

I learned this moment [that]

1.
there is a song inside the sun;
whenever i dream of the sun, it's this song
inside the sun
that i pull under covers with me

circles mark circumferences
but each also claims just one center;
infinite points
on any arc
but only one center apiece

in my dream, my body finds a center
and i can rise if my dream remains strong;
the song inside the sun
moves me but does not repeat

and it carries my body along

2.
when
I wake
I will need
to rise and turn
to reestablish
my portion of the place
that I hold within this world.

While I do this, it may seem
as though I'm behind glass,
the world passing by,
cars and people
untroubled
by my
dance.

Glass
can be
no witness,
but past the glass,
past the cars, and park,
past the people, who walk
without song, without rhythm,

is what my dance has sought: the
sun, and the song inside,
always in my dreams,
now in motion
together:
a world,
us.

3.
the song is not a song, but an invitation: an activation.
Sound is air in movement, and movement is change
that creates time – the turn of a watchspring, the scrape
of hands, passing shadows. What I thought was the song
I came to know instead more circularly, though perfectly,
as a dance, from the song escaping both the sun and my
dreams – a hummingbird embroidering the air looking for
sugar. No, the dance was a willow, anchored at its roots,
but with loose ropes of leaves in a *port de bras* flouncing
my hair. Listen:

the sun held a song and the song made me dance and
the dance called out my great unshielding. Fully awake,
I danced through the melody; together we tumbled the
walls of my limitations like a new Jericho. No matter
which way I turned, there was light. No matter where I
stepped, the ground was there to hold me and all my
shadows. Have you ever heard a call or turned a dance or
leaned into learning a rhythm like this before? This day
was grace – because it was a day that the sun gave
something more and my gratitude became my motion.

At the end of the day, when I slow my movements, when
I return everything I borrowed to renew myself, release it
like the smell of oranges into a deep room, back to its bed
within the tired sun, someone – tomorrow – can recover
a part of this felt grace, can make new what music never
aged, and place their own feet onto a freshly-curved Earth,
the circumference where dance can, and does, happen.