

## 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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