

I Don't Know Much -  
I Am Afraid -  
Dance Anyway -

for  
Erica

each breath each cell thrums of constant  
entanglement of both death and life  
each moment is a body bedecked with limbs  
this arm life, this leg death, this facet of the moment  
something wholly both

a head of a faun on the bar wall  
rats in the gutter while people dance in and out  
of doorways to the trumpet the trombone the snare  
snapping like a pulse  
and the people, all of us a whole, dancing  
in and out of doorways

we don't have control of much

we are strangers but your friend is my neighbor  
and now you and I have told each other of lost ones  
we are friends we are limbs of the same whole  
many facets, and we are not in control of much  
I told your friend, our friend

maybe all we can do is observe

the greatest practice we can return to is be willing  
to know to watch to see what is really there

no agenda to prove, just a practice of observation

perhaps love is just a wanting to see the truth  
and accept things as they truly are

discoveries, transformation, salvation

doctors scientists parents lovers all named for the practice  
of asking questions, the wanting to know the truth  
holding compassion for all that we cannot control  
surrendering to the dance  
in and out of doors, I see how you move, I am not afraid  
to hold you and to act quickly what I've seen

