

**Threshold
Script
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In the body
where everything has a price
I was a beggar.

On my knees
I watched not the boy in the market
but the rain falling through him.

He was singing.
His voice filled me.
Even my name
knelt down inside me
asking to be spared.

He was singing
in the body
where everything has a price

I was alive.
I didn't know
there was another reason.

I didn't know the cost
of entering a song
was to lose your way back.

So I entered.
So I lost.
I lost it all
with my only eyes
wide open.