

A poem performance brought to you by
AAAAAAAAAH

The Association of Artists, Amateurs, Architects, Anarchists, Astronauts, Anyone for
Alternatives to Hierarchy

If we build flat structures, there are no great heights to fall from.

(The poem is read by the audience in a rhythmic sequence which I will lead them through. In green are the parts that the audience will say together in Blue and Red the parts of the text that will be given to 16 members of the audience to read at the correct time. Although within the rhythm of the piece the order of those parts are variable. As the audience are reading I will be falling down and getting up)

FALL LIKE

A body from a great height

RISE LIKE

Smoke from the fires

FALL LIKE

My heart to my stomach at the moment of fear or love

RISE LIKE

The people in **revolution** maybe at concerts etc

FALL LIKE

The tear of a mourning mother

RISE LIKE

Goose bumps on the back of your neck

FALL LIKE

A pebble into a still lake

RISE LIKE

The **ocean** levels maybe the blood pressure

FALL LIKE

A forgotten empire

RISE LIKE

A phoenix from the ashes

FALL LIKE

A leaf from a tree

RISE LIKE

A growing sense of uncertainty

FALL LIKE

The jaw of a shocked neighbour

RISE LIKE

The temperature of a fevered body

FALL LIKE

The Penny that's just dropped

RISE LIKE

The ghosts from their graves

(The piece can vary in length I am interested in the space and if people will be standing or sitting)