

It begins and continues to move and move and move. On Friday April 11 from 5pm to 6pm, I walk to a bridge over a river. Going back to this place that spills and gathers and has edges that are soft. It is a long pathway streaming pauses that disappear like eddies and pools of water as they move around a stone. It is listening all the time to rhythm and momentum. It is so many things that continue to move and to move me. Me, this voice an aroma and reminder that thought curves and changes chemistry.

She is guiding a group of us with care. Her voice is approaching all the time the thing she is speaking about. She arrives gently and briefly and then moves on to the next word. Her manner is itself a dance that allows all of us to balance delicately on a quiet precipice of our own making. Her smile and laughter bring appropriate punctuation to the way a word is an offering and might surprise and change its course suddenly.

The pathway is an alphabet. It places a shape and then another in a code that can be written and shaped again and again. How a word is a world and then some. How worlds travel within breath and breath travels within worlds. We share atmosphere.

This world I am becoming begins once again to take me forward from the place I am now. I am moving through and not attached and yet the ground underneath these feet is soft and green. I am barefoot because I am a dancer and touching into ground is a reinvention of vocabulary. An alphabet of touching into each footfall. Of standing from somewhere and seeing something. How does stepping into a place that is not known offer a way to branch into a growth of

understanding? A way through. I sense when something is re-inventing itself. Right now, I have no reference for the place we are travelling because I am travelling through it with you. This pathway alphabet of letter, word and sentence gives me clues and is guiding where we might travel towards. She makes a list for us to read out loud. This is comforting.

Coffee

Butter

Pen top

Boot

Walk forward

Duck/sit

Snap, snap, snap.

This can be exciting. This can be challenging. This can be a dance, a poem, a play, a book, a performance. It can also just be quietly standing there listening to the silence of reading and witnessing something that lingers and is invisible.

She believes in chorality. In a multiplicity of voice. I begin to agree. The vibration of voices joining together. To be in parts, unison, and understanding of the whole. How we can align together so easily as we sing. We sing this list out loud. How sound brings disparate thoughts together momentarily into a living alignment of pitch, harmony, and dissonance. All these actions bubbling together. We, the choir, now navigating together at the same time and falling towards a resolution. How the end of the song is the beginning of an understanding of silence.

The signals we share and the words we speak together create new pathways. Someone says, "I am not a shadow." How I am now deciphering layers of sadness. I meander and make random lists of things that are in front of me.

Open left arm

Hands out

Follow line of right hand

Move left leg and hand

Open both hands out

Fall over hips

Place, place, hands

Place, place, feet

The shadows of moving become a dance that is suspending itself as I continue to dance. I am a dancer. This is a reference point and doesn't hold me anywhere in particular and yet is specific. These gestures can be effortful and travel and condense. They can be capricious. Everyone is now dancing their own gestures in the room. She is watching and it is like music the way she perceives a room. I can hear her wisdom. We are all dancing together and on our own pathways ... streams of energy reaching into the spirit of what is becoming all the time, what is flowing as we move. We are following our shadows, yet we are not our shadows. We teach and learn from each other. This is a dance class. This is a way to practice and be in proximity. We don't order anything, and it works every time. There is a logic that involves forgetting and moving into the next shaped thing.

*Forgetting. The great suspension bridge designed by John A Roebling and the bold simplicity of the original thought. What is the engineering of footfall that happens when designing a bridge? The body suspends domes like the diaphragm; a muscle that is a ceiling for the organs and a floor for the heart and lungs. What of these tissues that decanter and draw our breath? Breathing as a bridge keeping and carrying the history of a traveler. What am I gathering? What am I asking to this body of skin, muscle, and bone? Suddenly Chanel no.5 leaps into the world on May 5, 1921. The perfume packaged in a box with thin black borders that becomes elegant through understatement. A birthday as a method to begin to retrieve and re-enter. The stain of a date, like a smell, and the dream of blurring. The stain intuits a position like a fingerprint.*

*Moving. I become a bird girl and make believe that I am birdsong. There is a flame in my mouth as I stand in the dressing room. I am brave and foolhardy. She is there quietly smiling. They, me, she. We are the detail of a shawl and there is something alive about it all. There are phrases that become patterns and patterns that become phrases and each line is an inhale/exhale of between and betwixt. The way she is now turning the page and placing her glasses down on the table. The sound of her reading and the movingness of it. A quiet room as a pathway to consider dancing.*

How do I read this book that is happening in real time and involves each one of us? These are layers of blindness and ways to speak and move and dance and sing. I am taking care with a task. This is somewhere that keeps changing. An atmosphere that is a gaze on this earth we all share. The earth is round. Her

body is round. Mine too. Theirs too. We are worlds within worlds that have no straight lines. We are in the thick of it now. We have new reference points at each second of the thing we are making together. They come and go the reference points. Each letter of the alphabet can spell many different words.

We are seeing again towards something. We don't have a word for it and there might not be a word. Yet, I can smell it. There is an aroma of voice. There is something about a trio. She and me and they. We are together. Let's make some maps.

I close my eyes and see three birds circling above my head. There is only the sound of wings fluttering. And then the birds begin to sing. It is another language with a musicality that makes sense to me. I have no idea what they are saying and yet, I am happy to hear it. Something dances me. A word comes to mind. Oneiric. How can this word be a map for our journey? Where are we now at this point? And yes, we need a map. I make one in French.

