'Within My Own Bones' is a sound work created by choreographer and dance artist Shyne Phiri. Standing in a room of his home, the tensions of his body and the immediate surroundings are tempered by an awareness of rising sensations. Shyne's words and movements gradually become a paean to freedom – advancing out of the self into various incarnations of nature, as he tunes into his body and searches for a place to rest.

The audio track and sound score were composed and created by Hannah Miller, singer, and multi-instrumentalist of the art-rock band Moulettes. 'Within My Own Bones' is meditative and grounded, it transitions through the personal, the domestic – featuring environmental sounds from Shyne's own home, to the listener as Shyne addresses them, to an expansive bird's eye view and back to the personal.

The work gave Hannah an impression of a rope – so a strong through line featuring layered cello harmonics creeps in under Shyne's spoken words. Four different cello lines create a smooth glassy texture, that interacts with plucked and bowed cello melodies and the collected sounds from Shyne's world.

Within My Own Bones

[Silence]

Here I am.

I'm standing.

[Cello line begins]

Standing in the middle of the room,
all alone, with the door closed

[A door clunks close]

My long hands hanging at the sides.

Hanging loosely from my shoulders,
with the right-hand fingers curled and quite still.

On the other hand, my fingers open and relaxed

My head is looking straight up towards the window.

[Harmonious higher notes glide in to catch our attention,
taking our imagination up to the window]

I hear different voices

Voices calling

Calling in different tones

[Shyne's home: young children talking,
a dog collar rattles, noises of the road]

My desperate dog
who wants to join me in the same room.

A bit disturbing noises of building work
going on at my neighbours'.

The busy road buzzing
outside my house.

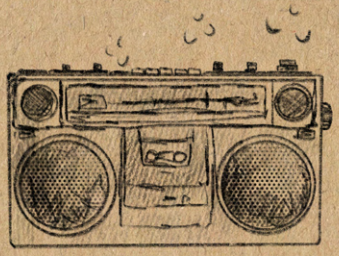
[The distant sound of Dub
(Reggae without the vocals)
floats in, as if playing through
an echoey old radio]

I hear the music.

[A lulling vocal blends with the radio,
interacting though separate]

It's like a voice.

A voice that's making undeniable
connection with my soul.



I can feel my body sinking.

[The radio fades. The vocal blends with the cello]

Tension is building at the top part of my thighs.

I feel some tingling in my toes
and tension in my wrist.

Though I'm particularly getting drawn to the more pronounced tension.

[An uneasy harmony shifts the peace]

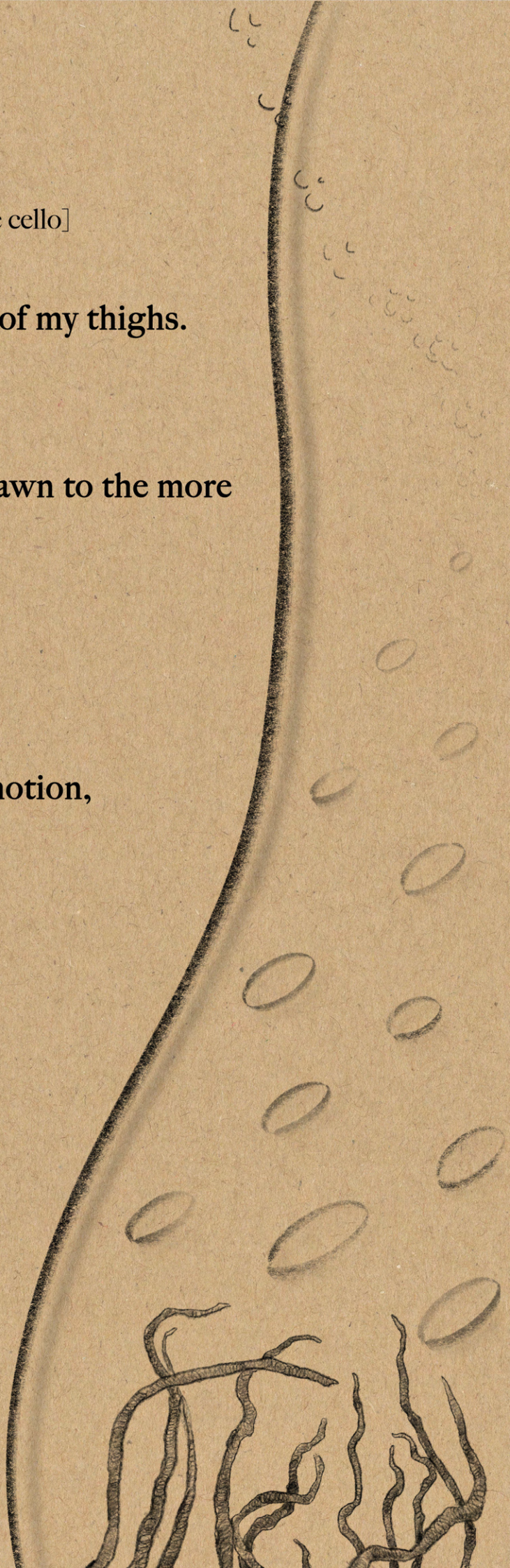
The tension occurring in my hip
which is making me move.
It's making me move in a circular motion,
in an attempt to release it.

