In the Marge Piercy poem below, she asks us to imagine what it would be like to collectively engage in transforming our world.

1. Read poem aloud once, listening carefully (everyone should have a copy)
2. Choose a line of phrase that you like and create a movement that seems to go with the line.
3. Facilitator rereads poem. As your line is read, join the sculpture with your movement and connect yours to total sculpture. As you are moved, join others.
4. You many want to engeage in rhythm that accompanies the poem by clapping or beat-boxing

**Beatboxing (also beatbox, beat box or b-box)** is a form of vocal percussion primarily involving the art of producing drum beats, rhythm, and musical sounds using one’s mouth, lips, tongue, and voice. It may also involve singing, vocal imitation of turntablism, and the simulation of horns, strings, and other musical instruments.

This is one poem that works for the process; but you can choose your own

**The Low Road**

What can they do to you?
Whatever they want..

They can set you up, bust you,
they can break your fingers,
burn your brain with electricity,
blur you with drugs till you
can’t walk, can’t remember.
they can take away your children,
wall up your lover;
they can do anything you can’t stop them doing.

How can you stop them?
Alone you can fight, you can refuse.
You can take whatever revenge you can
But they roll right over you.
But two people fighting back to back
can cut through a mob
a snake-dancing fire
can break a cordon,
termites can bring down a mansion
Two people can keep each other sane
  can give support, conviction,
  love, massage, hope, sex.

Three people are a delegation
  a cell, a wedge.
With four you can play games
  and start a collective.
With six you can rent a whole house
  have pie for dinner with no seconds
  and make your own music.

Thirteen makes a circle,
a hundred fill a hall.
A thousand have solidarity
  and your own newsletter;
ten thousand community
  and your own papers;
a hundred thousand,
a network of communities;
a million our own world.

It goes one at a time.
It starts when you care to act.
It starts when you do it again
  after they say no.
It starts when you say we
  and know who you mean;
  and each day you mean
  one more.
Marge Piercy