

Stages

Taylor Bir

The Story

- Everyone grieves in their own way.
- Sometimes it takes longer to accept that a loved one is no longer with us.

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am in a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
I am in the morning hush,
I am in the graceful rush
Of beautiful birds in circling flight,
I am the starshine of the night.
I am in the flowers that bloom,
I am in a quiet room.
I am in the birds that sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there. I do not die.

- Mary Elizabeth Frye

Cornfield with Crows
Vincent Van Gough



Devices

- Acceleration/Deceleration
- Repetition

Choreographic Forms

- Cannon & Round
- Theme & Variation