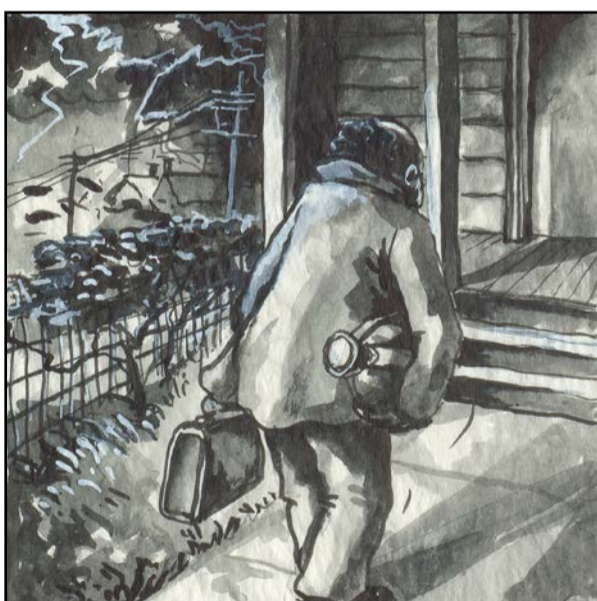
a carmine darkness looms,  
unmeasured and unknown.



The miner looks again and sees  
an ancient fort, blood-red,



a slender stick of sandalwood  
exuding a sweet scent.



No other miner saw the fort  
nor smelled the scents of Eden;



alone he bears the heavy weight  
of mysteries unbidden.



Back at work he hesitates,  
unable to descend,



his hands wildly eloquent  
flag fear and reticence



but no-one seems to understand  
his call for penitence.



**The miner seeks asylum  
in a place of broken faith,  
finds refuge with the martyrs  
and lithium in his veins.**

The Nurse



He mines silence in his slumber,  
denies what fate compels,



but nightfall summons demons,  
a spinning carousel!



The castle from the mine intrudes,  
a kind hand stays his hell -



"Please tell me what it is you see",  
her voice is soft, heartfelt.



Finally he takes the pen,  
draws where words have failed,



a fortress from another land,  
behind a painted veil.



His watcher leaves the sanctuary  
of madness known and bound



to walk with those unfettered,  
newly crazed and rent unsound.



Through her books of longing  
she looks for something lost



and finds it in Granada...  
Alhambra...and Lorca's ghost.



An open book before him,  
his gaze directed to the keep,



the miner feels before he sees  
the source of Boabdil's grief.

*The Fisherman*



**Time flies like a harried crow,  
the miner leaves asylum;**



**a darkness not born of light  
penetrates his vision.**



**He reaches for his hardhat lamp,  
sees pitching in its flare**



**a wailing wall, a fisherman  
tucked in like a folded prayer.**



**The fisherman, his rod cocked,  
glances sideways at the miner,**



**talks of weeping bloodlines  
ablaze on oily water.**



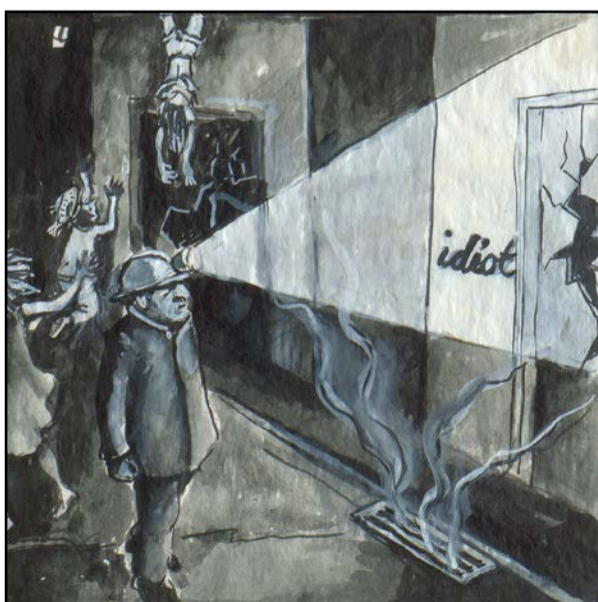
**A dredge, red eye glowing,  
returns, its poison sown**



**as the fisherman tells the miner  
of strange miasmas from below.**



**Forked lightning strikes the portmark;  
the miner, heeding what he's heard,**



**turns to walk through madness,  
his lamplight settling on a word...**



**...'idiot', on walls and signs  
all leading to a church.**



**Inside , a stone pieta...  
and the madhouse nurse.**





**A coal wind blows the candle flames,  
he taps her on the shoulder...**



...shows the wooden stick he found next to the Alhambra.



Shadows merge. She says, perplexed, "that's a soul post, an ancient alma."



Then - "the Asylum's overflowing, souls searching for redemption,"



" for Serrano ham, Manchego cheese, for myrrh and perfumed gardens".



The miner grips the soul post; a strange spectacle unfolds



and murmurs into his chest - "it's an idiot wind that blows".



A woman, eyes lost at sea, stumbles, pirouettes,



bows to lick her ribboned shoes, skirt wrapped around her head.



A man, perfectly suited, bends, his hands lightly flecked,



feeds the girl sweet white figs, hangs hailstones round her neck.



The nurse holds the alma close. Says, " it's as old as the wind,



a conduit of cosmic breath, from a lyre, not a violin".



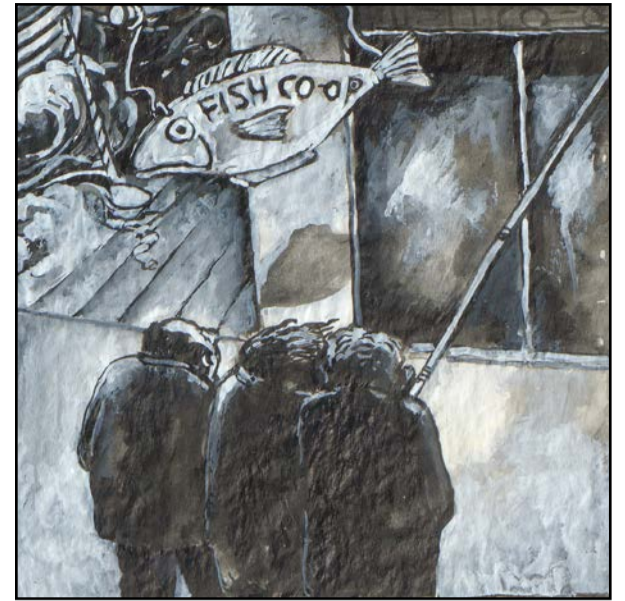
Behind them ragged darts of light  
tear through a blackening sky.  
No shadows, edges or drawn lines,  
just burst and ruptured lives.



Streets explode with gunshot, the night's cut with broken glass.



The fisherman calls to the miner- "I think the die is cast".



"I know a place of safety, full of dead fish and brine,



we can hide there, it's protected, linked with the divine".



A white faced heron plucks a fish from the scaling table



as the miner starts to tell his tale of dark augury enabled.



