

This song begins before a note has even been played.

*I **recall** a feeling—that which I wish to embody as I begin the song.*

*I picture myself **murmuring** the opening words through **smiling lips**. There is a blooming around the sternum, like it is lifting, floating up.*

*I **breath in this feeling**, letting it change me.*

*I encouraging a **softening** of my body, relaxing the muscles of my face, legs, arms, letting the limbs become heavy.*

*My orientation in the space expands out from this personal bubble as my awareness **reaches out** to Genevieve.*

I listen, waiting to hear her breathe, or move in the stool, or lean on the pedal, or perhaps just the first resonances of the piano.

*I am breathing in that feeling again, but now thinking about the practical means of aligning my vocal entry with the piano quavers, so that Genevieve's right hand notes feel part of a phrase I am already singing. My "**ich bin so...**" is a continuation of this thought.*

*I breathe in through the embouchure of the first **I** vowel, lips rounded so that the resonance and dimensions of an **u** vowel shapes the series of vowels that mark out the paths to "**sanften**", in which the colour of Spring itself is manifested.*