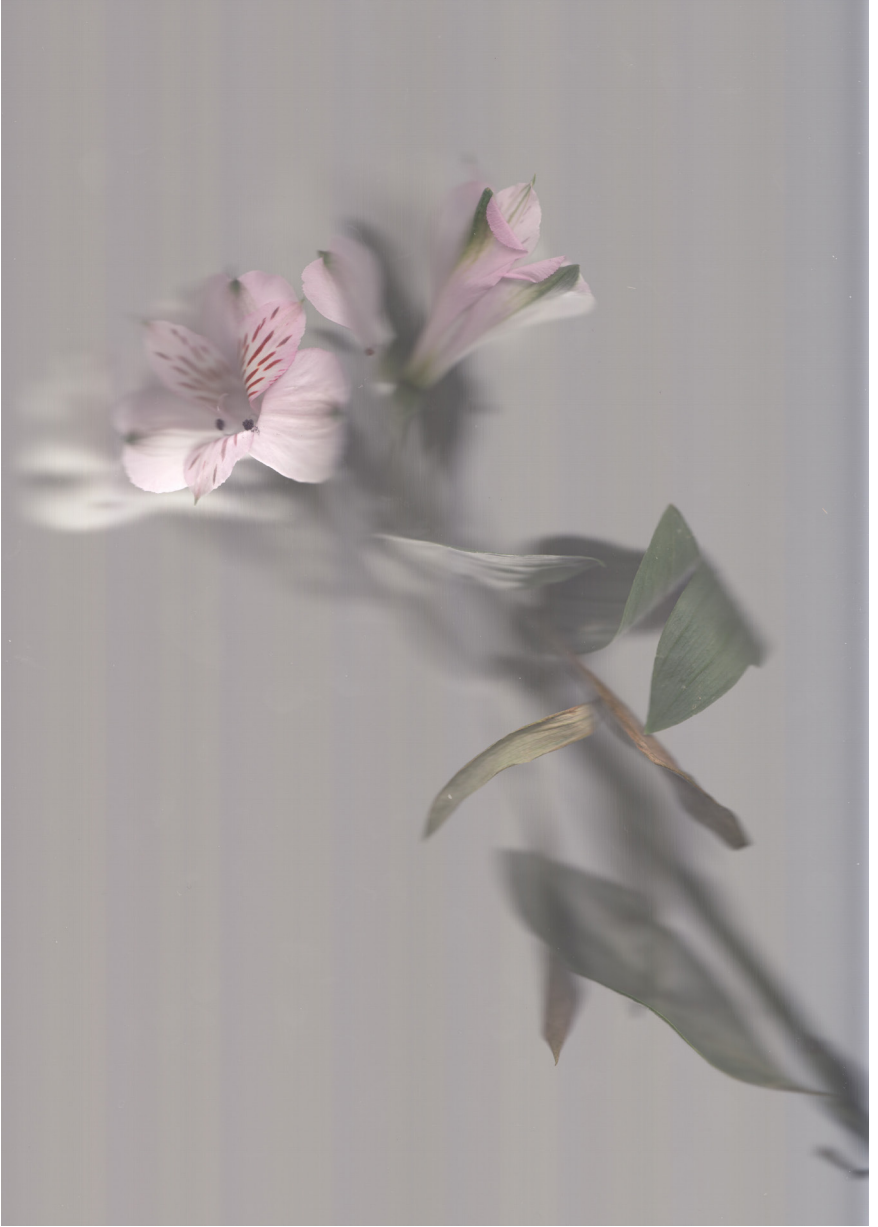


LUX

Even the grass has a voice in little theatres.

—ERÍN MOURE



Today it's snowing on the occasion of May Day



The lake glistens with smooth surface areas  
the colour of steel. There's also a smell of honey.



Fresh air from the little garden comes up over  
the balcony.



I don't notice whether it's raining or the sun is blazing—it's a matter of total indifference to me.