A Co-Op man disturbs them, asks them why they're there,



and listens as the fisherman tells of riots and surging fear.



The worker is indifferent to the snipers and the quake,



but not to rising waters taking all within their wake.



They quickly tend to a boat laden with its catch



and close the door against the storm, slamming down the latch.



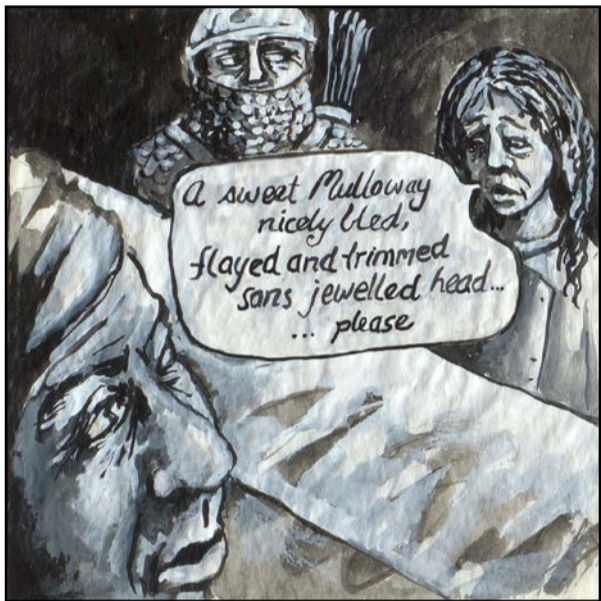
**In the shopfront of the Co-Op,  
all and sundry order fish,**



**trying to protect themselves  
with the vesica piscis.**



**A man in scale-lined armour  
throws gold dinars on the counter,**



**and watches a dull eyed local girl  
versify her order.**



**When the fish are all apportioned,  
the fisherman interrupts,**



**asks for somewhere safe to stay,  
is shown a room above.**



**The nurse sees in the sunless gloom  
a hundred eyes on wings...**



**...a thousand year old fresco  
of apocalyptic seraphims,**



**verdè antico marble  
from ancient Thessaly**



**and hard-bound books of learning  
of the Earth's magnetic fields.**



**The miner asks a question,  
the Earth answers with a belch -**



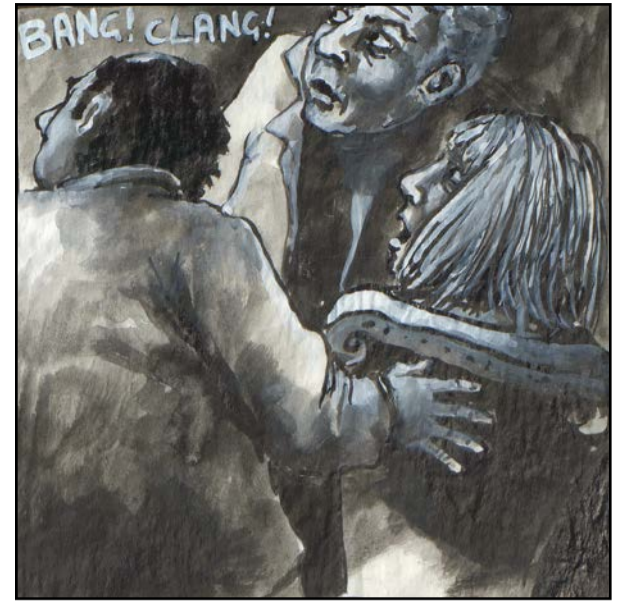
**the Manager's books of learning  
tumble from the shelf.**



Inside the Manager's Residence, the nurse painstakingly uncovers



wise words on solar winds and the Earth's Telluric currents.



A sound of scraping metal interrupts deep contemplation -



the nurse descends the ladder, finds the source of the commotion,



sees the captain of Boabdil's troops selecting fresh sardines



and speak in Mozarabic to the workers' puzzled grins.



A gypsy man beside him translates the strange patois,



cautious as the Emir grips his hilt of beaded jasper.



The Emir collects his fish, throws jewels on the counter,



leaves, followed by the nurse, eyes on his gilded baydeh.



He deftly mounts his waiting mare, as embroidered as the rider,



heads south, turban trailing, more cock than Arab fighter.

# The Fabric





**In a walnut panelled boardroom  
old and new money meet,**





shoulders hunched, hyena like,  
to divvy up the beast.



A gargoyle head carved in lard  
wobbles side to side -



“ Our golden road is cracking,  
let’s work out what to hide”.



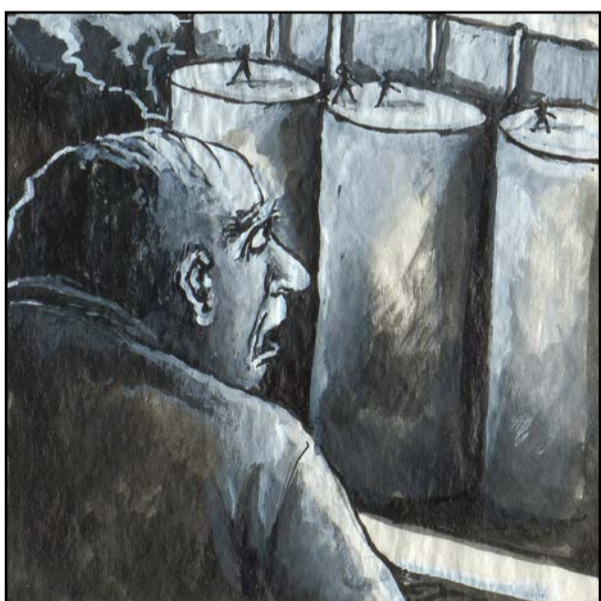
“ The press is not a problem,  
it stills spins silver from its tongue



but the church is godless, rotted  
inside out and now undone”.



A thunder roll announces  
their sun has finally set



as lightning forks, illuminates  
snipers’ scissored silhouettes



hard drawn atop the wheat silos  
and shooting from their hips.



Marble busts of magnates  
fall like Emperors of Rome



who failed to read the auguries  
of livers flecked with bone.



The stink of fear engulfs them,  
crushed sheep penned for slaughter;



an open doorway beckons  
to a new world disorder.



The army billows in  
on a cloud of coal and dread,



passes the despoilers,  
their souls cast in lead



fleeing from a city  
lost to freaks and poets,



turbans of boundary flags  
wrapped around their heads.



The men hear the morning prayers,  
then the Captain's orders -



"Round up all the riff raff,  
the misfits and marauders!"



But a girl in flowing Muga silk,  
and rose between her teeth,



lures the Commander's troops  
to a place of dark belief.



They search for thieves and rebels  
in the haberdasherie,



for mercenaries and cut-throats  
in brocades and tapestries.



A soldier points his gun  
at a woman clapping hands;



she continues her deep heartbeat,  
despite the threatening man,



to protect the spinning silk worms  
from sudden shocks and bangs.



