The Dancer
(A prose-poem by Cristin Williams)

She dances, and the world moves. She sees the world clearly, though Her eyes are unopened. She doesn't hear the Song, She has become Song, giving voice to Creation and Destruction with Her silent movements. Here, under the full moon, no one watches, none can see.

In this clearing, on this night, pale skin radiates light that transforms the world to beauty. Ebony hair cascades in waves that teach the ocean to move. Life, death, laughter, sobs, daydreams, and nightmares; all are born in the sway of hips and the raising of arms. Here, where the Song is loudest, no one listens, none can hear.

Alone, but never lonely, the vibrations move into Her, through Her, and from Her. Her fingers stroke the air and Music springs forth. A note gives flight to the feathered, a chord strikes and mountains tremble. She sways. She spins. She touches every heart. Here, in this forest, She reaches out, yet no one touches Her, none can hold Her.

Then, Silence. She stops and the world pauses. Her Dance is done, for this night. She falls, weary, to the ground. The Dancer breathes, and the world resumes. Eyes open and limits return. All that She is, She has given. All that can be, She has made possible. The world, cleansed, rejoices. Here, in this moment, all can feel Her, all can Join.