

wriding

– (this – broken – circle)

*

– I listen for the moment.

I turn I tilt I bend I repeat,

she follows.

Right crosses left crosses left crosses left crosses left.

We've already passed the corner, don't say, I already know,

the Takt,

I've lost it.

But I dig my sit bones into the leather, I turn, take aim

at the letter

for carry.

– Take aim

at C

see, look at C,

see it, look, straight, look look look look look look.

– It all depends on this straightest straight.

– We're on the quest for the straightest hitherto ridden line,

we will not deviate,

not hesitate.

We will be straight.

Here is here is here und so weiter.

– It's all in the eyes,

the letter A, for all.

- *Take aim at it.*

Straight up to, straight line towards it

no, straight, she slides.

Back on the line, straighten her

she has to be straight.

- *You have to be straight.*

- (*... to be straight is the most difficult thing, the Geraderichten*)

- *Push her to the bridle*

soften the neck close your legs.

You've let her stick her neck out in the walk

push her up push her up push her up

push her to the bit until she lets go don't you let go first,

the more she resists the more you have to persist.

Sit down on her.

Sit down on her, and drive her forward,

forget your knees step, underclose your lower legs.

- *She comes she sits she comes under behind,*

a willingness, soft supple.

- (*... das Losgelassenheit*)

- *No,*

bring her back,

she has ideas of her own now.

- *She doesn't listen.*

I'm trying too hard, invisibility doesn't happen through effort

but she doesn't listen

the aids are not small enough,

she can't feel them.

I'm not still enough

anyone can see them.

Elbows tight heels weighty neck long,

why don't you listen?

Shoulders back hands carried.

I even breathe.

Why don't you listen?

I push you forward with my bones my bones in your back

you don't care,

what's wrong with you?

... the form, the step, I think we're one now.

Double skin, who is who ... in this circle ... of aids ...

But then,

you pull.

Your mouth escapes my hand bit by bit

reins sliding between fingers, I lose the contact,

I'm bare handed.

- Take her back shorten up.

- Cramping hands she's all teeth now

far away from me,

my double hands.

It never ends,

we practice each other.

- Yield yield yield.

- We missed the letter by meters; H, H, it should have been at H,

for horse,

for Hofsmarshall.

- What were you thinking, A is for Ausgang.

- Is it me or you who's riding.

*

– *She, seems to be moved ... by some
thing, that she follow.*

– *A closer distance between you and her, adjust your seating,
avoid being touched.*

– *She walks under me.*

I insert the mark.

*How deep does it go does it leave a sign in you,
the letter for Meier, or money, or many.*

I insert the mark,

a letter,

the letter for Meier.

Or mother.

You're my moving support,

a letter,

a dancer,

one who lets.

– *The spurs dances.*

*At any time they can pinch you for one or other misconduct,
such as mindlessness,*

inattentiveness,

forgetfulness,

of our roles.

– *Listen to me now,*

I ride your I.

– *(... they shine,*

jewellery like,

they don't go unnoticed

these invisible aids ... contradictory close up)

– *Come closer*

come closer.

*I push you away closer
come closer, closer and closer.*

*I insert
the protrusion, my heel is not a wing,
the thing, the unhidden
is not a wing.
My heel is a golden twig.*

*

*– I follow the trace, the square, the line, the path
the invisible letters down the centre line, on your tongue,
in this room.*

Is this the line that I've ridden you?

*– (... it is the letters, 'letters', choreography. A letter: 'one who lets', in any sense, agent noun
from 'let')*

– We're graphing.

*I write the line between the V and the (X) R
the lines in the ground
the forms to fill and fit
the figures to follow, the straights and the bends
that follows.*

Imagine the lines, the patterns, see the formations, the curves.

It waits for us there in the sand: the rules.

But we side step, we slide,

we pass C,

our eyes on the lines slicing the air.

– Hold her back,

much more,

bend her a bit, a bit more and the bit more.

You're to gentle

nothing happens

engage her,

drive her forward and gather balance her

and bendbalance her bit.

This isn't play, this is education.

– There's a lack of submission in her,

remind her.

– A quarter of a circle the curve of the corner.

– (... I'm here,

I stand by the side so that you can see me,

your eyes reflect me)

– I expect a bit more.

Not too low,

don't let her sink

too low, close the longlegs.

