

Angel and Doll

for Twyla Tharp

Angel and doll. Then there's at last a play. There there unites what we continually part by our
being there.

Then at last can spring from our own turning years the cycle of the whole going-on.

Rainer Maria Rilke

I do everything I know how in a dance.

Twyla Tharp

It ain't misbehavin' to run away

to answer without question the call of the wings, to relax the shoulders, give and take
scrounges and quirks, accidents and collisions, doodles in ragtime the earth trampolines,

not flippancy to cavort deadpan, to lean on the virtual realm of the random floor,

not disinterest to be marionette to

the cajolings of a body impossible to leave, not grotesque to be the spitting image.