

## Performance Text for *Plainsong* (2011)

1.

waiting

for footsteps

Is that knock?

weaving

my weaving

I'm weaving knots

weaving

my weaving

never leaves

this room

2.

There are aspen groves

with no gaps between

roots where fires go

underground aflame

one tree marks the way

vast exquisite sky

cells burst

membranes hum

one vein flows to the next