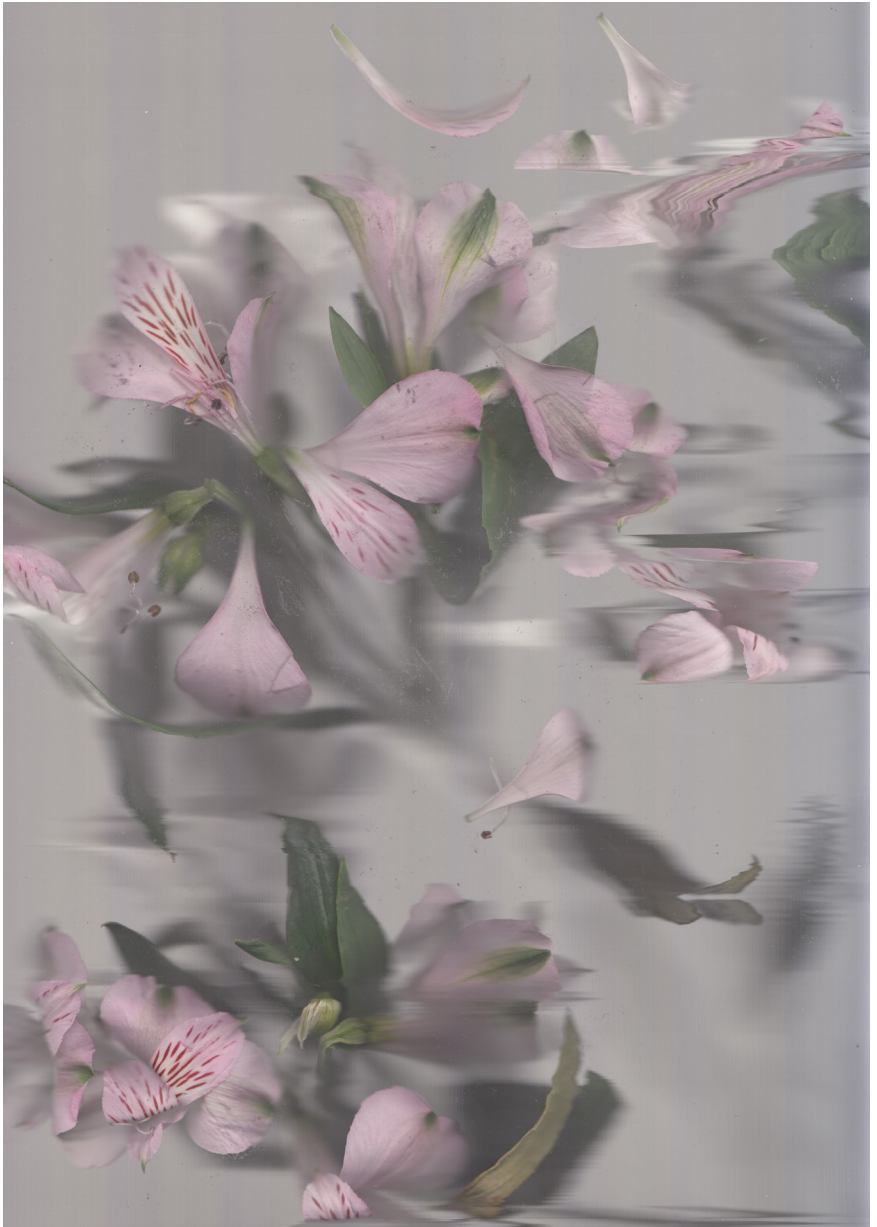


Sweet-smelling clouds with a touch of pink:  
gray sky over the metropolis



Wandering miles away from any shadow of  
class-consciousness.

