

NORA

A woman in the middle of life.

Everything is going well, everything is settled. She is doing well.

An impulse. A thought, a word, an encounter.

She senses something.

She fights it. She cannot resist. She falls headlong into a new dimension.

But she knows who she is.

She falls. Briefly.

A belief, an inner strength keeps her upright.

A voice.

Elegantly she balances and begins to play with risk.

She jumps, although she does not know if she will land and where?

She lands. She is caught. She is not alone.

The space transforms. She has to reorient herself.

She regains her footing.

But disoriented. She has become vulnerable.

She looks.

Into the depths.

In the process she is attacked.

It hurts.

She sees dark sides.

She remembers the voice. Trust. She doesn't fight it. She lets it happen.

She breaks down piece by piece and seeks her new order.

She seeks structure and clarity. She likes it. She dances.

She finds an inner voice. A dialogue partner.

She begins to play. She finds pleasure in it.

She realises that she will never be safe, that she will never know,
that she will always be searching and must welcome the play.

She feels at home again and the next impulse,

thought or encounter comes and it all starts again.