



Anything; everything



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How can this be danced?

**This is the question you unfold for us,
one bleak December, in a tired church hall.**

The answer is precise.

**You make it look so easy
as we watch the startling mountains in
you;
track your seven stars.**

We see your sky; your shimmering lake.

**You paint us misty mornings
as we watch the wild geese fly;
See white cranes spread their wings.**

Water flows between your hands like silk.

**From all four corners you are
smoothly gathering in and
at the centre you are absolute.**

**You tell a story with each step
and it's your life -**

It's all our lives.

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