



Twelfth Night, or What Ever You Will

5th of january

- 20:00 -

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Dearest,

welcome, welcome,  
lets gather around  
allow me to set the scene

masks are worn, look at one another  
the constant grin on our faces is faded  
and our eyes are shaded  
when our face is replaced we may enter a soiree

a table is set, cloth ironed  
the goblet is filled  
with sensuous potions,  
ozzing, almost running over  
emptied is the flaming goblet

a distant scent comes crawling  
floats on along the mask of ours  
filled are the lungs and airways

listen, can you hear  
the flute is silent  
that impelled our feet to dancing  
to the giddy dance of passion  
silent is the flute

salute

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RSVP: 30th of december
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