**The Captain sizes up the scene,  
shouts for exits to be blocked,**



**tries to find a thread,  
brows knitted, fingers crossed.**



**“ The fabric of society is rent,  
without a silver lining,**



**the warp and weft of dark and light  
is tattered and untwining”.**



**The women by the silk cocoons  
all clap to neutralise**



**the Captain’s loud lament,  
his plaintive canto cries.**



**A single loop of Muga silk  
floats like a solar filament**



**ablaze with molten colour,  
reeled from a spinnaret,**



**and wraps around the Captain  
a golden fishing net.**



**Hooked and eyed, cut on the cross,  
threads drawn tight around his neck,**



**his ‘sack-and-burn-it’ orders  
become puffs of honeyed breath.**



**His men look on, buttonholed  
by the beauty of his death.**



**Pierced by a silver spindle  
in a cross stitched tracery,  
the Captain, now ecstatic,  
accepts mortality.**

# The Music





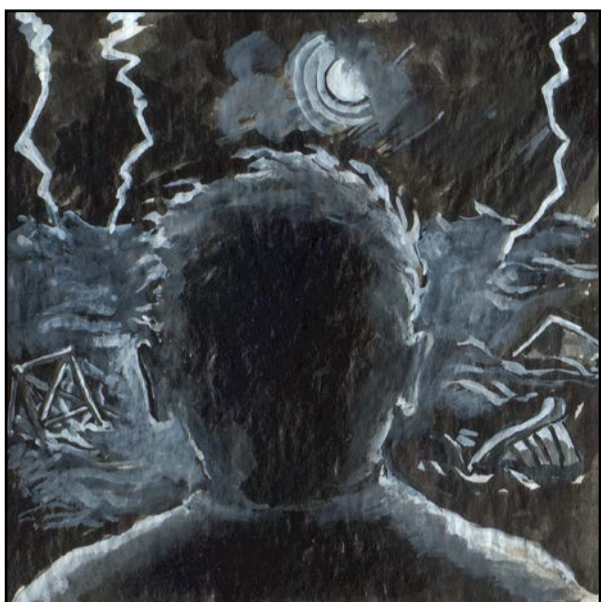
**Clouds break, sun lights  
the face of the fisherman**



**as he cuts and trims a walleyed fish  
and feeds a silver Heron.**



**He looks across at swollen water  
and submerged machinery,**



**thinks of what the nurse had found  
in the books of mystery.**



**The miner stands beside him,  
soul post in his hand,**



**says, "those Telluric currents  
are used to mine the land".**



**The fisherman says, half to himself,  
"solar flares and plasma bursts**



**feed vortices and tremblors  
beneath the mantle of the Earth".**



**He asks what the miner thinks  
of all the strange perfumes,**



**of cardamom and cyclamen  
and Seville Orange blooms.**



**The miner, still distracted says,  
his voice tight and low,**



**"there are hotspots in those currents  
where miners will not go".**

*The Manager*



Inside, the nurse's breath is taken by a painting of Boabdil



surrendering Granada to Ferdinand and Isabele.



The torn piece of Tabriz silk dropped by the Arab rider



matches the fine spun cloth around Boabdil's shoulder.



Backstitched arabesques infused with saffron dye



gently pressed to her cheek breathe a sea shell sigh



of sadness gleaned long ago from a harvest of lost lives,



bound and wired with the barbs of a mother's bitter cry.



Suddenly the door swings open - the Co-Op Manager appears,



smelling of ripe Syrah grapes, flecks of hashish in his beard.



He notes his three new tenants, tells them he's been in Hell,



upends his timeworn satchel - out slips an ivory puzzle.





**Emerging from the shadows, distracted, oblivious,**



**the fisherman begins to quote Rilke's salute to Orpheus.**



**Standing contraposto like the Apollo Belvedere,**



**the Manager says, "I get your drift, it's a lyre lost in fear".**



**"I found it in the labyrinth of spent mines below the sea;**



**I could hear above my head the sound of anchors tearing free".**



**He turns to the fisherman, eyes pinned by too much light,**



**wants to know who they are, why they've taken fright.**



**"We're strangers" says the fisherman, "Outsiders" says the nurse.**



**"Bueno" says the Manager, "then prepare for the worst".**



**"This is not the only place of safety and retreat -**



**the cathedral and the madhouse are intact but out of reach".**



**Beside the peacock feathered gates  
of the Lunatic Asylum,  
the rider and the horse descend  
unnoticed in the bedlam.**

*Boabdil*



**Back-lit, silhouetted  
by pinholed fading light,**



**the rider unwraps the fish,  
beheads them with his knife.**



**Boabdil is in mourning  
for rose winds and scented nights,**



**craves to leave the coal-black dark  
but is warned otherwise.**



**From the entrails of the cavern,  
a soldier joins the feast,**



**says he's found an old cathedral,  
abandoned, without priests.**



**The Captain knows what happened-  
"Poets threw them in the sea."**



**We need to move to higher ground,  
find light , a perfumed breeze".**



**Emerging from a bell tower  
under a spinning weather vane,**



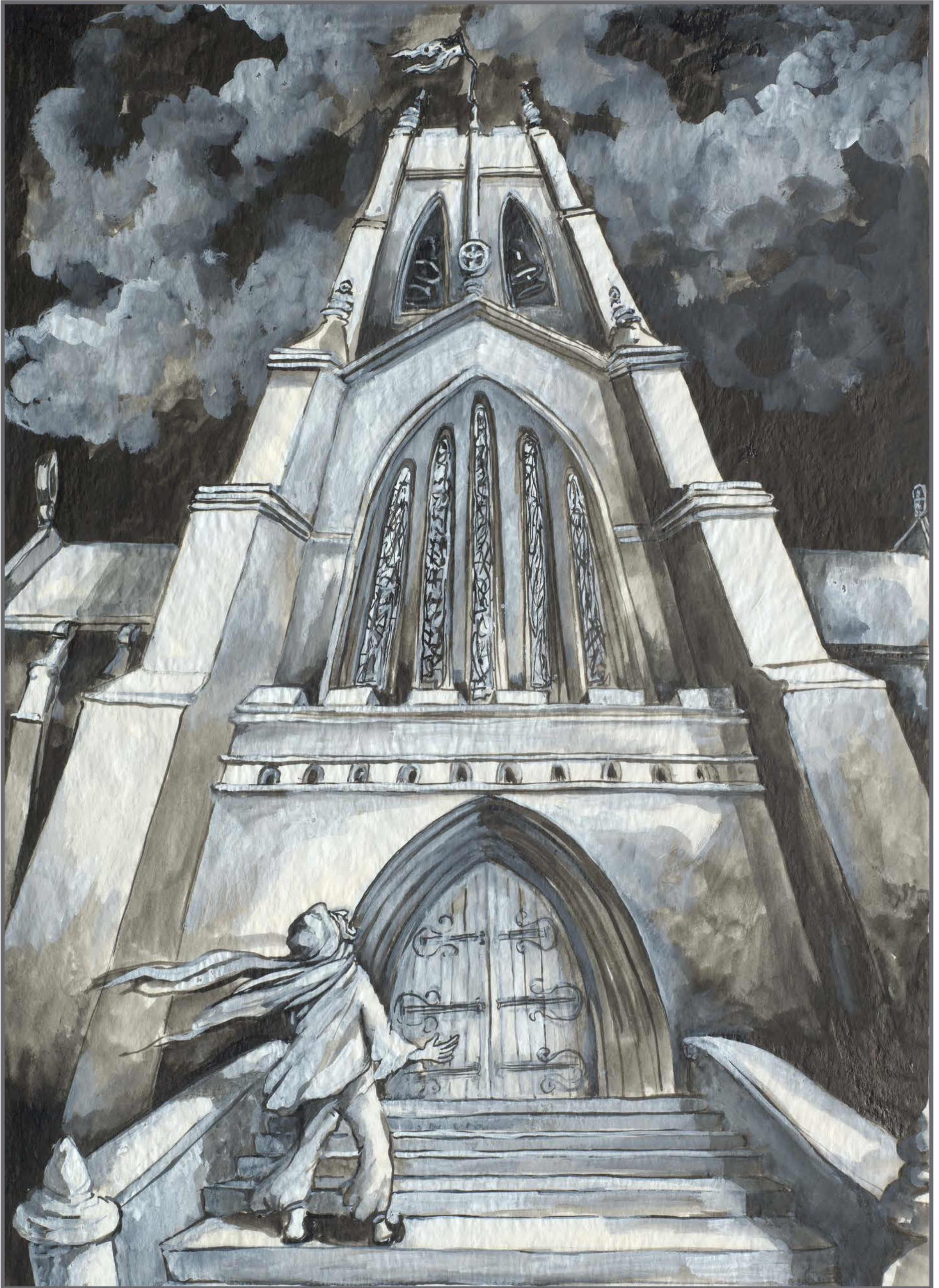
**they rush to the cathedral door,  
skin torn by the rain**



