

Day Of The Dead

Sopor Aeternus

Unexpected...suddenly...as if from nowhere they appear,
the monks are wearing fire-coloured gowns,
their faces, friendly but determined, are hidden behind
lacquered masks,
painted black and white, they're having the shape of
over-dimensional skulls.

Quickly and nimbly they are moving forward, hopping
dextrously,
throwing their legs like ageless jesters...so high up
into the air.
Each of them is armed with a short and even piece of
wood,
remarkably resembling...ancient worn-out washing-
boards.
Polished by the years of use, they brandish them like
swords or sticks
ready to strike ritually...-this is the DAY OF THE
remaining DEAD.

On this day we celebrate the expulsion, or rebuke,
of the spirits wich have unintendedly been dragged
along.
Some of these ghosts have been forgotten, some have
simply been ignored,
these remnants with a growing hunger...must be
exorcised, must be removed.

This ritual alway commences without warning, suddenly,
therefore it cannot be assigned to a certain date of
time.
It rather tends to inevitably follow a chain of events,
a special spiritual feature inherent in each and
everyone of them.

Out of the sphere of influence...of the sphere of the
days to be
the monks are approaching, spinning on their own axis
as they dance and sing
and hitting every person present so hard between the
shoulder-blades
as everyone here is dragging fidget,
invisible..."appendages".

As if by change, not expressly invited, we've assembled
here today
vehemently we are being hit...and driven through the
western gates,
out of the monastery in the direction of the setting
sun
a necessary purifying ceremony for the (fragile) days
to come...