

Sara Kali
[a script by Giuvlipen Theatre]

I attract she who is dark and powerful.

MIRRI KALI Mirri KALI MIRRI KALI

all Your sons and daughters
They feel Your darkest hour before dawn.
The power of Your blackness as You rage.
May You protect them at first light of day.

For us, the normal people the past and future are very long. Our system of reference is impressive. For a Roma the time is short. She cannot follow her history before the times of slavery.

The wandering people swept across the continent
Like leaves blown before a great wind,
And brought you with them,
Dark Madonna,
Who is an echo of the great Dark Mother.
Your face changed, and your nature,
Yet never did they forget you.
Your story retold you as servant to the Lady,
Following in her footsteps wherever she went,
Worshiped in caves and crossroads
Lit by a thousand candles.
Teach us that darkness can serve us as well,
That we need not always seek the light
When what we look for has deep roots
Lost in the mist of time
And buried in the cradling darkness.
Sara-Kali, St. Sarah the Black,
We hail your journey across a thousand years.

Devlesa avilan
welcome

Roma have no past and they have no future. Their possibilities are progressively reduced to minimum, there is to break out of the circle of poverty.

Our St. Sara La Kali, the mother of all the Romani tribes that are on Earth or beyond the grave. Mother of all Roma and protective of Roma souls. I pray invoking your power, mighty St. Sara Kali, to soften all hearts and take away the worry which has been a burden to us, at our feet. St. Sara help us.

The reality of the Roma people is hard to understand: dispersed among the majority, they are lost at the heart of civilization, banging in vain on the doors of wonderland.

You have conquered evil, all the storms and walked on the roads and mysteries of God who gives power to all the Romani in all gifts. For us now, Santa Sara, souls roar to devour us, St. Sara La Kali take away the evil souls so that they cannot consume us.

So the Roma people were forced to come up with new forms of struggle in order to survive the exceptional reality that we impose on them. As they are developing their adaptation, it is becoming harder and harder for us to protect our system, our schools, our jobs, our nationality.

Sara, patron saint of all gypsies the world over. I love to come and find you here, to tell you all that I have in my heart and in you confide my sorrows and joys. I pray to you for everyone in my family and all my friends. Sara, come to me!

When dealing with the Roma, we and the emission of our dominant class, the police, will always have a racial reflex: when Roma people are getting organized, the easiest way is to discredit their organization. Our cops can always cover the real purpose of their actions behind unspeakable guises: interventions against drug trafficking, human trafficking, crime, loose morals, petty theft. These organizations shall be strangled, before they get too well known and popular to kill in public.

My Sacred Saint our Lady Sara Kali.

Lighten our sadness to happiness Our Heavenly Queen. Calm the rivers and the sea for Roma. I invoke thy power so we do not sink into the ocean of life and despair. Bring us power and courage as you give love the Romani people you cherish .

Our attitude is too lazy, our approach is too nonchalant. When the bombs crushed Gaza we had some skin reactions. Same thing happened when bombs fell over Bagdad. The massacres are far away from us. Here and now, it is time to realize that gypsies, the former slaves, of whom we think as only shadows in our space, these shadows are just about to become our enemies, on our own property.

We play the violin, guitar, flute, trumpet, accordion, the coins fall, the Romani dance barefoot around the forest and comes the strong smell of lush greenness, the clapping, praising God. So do the people of St. Sara La Kali.

Most of the gypsies live in the most terrible poverty, because the easiest and cautious way is to leave them in a state of physical and virtuous poverty, in absolute loneliness. Let us not be afraid of words: this poverty is necessary for our own comfort. To hide this shameful action we multiplied the image of some selected gypsies, we made them famous and we imposed them to be what we want them to be: artists to entertain us.

Santa Sara, help me. Open my road and clear my path.
Conquer all evil and the storms in my life.

Artists are no danger, unless they become popular enough to be able to make the mass go on the streets. To avoid the political existence of the gypsies, we have to restore their poverty and uneducation, otherwise our freedom and our safe spaces are in danger.

Gypsy mother of the mysteries that were given to the Roma.
Giver of music and dance, you that aid in the dark
And the gifts of the mysteries of magic.

Give me the power to conquer,
The roaring lion that wishes to devour me.
Holy Saint Sara Kali, dispel of the evil souls that may surround me.
Saint Queen Sara, may the waters of the rivers and seas not drown me.
I humbly evoke your powers, may i not sink into the depths of the sea.

Sara-Kali Sara-Kali
Devlesa Avilan

May the Roma spirits bless me
Now and forever i will praise your name.

And if you ask me what we will do, the answer is simple: we will do nothing. We will be paralyzed and scared by the image of the gypsy. When we contest the gypsies, all our little mistakes will hit back, as we will see their awareness awake. From that point on, there shall be no return, a man's mind stretched by new ideas can never go back to its original dimension. To refuse evidence of our weakness is just another gesture of arrogance, and lack of healthy spirit.

Teach us that darkness can serve us as well,
That we need not always seek the light

MIRRI KALI Mirri KALI MIRRI KALI

We and the Roma have in-between them 650 years of contempt and false history. The advantage is still here but the we were silently observed by our slaves for hundreds of years and the silence made the feeling of being watched stronger. Due to the silent examination, the gypsies have a profound awareness of the gadje, which is not mutual. Some activists are saying that everyone knows this but as long as no one takes it into consideration, it means...

Sara Kali, dark Madonna, protect the Roma souls beyond the grave, killed during Porajmos and 500 years of slavery, petrol bombed in Italian camps, lynched in France, shot in Hungary, murdered by the Romanian police.

(outside)

Follow me, look at the sky, all the lights above are the souls of the dead Romani people. We call it the road of the slaves and they are all watching us. Do you see? Remember this every-time you watch the sky.