– Between these walls

our measured space.

Between A; all, Ausgang, actual, and I; imagination (the invisible letter).

In the riddle of letters and in the lines of the ones before,

these are the body parts and these are the movements.

– See the way work her,

theanglethetiltthebendthecornerofhereyes.

– I see. I listen. I obey the line.

– Now she's too strong again you have to soften her again

squeeze a bit tilt her a bit move the bit a bit, free her a bit.

– Sit between the bit and the hip.

– (... give her the bit of freedom,

let the letter dance)

– Sit back in a small tilt twist the wrists

sit back curved back

sit against with a light touch

arch the back curve the back

be a cat on the back

turn the torso turn it back

quickly, open the fingers to a fan, light, like that.

– Your hind light leg should stretch back

and touch the back of my head

your left eye should look at me from the corner

of the circle.

The theft leg the light leg the theft leg light leg the leg

leg leg leg, get your bloody leg back on.

– Turn around a quarter on the spot,

you're a rider of this movement.

– I want a bit more Anlehnung.

– Walk, down with the neck

lengthen the neck,

hold the mouth in your hands,

shorten her form from the neck.

– (... she's the writer of this movement)

– She should push

engage.

– Attentive now,

receive the given, sink lower.

– You prefer to short cut,

you walk corners in the circle.

– The invisibles pulls me,

lifts me stops bends presses drops me.

*I can never trust them to be there,
the invisibles.*

– (... she seems to think she does this on her own)

– Neck back behind the hand a bit a foot

adjust the neck back up four steps

think

a bit

forward through your hand,

let the hand think a bit.

– Sitting back moving forward

all around a correct ... circle,

back upon in the circle.

– The search of the ass and the heel ...

– Her eyes move freely in her skull

bumping up and down in space in a regular rhythm

the exact thought yo-yoing rhythmically between K and R

Kaiser and Ritter

in the exact position

in her.

– (twoonetwoonetwoonetwoonetwoonetwo)

– Hand in thigh knee

her in

walk the circle.

– (don'tts sstumble)

– More Schwung.

– It's not easy to fell, fall, I mean feel.

– The voice seems to come from nowhere

*I hear it on my ribs
from the corner
it presses on my tongue my neck my back,
the voice
on my eyes.*

– Straighten up aim straight at

V.

– V for what?

– (... what do you think)

*– You're thinking something,
ears alert.*

*– She shouldn't think,
she's taking the lead now,
bring her back to you,
she doesn't listen, bring her back, tell her!*

– Eyes flicker ears twist.

– (... come back. I am your eye)

– Let your leghand lower leg handout of your kneehand.

– Listen to the leg inside leg inside the leg.

*– Move freely from behind into the hand,
she hesitates.*

– Why do you hesitate

as we're circling the circle

as we balance in the patterns?

– (... our choir move in circles

bodies bending

ourselves in the writingriding dance)

*

– *The pattern holds us keeps us in and secures our way through
as long as we work the bend as long as we stay in position as long
as we obey
the line.*

– *She doesn't trace.*

– *(... she hesitates)*

– *She doesn't listen.*

– *(... her thought her step her voice
she tilts her head ... you tilt your head)*

– *Aid me back to the line bend Takt
give me that raise of the weight
the holding back, withdrawal on my back
before the coming change (and the counter act).*

– *She's obedient now but not on the inside.*

– *Much more inside,
she's behind your leg.*

– *You have to aid me
give me both of your hands.*

– *Sweep her around right leg left rein look at A
for Ausgang,
push push push.*

X, immobility.

*She's up in front of you
sit still sit.*

*There's a shadow,
easy*

let her look.

She corrects herself.

*She doesn't know what she's doing
what she's supposed to do,
she knows it's not right,
little softening of the neck, just tiny,
you want to shorten her form from the leg.
Sit light on her back,
make her stay in front of you;
ask her to be submissive to your positioning work.*

*

*- (... I walked bit in hand up and down the path between the cages.
In my hand the cold metal started to move,
hand warmed, the atoms danced, my fist held them together.
The harder I grasped the faster they danced.
I clenched my hand around the metal, I gave it to you:
the little dance on your tongue.*

*The sound,
as it touched your teeth,
your jaws when you chewed and turned and twisted your tongue and
wiggled your head,
as you bended your head forward, and the bit fell down on your
teeth
inside you,
and you caught it again and let it fall, and then again,
you grasped it, let it fall inside you,
grasped it, let it fall inside you)*

*

– *Listen.*

Tilt your head,

slightly.

