

flamenco soul....

i envy gipsy blood when i was a little

who gave birth to me, you my father
i wonder father
was it you?

Here, where life has brought me to live no one has gipsy blood

am I left alone, father?
where are you now, hidden...?
who, is your skin painting in honey-colors
am i not your child?
look, how much sun on my skin has been colored
look at my sight-face, do you see life?
my look like the night in an almond-halfmoon eye

who will dare to
take away what all mine is, what all belongs to me!

flamenco soul
you know...
father why?
wake up & clap , where are your hands,
your daughter,
the one you gave birth
flamenco soul

will not surrender....
& even if you wrap my hands or body
hair if you cut me
i will not change
father
never!
you cannot wrap my soul

& even wrapped i shall be dancing
look!
i rise my hands through the rope

my red dress, it cuts the breath to the man that looks at me
this is the force- power i have it from you
so much if you have surrender to truce

i, alive, alive, alive even if I am wrapped around with a rope
flamenco soul
can not be wrapped
you cannot stop my choreography here on this earth!

flamenco soul father
i will solve the mesh-fence

flamenco soul i will noisy the world (i will make noise for the
whole world to hear)
dust, i rise up -powder father so much
father with my high-heel i will nail-pin sprig voice
& with my bodice that shows breath of life

flamenco father i will be dancing for ever
i will stop the river of the mass!

my glance will blow over-onto them the ultimate shame
leave, give space, back, to your corner, go hideaway yourselves
or else
silenzio! silence!

now, gipsy blood is dancing!
now, passion is dancing!
life!

whoever wants can follow!
life!

goodnight to you!
all the others
go sleep

the alives on stage
first night-premiere the performance -show

"flamenco soul"!