**and enter a gilded sanctuary  
of beauty etched with pain.**



**The tempest pauses for a breath;  
Boabdil notes his new domain.**



**He turns from the threatening sky  
and sees a fort, blood-red,  
more casbah than cathedral,  
less bell tower than minaret.**

# The Party





**A corridor of yellow light  
illuminates the tempest;  
a bloated cow floats past,  
then...the head of Orpheus.**



**A woman calls from below,  
soft down above her lip,**



**gypsy blood in her soul,  
part seer, part sinking ship.**



**A soft skinned man follows,  
says, " the river's rising fast".**



**The fisherman and the miner nod,  
faces drawn, eyes downcast.**



**Another dark soul enters,  
loud-hailer in his hand,**



**announces to the Co-Op,  
"The army's lost command".**



**" The rich have fled out of town,  
past the mining pits,**



**were stopped at dawn by a mob,  
their complaisance cut adrift**



**and Moloch's blood swiftly flowed  
into dried up catchment rifts".**



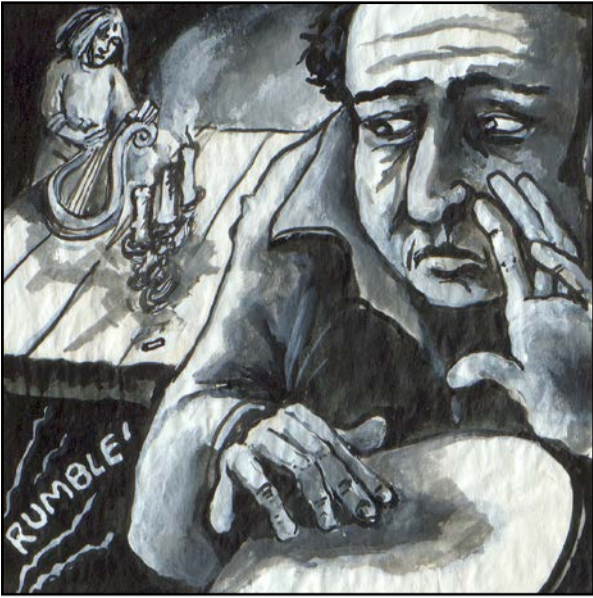
**Meanwhile the nurse's fingers  
thread the ancient lyre's strings**



**while the miner, soul post clenched,  
quotes Lorca from the wings.**



**The Manager enters centre stage  
demanding coriander for his fish.**



**The Miner, ear cocked to the Earth, starts rapping on a drum,**



**hears a staccato heart beat where once his ears heard none.**



**Outside , lashed by the storm, the Manager pours a dark libation**



**to elemental beauty, to death and transmutation.**



**The fisherman, he finds his soul in broken stumbling meter,**



**sees the head of Orpheus pass, disembodied and defeated.**



**Meanwhile plangent words of warning from cracked ground to sybil's tongue**



**reverberate in the shell of a crumbling Christendom.**



**Sky and Earth are heaving, the ocean walls have burst,**



**a deckhand, fear in his eyes, prays to lift a Mother's curse.**



**The fisherman and the deckhand, both respectful of the sea,**



**know ocean, land and sky are one, cross themselves on bended knee**





as Father , Son and Holy Ghost  
submit to another trinity.  
The ship is lost to kingdom come,  
the party's in full spree...



