



•MOVING•POSSIBILITIES•

INVITED TO PERFORM ON ANOTHER SMALL STAGE.
FLOOR LEVEL WITH THE AUDIENCE.
NO ROOM TO MOVE. GOING SOLO AGAIN.

LIMITATION.
DEPRIVATION.
CONTRACTED.
CONSTRICTED.

REHEARSING, SHE ASKS:

- HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS CAN I TRAVERSE A SMALL ROOM?

SHE STARTS TO MOVE.

UNDULATING.
JAGGED.
CRAWLING.
SKIPPING.

SOON, METAPHORS MOVE THROUGH HER.

- THIS IS LIKE LIVING AS AN ARTIST IN A SMALL TOWN.
- THIS IS LIKE BEING MARRIED TO THE SAME PERSON FOR 50 YEARS.

BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE FLOOR.
HALF AN HOUR.
SHE NEVER MOVES THE SAME WAY TWICE.

SWEATING, DELIGHTED
SHE FINDS HUNDREDS OF NEW FRONTIERS
IN THE SIX-BY-SIX FOOT SPACE.

- WHAT IF I DON'T CARE IF I LOOK FOOLISH?
- WHAT IF I RISK SOMETHING I'M NOT SURE I CAN DO?

SHE KEEPS MOVING AND SORROW IS UNLEASHED.

- HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I BEEN STUCK, EXHAUSTED,
BECAUSE I COULDN'T IMAGINE ANOTHER WAY?

ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES.
SHE MOVES PAST THINKING
PAST IMAGINING.

SHE BECOMES EACH IDEA.

AFTER AN HOUR, SHE STARTS TO LAUGH,
ASKS WHATEVER GODS ARE LAUGHING WITH HER:

- HOW IS IT POSSIBLE I HAVE EVER, EVER, EVER FELT LIMITED?

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