

Excerpt from *Home: A Playmaking Piece*, a TYA show intended for middle school and high school audiences. Devised from writings in response to movement work.

Moment 2. Water Poem

M:

I know that when the rain comes things will get better
like the pain is getting washed away.

D:

I chant for your arrival
With open arms

A:

Come and cleanse me, free me from myself

K:

I want to be glorious and old and remembered
like the pillars of the Pantheon

A:

A lineage, roots that go back for centuries

J:

Lost parts of ourselves coming home again

B:

Being covered by water, I float with no cares and no worries

R:

It washes away the dirt smudge on my face, revealing my bare skin

B:

I float here empty-minded

C:

Rippling and breaking
in ebbs and flows
connecting us all

P:

Slipping down the concrete
concrete with ripples and edges

D:
Sliding and highlighting and smoothing

V:
Raw fluidity
The act of giving over

P:
Water that transforms and is transformed.

R:
My grandma told me many years ago
of the water on Earth
Kids ran and played in the rain
It was cold and wet as it hit their faces
People even drank it
It's said that a cold glass of water going down the back of your throat
was the most refreshing thing to ever exist.

V:
Water is part clear, part everything it touches.

B:
Part song and full dance

V:
Freedom and freedom at the same time

M:
I know that when the rain comes things will get better
Like the pain is getting washed away

V:
Just try to contain me, it says