**In the hammered half-light  
of the furious yellow skies,**



**the fiddler sees the soul post  
quivering and alive,**



**inserts it in the belly  
of his faded violin**



**and plays with tender passion,  
like the man from the Albyacin.**



**Another maelstrom's brewing,  
a fugue of celestial winds -**



**the Manager, his nostrils flared,  
scents trouble in the wings.**



**He moves his wayward party  
to safer, hallowed ground,**



**listens to stellar orchestras  
rehearse codas of the damned.**



**The fisherman, nurse and miner  
know something's going wrong,**



**see the Manager's eyes ferment,  
his body move to the tempest's song**



**as truths of death and beauty  
decant from his overproof tongue.**

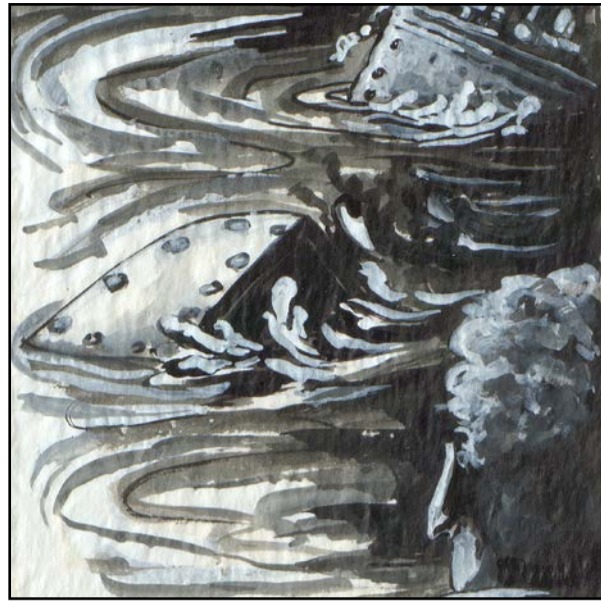


**Then silence, as prayer is stoppered  
by a late harvest golden dawn...**





**They gather on the rooftop  
above the risen sea,**



**hear waves gently slap  
a defeated industry.**



**Over the oil-slicked water,  
threading through coal boat wrecks,**



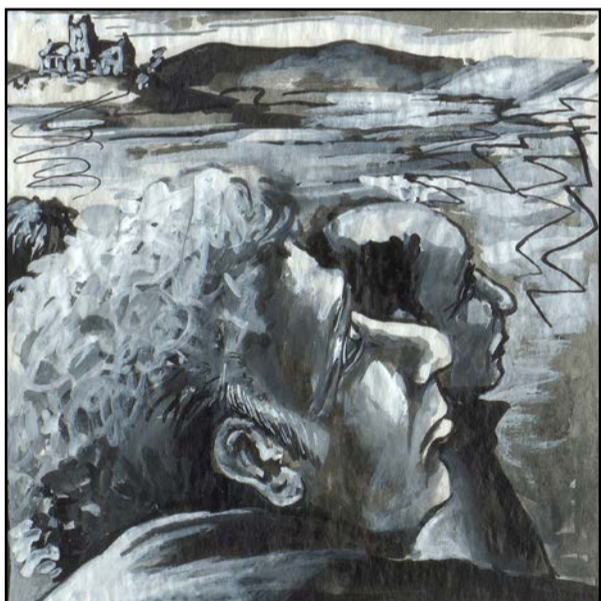
**sweet murmurs from the cathedral  
of soft lutes and Arab rebeks**



**accompany a mournful cry  
for failed and pointless quests.**



**“ A broken soul” says the nurse;  
the others sigh assent,**



**but are listening to another sound -  
harsh, strident, in foment,**



**Satie-like, discordant,  
brimming with contempt**



**and coming from the monastery  
of the old Redemptorists,**



**fire and brimstone preachers  
hand-in-glove with sinfulness.**



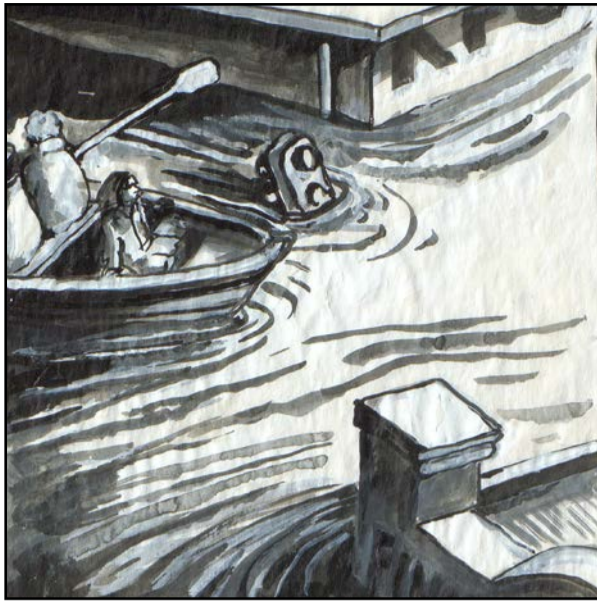
**The Manager has found some boats,  
suggests a scouting trip**



**to the cloister and cathedral ...  
and the madhouse, “just for kicks”.**



**They move through floating debris,  
dodge abandoned hotted up cars,**



**past smouldering fast food parlours  
and half submerged fake Irish bars.**



**Torn flags of self promotion  
flap in the salty breeze**



**and long forgotten buildings  
crumble into the sea.**



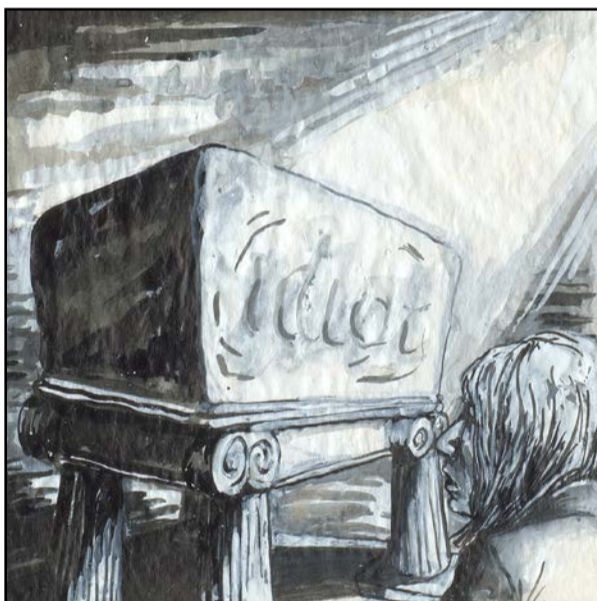
**The boat slowly circles  
a coal block on a plinth -**



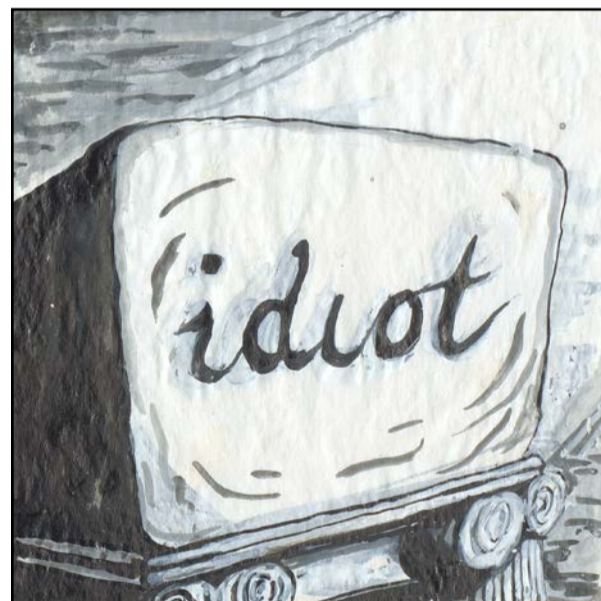
**a monument to a dark pursuit  
that presaged boundless grief,**



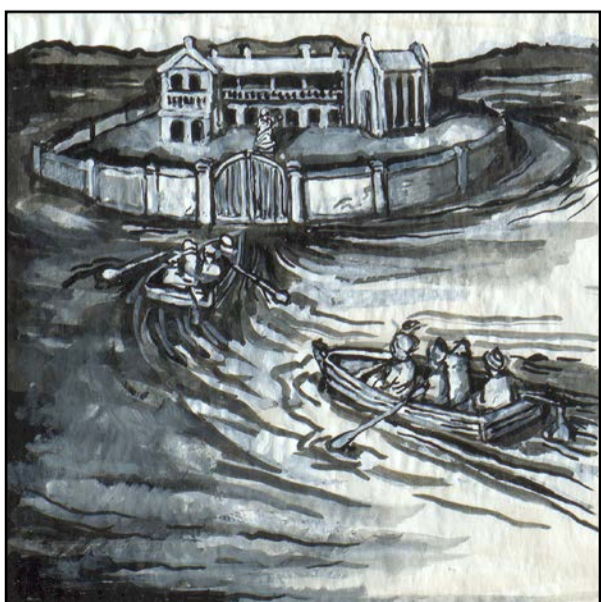
**its coal black skin now turned pale  
like a leper's rotted cheek.**



