

YOU ARE GONE – MOON SPEECH – BLOOD WEDDING

*USC woman laid on side, knees drawn into fetal
Position, back to audience, fully covered
In shawl, drape or cloth – dark color.
Light (blue) dim on area of figure,
Soft edges which fade to black.*

Bird out of shell

*Rises slowly to sitting (effortlessly, lotus or Indian style)
Slowly rises to standing (effortlessly)
As doing this, arms extend, chaotic but slowly, hands now show
Wings (arms and hands) begin to become coordinated*

Huntress

*Slow expansion of arms (crucifixion)
Into Balinese movement
Slow turn into lowered side, head bowed*

Eagle Flight/Night Bird

*Arms rising at wrists
Hands dangle but fingers posed
Elbows rise
Shoulders dip*

White swan in the river,
the eye of cathedrals,
false dawn in the leaves, am I.
They cannot hide!
Who can escape?

Who sobs in the valley's tangle?
The moon leaves a knife behind in the air,
a lead-coloured trap
that seeks blood's cry.

Let me in!
I come frozen through walls and windows!
Open roofs and breasts where I can be warmed!
I'm chilled!
My ashes of somnolent metals
seek the crown of the fire among streets and mountains.

But I bring the snow to their shoulders of jasper,
and I flood, cold and harsh, the depths of the lakes.

But this night my cheeks will be stained with red blood,
and the reeds clustered in wide swathes of air.
I have no shadow, nowhere they can hide!

Let me enter a breast where I can be warmed!
A heart of my own!
Burning!
Spilling itself on the hills of my breast;
Let me come in! Oh, let me!

(To the branches)

No shadow.
My rays must shine everywhere,
and in dark of the trees spread a rumour of dawn,
so my cheeks this night will be stained with red
blood, and the reeds clustered in wide swathes of air.

Who's that hiding!
Speak out!
No!
There's no escape!
I'll make the horse gleam with a fever of diamond.