

The dance exists before it happens  
Enter  
Begin  
Eyes closed  
The walking body becomes three dimensions, all surfaces of the air are met by surfaces of the body, swift, an antennae, a reading. A receiving.

There is no producing, no particular product  
An un-groove shed of all responsibility  
Every elbow  
Wrist  
Palm  
Judder  
No yearning or searching in the darkness  
We swim, dive in, a dance released into the spaces under the ground, above our heads, the space just beyond the skin  
Safe, I am in safe hands, among safe gazes  
Have it  
There was a space and I felt my body without moving, lift from my chair and enter. No one told me what to do, I knew  
To body, to body, body, bodies  
Intelligent biology  
Body intelligence  
Sensory intelligence  
There is room for every dance  
I "get" it. I understand this language, swimming in the spaces between fingers, the broadening of stature, the hum of repetition, pulsing barely visible, soothing, flick, ideas appear in less time than it takes to say them. The signals are not from the brain but from cells and nervous systems in momentum. There are more dimensions than three, how we meet the surface of the floor, the touch of a hand, the imagined dance, the unseen, the channelled, the sacred, something beyond our collective knowledge.  
They are not doing this for us, it is for both themselves and a summoning. Our bodies are part of this, words are too slow, there is not enough vocabulary for sensation.  
I am not watching with my eyes but with my body.

A written response by Jo Fong  
SERAFINE1369:  
[my body / running wild / this animal] glorious  
(Work in progress sharing at Chapter Arts Centre. 9th Oct 2025)