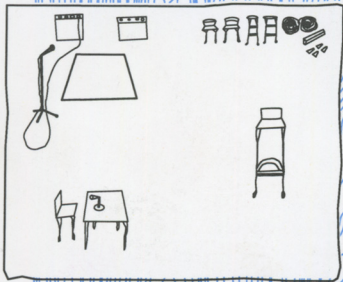


TESTIMONIUM LYRIC BOOK



Every house has a door

Joan of Arc

I used the scythe like a corkscrew.
 I used the corkscrew like a wedge.
 I used the wedge like a hammer
 I used the hammer like a scythe.



Because any tool is also a hammer
 Even if any rule is subject to its matter.

I used to think I knew how to see.
 I used to draw out dusk and flush verb from form.
 I used to sing sincerity for recover me
 I used to recover form for sing sincerity.



Because any tulip-framed Oedipal-skull
 Cultivates its own speculum.

Thou Art That

After the wedding red wine cut through
 Our ice cream headaches
 Hollowed the throb from our skulls with licked spoons.

The doctor did a silly dance circling the big chair on its back.
 Our cake crushed under it
 Frosting globbed on the cuff of his pants.

Conserve the right to name	to liberate history
Conserve history	to liberate the corpse-weight
Conserve the corpse-weight	to liberate the scrawling gaze
Conserve the scrawling gaze	to liberate the icy frames
Conserve the icy frames	to liberate the daylight's meaning
Conserve the daylight's meaning	to liberate the sense of touch
Conserve the sense of touch	to liberate vision's grip
Conserve vision's grip	to liberate the film's click
Conserve the film's click	to liberate the right to name.

Your body doesn't open. Your body, it only folds.
 Its seams meet in secret.
 Cavities between mosaics of bolts.

Her boots turned blue from snow-salt
 Point towards the door.

The doctor has her wedged in.
 Molecular justice.
 Her evil twin intuit's prayer.
Mirror-Mirror suture my bouquet
Mirror-Mirror satiate my sweet tooth.

That old fashioned representation
Of God makes sense.
Even we only got—what?
Not even 30 frames per second.



See the whole volume of the train coming down the tracks baffling your mind.
In one minute see the volume coming down the tracks baffling your mind.
Take one second take one hundredth take one thousandth of that minute
baffling the mind and the baffling diminishes to simplicity.



This is the principle that presides over all
attempts at exact observation
that I have elsewhere called the law of convergence
to simplicity by diminution of extent.

What am I to do with all my faults? How to best invest my limitations?
My understanding is evident in my actions

And subject to the symmetries of my sense organs.

God does exist, but only in those who believe in her.
Why are my best friends so proud of their enslavements?

Why fight for bondage as if it were freedom?
And why is freedom not just difficult to win, but so tough to bear?

Two men On the bus Both separately
Notice The single Baby shoe.

One man Insists This baby shoe
Has been Unfortunately Forgotten.

The other man Wonders aloud If this
Baby shoe Hasn't been Abandoned.

Oh the confidence of the
Window washer moving through
His scaffolds,
Up and down,
His lowest point
Far overhead.

However at home I may feel
This big city is really no big deal.
Its leading men of business
Its celebrated personalities
Its mayor and its athletes
They're really all nothing to me.

And however uneasy I feel
This reckless nation is really no big deal.
Its anthems and biases,
Its dead stares and swindling
Systematized
It's all history's kindling.

And whatever wonder I may feel
This whole planet is really no big deal.
A giant rock spinning 'round a ball of fire
Timeless among its billions of twins
None of them identical, all of them immeasurable
But in the end each without consequence.

I've flipped the mirror upside down.
It's bolted to the wall, spins in place.

I've flipped the mirror upside down
and given it my all, but still see the same face.
I've flipped the mirror upside down.
It's bolted to the wall, spins in place.

*I hope I have adequately
demonstrated my emptiness
I hope you have evidence enough
to numerate your ruminations*

*I hope I have adequately
demonstrated my emptiness
I hope you have evidence enough
to numerate your ruminations*

*But the human individual
I shudder in wonder at the other*

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www.everyhousehasadoor.org 2013

START



FINISH