

Let's imagine a fleeting dance
time measured by the passing of heartbeats
understood at the level of skin and flesh
and

fingertips

only just touching

a volatile dance
gravity reshaped
Eroded, disjointed

diffused

a tender murmur

that won't ever fit one to the next

We must care for what we can not grasp
We must care for what we can not grasp
We must care for what we can not grasp

A buoyant dance
A festival of dislocation

It is a matter of motion-
Entanglements
of body and space,
energies
pierced by frequencies, and derailed into flows
within juxtapositions of rhythms-

Let's imagine a celebration of being danced
A ghosting of the senses
Within your breath,

and mine