

The Ambassador of Sleep

Most of my performance work stems from a fear. I can think of nothing quite as frightening as being comatose, attached to a life support machine. I've often wondered what goes on in the mind of a coma patient; if nothing at the conscious level, then what about at the subconscious?

The song, "The Ambassador of Sleep," is sung as a love song from the point of view of the subconscious of a comatose woman, addressing the machine to which she is attached. Their relationship is one of symbiotic dependence: she needs the machine to live, and the machine cannot function without a 'body' to hook up to.

Moreover, their relationship is physical; they are irrevocably joined, and quasi-sexual; exchanging air and fluids. Unresponsive to human beings around her, the 'touch' of the machine is all the woman has left.

This piece is part of a larger work in progress, and I would be grateful to hear any comments/criticism.

The Ambassador of sleep
Comes to take me in his velvet arms,
Weigh me,
In his sleeves.

And he knows he will not wake me-
He knows what I need,
As his delicate tubes,
Fill from my arms.

The Ambassador is watching
The way the life in me moves,
Injecting in so gently
My dependence on him

And he likes me in the early hours
With his strangeness by my bed,
To take my lily-arm,
Darkness from my vein.

The Ambassador of Sleep,
The Purveyor of Dreams,
Is tempting out the fever,
Still hostage in me.

nai
namida ga nai
kokoro ga nai
ase mo chi mo nyo mo nai
nai - nanimo

(I have no tears
I have no heart
no sweat, no blood, no urine
(nothing))

Sandra