

Cosmic Dance

No one Here leads the Cosmic Dance.
its twists and turns inclusively surprise,
as does the open flower to opening eyes,
as does the hidden who takes the chance.

The Hand that guides is not one's own,
but stirs this starry world of glowing dust
with secret forces made secret as Trust,
and harmony is holding on as letting go.

Outside the self, that hypnotic pinwheel,
the true wind blows for all things to fly.
Feet leave the Earth when they don't try,
and what makes sense will first make feel.

The crowded hall with nervous guests,
awaiting courage whose origin blushes,
mount the floor in fitful flustered rushes
and coldly swing their arms as at pests.

The limbs are the pest; it lives within.
It slips throughout the heart and brain,
takes on the role insurmountable pain,
protected like sacred waters under skin.