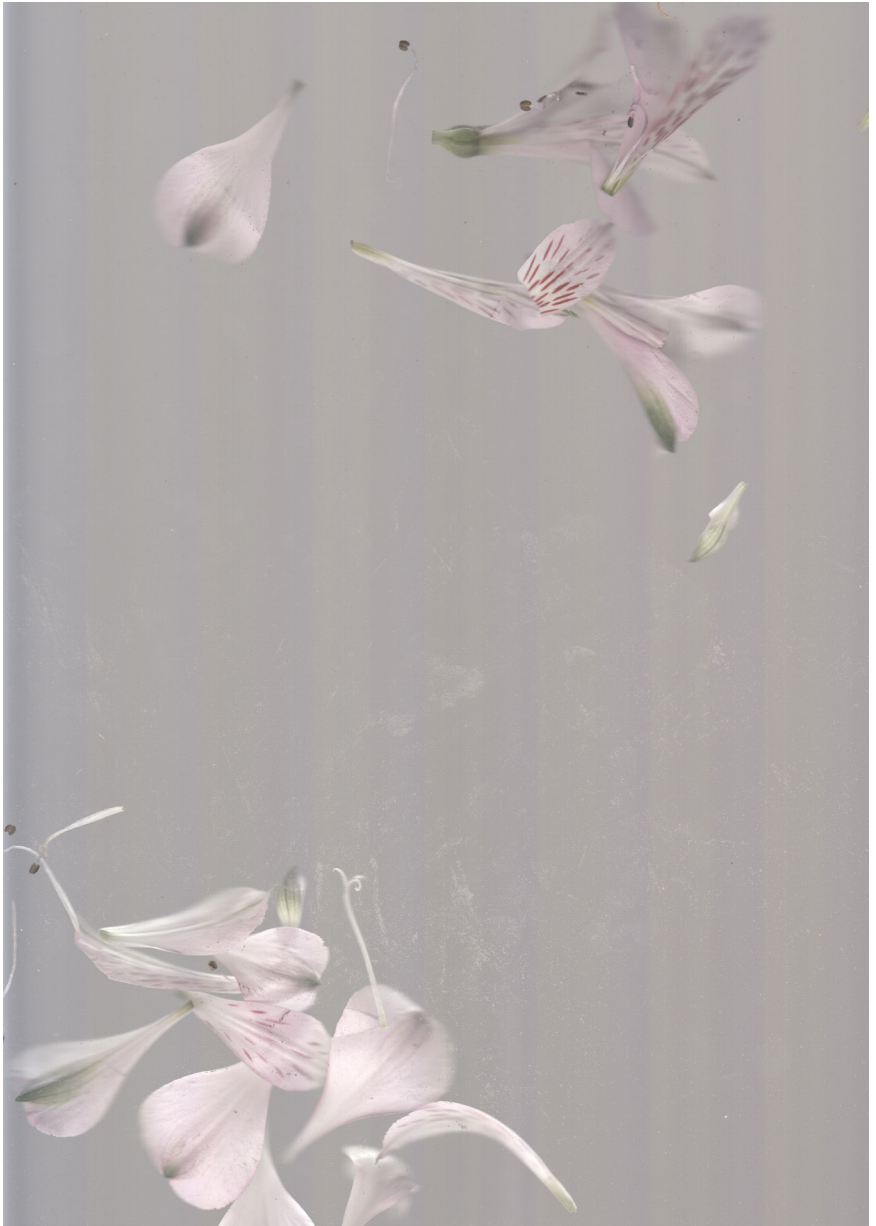




I am living simply the life of a plant  
and people must let me be as I am.



Similar springtime items flutter and flap



The wide-horned oxen of the Caucasus  
flooded with sunlight



soft down and a goldstar



throwing our flint into the cornfields



sparkling like a steel needle  
a low, little trill



The birds have fallen almost completely silent.

