

The Wisdom of the Pines

I wandered,
Alone
In silence
Silence, all around.

The night air
Warm
Inviting

I last saw you ...
Perhaps I never saw you
My own image
Reflected in your eyes

Where you there
When I said goodbye?
Or was I alone.

Always alone
A solitary soul
Left on my own
To learn

Through sorrow
Joy
Pain

That all spirits are one.
To forever live again.

THE OLD TREES

The Old Trees of the forest
stand tall and stately,
their crested canopy
provide shelter, shade
for the young ones,
saplings,
which rise from the forest floor.

One day, they will fall,
these, the old ones.
Their fate to make room for those still to come,
who now need to find their own way,
their place,
in God's space,
in the leafy roof of the world.

And the fallen?
Yes, their lives, too, go on,
as seedbed, soil,
the broken repositories
of ancient lore
the nutrients in which the next generation
is born.

Lament, yes, their passing.
They were once grand.
But understand, too,
it is this sacred cycle which shapes our souls,
a collective memory
of who,
and what,
and from whence we came ...

I am happy ... no, blessed,
to be one of the Old Trees.

THE DANCER

Let's be honest - You scare the shit out of me.
Why?

First, you're good. Very good. And strong. Lean. Supple.
You can slowly rise – on one leg - without a quiver or shake,
That only the most fit of us could do with the help of a crane,
And a physical therapist at the ready, to help relieve the pain ...

And I don't speak dance.
I don't know how to say, try this, Or that,
Be an eagle, Or a hawk - Now, an owl in a tree
In a gentle rain, now in a breeze ...

And it's not for lack of vision; rather, a lack of words
To express what my mind sees,
And to know if what it sees is beauty or beast
or just a squooshy loaf of white bread,
as blah as any store-bought bread can be.

And there's religion ... You're religious. I'm not.
And while it shouldn't matter, I wonder what you will think
If – or when – I blurt out - “Aw, that's amazing ... You're so hot ... “
And I wouldn't mean anything untoward ...
But .. would that be - ok whether sensible - sensitive - religion or not.

The bottom line ...
I want this to be good for you. For you to be
challenged – REWARDED - artistically for all you've done.
I want you to walk away feeling, “I'd like to do that again.
The picture, the process, the pose – it felt good to me.”

I know what I'll get out of it.
I learn by doing. And I love dance.
How dancers can articulate story in ways words simply cannot express.

So, I'll learn from you, yes ... I get that.
But what scares me so is this ... what will you learn from me?
And if the answer is “nothing”, I will have failed.
And I don't want to go down in your diary ...
as a waste of your time and talent.

That scares the shit out of me.