

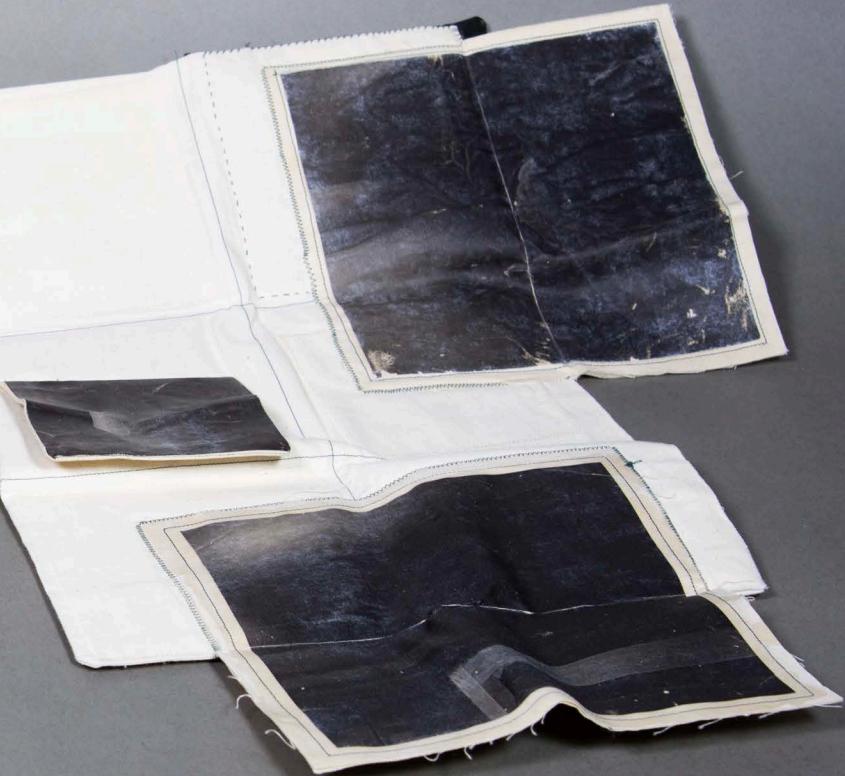


letters to ()
the making of a
storytelling performance

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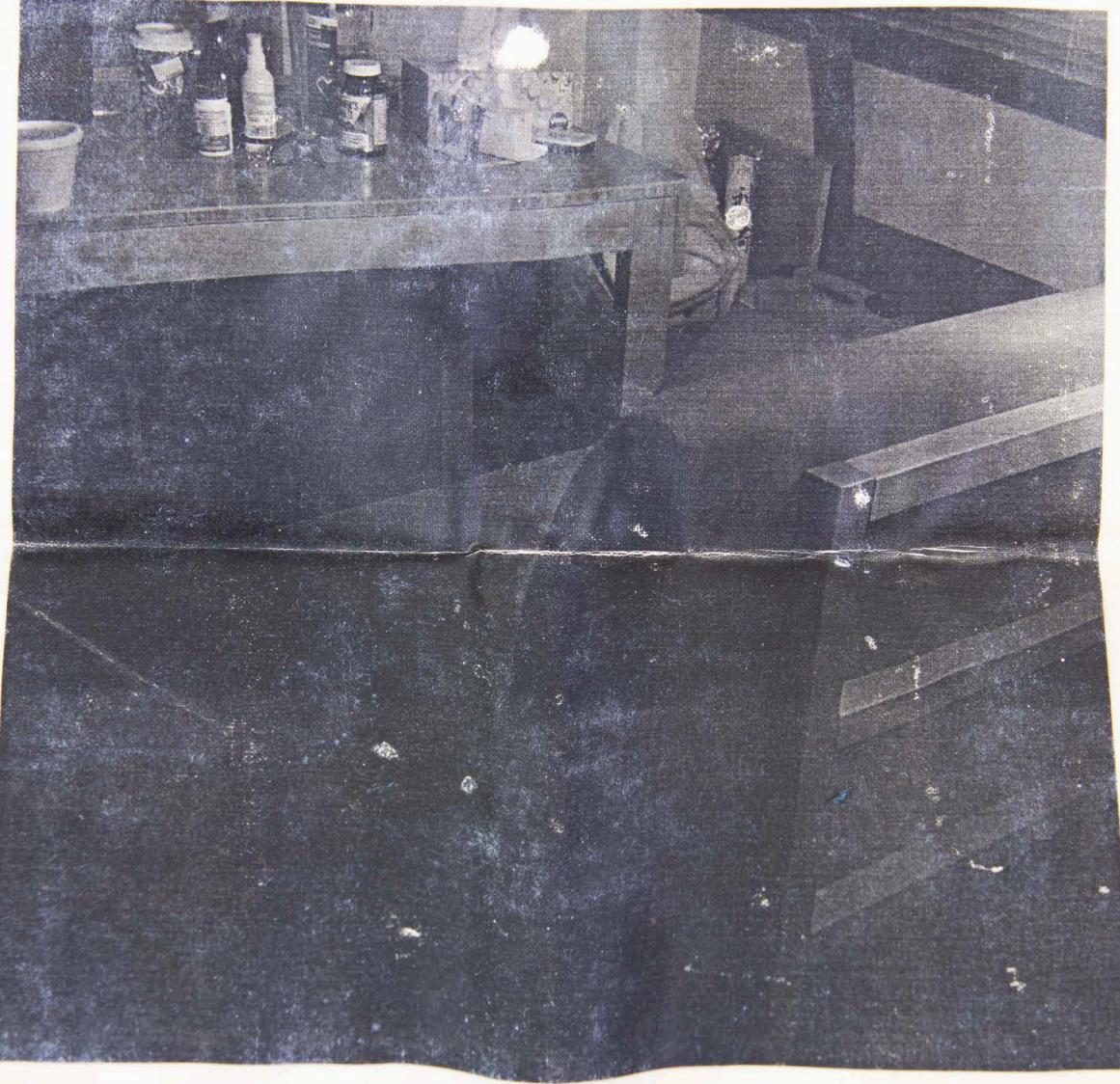
act I scene I *the single sofa*

greyish-green, soft, and warm, your skin,
printing itself on mine

all the stories in your veins, each thread a new translation
a new adaptation, a new appropriation
some by voice, others by hands

some you understand, others you don't
some lost in the winter winds, but others remembered in your stains

we have plucked your roots, transplanted you to a foreign land
when i huddle up in between your arms, whose stories am i reading?
whose stories am i writing?







ACT I SCENE 3 THE MEAL DRAMA
I have folded you
and so twisted to ill humorate your
face, or a window
I have twisht to
for your light
and so folded the space in the bosome
I have folded you
and curvated your
face, or a window
I apologize for all
but without the curse
only you could be
in these places,



—
MO
X ORI
CHE

Rhode Is.

1115

25

1

CHECK
SHELF
NUMBER
X-ALTERNATE

20

the hallway that

ed corner.



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