

Hand dances. 1,000 caresses.

Movement is a way for me to think about the social implications embedded in the choreographies of space. When and how and where people are allowed to move. In what ways one can move. Improvisation holds space for movement in constraint. For some of us, more than others, enclosure is a familiar condition. Capitalism's chase, its algorithmic appetite. These hand dances are notations, sifting compositions with the world's moments enfolded.

Hidden in the hands an alluvial transcription of reach and embrace. The final flickers of the body's expression, caress and touch. Haptic grasp. Emphatic abandon, ephemeral betrayal. An atmosphere of messages.

hold you me

1,000 caresses  
time is multiplicitous  
multifarious

portended grasp  
impending reach  
salient breach

in each gesture

we carry time with us  
body flow, energy seeps,

hand dances  
~~I touch~~

~~I hold your hand~~  
~~I caress your face~~

~~Your lips~~  
salute

Reach out ~~to you~~  
Hold ~~on to you~~

Held in the moment

Ripple ring  
distant bells waving over

The gestures resonance, Reverberations

~~Instruction manuals~~

what's lost in the translation  
what's gained in the transcription

crawlspace in your palm

scribble script,  
scratch the surface

self-abrasion when we share the air

particulate sound

alluvial color fields  
alluvial color feels

suspended presence

etymology of the hand dance

yvonne and hijikata, ohno ana

death bed expressivity

feeling sweet feeling drops from my finger tips

up in smoke transference

danced upon the floor wall ceiling

flower bloom and fold

to catch your windbreath

graphite inscriptions

time leak

incision point

the line breaks down, runs through me

hand dance dialectic

hand dance dialectic

hand dance dialect

hands of time

a falling tower

alluvial forms froze

meta physical and metacarpal

~~time~~ arrest

~~hand dance~~ plenum

dancefloor

wrist flick obfuscation