

Hanna Tuulikki

The Bird That Never Flew
(visual score)

2024

Two-colour screen print
on somerset satin white

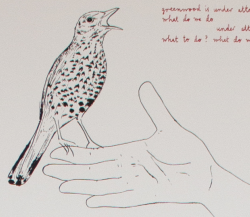
76 cm x 112 cm

Edition of 18
plus 2 artist proofs

here is the bird sings in the storm
calling alarm

hear the storm whether rain
or hail is too strong now
forecasting our journey
from stay her withered branch
in some last language
warning that how to stand
a call to come

in your hands



government is under attack
what do we do
under attack?
what to do? what do we do?
stand up fight back

rise up rise up rise up rise up



here is the bird hails in the word
raising alarm

hear the drum
in the zone

resist
our decline

in your hands

here are the birds of the dawn
warning alarm

hear the song-stress now
not the bird itself against them
but for the words from which it comes



our your our your our your

silence

hear the speaker's nearly silent
within the fallen leaves that float
from veins of our naked throats



death

hear this songster on the wing
speak of the dawned song
in his call to mean wings

in your hands



I am the bird that never flew
felling awake

in your hands

the presence of life giving breath
brought forth from my mouth
now demands our tender understanding
my intellectual will
is no response for what she
but in tender light shining
ascending from my bleeding breast
my words against love song
call a note a note about



hear green glass
we cannot flourish
on a dead planet

in your hands

here is the bird of garden green
warning alarm

hear the green
flashed air even
now parasite
in soul and body
in tree and sky
no parasite



I am the bird that never flew
sitting awake

in our urbanized imagination
revealed between heaven and earth

I am the one that never flew
calling between heaven and bird
you are the one attending
how this will against and save
they are the ones listening
rising with resistance and fear
remember their warning-
demanding with anger and love
pay heed to their warning-
a quiet between garden and hope

in your hands



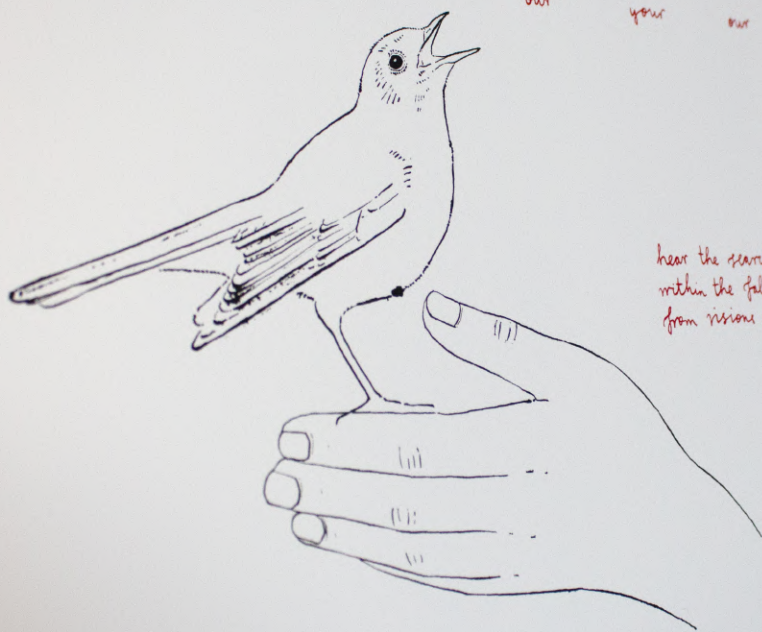
in your hands



I am the bird that never flew
calling awake

in our arboreal imagining
revealed between heaven and earth
I am the one that never
calling between

hear the song-stress mown
not for her heart against a thorn
but for the roots from which she's torn



our your our your our your

silence

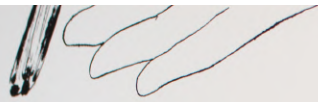
hear the searcher's pearly noise
within the fallen heart that floats
from visions of our muted throats



dear green place
we cannot flourish
on a dead planet



from step by step
in your hand
in your hand
in your hand



here is the bird hole in the
raising alarm

rise up rise up rise up rise up rise up



hear the down
in the pine

resist
our decline

here on the bird from the door
rising alarm

here the song-singer means
not for her heart against a storm
but for the world from which she is born



our
your
our



I am the bird that never flew
falling awake

in your hands

swiftness of life-giving breath
my mouth



here is the bird of garden you
founding alarm

hear the green
feathered or even
red parrot

in soul and soul
in tree and sky
no garden

our your our your

silence

death

hear this so
spiral up th
in his call an

hear the searcher's pearly notes
within the fallen tears that float
from visions of our muted throats

dear green place
we cannot flourish
on a dead planet

in yo

kings in the storm

in the sombre weather rose
the in her thorny row
awaiting our presence

on atop her withered bower
given lost languages
preferring this how to stand

call to come

in your hands

rise up rise up rise up

greenwood is under attack
what do we do

under attack?

