



## *in the wilderness*

*A dance/music/theatre community prayer.*

*World Premiere: April 8th, 2021*

*Cycle 1 sharing: April 16 - 24, 2021 at [csueastbay.edu/theatre](https://csueastbay.edu/theatre)*

### ***READ-ALONG SCRIPT***

This “Read-Along Script” is offered for those who want some help understanding and/or analyzing the text and lyrics we’re using in *Wandering in the Wilderness*. Much of the piece evolves as we perform it, so by the time you get this, it is already “officially” out-of-date. But we still think it is close enough to convey the spirit of all the words.

The text was written by me, with additional stories by Elias Ramer. Song lyrics are credited individually. Feel free to use this as a companion for witnessing the performance, or not, in whatever way works best for you.

Enjoy!

--Eric Ray Kupers, Wandering Ensemble Director

**SONG: Ancestor, Kin, and Land Acknowledgement**

by Eric Ray Kupers

I. Wind, kindles Fire, Calls forth Water, creates Earth, creates	IV. Thank You, elder powers, wise and kind, please guide us now,	VII. Trees, and other Peoples, to the heart, to constant change, like the
II. Fish, into legged, and the winged, to our birth, Thanks to	V. Yrgin, Cho- chenyo, Oh- lonee, Thank You, thank you	VIII. Wind, kindles Fire, Calls forth Water, creates Earth
III. all our grand- mothers, to our grand- fathers, to all our kin,	VI. Artists, thank you teachers, thanks to all, who are tuning in, to the	

**SONG: Walk in Freedom**

For Our Ancestors and Those Who Come Next

by Eric Ray Kupers

*May your life unfold like the petals of a rose,  
Even as, they flutter gently down.  
May you know that you are part of a lineage of the heart  
Reaching across the world and deep beneath the ground.*

*At times we've gotten tangled, gotten stuck, and gotten lost,  
Overwhelmed by our fears of being destroyed.  
But please know that's not the deepest part, not all of who we are,  
Please remember us in your heart for our joy.  
For our Joy.*

Walk in freedom, walk in love, naked to the sky above  
Walk in Freedom. Walk in Freedom.  
Only this one life to live, gifts that only you can give.  
Walk in Freedom. Walk in Freedom.

**Freedom-mmmm                      Freedom-mmmm**  
**It takes great courage, this we know.**  
**Freedom-mmmm                      Freedom-mmmm**  
**It's both a stillness and a flow.**

Walk your curving crooked path—sometimes forwards sometimes back

Walk in Freedom. Walk in Freedom.  
Move as only you can do—trust that it will carry you  
Walk in Freedom. Walk in Freedom.

**Freedom-mmmm                      Freedom-mmmm**  
**There's more pain than can be told.**  
**Freedom-mmmm                      Freedom-mmmm**  
**But our pain's not for you to hold.**

Walk in Freedom my child, stay connected to the wild  
And know that you can never know it all.  
With wonder as your guide and the truth as your bride,  
Go forth and let your spirit make the call  
Go forth and let your spirit make the call

*May your life unfold like the petals of a rose,  
Even as, they flutter gently down.  
May you know that you are part of a lineage of the heart  
Reaching across the world and deep beneath the ground.*

*Throughout each and every time, beyond reason, beyond rhyme,  
We've somehow found a way to make it through.  
And even though our bodies died and stories disappeared,  
Our spirits are renewed inside of you.  
Inside of you.*

**Freedom-mmmm                      Freedom-mmmm**  
**It's more a practice, than a goal.**  
**Freedom-mmmm                      Freedom-mmmm**  
**Let your questions make you whole.**



# *Wandering in the Wilderness- Cycle I*

## *---Chapter One---*

### SONG: *Between*

Lyrics adapted from *Tongues*, by Sam Shepherd and Joe Chaikin

Music by Raven Malouf-Renning and Ultrasonic Current

Between the breath I'm breathing, and the one that's coming, Something tells me now

Between the space I'm leaving, and the space I'm joining, The dead one tells me now

Between the shape I'm leaving, and the one I'm becoming, The departed tells me now

Between the ear, and the sound it hears, A ghost one tells me now

Between the face I'm making, and the face that's coming, A spirit tells me now

Behind the voice that's speaking, and the one that's thinking, A dead one tells me now

\*\*\*\*\*

SPEAKER 1: Welcome all. Please join us in an experiment. If you'd like you can close your eyes, or do whatever you know to do, to help you go within. We invite you to imagine that we are currently in the year 2195, approximately seven generations beyond the last point of known and recorded history.