*Courir avec un rêve*

*C'est fascinant*

This is the map. There is an expression in the Irish language I am remembering now. She said to me. "I have lost the run of myself." Let's run with the dream. Let's repeat and suspend and phrase everything we would like to do more than once. Let the map be music that pauses and changes volume. Let's make sure we travel in curving lines that might spiral and thread us through converging pathways. Are we going home? This is the first time she has mentioned the

word home. The first time I hear it. The first time it repeats as we begin to sing a song together about places we have known and left and are travelling to. The map becomes a song and a sound to travel with.

“All the lands we have walked on” ... becomes a line in the song. So many are walking across borders and travelling through lands. Leaving and returning to homes or seeking new homes. So much has been lost. Who will bear witness to this walking and embrace the travelling with a dream?

She is calling and we are responding. We are receiving things daily. There is an amplification going on in this world we share. There is a song that is silent and yet underneath all our wishes for art and beauty and humanity. We are philosophers together as we make a dream for peace.

Through ancient times. Through yesterday and today. Through tomorrow. There is a silence and a structure that keeps making each breath and keeps taking each breath. She is quiet now in the studio. She is watching us figuring things out. We are making mistakes and we are finding pathways. We are dissolving into the dancing we are doing. We are singing into the songs we are making, and we are writing. We are writing. We are remembering to tell the stories that will embrace our children and fire their imaginations. We are looking towards an inner landscape for these mysteries.

*Mystery She is at the front of the classroom. I see her smiling. I am at the back, to the right, the second last desk in the first row, holding a piece of paper. I stand up to read out loud. I look down to the paper, and I see shapes of various colours*

*side by side. I begin to sing the shapes and colours out loud. The shapes are like small gemstones, and they come together as easily as a word. They are words that sing. I am singing shape and colour.*

Now I see the shadow of my hand as it writes. There is a pot of tea beside me. The softer edges of my thought always catching forward. Again, the aroma of a voice. The warmth of my ancestors saying the names of the streets they lived on. I hear them pronounce these names and remember who I am because of them. Where does a voice go? There is another list.

Bud

Pipe

Wing

Boat

Willow

Bits

Bone

Paper

Butterflies

Curve

Edge

Repeat

Edge

Round

And these words, become a line down a page, or down a river or over a mountain. They are pathways that carefully gather her memory. She began to care for us. We were altogether in the same room. Me, I was there and so were they. She is moving me towards another way of inside outside. She is carrying something through our dreaming. I am running with the dream I hear her speaking and as I turn the page, I am surprised to see a woman in front of a fireplace, drawing another woman who is in front of a fireplace. We share the same birthday and right now we are drawing together images of the other. "Vibration" ... "sing it baby" she says. I say. They say.

I cannot write a fingerprint. But I have touched this page with graphite. When I look back at the page, it reminds me of clouds.

Write now. A book opens and it's a studio with people and paper and voices and pens and graphite and silence and sound. There are scrolls of paper. Scholars searching a blank page, erasing into time, and smudging the fingerprints, blurring the edges. I read this graphite line through conversations and lists and memories of her and me and they. We watch and listen. It is impossible to trace this line, it keeps recurring differently each time. All of a sudden, a page is a stage, a performance is a book, and we (she, me, they) are players in a room.

"I have a headache; I wish it would rain" she says. And then she tells me a secret. "This day is sunny, and my dress is blue. Outside, I am sure of nothing and inside I can tell you, for sure, I have read your book. And so once again, going back to the beginning and I can tell you for sure this day is sunny, and my dress is blue."



She, me, they watch the wind carry and unfold the thin paper heart that is her map. The breezes gently toss the paper, so the folds find themselves as they are blown away. Instantly this paper heart discovers the old pressing and gives into creasing itself back into its original fold.

Crossroads, branchings and tangles uncovering a history. Inside these pages a heart speaks back a pathway through the body as it lays down beside a book or a blank page. The re-arrangement of how curves and straight lines bump together drawing another kind of inkling to get up and move on and on and on. It does not become anything but a sentence, lines with places of beginnings and places of ending. Breathing as punctuation. Blank believing. She is smiling now and speaking slowly. She, me, they become a memory, perfect every time it is altered. Filtering history with secrets of birdsong and standing together in the rain remembering how water feels as it falls.

“Gravity is love” I remember her saying in the dressing room before stepping onto the stage. This moving towards what was a long-ago story that surfaces now so many days later. It’s time for another pot of tea. She places her glasses down again, on the table, her face falls into her hands propped up by her elbows. She sighs and then laughs. “How absurd.” She makes another list as a participation dance. She writes down the words on paper and hands it to me through time.

Bud

Pipe

Wing

Boat

Willow

Courir

avec

un rêve

C'est

fascinant

Bits

Bone

Paper

Butterflies

Curve

Edge

Repeat

Edge

Round

Coffee

Butter

Pen top

Boot

Walk forward

Duck/sit

Snap, snap, snap.

Repeat this three times. Sing it together in groups of five as you remember your favourite perfume. If you have glasses on, take them off, and enjoy the blurring. Remember to fold into the creases of your own body as it opens and closes, opens and closes. What is the micro movement of your dream? Make a large map and fold it so small it fits into the pocket of your favourite shirt. "Vibration" ... "sing it baby!" she says smiling.

She, me, they are standing on a bridge over a river. Together we see water continue to move and move and move. We are quiet beside each other; our gazes falling onto the movement of water. It spills and gathers and has edges that are soft. The currents are long pathways streaming pauses that disappear as eddies and pools moving around anything and everything; it is visual rhythm and momentum. These voices a reminder that thought curves and changes chemistry. It is so many things that continue to move and to move me.