**A shaft of golden light  
illuminates a word -**



**"idiot" in italic script,  
its message finally heard...**



**The Redemptorist cloister looms  
with quiet malevolence;**



**a cracked and eyeless statue  
guards with fierce remonstrance**



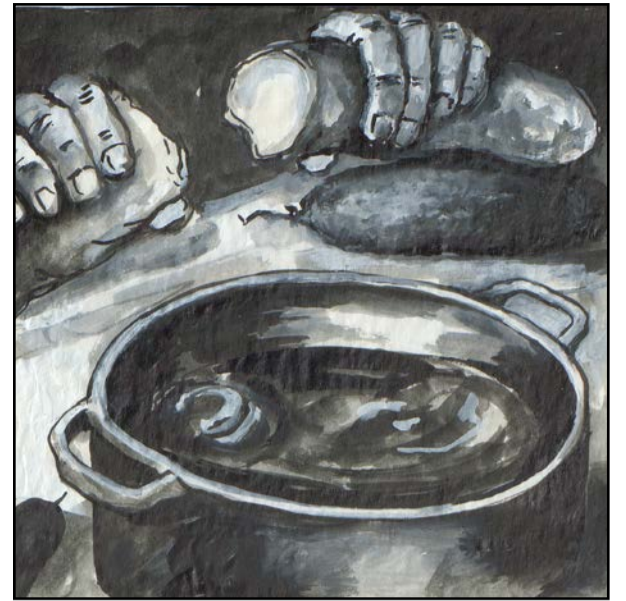
**an opened door revealing  
the girl with the hailstone necklace.**



**“ Come in “ she says coquettishly  
“ and join our little soirée”.**



**A sharp smell of aniseed,  
a sea of black bérêts**



**feasting on saucisson  
and rabbit fricassée.**



**Suddenly a revolver shot  
ricochets off vaulted ceilings**



**and parrots from another land  
fly from shoulders heaving**



**in contention or agreement  
to new ways of seeing.**



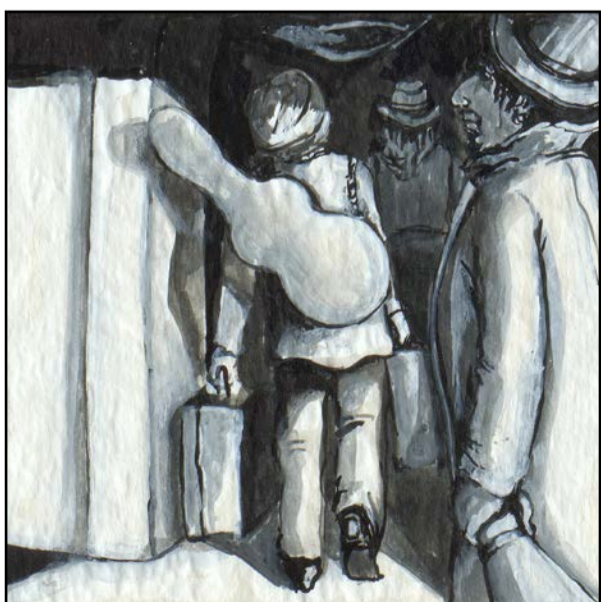
**The miner and the nurse demur,  
recalling the café scene,**



**but the fisherman, mesmerised,  
doesn't want to leave.**



**The Manager quickly nods  
to his waiting gypsy band**



**gathering their instruments  
in anticipation of his command.**



**The fisherman barely registers  
the departure of his friends,**



**his eyes like quicksilver,  
a hall of mirrors without end...**



...and enters a dimension,  
elemental, penitent.



**The miner and the nurse descend  
heads bowed, shoulders slumped,**



**bereft without the fisherman's  
dark brooding countenance.**



**The Manager follows close behind,  
sniffs their burgeoning grief,**



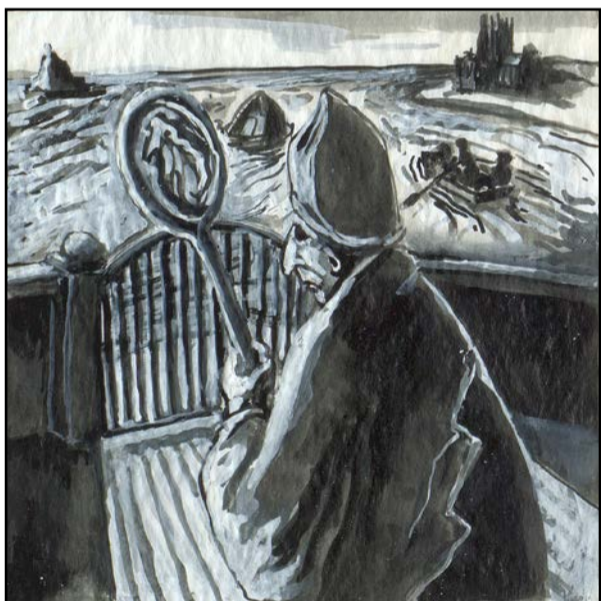
**guides them to the waiting boat,  
pulls out bread and Roquefort cheese.**



**"Put this in your bellies,  
some red wine for your sighs",**



**then hand on the tiller,  
takes them to the other side.**



**"The Redemptorists, who are they?",  
the nurse quietly asks.**



**"Missionaries to spread the Word,  
but they failed their task.**



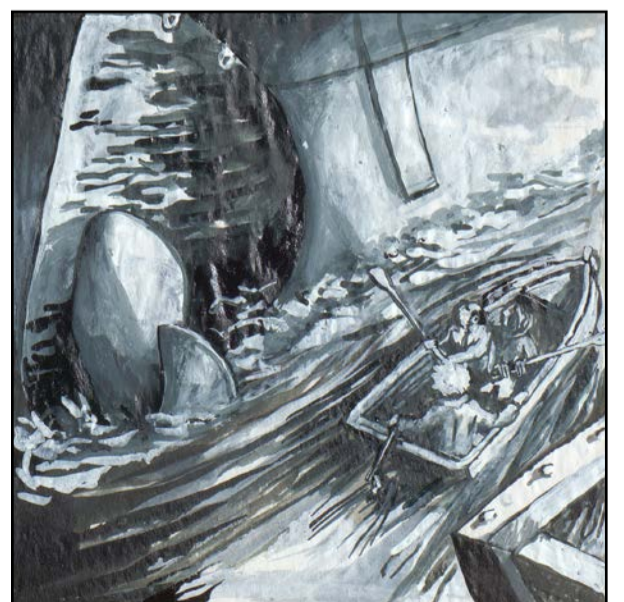
**The Word became misshapen,  
co-opted by the market,**



