

A HOUSE DIVIDED

H: It's the shell that keeps us apart
C: It's the shell that keeps me together

H: Controls what we see.
C: Prevents me from falling apart.

H: Binds me.
C: Isolates us.

C: Before the voice leaves the mouth, it is formed in the larynx.
H: When my exhaled breath puts the vocal cords in motion.

C: The voice, born inside me, now spreads out.
H: Moving aimlessly in all directions, without a perspective.

C: Recklessly blending itself with every detail.
H: Filling the empty spaces.

C: Reaching out to you, all the way up to the fine skin.
H: And faring down over the forehead. Over the heavy eyelids.

C: Along the soft cheek. And in.
H: In, past the façade, through the pores, and into the soft tissue.

C: The muscles, and the sinews that hold them in place, the blood veins.
H: The words reach all the way to the innermost, the very core of who you are.

H: Never stable C: Always in flux.

C: You can use my voice as an instrument.
H:Use my voice as an instrument.

H & C: You can use my voice as a tool, a means, for coming out. Out of your body,
out in to the room.

Separated from the body's restrictions, we suddenly reach every corner.
Resonating from all surfaces and see around every angle.

We encounter each façade, and every single body.

You might imagine perhaps, that as much as we are pushed back we also sink in,
In, through the protective barrier, past the structures, deeper inside another.

With each word, we sink ever further, deeper and deeper, in, among the tissues and
fibers.

Until we are embraced fully and totally by the soft, malleable mass, united with
everything that is not you, but is, exactly, like you.