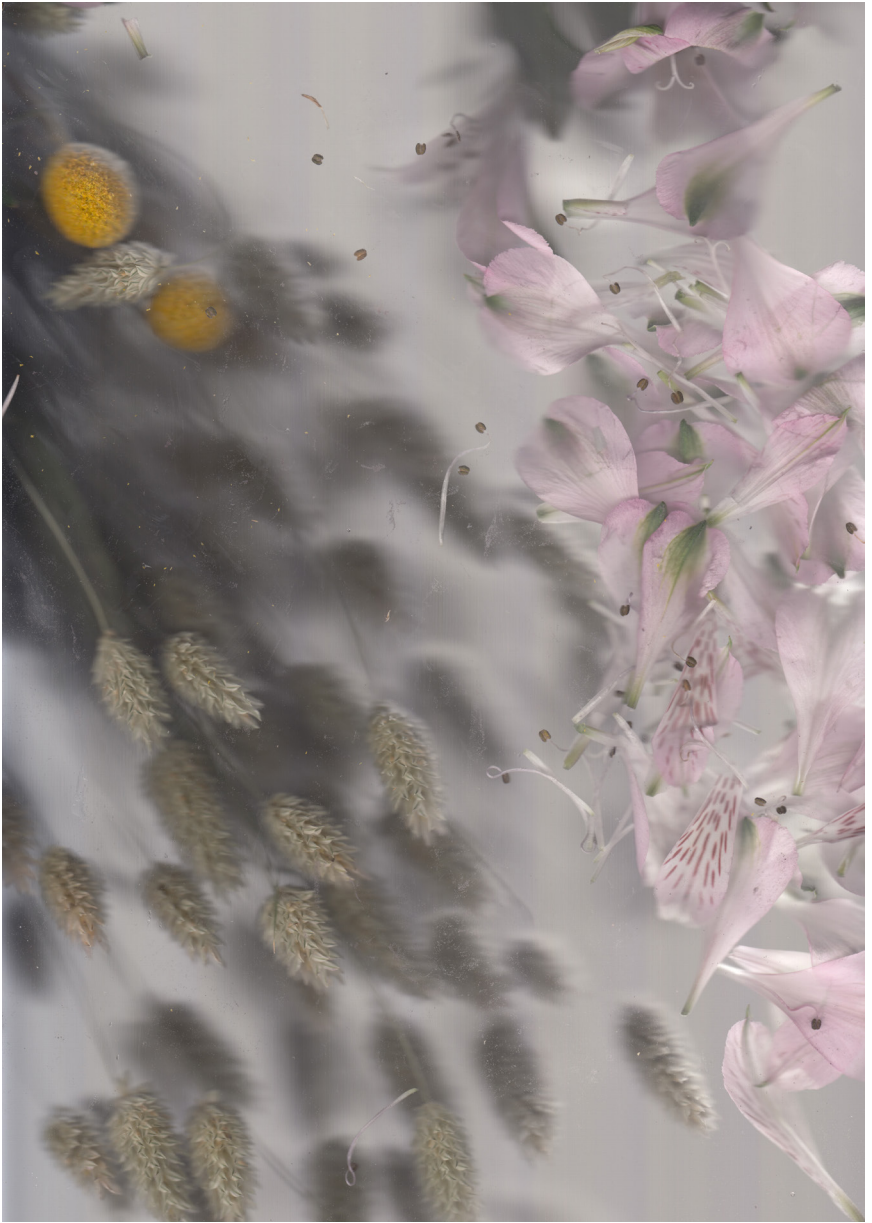


I went out into the garden again.





A row of ash trees, much lighter in colour, covered with yellow clusters of seedpods.



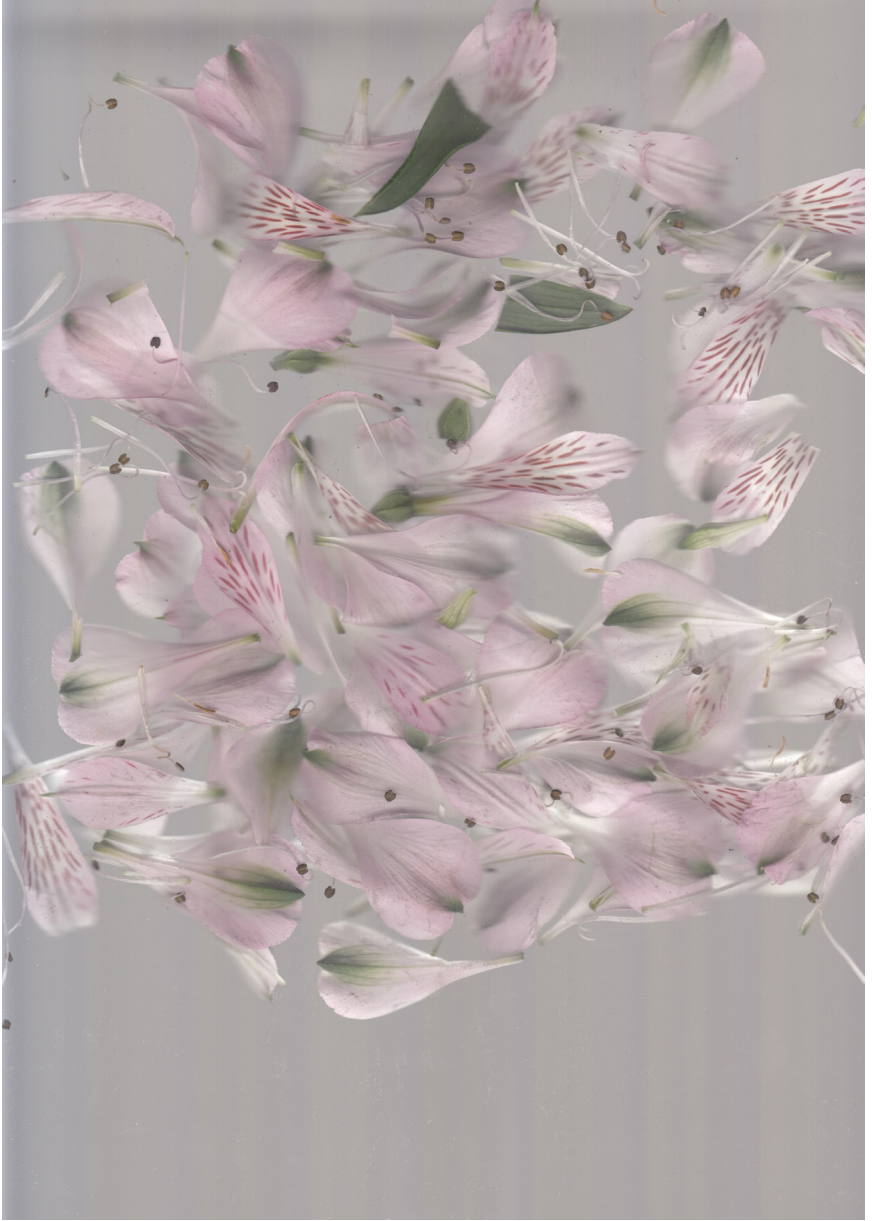
To let myself dissolve completely in that dew,  
and disappear.



an exact knowledge of every bush  
and every blade of grass



transforming the surface of the water  
into a vast enormous rose petal



So that the beauty of form  
becomes a positive irritant



The proper joyous feeling of spring

Choreography: Luke Roberts

Text: Rosa Luxemburg  
(translated by George Shriver)

November 17th 2019