

Dance Then To Everything

Music is everywhere
music is in sound and
music is in silence

Therefore I dance
to silence I dance
to tears I dance
to laughter I dance
to groans and moans

I dance to Rachmaninoff
and Bach, to Beethoven
and Dylan, to Carole King
and Marvin Gay and to everything
composed, harmonious and played

Dance then to birdsong and waterfall,
to the spring scented forest and garden,
to snow and the rain, to river and ocean,
with desert or mountain, I dance

For the dancing mind can dance
forward or backward in time and space also,
indeed to outer and inner dimensions uncommonly known

I dance with my eyes,
I dance with one hand,
I dance clapping,
I dance with one foot
or one shoulder, my hair
dances with wind

I dance to poetry while hearing it,
I dance to poetry while reading it
aloud to the tree for whom I wrote it

As I dance around the lovely thing
with my hand or arm encircling

As Rumi danced his grief
and finally his joy around
the cool, smooth, sacred stone
until he warmed it with longing~

As Rumi danced around the pillar of loss
when his beloved teacher and friend
called Shams, The Sun, had died—

He danced to call back the Light
from the belly of darkness
that had swallowed the sky,
as now the Sufi dance after him

For Dance is the Song of the Body,
and Songs are the Dance of the Voice~
as both Move, Utter, Outer the Soul

I dance to the gospels
I dance to the psalms
I dance to a friend
I dance mostly and always
to God

Don't let the limitations
of your body deter you,
dance with your mind,
dance with your soul

Feel free to join me
across great distances
of space and time
and dance on your own

Dance all by yourself
so no one will know
but you and the Beloved,
in whatever form you
experience the Beloved,
and let the Beloved
dance with You

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