Dance of Joy

my strings are your strings

my limbs are your limbs

do with me as you will

raise my hands high

spin me round twice

lower me to my knees

and raise me up again

i am yours

for this, the greatest of days

rejoice! what else can we do?

we will circle the fire

careful of our wooden feet

i will bump salaciously

against the women in front of me

i need no breath

no food to sustain me

for my movements are yours

tilt my head back

let me look at the stars

drop me face down

and let me smell the grass

as the sound of the drum wanes in my ears

join me with flame

and let me spread my gifts