

Dancing with God

Who is the Infinite?
God only knows.

But I am sure
His, Her, Its Spirit flows
And interpenetrates the world,
Seeps, gathers, gushes,
Drives the sweet sap,
Heaves ocean waves and wets the rains.

It moves.

Spins atom, whirls the galaxies,
Lights the green fuse of nature's bursting life
And pulses in our veins.

It breathes.

And I awake new born,
Touching new worlds,
One with the Cosmic Spirit, yet still two.
Strange paradox, strange silent, plangent mystery!

Who is the Thou and who the me?
I switch my little logic off, and let it be,
Caring no more where each one starts or ends.

We meet at first, just friends,
Learning to know each other's ways,
No grand affair or fine romance,
But then, from time to time
(I think I speak for God as well)

We dance.

We move together, cheek to cheek –

What cheek to think it so!
Who leads, who follows?
I dare hardly ask.

But then, who needs to know?
The It, the Thou and Me are gone.
Act, action, actors, music, movement – all is one.

The Spirit feels the pressure of my hand, and gives.
I turn, we turn – has she a seventh sense?
She bends so slightly, as my shoulder falls,
She slows, we pause, her body calls,
And off I go in awe and confidence.

My boldness comes, I am aware,
Not from my skill but hers. I know
That though we might appear to float on air,
She the pliant partner to my Fred Astaire,
Her art my sheer incompetence conceals
And makes a genius of me, a fool.

I gain the boundless freedom that my spirit feels
Because, like Ginger, she inhibits hers.
Thigh, calf and ankle wreathed in tulle,
She moves with infinite skill and flowing grace,
Backwards, but knowing what I see, and in high heels.