# Five <br> <br> Preludes 

 <br> <br> Preludes}

For Piano

On 5 Poems by Jacob Johannes

## Maarten van der Meiden

Opus 73

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## 'One'

$$
\text { Adagietto d = } 60
$$

Maarten van der Meiden (b. 1973)










蒸


ppp-------------1


PPP ----------------------------1


Maarten van der Meiden (b. 1973)





Vivace $d=150$



42



Larghetto oscuro $d=60$

*




* Ted.
* Ted.

'Five'

Largo espressive $\boldsymbol{=} 53$
Maarten van der Meiden (b. 1973)









## Ofive

## Poems

written by<br>Jacob Johannes

(translated by Martha Osborn)

From the white gull, hovering over waters grey,
In pursuit of a place to land and dry
To the almighty albatross, surveying oceans in his way
And who is resigned to his flight.
I could give you a thousand lists
Of small things that are now lost.
And so best pinpoint my anxiety
Which to you is just a figment of the sky.

## 2

In the square room with tubes snaking through walls of white My heart is suspended in the middle and joins together all the tubes Worn out, it pushes viscous liquids through the tubes
On a wall the sea is framed, with dark birds flying overhead Appearing confusedly disturbed in their path

The sea stirs - for it is a window - and I try to track the birds' flight path As I strain to see their destination, that's what made me tell you a lie The restless bleeping of my heart, in a rising crescendo of noise,

Sends them on, squawking dully, past my window to purpose and destination none

And my leaking heart vomits within me

## 3

Wind.

Shaking photos on the wall with framed people crying out Screeching flights of birds flying past outside

Careening
Without end

Thoughts I have cherished in me for all my years. Could I not have lived all these years in just the one?

Why has it taken me an age to learn;
People never change - ever.
Without mercy
The sea imagines in her eternal undulations;
As silhouetted clouds emphasize skies
My outlook on the remainder of my life;
And the rain: as everything that once shall pass

Walls of white, walls of white, walls of white

## 4

What remains
Of the snaking tubes under my skin Of the wild swarm of bees in my stomach Is just a sea of calm, no bird in sight Nor sound to be heard

## 5

Albatross and gulls, they fell apart into dark clouds of birds criss-crossing the waves.
I stood on the sea shore and felt anxiety penetrate me
I looked for the origin in my heart but found it not; my heart had walls, though they were perforated, so the screeching of birds and vomiting waves on stone beaches thrust through the thick wall.

I could see, within my minute existence, the immense sea burning ahead of me, waves eternally bashing the dikes with each tide, with the ageless sound of unbiased sorrow

I fled to silence, but found it not there either; my life, in spite of your merciful voice it is restless and without meaning and has been on repeat from its very beginning

After all the paths I took, I stand on land I once abandoned;
if not the hands of the One are to keep me safe, where am I to go; and where to find rest if not in Him?

