

O Dancer, My Dancer  
*For S.*

Our fragile bodies sway  
pendula powering clocks  
that mark milestones  
on our humble journeys

her heart stopped beating  
little engine that powered grand dance  
slowed then ceased—quiet and negative space  
as entropy seeped in through cracked seals

left to contemplate the loss of loved ones  
we learn of deeper quiet  
and follow them low  
tunneling through the center of the earth

this time the sun  
chooses not to follow  
one by one, threads of voice  
knotted in our consciousness loosen

nothing, but that which we truly are  
can follow us this deep  
here and now  
we who have lost everything embrace ourselves

through this fast  
the hunger of life lives  
feeling flickers  
at the endings of numbed nerves

life rekindles around sparks of breath  
because that is how life works  
stray sounds funnel  
into a roar of consuming flame

your dance lives in me oh dancer  
your smile moves in mine  
together we talk for hours  
of the place where dance, poetry, and music merge