

Anne Seagrave and Oscar McLennan

We watched:

Hapless fools dripping blood on sweat soaked sheets.
Punch drunk poets fighting fish.
A Simon Paker performing Herbert to Herbert.
Meaty metaphors mouthed against mirrors.
Headless chickens climbing the walls.
A Demon Bridge swinging,
Light unhinged and dripping from the ceiling.
Great expectations turning to dust.
Space in an old battered suitcase and sound in a never
ending tunnel.
A droplet of blood dripping from the nose of absurdity.
A deafening silence and neck hairs stiff to attention.
Pigs flying in the face of reason.
Time running in and running out.
The stage stealing off and into the shadows.