

The Secret Project – Poetic Text (out loud)

Text by Jools Gilson-Ellis

out loud

tell me
say it
out loud
bring it
into the
light
that secret
the one
left
over
that omission
you made
that thing
you
never said
I want
the knowledge of
it
in me
press it
damply
out of
you
tongue to
teeth
breath to
heart
say it
out loud.

I write it like this in my notebook. I record it twice. Once tenderly, teasingly, and another time furious. We programme them into BigEye, so that they counterpoint each other. I make a choreography diagonally across the space. Like my text, it operates in fragments. I break the fiction of performance and I look steadily at the audience as I move across the space, until I find the space where the text is, and I lurch into my dancing fragments, squeezed into the directional pull of the diagonal. And I break it again to walk back to where I began. Although the texts do push-on here, they counterpoint each other differently, and when and how I trigger them is always different. I must listen actively; what I get changes how I move. I dance with my text before an audience. My choreographies become themselves only in the moment of chimeric exchange between the text I trigger and the fragments of physical structure I bring to the space. As I return again and again my fragments

build in urgency, and I trigger more. I think of David quoting the cummings poem on Friday. I think of the parenthetical (a leaf falls) inside 'loneliness.' In this space which is virtual, literal, corporeal and textual, I dance in a more fleshly parenthesis. I breathe through the curve of the parenthetical bracket.

Twice
(say it)