

BIRTHWINTER

30" O great mullein.

Abrasive blush for moccasin socks and Victorian ladies, soft and searing all at once.

Lamb's ears. A docile comparison, a cute thought: each outgrowth of mullein a collection of lambs waiting to be borne out of the ground. 50

45" tiny music (vibes) starts - winds extraneous sound trickles

Their tails twist below, their leaves flow coolly out to the dirt. it would be fraught to try to determine your source.

which of 100 to 180 thousand seeds, multiplied by however many possible parents stand in the dirt now covered in snow became what you are now?

1'15" first clar/bassoon swirl

how many of your siblings lie dormant, cold under a weighted blanket until seasonal morning? to wait is something we could learn from you. for the snow to melt and reveal the land it pushed low. for the fire to clear the path to the skies. o great mullein, take your time.

1' c 30" Music swirl

soft blossoms, so sample swatches of carpet clustered in pockets as if from a groundswell of calm. So tender. You lie so low, so soft, so subtle. O great mullein, you take your time. (2')

3'30" Peak

Movers reach peak of rotation

ASCENSION WINTER

4'30" On downfall of first peak - starting to still

O great mullein! You let summer free, you welcome winter and continue your silent, still march. Back to the same cold of your beginning, now in low air, still in light green.

Music fades very low

As the others surrounding you grey out or fade to browns, curling and crumbling into the ground, you resolutely stay. o great mullein, such poise.

5' Stillness is reached

5'15" AscensionGrowth

You worked for this day, this year, this season and now it comes.

begin raising

Will the dancers be putting stuff on the sculpture during this section

Possible beginning of movers spreading out slowly/lightly (before seed spreading), 5-8"

future secrets held softly in blooming petals, a stalk stayed dormant in a minuscule seed for so long, stretching after seasons of false sleep and bursting, bright softness, tall patience, calm collected energy turned to regality, o what a show!

music

O great mullein! **Quick chord** You laugh with your yellow petals, crowned hair, you are beauty! Leaves large and soft, open invitations and arms as if reminding us of tenderness.

**music* tender chord*

7' (eyes w bryce) 10 feet, 11 feet tall, so much you must be able to see from way up high. No boots get my eye level to yours, and I'm not sure I would want it so. It is a relief to feel dwarfed, to be reminded that we humans are not the center of the universe, that we are not the highest almighty.

o mullein, you give the illusion of our grandeur in your first year and then absolve that the second, pulling my mind up with you, my heart up with you, my soul up and also down, into the mycelium below the surface that will hopefully feed on me when I lay to your standing.

8' hype rhythmic music, ankle bells stomping on floor at half speed

9'Second peak, Mully is fully risen! Ankle bell stomps at full speeds on opposite sides of the room

Dance seed motion begins (closer to 11)

It's only in the second year, after the winter cold and ice frost, that you allow your seeds to soar, to climb up jack's beanstalk and send tiny skydivers across fields and patches of earth, to land and anchor themselves and start a new pasture.

/break in speech. Movement transition into sasha still moving as liv n ari slow. Transition into pulling leaves & resilience games- running up to movers standing tall and straight and trying to push them down, repeating

11' FadeToBrown

~~Roots. I never knew what your roots looked like. I never pulled you out of the ground like I did so many others.~~ O great mullein, who deemed you a weed? who deemed one life worthier than another? Such a striving to be a god.

And yet I have. I have done the same, weeded rows of onion and garlic and peppers and lay waste to mounds of yellowdock with a machete, aware with every slash at the power I was exacting upon the plants, aware that I had deemed them lesser with no knowledge of who they may be and what they do.

The end of that day I stood on piles of horizontal stalks, smaller but not so different from yours, o great mullein, with the machete stuck in the ground by my feet and my hands blistered at my sides, blisters in my brain where I knew my attention was shifting.

Even after you've released your seeds, much the same as from which you came, and even as you then curl and age quickly, all the patient months adding up and showing face, and even as you die. How you stand.

End of movement. Stillness. All leaves pulled, sasha stands still, one person curled at their feet, the other laying as if dead.

13' DEATHWINTER

more musically sparse: reminiscent of Birthwinter

O great mullein! Your stalk stays. A memorial. Standing in death. O great mullein, how much we have to learn from you: we bury our dead and hide our sorrows in graveyards and urns, carrying on with life as if it is separate from the other. O great mullein, how you relish in it, rot in place and stand so proud to have lived and died here in this very spot. You darken into your rich browns but never crumble like leaves do, standing instead much higher than any chlorophyll-deficient suncatcher does. Other than the invasives, of course. Honeysuckles that hold on and defy dying, snow covering green greens while all the others hibernate. Winter is an overlapping of seasons when some plants refuse to let summer go.

I love you.

O great mullein, you give so freely,
such a beauty and stay to witness the aftermath.

You do not disappear with destruction but hold on to witness your offspring grow,
your children rise out of the ground and take their own time,
eventually allowing those of other families to also establish footholds and find their place at your side.

Your calm and comfort.

How I'd love to curl up in your leaves in your first year and be lifted skywards in the second.

Perhaps I could learn to die up there.

Perhaps we could learn how to live.

Not as we pretend to, but as you *do*.

16' stand in silence until someone claps, END