**changed from something sacred,  
from 'God' to 'idiot'."**



**"The Redemptorists are all long dead,  
thrown by poets into wells,**



**and now the cloister's full of those  
trapped 'tween Heaven and Hell".**





**The nurse, deep in thought,  
starts at the miner's face,**



**sees where they're heading,  
understands his empty gaze.**



**" Ah yes", says the Manager,  
"we need to be afraid,**



**the sane have long departed,  
the mundane and the depraved**



**and left those unskinned by grief  
to clothe themselves in pain".**



**They enter the peacock gates  
wrought with golden light,**



**hear a wounded wailing sound  
choked with smoke and fire,**



**curlicued and quivering  
and mapping half spun lives.**



**The miner, versed in hurt,  
starts moving to the beat**



**with sharp percussive tapping  
of his industrial booted feet.**



**A filigree of fast picked notes  
bursting from the gloom,**



**enfolds, spins him round,  
drags him into the womb.**



**The Manager and the nurse  
follow close behind,**



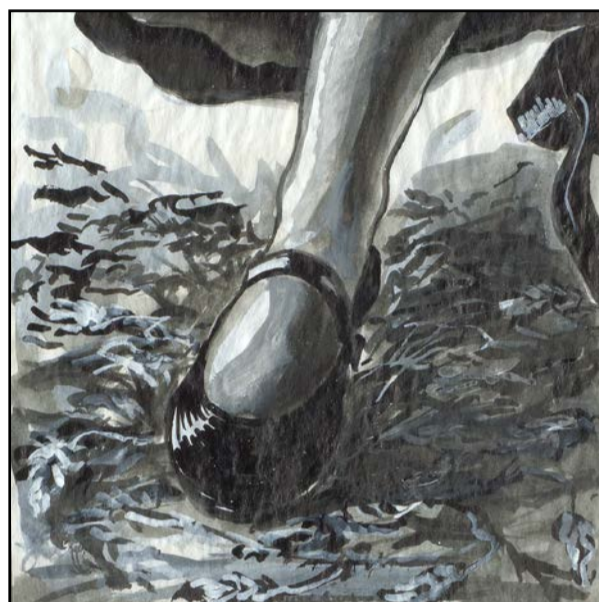
**find the miner, stilled , enchanted  
by silk-clad women marking time**



**in a room of patterned dados,  
enamelled spandrels finely twined**



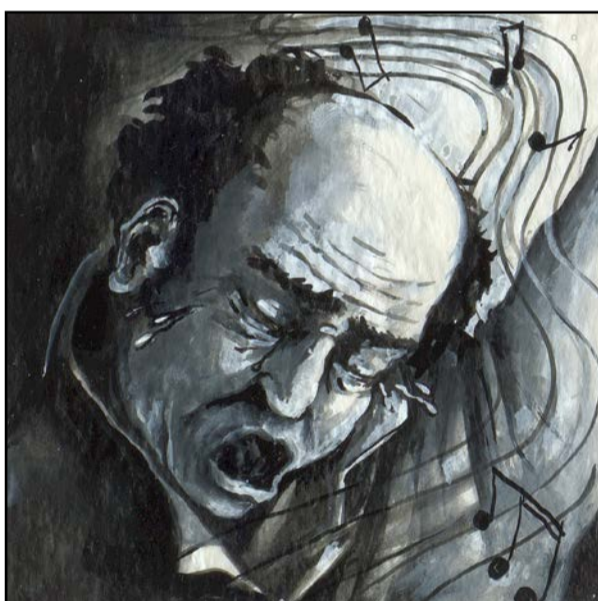
**with latticed horseshoe arches,  
scalped shadows just defined**



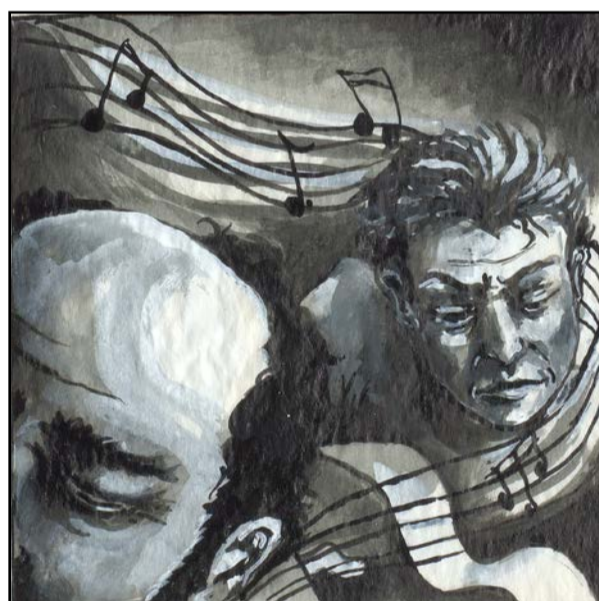
**on floors strewn with lavender blooms,  
crushed scents earthy and sublime.**



**The miner, centre stage,  
hurls cantos into the air**



**of bloody riots and betrayal,  
of death and beauty undeclared.**



**Both the miner and guitarist,  
are glistening with sweat**



**as the women dressed in Muga silk  
prepare a golden net**



**to harvest the black passion  
and stitch it in the cleft**



**of death and beauty's  
fast unravelling warp and weft.**



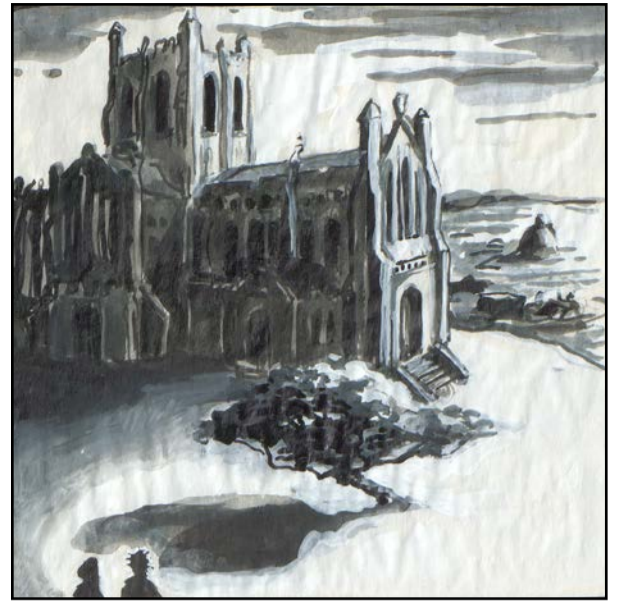
**The Manager turns to the nurse  
and says... " I think it's time we left".**



