

Intersection

grey sky, gritty streets
a person asleep
on the pavement
pedestrians rush against traffic
horns holler, drivers swerve
there's a sign on peeling paint

and a door
opening

look inside with me

here
dancers absorb the world through skin
mix it with peculiar experiences
carried within
funnel it through moving spines and limbs
effort unfastens them

a sweeping foot pulls a whole person
through air
new beauty is born
through a gesture
the turn of a head
the soar and soft landing

palms press
elbows entwine
bodies unfurl from lines
two dancers balance shoulder to shoulder
giving and taking weight
each holding up the other

at the intersection outside
a cluster of people stand still
holding signs
with look-alike letters
in red
Jesus Lives! Repent!

their faces seem angry
their voices
like the tires of an SUV
running over a living thing
I shake my head “no”
and look the leader in the eye as I pass

his features contort
he hurls his **chant** like an axe
it lands in my ears
with the thud of a carcass

I wonder if my “no”
for a split second might have stopped
one sign holder's automatic thoughts
a glimmer of doubt
like an illuminating flash

I should go back
invite them to lay down their signs
and dance
the **brim** is wide
drinking in the bigness of the world
makes us larger

the Bigness
of the beauty of the world
the Beauty
of its bigness cracking

open

quiet words
rise like prayer from flesh
do not be afraid
may the drops our eyes release
soften shells
as hard as crucifixion nails

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