

In the Circles of the Dance 07-11-06

By Mary King

I stuck my head out (of the box)
Can't get it back in
My body waits
While truth tugs at my ears
And gouges at my eyes

I stuck my head in (the real world)
Can't get it back out
My body waits
While truth drifts about my nostrils
And pours down my throat

Thus, head and body race
One east, the other west
To perform their private dances
Alone
For one cannot accept the
Other's invitation

Thus, if together they stand
And divided they fall
Shall there be two funerals?
Nay, for each is worthy of life
And each will embrace the other
In the circles of the dance

They are inseparable
And never truly
Alone
And the dance?
Well, the dance is inescapable