

Prism

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The choreography of light
is set to silent music,
is such that
the body takes care
not to lose its place,
with feather
and filigree
and fine dust settling
on static things
and those not wanting to dance...

The rhythm of contemplation
closes our eyes
hums in our heads
lulls us to sleep;
Sometimes we think we hear music
Sometimes we lose the time that we keep...

Each prism of life
is constantly being held up to light
hot-cool
flashing
given to fire
and rainbows all at once;
Perhaps we are taught
to be self-conscious about the way we dance
about the way we fall
without grace
to the hum
to the sway
to the curtain call
to the broken fall
to the light
that coaxes us out of the wings
of stages
long enough
to realize
that we are the stars of our own productions.