

NOTES FROM THE WORKSHOP IN THE FORM OF POETRY

Lost in space & memory & moment.
Ongoing movement / gray zone.
Wind passing through space,
exploring and visiting all corners,
without tasting or feeling
it. What remain? What
is past and future?
Where to go?
Keep moving.
keep exploring.
trusting and taking time.
dance just dance.

:::~::~:

Crossing
The past
pools of light
air is in everything
we do!
Traveller
Nomad dancer
No
mad
dance
mad dance
No
No mad
No dance dance
Crossing Over
Over another
Over space
in place
over another other
To find you
at last!!

:::~::~:

Drop which swells, ripening, ready, trembling, afraid to fall.
Air swishing past my cheek and hip and arm, moved by your body passing by
in the dark, the other side from the lamp.
Other feet pacing, tasting, trying out the ground.
The joints creek, the joints speak.
Always this dialogue with pain.

:::~::~:

Dance, dance, dance
listen wait listen lift
turn towards
shift
touch me
touch
touched
down in the body
collected
caressed
listen
Touch by the air
the weight of the
head
the thoughts
echoes
going back
stretching out
reaching leaning
moving outwards
I hear you
while I touch the air
The air caressing the
skin
soft touch
Bones falling through
the body.
The dancing machine
Bevægelses apparatet
going places
Touching elbows
sound touch
still present
insisting and rejecting
going places
continuing.

:::~::~:

Moments in the past
I touch the skin in my face
hands glittering
I see the moon in this room
Distance in perception
Surfaces glide on one another
Can I lean on you?
You are my eye, my witness
I remember
And started to wonder
what you are busy with
How does surfaces meet,
cross, exchange
When do I really see?

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I am not a dancer
Some grow bigger with eyes on them.
The secluded soft darkness.
Hiding my dance
for only me to feel.
I feel tired and very aware
that my process has moved off
the floor and into the corner.
Presence is a muscle.
And mine has grown very weak.

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GIVE ME ANOTHER
DANCE TO MAKE

MAKE ME ANOTHER
DANCE TO GIVE

GIVE TO MAKE
DANCE TO ME

.....

spaciousness in dancer
lively neck
rhythm - make room for
the story in the body
and in the movement

.....

I will write a poem
a poem of a memory
which is dear and dramatic
though also beautiful and energetic
He danced like a dream
but in a human way
It was an endless stream
despite his death it will always.....

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The brush of feet
naked floor
I feel through you
Moving Sculptures
Streaming eyes
Intentions passing through
Touching here and there
Slowly then
Like flashes