

EXTRACT: CARA TOLMIE

You mean as a form of narration?

I am unsure. Perhaps not a narrator because that would imply some form of control.

Or prior knowledge. Or omnipotence.

Perhaps it would actually be spoken or half heard or whispered into an ear on decent headphones...

...we could even just imagine it being said?

Yes. So, these people line the walls. There is a certain tension, she thinks to herself, a tension unique to this situation. The voice is heard to say: *"Taking his time to stand. A dramatic romance soaks his old bones and continues to lift him with an air of fancy in defiance of his real weight. Entry: Arrhythmic rise. Arbitrary drama thrown at his compatriots. The feeling of a cape."*

I love 'the feeling of a cape'...

"... Suspenseful walk. Arrival: Centre stage. Jesus filled with darling. Indecorous. Textured like naturally occurring carbonation. True to the tradition of a starched button. I very much enjoy his lack of self-awareness. I am grateful for his entertainment."
I am not sure about the space itself except that tension feels transferred to it, even after the event has moved on.

Describe the tension.

Like that thing bears do when they have been in captivity too long...

The way they sway?

I think there is a very particular tension in that movement ...