

The Kingdom Choreography

Song by Jesca Hoop

0:00-0:15	R hand wave up, L hand wave up, both down	
0:16	Walk Belly rolls and flutters 4 maya, bodywave up undulation R hand finger waves finger waves/curls/figure-eights Finish in diagonal line posture; L arm up, R arm out	All of the falling on the ground holder in ground, I lay down a shrine and I come with the autumn to tear it down orange and brown and I lay a soft down for all the waiting old and thine brethren bathing bones and brine separate your light from mine, multiply
0:54	Snake arms with light backbend	(vocalizing)
1:02	Quick bodywave up with arms Body drop-up Chest up-down, R hip drop R hip lift-drop Chest up-down, R hip drop R hip lift-drop Chest up-down, R hip drop R hip lift-drop 4 belly rolls and flutters 4 Undulations (w/ belly roll)	Under the spell of full November moon light on the broom frost in my room in through a window came a ghost I knew oh she paid me a visit while I was in my bed sleepy, she said, "sleep as though dead for in the morning you are called" is what she said
1:30	Upper body drop sweep in front CC 2 mayas (level; down), undulation (level; up) CC horizontal chest circle, 2 mayas, undulation (levels)	To the high desert all is raging you must go to the battlefield

	Upper body drop sweep in front C, 2 mayas, undulation C horizontal chest circle, 2 mayas, undulation Hip shimmy	and follow the cry of men rampaging and gather the ones that won't heal
1:51	8 layered hip slides (int: add chest lift-drop before “many”) 4 chest slides (keep hip shimmy) CC vertical chest circle, 2 mayas, 4 CC umies 4 C umies 4 head slides, head circle	Down through a cloud of smoke to the promised land many are dead river runs red for my god and for my king is what he said Oh I came down to my knees with my lips to his ear my hand to his chest his wounded breast for my god and for my king I will not rest
2:19	Repeat 1:30	But in the high desert you are dying for your god and his ghost and the son do not hold to the earth on which you are lying for the kingdom can never be won
2:41	Repeat 0:16	All of the falling on the ground holder in ground, I lay down a shrine and I come with the autumn to tear it down orange and brown and I lay a soft down for all the waiting old and thine brethren bathing bones and brine separate your light from mine let go of the earth