[Rhythmic cello notes,
echoing with revolving motion]

But it seems to get the
grips of my mind

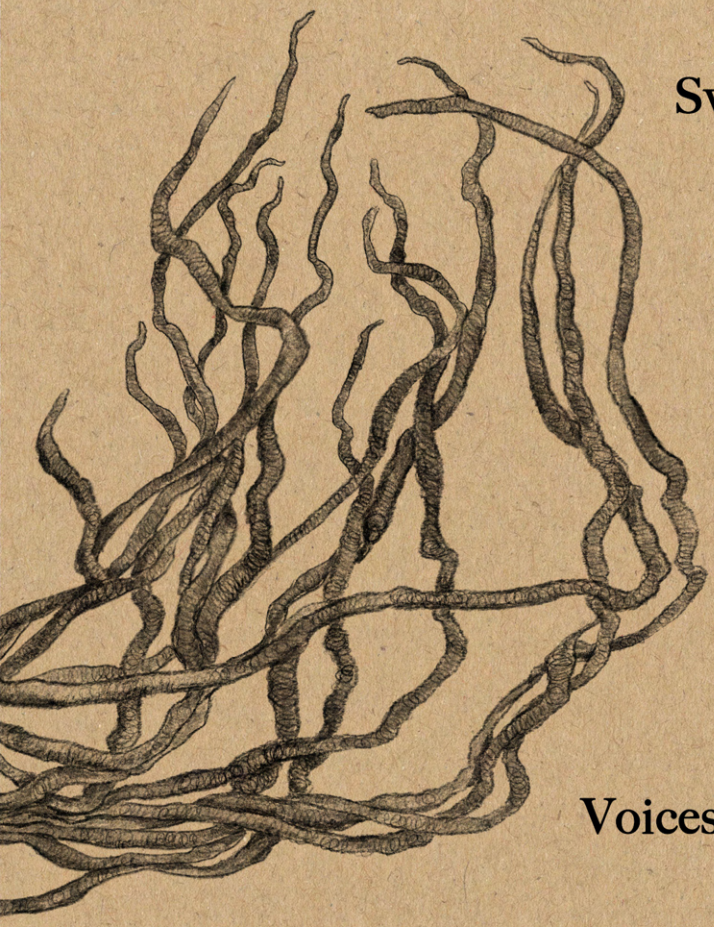
Whilst I dwell on it,
I've discovered the need

[Long bowed strokes seesaw with soft plucked notes. As Shyne moves from the body in the domestic environment to somewhere more... cerebral, the music responds with deepening rich low cello notes and fuller chords]



The need to concentrate deeply into
the source of the roots,

and in that same instant it's causing my
long tendrils of black dreads to swing...



Swing and wrap freely
like a sea anemone

[A slightly off kilter scale up and down,
effected with a reverse reverb that blurs
the sound like slow motion]

[Children squeal and babble
in a room down the hall]

I hear some voices

Voices calling

Calling in different tones

[At the return of these words,
the sung harmony vocals are fuller
than the first time. Shyne's domestic
atmosphere comes back into the soundscape]

My desperate dog.
Building work.
The busy road.
The busy road outside my house.
Buzzing

[Discordant hoots of car horns blend
with the vocals and cello]

I feel the tension.

[The cello begins a plucked bassline; voices sing melodic hooks]

Tension in my right-side thigh
spreading down to my toes,
making them curl with a tingling feeling.

[Traffic buzzes.
The voice quickly tingles with quick short lilting breaths]

As I start to move
It's gradually moving up my spine like a string.

Into my shoulder, through my arm to my right-hand fingers and again, making them clinch.

Though my sparkly eyes and my black beard speckled with grey still catches the light.

[A sliding glistening cello harmonic cuts across like a flash of light, followed by a synthesised sound like a sparkly gem]

As I keep moving, *I feel...*

[The voice sings 'I feel' with Shyne, faltering yet sudden, focus drawing us to the sensation]

As I keep moving, I feel quite balanced in my centre and the surface under my feet like an *awakening* to a brand-new sensation

[Awakening is sung, the first letter 'a' draws out]

I have found a steady base rooted down through the feet and can move from one spot.

