

The Way We Dance

As if there is something animal in us,
A statement of power, a tiger on the prowl
Longing for sustenance, the thick green
Adamant forest ahead. A question of
Both domination and then surrender
As if our feet were on fire, the burning
Sensation of our lives, our pasts and
Our regrets, shaking off and off
Until we finally set ourselves free
Breaking away from everything
That ever held us back.

With no beginning, we stray away
From the cycles, as if this night is just the start
As if the exclamation in ourselves
Can break off every false exaltation
The world has ever had about us
As if these songs have lifted us
Into a new being—one that has no end—
As if we have finally *become*, a-new
Imagination. A new thought.
A new dance. Of everything
We had always hoped for.