SPEAKER 2: From 2195, please imagine that we are looking back to the troubles of the early 21<sup>st</sup> century. We are looking back along one particular thread of possibility...one mythic pathway. We are looking back to remember, to digest, to understand, to help us become whole across all times and all realms.

SPEAKER 3: We invite you to imagine that our communities have gathered like this every year at specific times, since 2020, all the way to 2195, to return to the apex of the troubles...the point of remembrance.

SPEAKER 1: Imagine that we have collectively felt a need, at least once a year for 175 years, to remember back, across vast expanses of trial and error, across myth and memory, pain and perseverance, rejection and returning, to when we first made the great departure from civilization. From contemporary society. From good cell phone reception. From reliable wifi. From all we knew and all we understood and all we had built. Together, now, we remember the disruption of 2020.

SPEAKER 4: Things were strange.

SPEAKER 3: Stranger than strange.

SPEAKER 2: The pandemic, the racist murders, the bizarre, unbelievable idiocy of a president that never should have been given any power whatsoever—

SPEAKER 3: and the bizarre, unbelievable allegiance he drummed up from so much of this country.

SPEAKER 1: Not to mention the inevitable and ignored fast track to climate change. The wildfires, floods, hurricanes, droughts, and weather in rebellion.

SPEAKER 2: The onslaught of new and persistent diseases while our governments dismantled the already fragile healthcare systems.

SPEAKER 3: The defunding of education hand in hand with the growth of the Prison Industrial Complex.

SPEAKER 1: Over and over the American Dream was taken to its cruel but predictable extreme.

SPEAKER 3: Somehow, in the midst of all of it, we kept on. We acclimated. “The new normal,” we kept saying.

SPEAKER 4: Looking back, it seems odd that this was allowed to happen at all. But, you know....the old story  
of the frog  
in the water  
that slowly comes to a boil...  
and the frog never notices it has become “the main course”

SPEAKER 2: We had grown up capitalized, commodified, competing, judging, separate...

SPEAKER 3: We had grown up believing that happiness needed to be pursued, and that there wasn't enough of it to go around, so we had to get there first, and then hold on tight...

SPEAKER 2: We had come of age in a world where beauty was elite, our bodies were suspect, there were only two genders and they were written in stone. In a world where we couldn't trust our desires and attractions, not to mention our warning signals. In a world where fat, wrinkles, disability, imperfections, and difference were avoided at all costs.

SPEAKER 1: We had grown up with two choices—my people, the ones who look like me, and talk like me and think like me—or your people. My people were either better than your people...or they were worse than your people. Either option left us all confused. And afraid of each other. And always headed for war.

SPEAKER 4: We had been force fed a “pull yourselves up by your bootstraps” insanity...an “*I’m gonna get mine, and I really don’t care if you get yours, and in fact, if you get yours first then there’s less*”

*for me, so I'm gonna push you down, and if it so happens that you do get yours, I'm gonna steal it when you're not looking-- So really any one of you people could ruin it all for me. Go get your own! Stay away! This is mine!*

SPEAKER 1: As much as all of this sucked...As much as it beat down our spirits, no matter what side of it we were on...As much as we knew there had to be a better way...we were stumped.

How the hell were we supposed to know how to live in harmony? We wouldn't have been able to recognize true freedom if it bit us on the nose! Wholeness was just a rumor we had heard about long ago, and never taken seriously.

SPEAKER 2: All we had ever practiced, for as long as our culture could remember, was fear. Basic fear, fear 101, and then intermediate greed, and advanced disassociation. And we had become really good at it all. Things were bad. Really bad. And we were pretty sure they were gonna get a lot worse.

SPEAKER 1: So we fought. We struggled. We tried and tried and tried, as many different fixes as we could get our hands on. We were united in struggle—energized by disasters—fueled by the opportunity to hate the haters.

SPEAKER 2: And while some things seemed to get better, many more were deteriorating. Fast. We were losing our faith in democracy, innovation, community, and even simple decency.

SPEAKER 3: We obviously weren't working hard enough.

SPEAKER 2: We just needed to be better.

SPEAKER 1: We pushed ourselves. Pushed each other.