I feel the fizzles all through my body

[The fizzle echoes, percussive fffff and shh sounds sizzle, panning from left to right]

An outstanding heaviness in my thighs
The highlighted stretch in my right leg heel
with the outreaching tips of my left-hand fingers

[Long notes layer and glow with the cello – warmth building]

softened backs of the knees
and the tips of my left foot toes touching the floor.

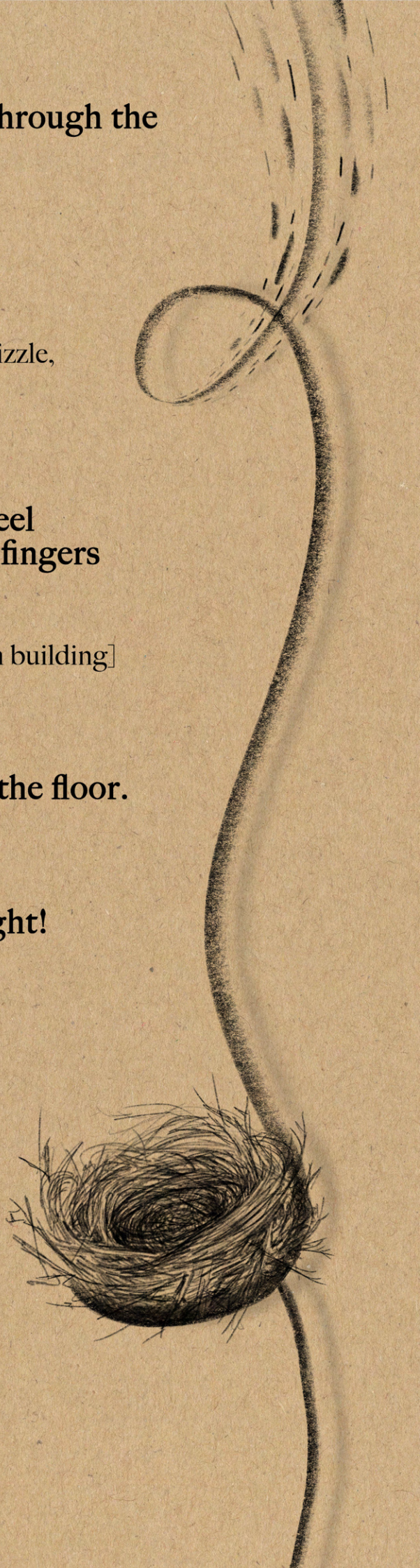
Some tension in both thighs
but quite grounded at the same time,
hence my sparkly eyes can still give the light!

[A pensive gliding cello frill]

Tuning into yourself
and the space around you.

[The music thins, the glassy cello thread remains]

Let your awareness guide,
and let the sensation rise up,
and rest within you like a nesting bird.



Leave space again and again, to be able to
notice a new source of energy and that what
draws your attention
Then gradually let your attention drift away
like a dark cloud leaving the sky a clear blue,
to go and formulate somewhere else
across the wider atmosphere

[A synth sparkles – high notes, like a bird song]

Whatever you find yourself
tuning into,
let it be the source of inspiration
and move towards it.

Lean into it, like your supporting
pillar from all your instabilities.

[Low synth notes pulse, round and warm]

Let the sensation become familiar,
like a blanket, wrapping around you and
giving you warmth from a cold winter night.

[The cello fades and the synth remains]

Gradually allow your body to begin
to indulge the sensation, with the movement
that comes naturally in the order of a chain link.

Let your interest take a corner and discover something else
from a completely unique source.

[The sound disappears,
Shyne's voice alone for the first time since the start]

Reaching out and softening.

I can feel taught muscles from connected straight lines,
that passes through my centre,
to all my extremities and beyond.
Whilst the hard edges
creates beautiful shapes and curves around my axis.

I feel a bit lighter as I make shapes,
more freedom moving through my imaginary space,
pushing the air around me.

Whilst noticing a breathing pattern
that is much more in sync
with the movement I'm making.

It feels less laboured and far-fetched,
like the trees and leaves dancing effortlessly
to the tune of the wind.

