

I move from one into another, slipping script through timeline changing. I am scratching skin on surface and am deafened deep by thunder. I am curving misdirection, meeting points of structured brilliance. I am melting hearts of twilight, seeking modes of social practice. I am tears from audience member and am bathed with cynicism. I am moving onto projects without time for health revision. I am being gnawed by critic, always pushing for the question. I am sewing you a secret; wrap me up in garland, tender. I am listening to answer, always strengthening conviction.

*So... how well can you articulate your practice to a public?*

**You must switch places with no notice.  
There is no room for slow reflection.  
You cannot break for indecision.  
The work will dictate the direction.  
You must sew with bloody fingers.  
No under-study in wings, waiting.  
And before your show has opened  
you must plan your next performance.**

*So... what's next for you?*

I am scribbling out phrases before they mark the page's surface. I am drama and stage lighting, shielding all my truths of trauma. I am finding work through install, moving matter into reason. I am making over resting, always pushing forward motion. I am reading volumes quickly, run away from worry, pending. I am searching for more meaning in my depths for future making. I am wiping tear from cheek and falling deeper into story. I am reapplying makeup, ready for our first of meetings. I am lining up my artworks, undress me bare before the jury.

*So... will this be the last work you ever make?*

**You must present your ideas proudly,  
professing labour has no effort.  
You must still your heart from racing,  
you are lucky to just be here.  
You must reference every movement,  
still individualize your practice.  
You must anthologize your poems,  
archive every single project.**

I am pushing to the next and saying yes to every answer. I am project after project, and I am rattled by each contact. I am strengthening my bones and preparing answers to your questions. You see, *my theatre never closes, and the curtain's never down!*<sup>1</sup> I am marked, but leaping circuit.

I am ready for next round.

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<sup>1</sup> Alain Boubil, Herbert Kretzmer, William Nicholson and Michel Schönberg, "Les Misérables", film script, 2012.  
<https://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Les-Miserables.html>