SPEAKER 3: It seemed clear that we could fix this massive catastrophe masquerading as modern society, if only we could all, at the same time, in unison, with feeling— just—do the right things and say the right things, and write heart-felt statements of solidarity,

SPEAKER 1: and point out everyone else that wasn't doing the right things or saying the right things or writing good statements.

SPEAKER 2: We could fix this system if we could just

SPEAKER 1: PAY ATTENTION!

SPEAKER 3: BE DISCIPLINED!

SPEAKER 2: MAKE IT WORK!

SPEAKER 1: If we could just call-out, cancel, fire, get rid of, boycott, sue, silence those who were doing the wrong things, the racist things, the sexist things, the violent things, the repressive things, the homophobic, transphobic, ableist, colonial, imperial, capitalist, violent,

white supremacist, insensitive, ignorant, rude, tacky, disgusting things. They were clearly messing everything up for the rest of us, for the good people. They had to be stopped.

SPEAKER 3: We had the answers. And if we could just make everyone see, make everyone get with the program, make everyone grow up, We'd all be safe.

SPEAKER 4: It was up to us,  
each of us.

In-di-vi-du-al-ly.

- We had to stop them.
- We had to win.
- We had to fight the power.
- Now!
- No time to lose!
- Nothing else matters!
- We're not gonna take it anymore!
- Get up! Stand up!
- Gentlemen, start your engines!
- Good luck!
- And don't fuck it up!
- Charisma! Uniqueness! Nerve! Talent!
- If not now, when?
- It's a total eclipse of the heart!
- Mayday Mayday!
- Where have all the Flowers Gone?
- LOL!
- LMAO!
- BRB
- FYI
- IRL
- TL;DR
- TGIF
- IMHO
- ICYMI
- Huwwwy Heinz Huwwy!
- I said no teabagging!
- Why do fools fall in love?
- All hands on deck!
- What's love got to do with it?
- Who let the dogs out?

SPEAKER 4: *What do we want? Peace! When do we want it? Nnnnnnoooooowwwwwww!!!!*

SPEAKER 4: *Think Happy Thoughts!!!!*

SPEAKER 3: There. That's much better.

SPEAKER 1: Okay, where were we? Oh yes, Fight the power! We're not gonna take it! etc. But alas, our well-intentioned efforts weren't cutting the mustard. American individualism got us into this mess. Differently flavored, Left-wing, Woke, progressive American Individualism wasn't gonna get us out.

SPEAKER 2: The problems were bigger, and deeper, and more insidious than we knew. Every victory over them, the bad guys, pushed us all deeper into the muck.

SPEAKER 1: We realized that our ancestors had boarded a leaky ship eons ago, that we were now trying to keep afloat by sticking sugar cubes in the holes.

SPEAKER 3: It was time to call it. Civilization had failed.

\*\*\*\*\*

**SONG: Song for Della**

Written by Eric Ray Kupers at Della Davidson's passing and performed by Bandelion

*Ahava  
v'Rachamim  
Chesed  
v'Shalom*

***Chorus:  
The breath inside the breath  
The fire that fuels the fire  
A light shining no-  
one will ever see***

***The wind under the ground  
The Un-hearable sound  
The tiny bridge you pause upon  
crossing into sleep***

Do you ever get lost without a name in the fog? Do you ever seek something obscene?  
Will you pay the cost for the beauty beyond  
all reason and all that you think?

***Chorus***

There's a treasure below, all covered in stone. There's a truth that you cannot be told.  
Try watching and waiting and slipping through shadows, Try drinking the un- ending sky

This breath  
no longer yours  
This body  
Just a passing song



\*\*\*\*\*

SPEAKER 2: We gathered our tribes—artists, healers, outcastes, teachers, friends, misfits, weirdoes, queerdoes, pets, elders, children, and we headed the hell out!

SPEAKER 1: away!

SPEAKER 3: beyond!

SPEAKER 2: beneath!

SPEAKER 4: We abandoned ship. Aborted the mission. Attempted a cosmic reboot, getting out while we still had some shred of our humanity intact.

SPEAKER 3: We waded in the water, and were granted passage.

SPEAKER 1: We crossed to the other shore.

SPEAKER 2: At last. At long last.

SPEAKER 3: We began to wander in the wilderness.

\*\*\*\*\*

SONG: TO THE WILD

Original text by W.B. Yeats, arranged by Dawn Holtan, then by Eric Ray Kupers  
Music by Eric Ray Kupers and Ultrasonic Current

Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.  
Than you can understand. Than you can understand. Than you can understand.

Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.  
Than you can understand. Than you can understand. Than you can understand.

*We'll foot it all the night,  
Weaving olden dances  
Mingling hands and mingling glances  
Till the moon has taken flight;*

*See where we've hid our faery vats,  
Full of berries  
And of reddest stolen cherries...  
Away with us she's going,*

For she comes, the human child,  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than she can understand.

Than she can understand. Than she can understand. Than she can understand.

Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.  
Than you can understand. Than you can understand. Than you can understand.



## *Wandering in the Wilderness* -----CHAPTER TWO-----

### *Intro: The Guardians of the Trees*

TOYA: Remember...

SUNNY: Remember...

INA: Remember...

MELISSA: Remember...

TOYA: The world was still new.

INA: And Father Earth, our Best Friend, our Mama/Papa, our teacher, our Grand-Elder of so many names, called all the human people to them.

SUNNY: “In this world,” our Grand-Elder said, “each of you carries a task.”

TOYA: And Father Earth, our Best Friend, our Mama/Papa, our Teacher, our Grand-Elder...made the *Walks Between* tribe—those of us who walk between women and men, who walk between night and day, who walk between the sky and the earth, who walk between the living and the dead, connecting all people, carrying their beauty back and forth and forth and back--our Grand-Elder made us *Walks Between* people -- the guardians of the trees.

When Suelyn was small, she used to climb up in the branches of an elm tree. And OH, the dreaming she did there.

SUNNY: Rebekah’s favorite tree was tall. She lay on the earth, curled between two thick winding roots.

INA: Saul loved the date palms, his belly pressed flat, his arms wrapped tight.

MELISSA: Megan danced through the bamboo, feeling the press of their leaves on her skin.

SUNNY: Alex found comfort among the huge redwoods, caressed by their timeless presence.

TOYA: Scott slept in a hammock, hanging from the branches of a tree his great-grandfather had planted, singing himself to sleep night after night.

MELISSA: The trees call out to us. In the wind, they call us. In storm. In night. And we, in our deepest hearts, we too call out to them. So like them in our nature, female and male together.

TOYA: Wandering both skyward and earth-ward at the same time.

SUNNY: Stable.

TOYA: Free.

INA: Tall, supple, strong...

SUNNY: ...lifeblood surging upward.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Section 1: As Saul Turns**

ALEX: Well...truth be told...some of us were given “alternate” assignments. SOME of us were charged with specific, skills-based, specially-suited-for...unique kinds of tasks...if you know what I mean? Okkkaaay? SOME of us seemed to have certain gifts...certain inclinations...certain—Oh come on Saul! You know what I’m getting at here!

SAUL: Well, yes...but I thought we were supposed to be talking about the bigger, most important things here.

MEGAN: And this isn't important? Good God Guuuurrrlll, Get a Grip!

SAUL: But we're doing this solemn ritual, retelling our version of crossing the Red Sea, I'm not about to turn this into gossip hour.

ALEX: Saul...Honey...Please...I know the folks out there are still living in the 21<sup>st</sup> century and all, and they gots all sorts of hang-ups that we no longer have to deal with. But how are they ever gonna learn, if WE don't spill the T?

MEGAN: Yes gurl, How will they get past the puritanical, hetero-normative, sex-negative, gender-fascist, authoritarian mindsets, if they are never shown another way?

SAUL: Hmmm...I guess you have a point.

ALEX: Of course I have a point! Well, at least...that's what he said...Okrrrrr!

SAUL: Ohkily Dohkily, well maybe there's time for a little teaching of the young-ones.

ALEX: Yaaaasss!

MEGAN: Sing out Louise!

SAUL: Okay...Well...you see...Some of us WERE given alternate tasks. Throughout history. I for one seem to have been charged with shepherding flocks of beautiful men.

*(Saul improvises an account of all the men of 2020-21, the ins and outs and great moments, and beyond, and what their current status is)*

CHANTEL: I hate to interrupt this fascinating tale...And we all know that you Sister Saul, have a prolific career as a STUD Shepherd, but we do have to tell the story of our WHOLE tribe's journey. We don't have time right now for another episode of "As Saul Turns,"

SAUL: Oh yes, of course. I just want to make sure the CHILDREN know what's possible.  
To all those charged with paving the way for Eros to flow...  
I say unto thee: Go forth and GET-IT-ON!  
The future of our species and our planet,  
and LOVE ITSELF  
depends on your capacity  
for sharing pleasure!