Sit back and listen,

adjust your position a bit, a bit more,

a bit more back.

Sit further

back.

*

– *Let's pretend I don't own the bit, I don't control anything,
this choreography doesn't exist, let's pretend we're invisible to
each other,*

that we're both under cover, dancing, becoming together.

– *A bit more,*

and a bit more, back up four steps,

keep the distance at all costs

distance enables proximity.

– *Does she mean that?*

– *Swishing tail.*

– *No, she's tensing up*

she stumbles; you have to ride

every step.

– *(... reflection)*

– *Rejection.*

I do wrong within the system,

dejection,
excrement,
motion,
at K, for king, in a whisper.
The counterchoros.
None,
not one,
can hold it together.
I'll do it running – spread it on the line.
I shit in your lines, your serpentines and your circles.
My bend back is all you have,
and the traces of your feeding
all around
there in the ground.
How about that for c-h-o-r-e-o-g-r-a-p-h-i-n-g.
– Write crosses ride crosses write crosses ride.
– She's disunited ...
she ran off before she tried,
there's a lack in submission.
We need to change the flying.
– (... the fleeing)
– Change.
– Deliverance, here, in the corner between C and H.
– The betweener comes back,
picks it up.
Money changing hands.
– Down on her knees.
Shock waves neck jolts
neck flings back
cold sweat.

Who holds the reins?

I have no hands.

*– (... it was your own fault,
you forgot to forget yourself)*

*

– I twist I turn I bend

I do a little trick, I snap at the neck,

I follow I foresense,

I take on the look,

I hold up the mirror,

is this what you want to see,

is this what you want to see?

I'll give it;

it's soon over anyway.

I'll perform the stillness.

Halt.

– (... her bad bad halt)

*– The bit circles, twists, tilts and bends,
drags the tongue, presses down.*

– Biting the bit biting the bit your bit my bite your bit bite

I'm bitten my bit bit you the bite of the bit your bit in my hand

my hand I bit I own the bit the bit in your mouth

the hand the bit my hand in your mouth.

*– (... did I offer you the shining metal, was it irresistible to you,
it seemed like that as you lowered your head,
it seemed as if you wanted it,
so I hid the bit in your mouth)*

– *What is it*

like,

to be ridden ...

my search made a halt.

I repeat:

– *And*

halt.

– *The silence.*

– *(... she's silent)*

– *Wait wait wait.*

– *Don't move,*

please stand still.

– *Back up four steps.*

– *(... she follows my thought)*

– *Can't she count,*

she slides the corner.

– *She keeps backing up,*

all backlegged now,

something calls on her,

why should I hold her back.

– *There's something wrong with her.*

– *Let her go there's no way out anyway.*

*

– *Our footprints,*

there, the uneven line

in front of us,

their first time, the first line.

*And there,
a shoulder a knee cap a piece of a footpad,
in the dirt in our line,
I must have lost them,
they must have
fallen off.*

- Turn her.

*Turn the shoulder away,
you lost the shoulder,
turn, look
the shoulder, there,
pick it up again.*

- Close her together,

*widen the contact,
open the tunnel
let her go in there.*

Push her in push her back in.

- I gather.

I ask you to come closer, to come in to collection.

I ask you to be a part of this collection.

I ask you to be collected.

- (...we are this Versammlung)

- She corrects herself.

*Ask for the change,
tap the hind legs to change heads,
reward her,
her new head,
she went willingly
into her new head.*

- *Let's per-form ...*
- *(... let her perform)*
- *... we're still here two as one.*
- *We know what that performance is about:*
- *The angle of the neck.*

*

- *Your breaths*
a moving support
I sit on air
and as air move my legs
let the back search
the curve
of the neck.

*

- *(I can leave the circle I can assist I can aid.*
Me, the invisible, the letter I.
I take care.
I know you,
me, the hand, the H,
me, the body, the B letter,
the caretaker, me, curata, C.
I wash your bit I brush your tail I clean the leather
I keep in order: you, the things.
I am a meticulous eye)