

Moon Dance

How much easier a concept
could there be? – raise arms, palms facing in
as though cradling that pearl ball, and move
in some way the body itself recites;
shadows and light against bushes and trees
tangling, but in chaos, finding order. This is all
for the body: recovering its own sense in ritual dance
for those moments it moves, shadowing
everything basal, evolving through night to
rebalance as well, a counterweight to luna:
precise, unpredictable as waves breaking. Why then can't
I will my hands past my ears? Why is it my impulse
always to hook a boot toe under a thick root,
sway gently sitting, and think it no fault of mine
if hands don't rise up in instinct, or body stays bound
to rich dirt? There are harsher things to know than
even easy concepts wedge the body away from,
and not closer or more clearly toward anything.

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