ALEX & MEGAN Yes! Werk! Okay! Yaaaaaassssss Kweeens!

SAUL: Thank you. I yield my remaining time...

\*\*\*\*\*

## Section 2 – The Wandering Continues

CHANTEL: Thank you brother Saul. And thank you for your sacred, selfless ministry. Now...where were we?

BELLA: Oh dear, I'm not sure. I'm all a flutter from this sermon...

SUELYN: I think we should pick it up at your line Chantel, "At last, at long last..."

CHANTEL: Oh yes, here I go, everyone ready? "At last, at long last, we began to wander in the wilderness." We thought we had escaped in time. We thought we were finally free. But our journey was just beginning.

CHANTEL: Slowly, As we wandered, our old ways slipped silently past the fervor of utopian longing.

SUELYN: It was all very clear and exciting when we were saying "No!" to oppression and giving the proverbial finger to the patriarchy. We knew which side we were on and what really mattered.

CHANTEL: But...as the passion cooled a bit, and we started to come down from the initial high...we began to wonder if "Wandering in the Wilderness" was really all it was cracked up to be.

BELLA: We hadn't quite taken it to heart...that not only were we leaving behind Capitalism and White Supremacy...but also Netflix and Instagram and so many useful things that helped us pass the time. Like our beloved ancestor Janis sang, (*sings*) "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose"

SUELYN: We brought ourselves with us into the wilderness. Our full selves. And wherever we went, THERE WE WERE.

BELLA: Many things happened, both wondrous and terrible. Some were confusingly esoteric and nearly impossible to describe...while other encounters are too mundane and repetitive to report here.

CHANTEL: We were on a journey. And like any journey, it often felt like we were taking one step forward and two steps back, or getting lost, or leaving folks behind. People got older. Some died. Some were born. Cycle after cycle after cycle.

CHANTEL: And we wandered

CHANTEL: and wandered

SUELYN: and wandered.

BELLA: We wandered Until we forgot why we had ever left in the first place.

CHANTEL: Until we forgot the things we were trying not to do.

\*\*\*\*\*

SONG: *This Too Shall Pass*

Words by Priya Chandnani / Music by Jacob Goldstein

Performed by Ultrasonic Current

Hourglass & Clock, time-tellers two;  
Amidst Death & Disappearance, Chaos & Torture, both are running out.

Voice of impermanence, who are you?

Everything passes with time; this will, too.  
Pull through this drought;  
Things can get better for you.

When? How? Will it help anyhow?  
Please answer my questions, I have much doubt!  
How long must I wait? Will it take more than a year or two?

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Section 3 – The Lifting of the Fog*

RAVEN: At some point, a fog seemed to lift. We realized that we had lost our way. It just wasn't working. We were circling around and around and around the same, tired, old ideas.

REBEKAH: We had resisted...And our demons had persisted.

LISA: We could no longer deny that we were repeating the same mishigas that made us leave civilized society behind in the first place.

SCOTT: When we let ourselves feel the weight of that. The pain of it. The desolation and despair...

REBEKAH: When we stopped trying so hard and really gave up...something shifted.

RAVEN: We stopped. Just stopped. Everything. Stopped. It felt like jumping off a cliff in pitch darkness, and at the same time, like sinking into the most comfortable bed ever. For awhile, nothing happened. It was strange.

SCOTT: I remember, eventually, someone had the idea that we needed something to help us leave the past in the past. To unstick ourselves. We all thought about this...for a long time.

LISA: And then someone else suggested a funeral of sorts.

RAVEN: A funeral for ideas of right, wrong, blame, shame, better, worse, success, failure, tomorrow, yesterday, us versus them, final products, binaries, dualities, shoulds, supposed to's, normal, and the ridiculous notion that there is such a thing as an individual, stand-alone self, somehow existing separate from all of life.

REBEKAH: We weren't quite sure how to orchestrate this kind of funeral. There was no "Miss Manners" to consult.

SCOTT: But we started anyway...trusting something calling us from beyond the horizon of what we could see and know.

LISA: We gathered everyone together. We got everything set up. And we began with a story of our people. A story to remind us...

SCOTT: ...to remind us of one of the tasks...one of the gifts...that Father Earth, our Mama/Papa, our Grand-Elder gave to us back when the world was still new.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Section 4 – The Funeral

##### *Midwives for the Dying* by Elias Ramer

“Who will stand at the closing door?” Father Earth asked all the people. “Who will guide the dying into the next world?”