[A faint ghostly whistling creeps in – a breath in reverse]

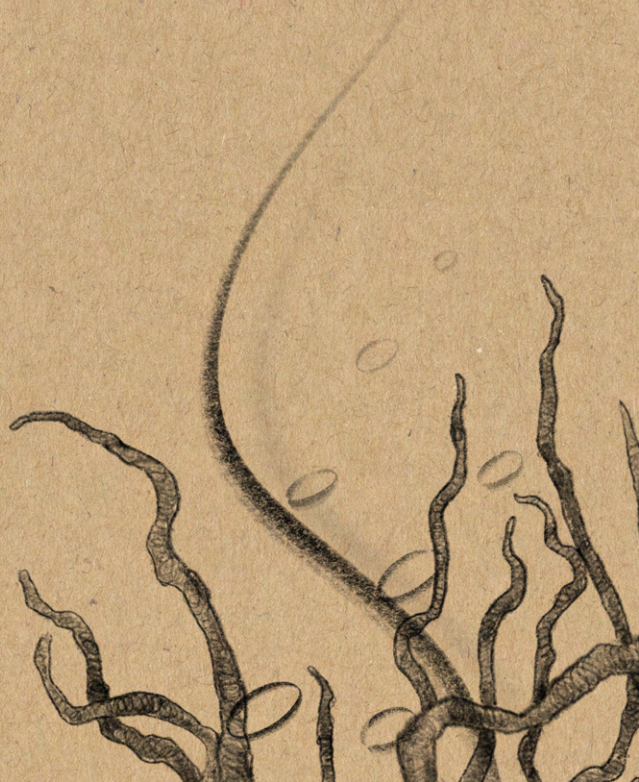
Tuning in and out of myself and the surroundings.

I am trying to find a place to rest
within my own bones.

Bit by bit, stacking up my long spine
to balance my head with the
long drooping dreadlocks.

My long limbs moving
like a sea animal
begin to unfurl
as far out as they can reach.

[Waving tendrils of oscillating cello begin,
recalling earlier harmonies.
Birdsong sweetening the air.]



In order to catch the wind,
like the wings of an enormous bird.
So I may take off gracefully into the vast space.

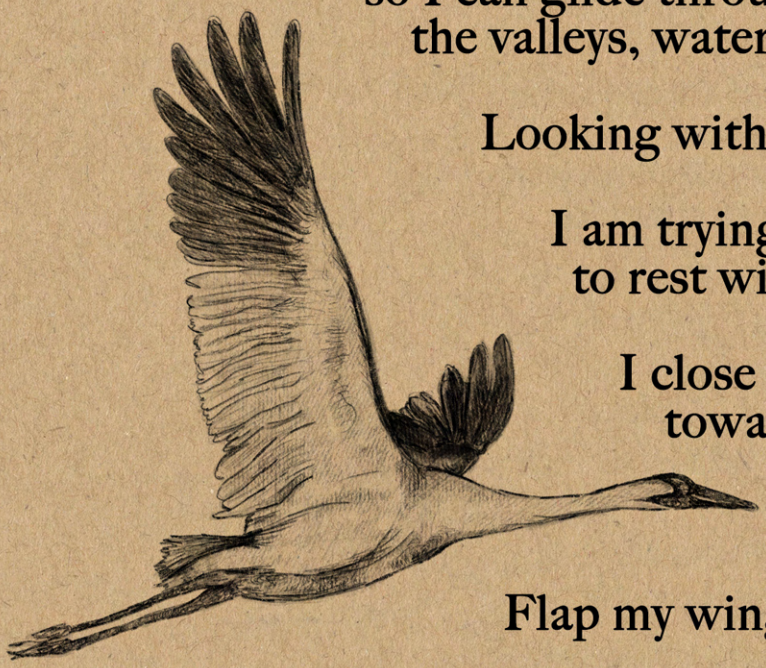
[A synthesised wash of soft static sound crescendos, evoking a sense of expansive space and a perspective from up on high]

Under my feet the floor disappears as I shoot straight up into the skies
I open my enormous wings to catch more wind
so I can glide through the air, over the hills,
the valleys, waterfalls, seas and the oceans.

Looking within and far over.

I am trying to find a place
to rest within my own bones.

I close my wings and swoop down
towards the tall dancing trees.



Flap my wings

Flap my enormous wings to catch some wind so I can get the suitable height, to enable my eyes.
Enabling my eyes to see the place clearly

[Reverberating, swirling,
the cello slowly plays a revolving melody,
echoed by a sense of enormous space,
and peppered by birdsong]

The place I could rest
like a nesting bird.
A bird surrounded
by the soothing sounds.
The sound created
by the wind and the
leaves from a gentle breeze.

Tuning into myself and the surroundings

I have found a place.

A very strong tree.

A very strong and tall tree.

A tree with the soothing sounds

The sounds created by the wind and the leaves from a gentle breeze.

To make me breathe, and cleans my soul,
so I can rest within my own bones.

[Soft harmony vocals again the birdsong and a twinkly high synth]

[We are left with the same soft cello thread, slowly it fades away]