

thINKingDANCE

Upping the ante on dance coverage and conversation

All Day Dance (a poem)

by Thomas Devaney

Judson Church 1963

implacable in a chair

she sits in the only way she knows how
completely

then much later
a turn
or rather a push
into a place she looked headed

the sound of a clap hits everyone
a door is opened and remains so

and now
she's leaning forward
and is arched
towards the floor

her legs mark another space

she has moved

the whole body has moved

shunting the body in this manner is difficult to do
or even to think about doing

it is strange
that this should not be stranger than it is

the chair you sit is not made for this
as the day stretches into one hell of a long night
but you let go or don't hold on

there is someone else too
another person is moving more lightly more quickly

and maybe more wrongly

is this a duet

or two solos

you can follow either or neither

he is all over the floor

covering and uncovering more

space revealing more area

though is perhaps but a marker

(holder) or something she is dreaming

perhaps it's he dreaming her

or us them or they us

and now

an hour or more later

her feet

have found the floor

she hunches forward and is out

of the picture

her legs are gone

her head gone

silhouettes

as if this could be an ending

By Thomas Devaney

November 12, 2014