Because we walk from place to place. Between women and men. Between night and day. Between earth and sky. Between every nation. Because of that, we stand by the starry door. Always have. Always will.

By cots, on floors, leaning over hospital beds. Since the beginning of time, we have midwived the dying.

You hold me in your arms, rocking me, singing. You tuck my big bright yellow blanket close around me. Lay your head on the pillow beside me. And you whisper. You tell me all the stories of our people.

Eagles guard the windows. Deer stand by the door. A golden bear lies dreaming underneath my bed.

While, back and forth, forth and back you go. Back and forth between the worlds, forth and back you walk. Rocking me. Holding me in your strong and tender arms.

The room is filled with light now. Everything is illuminated. Bed, chairs, walls, floor, Me, You. The air itself. All glowing.

Light pouring in through a door that only you and I can see...As you hold my hand. As you lean to kiss my forehead. As everything grows silent. As ancestors gather to meet me on the far side of that door. As everything bursts into song...

#### Mourner's Kaddish

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mei raba b'alma di-v'ra

chirutei, v'yamlich malchutei b'chayeichon

uvyomeichon uvchaye d'chol beit yisrael, ba'agala

uvizman kariv, v'im'ru: "ameyn."

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach l'alam ul'almei almay.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach, v'yitpa'ar v'yitromam

v'yitnaseh, v'yithadar v'yit'aleh v'yit'halal sh'mei

d'kud'sha, b'rich hu,

l'eila min-kol-birchata v'shirata, tushb'chata  
v'nechemata da'amiran b'alma, v'im'ru: "ameyn."  
Y'hei shlama raba min-sh'maya v'chayim aleinu  
v'al-kol-yisrael, v'im'ru: "ameyn."  
Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya'aseh shalom aleinu  
v'al kol-yisrael, v'imru: "ameyn."

\*\*\*\*\*

BELLA: Dearly Beloved....we are gathered here today to say goodbye to that which no longer serves our deepest values. To shed our old skins. To acknowledge that something has died, and that this death is profound.

MEGAN: To collectively face the truth of change. To realize that there is no going back. To remember that "we are the ones we've been waiting for."

TOYA: It's time to recognize that in order to find what we are looking for, we have to let go of finding it—at least in this lifetime. We have to give it over to future generations.

CHANTEL: Slowly, and gently, we have to learn to see that this process is bigger than all of us. That like Moses, and Dumbledore, and Audre Lorde, and, and Isadora Duncan, and so many others of our leaders, and teachers, and heroes, and lovers, each of us will die before our visions are fully realized. And with the help of our ancestors, we said a deep and soul-clearing goodbye, lightening our burden...making space for the CHANTEL ahead..

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Section 5 – The Work Before Us**

ALEX: The work before us is massive. Beyond massive, it is immeasurable.

BELLA: But what else is there to do? It seems clear that this is the only game in town...

TOYA: to give it all up, to let it all go, to surrender all hope of success, and then to put one foot, one crutch, one wheel in front of the other...and do the next little bit.

RAVEN: And then the next little bit. And then the next. To give over to that bigger something, that we all know from inside, but have never been able to come up with a satisfying word for.

MELISSA: We must learn to trust...this infinite, paradoxical, incomprehensible, process..

SUELYN: this breath inside the breath..

SAUL: this understanding beyond understanding,

CHANTEL: that is as simple as the flower unfolding its petals to greet the light once again,



REBEKAH: not because it has to fix anything, or follow some rules,

SUNNY: but just because this is what it does.

LISA: And our work is laid out in front of us like a brilliant sunset...

SCOTT: seen across a vast ocean...

CHANTEL: stretching past the horizon and out into the great mystery of all things...

MEGAN: And we know that this is how we blossom,

INA: and shed our petals,

CHANTEL: and fall back to the earth,

TOYA: and dissolve, and bury deep,

BELLA: and sprout,

MEGAN: and reach up through the dark, moist soil, towards the sun,

RAVEN: and blossom again.

\*\*\*\*\*

SONG: *Queer Bird Hay Ho*  
Traditional and Non-Traditional

Dear Friend, Queer Friend  
Let me tell you how I am feeling  
You have given me such pleasure  
I love you so

Oh, poor bird  
Take thy flight  
High above the shadows  
of this dark night

Hay, Ho, Nobody Home  
No meat, no drink, no money have I none  
Still, I will be merry