**The miner's catalogue of loss  
corkscrews in their ears**



**as they move to higher ground  
to something more austere -**



**the cathedral, spireless,  
red bricks glowing in the dawn**



**with parapets and turrets,  
poised, it seems, for war.**



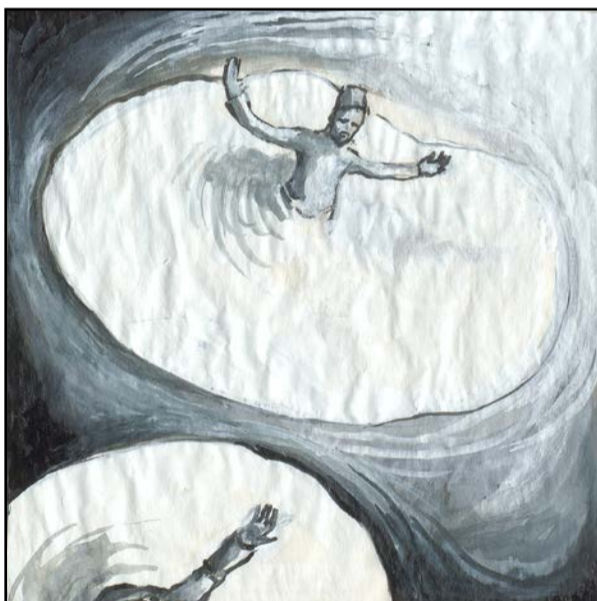
**A distant hum gets louder  
from cones of spinning light**



**sundering all attachments,  
turning black to white.**



**A whirl of sufi dancers  
bursts from the bapistry,**



**perfumed in rose water  
and bathed in mystery,**



**every atom turning  
detaching history**



**from tired ways of seeing,  
from Cartesian sophistry.**



**The Manager and the nurse  
breathe rosemary and sage,**



**smell almonds and pomegranates,  
then walk into the nave...**



**Under the starry firmament  
of the cathedral ceiling**



**Boabdil's troops recline,  
some praying, others weeping.**



**A shaft of yellow light  
illuminates the scene**



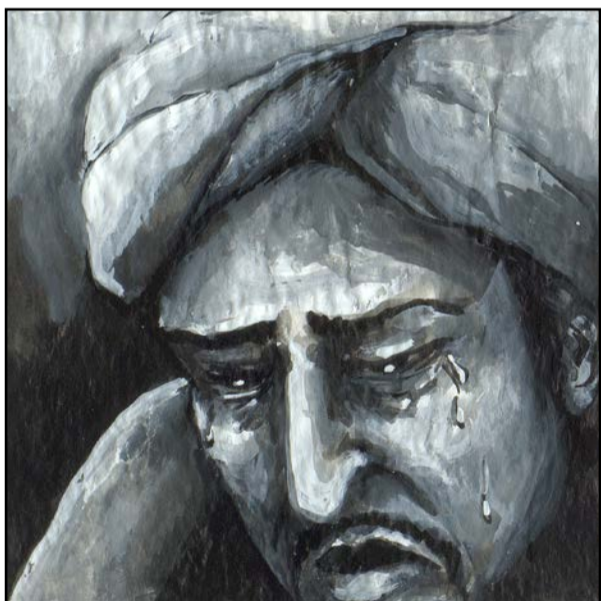
**of stabled horses deep in straw  
looking like they're kneeling**



**before the Lord, crucified  
above his manger, grieving.**



**A man draped in Tabriz silk  
sits below the cross,**



**forlorn and forsaken,  
tortured by his loss.**



**The nurse knows Boabdil,  
last Sultan of Granada**



**locked in a cave by Isabelle  
under the Alhambra.**



**"As above, so below",  
the Manager quietly hums,**



**then speaks to Boabdil  
in a common tongue.**



**Boabdil wants to know -  
"Where's that lyre from?"**



**The Manager lifts the lyre from the nurse's hands,**



**inserts the ancient soul post taken from his gypsy band,**



**then gives it to Boabdil who touches it with care**



**knowing it holds mysteries of ecstasy and despair.**



**He holds it for a moment, then starts chatting with the nurse**



**in a kind of Esperanto, tells her of the curse**



**that consigned him first to Hades, then a living Hell...**



**...she nods with understanding of her own life withheld.**



**The Manager is delighted the nurse and Sultan gel,**



**but interrupts to discuss matters more essential.**



**"Musica Universalis" and the middle C,**



**the mystic Johannes Kepler and Harmonices Mundi".**



**The Manager continues,  
aware of the strengthening sun,**



**tired of elusive pillow talk,  
knows the time has come...**



**Music from the Asylum  
and the Redemptorists**



**arcs over the cathedral roof  
for the coming Eucharist,**



**floating through the belfry,  
settling on the lyre**



**as a burst of molten sunlight  
sets the cathedral walls on fire.**



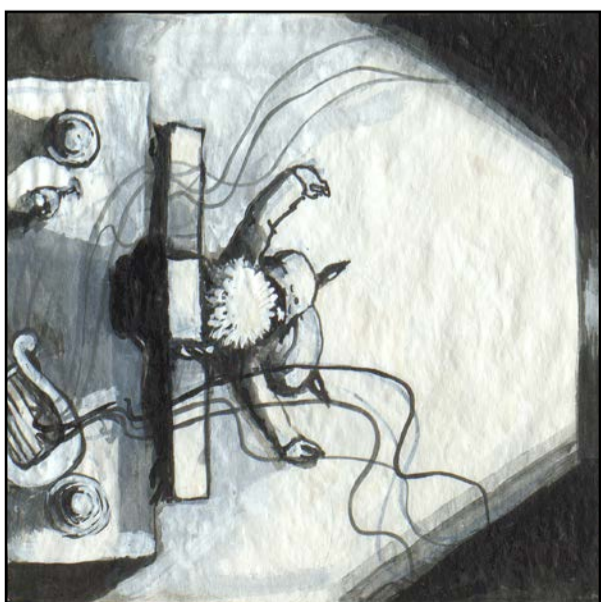
**The Manager plucks a single string -  
no sound can be heard,**



**a B-flat from a black hole,  
60 octaves below the Word.**



**He takes the threads of silence,  
weaves them in a rope,**



**hangs himself from the cross,  
dangling with his tropes,**



**the Sacred Word appearing  
on his parchment tongue,**



**but written in invisible ink...  
nothing lasts for long.**



**The floor beneath them trembles,  
walls crack and quiver**



**unable to withstand the void  
the Manager has delivered.**



**Perfumed with duende,  
spun with solar flares,**

**the music from the lyre  
rises like a prayer,  
asymmetric,  
in a left handed spin...  
Beauty and Death,  
Light and Dark;  
charming, strange experiments  
that endlessly begin.**







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Book concept : Geraldine Searles

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Quotations:

Page 2: Federico Garcia Lorca, "Theory and Play of the Duende", ( "Juego y teoria del duende" ), 1933

Page 11, frame 9: Lord Byron, " The Ocean", 1876-79

Page 16, frame 1: Federico Garcio Lorca, "Wounds of Love" ("Llagas de amor"), 1935

Page 16, frames 5 and 6 : Federico Garcia Lorca, "Weathervane" , ( "Veleta" ) , 1920

Page 33, frame 2 and 3: Rainer Maria Rilke , The Sonnets to Orpheus, (" Sonette an Orpheus" ), 1922

Page 39, frame 11: Federico Garcia Lorca, " Thamar and Amnon", ("Thamar y Amnon"), 1928

Acknowledgement:

page 58-59; original image of the Veil Nebula from Wikipedia .

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