

STOP DANCING

Before regurgitating habits
Of my teachers, sisters, mothers
– Learn the language
Learn to perfect, sure
But to grasp lineage, connotation, origin
Acknowledge the source

I am not an inventor of things
But a filter
Or a sponge
A siphon drawing up relevance from pools of my teachers, sisters, mothers
Shadows

That too long absence of open authorship
Made subversive masters

Must find them

In every twinging hesitation
Gracious acquiescence
Luscious spreading
Painful silence
Those actions not translated, but revealed
Remembered
Honored
And don't clean it up
Because a messy struggle
Disappears
In a too straight path

Let it be ugly
Not forgetting the perverse
Not dismissing the tyrant of expectations
Not ignoring time's hand in transformation
And paths of dreaming;
Pockets of wondering

If dancing is the package allowed my body,
I unwrap that false gift