

## Understanding Echo Script

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They said "Be realistic!  
Realism requires that  
you grasp the whole situation."  
Just look at me  
I ask you, do I look like a realist?

No, that's not the way!  
I'm down here  
Deep deep down, below the surface  
Breathing slowly  
like your conscience.

Gods! give me patience  
I am not by nature a patient person  
for example, today  
I started counting up to one thousand  
Guess where I stopped?  
at twelve...

I can't really remember  
when I last laughed  
I can only recall the pain:  
I was doubled up, convulsing.

Some of the time  
If I call out, just ignore me  
I know what I am up against:  
Such a weight of misconceptions  
And the frailty of "public opinion"

I am sure I have a twin,  
Someone just like me  
If we met perhaps we would fuse  
Or else self-annihilate

Please come closer  
I have so much to tell you  
Last night I saw a star  
Right above me like a small jewel  
So perfect, I'm sure it changed me  
Into a better person.

Sometimes I think  
I am really all alone  
With my fictions  
And the world is  
A mirror suspended over me  
Like a small sky.

It's strange  
But time has no limit here  
Sometimes a leaf drifts across  
Taking days  
Otherwise, otherwise  
I am as silent as a log

Shh! I can definitely  
hear an echo.  
If I speak,  
Would you please repeat my words?  
Are you ready?  
I love you.

Two people make it easy  
They can take on the world  
And the world becomes tame, amenable.  
On your own  
You achieve very little, nothing really  
well, look at me!

Contrary to anything  
You may have been told by vulgar tongues  
I am not in the least bit  
Interested in this sort of intimate behaviour.  
I have plenty of self-respect  
I was properly brought up.

Be quiet! I need to listen  
That's better  
I love the sound of running water

Splashing, overflowing,  
Finding its level.

If I bore you  
You can always leave.  
Me? I've nowhere to go  
But you , you have  
all the choices in the world  
All the choices.

Time was, I couldn't stand  
To be touched, hated it.  
Now I crave just a little bit of warmth  
Its so cold in here, so graceless.

I can hear the sounds of winter:  
The frost creaking  
Rain dripping from branches  
and the crackle of ice  
Summer is sweeter  
Grass blows and the birds  
Thread the air with song

In the end  
We all make a choice  
I made mine or it made me  
It's so hard to distinguish the difference  
Still, I here am!

Ten to one you'll have  
Forgotten about me by tomorrow:  
I won't forget  
I remember everything  
I soak it up like a sponge:  
Like a great soft madeleine.

All I can remember  
From the past:  
Is a single thought  
Expanding to fill the Universe  
Like the mind of God.

I am sorry  
There are no refunds  
This is the only ticket-  
A wild run between the rocks

It was said I kept myself sane  
By counting funerals.  
But I believe in miracles  
Performed by saints in starched uniforms  
By the PAs and drug Barons  
Who run the place.

I don't need to panic  
Why should I panic?  
We have all day, we have all night.  
If you need more space  
I could move over or move out.

Do you believe in a future?  
I sometimes think we are too young for all that bother.  
I look in the mirror  
And it makes me laugh to think  
Of a whole life crammed into  
The small space of a skull.

I'd be your angel  
If you could feed me on words  
I'd snap up your memories  
Like a crocodile.

Do you have a temper?  
I have one that shuts out the light  
With its broad back.  
Don't come too close  
My words are unspeakable.

Why does it all seem to be getting harder?  
Each day I have more lead in my feet.

Do you have dreams?  
I rate dreams, they tell you things  
Secrets and lies  
The deeper the lies, the truer they seem

Someone said that..  
But he was a liar.

Am I going round in circles?  
The whole world turns in circles  
Its shadow chasing across the continents  
The world chasing its tail,  
But it all started off so well...

Its all very well for you  
Tramping around out there  
I feel so cold  
And the lights keep coming and going

Stay and talk to me  
I need comfort  
The sound I hear is the sky  
Floating away like a butterfly  
I need pinning down

I love to see light on water  
and water splashing-  
We are mostly water:  
A big soup in a bag we are, poor sods  
Who cooked us up?

Kids have it easy  
The best time is then  
In the broad days  
With the wind and flowers  
Am I getting mushy? I must be  
But the kids do have it all..

I like your voice  
I don't love words  
They change everything  
Make it harder to just be  
Like a stone in a pool,  
Rippling

I like the sea  
I love those horizons

Seeing the earth curve away  
Big and free  
That sweep is perfect..

They drag you down in the end  
And all the air dries up  
Where there once was space  
Then there is no room  
and a card in the window  
says it all.

All of them  
All the people you ever knew  
How do you keep them?  
Memory is such a fragile thing  
I'm losing them  
The lovers  
The friendly  
And the unfriendly  
The indifferent  
They keep changing  
In here.

Isn't Jealousy the real problem  
Or is it Envy?  
The Bible says..  
What does it say?  
Something about the rebel angels  
Were they envious?  
That's where it all started.

Here we are then..  
Excuse me, is anyone listening?  
Will you just shut up and be still for a minute  
That's better  
This is a Zen moment,  
Listen!

Can you see anything in here?  
Its so dark  
and things fall on me  
It looks so bright where you are standing  
High on a hill

With the whole sky blowing

I love the trees  
Leaf root branch and bark  
They are alive  
But their mobility  
Resembles mine.

I especially like the wind  
You cannot see  
Until it rolls the grass  
Or flaps the smoke  
Floats the clouds above the chimneys.

I wish we could cast spells  
I would make you drop down slowly  
Folding up like cream  
To sleep here safely with me

Hello! Can you still hear me?  
Hello  
I'm down here  
So far down it hurts  
Drowning in tears  
It's funny  
I think I can hear what you are thinking  
Its clear as anything  
As clear as a glass bell  
Ringing in my ears.

I can see the clouds  
Passing over  
Like airships  
And the stars opening out  
Burning