

Dreamers in Suits

Soprano:

I look around this painted city:
roofed buildings, muffled steps,
powdered apparitions.

A few lifeless branches rub against
your blinded windows. I take off
my shoes and invite myself in.

When you raise your voice again,
I raise my hand to defend myself,
yet it reaches you—I know,

I know it all comes from your
weakness. Your distressed past
continue to haunt and agonize you.

And I say: let me,
let me help you.

Which is my weakness.
How much harder it is to lose
you than to lose myself?

I remember the way you used to
look at me, press your lips on my eyelids,
as if nothing, not a word stood between us.

Now I stand barefoot in my ruins,
finding my way to leave you—
a dreamer in your hollowed suit
on this island that never wakes.

Baritone:

I look at this glamorous city:
Empire State spire, fast-moving
crowds, light-glazed dreams.

Almost within my reach.
Who is here?

Nothing can keep a woman
from being late.

Don't you have
a better evening dress?

Tonight, I need your help
to charm my dinner guests.

These bankers, diplomats,
professors, are well versed
in arts, travels and politics.

Use your eye contact, your smile, your
body language and proper jokes...

and your ability to see things through
skin into bones. I need you
as a blind person needs vision.

Stand next to me, help me
build the dream we pursuit
on this island that never sleeps.