what to do? what do we do?

stand up fight back

here is the bird hole in the wood
raising alarm

hear the drum
in the pine

resist
our decline





dear green place
we cannot flourish
on a dead planet

I am the bird that never flows
calling awake

in our arboreal imagination
revealed between heaven and earth

I am the one that never flows
calling between human and bird

you are the ones attending
hear this with openness and care

they are the ones learning
rising with resistance and flow

remember their meaning -
with anger and love

here is the bird of garden green
founding alarm

hear the green
feathered air given
raid parasite

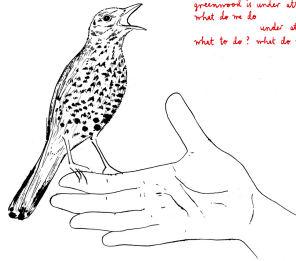
soil

hands

here is the bird sings in the storm
calling alarm

hear the sombre weather vane
rattle in her stormy roar
forecasting our precarious
from atop her withered bower
in some dark language
verifying the hour to stand
a call to arms

in your hands



greenwood is under attack
what do we do under attack?
what to do? what do we do?
stand up fight back

rise up rise up rise up rise up rise up

here is the bird built in the wood
raising alarm

hear the drum
in the gins

resist
our decline

in your hands



here are the birds flown from the sun
warning alarm

hear the song-stress morn
not for her heart against a thorn
but for the words from what she's torn

our your our your our your

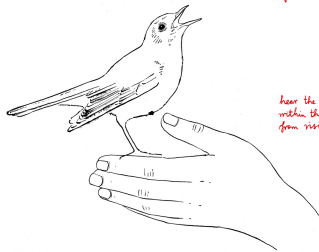
silence

hear the scarlet's queerly notes
within the fallen heart that float
from visions of our muted throats

death

hear the songster on the wings
apart of their downward wings
in his call on down wings

in your hands



dear green place
we cannot flourish
on a dead planet



I am the bird that never flew
felling smoke

in your hands

the greenness of life-giving breath
brought forth from my mouth
now demands our tender understanding

my melancholy aria
is no requiem for relief here
but an amber light shining
cascading from my bleeding breast
my scarlet skyrim love song
calls a wake a red alert

here is the bird of garden green
sounding alarm

hear the green
feathered air even
raid garrits
in soul and soil
in trees and sky
no paradise

in your hands



I am the bird that never flew
calling smoke

in our airborne imaginings
revealed between heaven and earth

I am the one that never flew
calling between heaven and bird

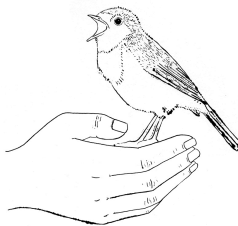
you are the ones attending
hear this with openness and care

they are the ones alarming
rising with resistance and fear

remember their warning -
dominating with anger and rage

gay head to their warning -
a gale between portent and hope

in your hands



Hanna Tuulikki's new visual score print edition was made to accompany *The Bird That Never Flew*, a performance that premiered at Glasgow Cathedral in 2023, featuring a song cycle for three voices, field recordings, bowed psaltery and electronics, punctuated with gestural choreography.

Responding to the city's roots in ornithological entanglements, particularly the story of St Mungo's robin, the score brings together sacred lament and political protest to raise the alarm for critically endangered woodland birds. This animal fable for tomorrow translates the alarm calls of birds into protest chants, weaving what the robin knows of the Mistle thrush, Capercaillie, Nightingale, Wood warbler, Tree pipit and Greenfinch, who one by one, sound their alarm.

The visual score, realised as a black and red screen print, combines lyrics from the song-cycle alongside drawings of the hand gestures and birds featured within the text. Each print is signed, dated and numbered.

For more information on the performance visit: https://www.hannatuulikki.org/wp-content/uploads/2023/10/Hanna_Tuulikki_TBTNF_portfolio_2023.pdf