



We Have Come to Be Danced

by Jewel Mathieson

We have come to be danced

not the pretty dance

not the pretty pretty, pick me, pick me dance

but the claw our way back into the belly
of the sacred, sensual animal dance

the unhinged, unplugged, cat is out of its box
dance

the holding the precious moment in the palms
of our hands and feet dance

We have come to be danced

not the jiffy booby, shake your booty for him
dance

but the wring the sadness from our skin dance

the blow the chip off our shoulder dance
the slap the apology from our posture dance

We have come to be danced

not the monkey see, monkey do dance
one, two dance like you
one two three, dance like me dance

but the grave robber, tomb stalker
tearing scabs & scars open dance
the rub the rhythm raw against our souls
dance

We have come to be danced

not the nice invisible, self conscious shuffle

but the matted hair flying, voodoo mama
shaman shakin' ancient bones dance

the strip us from our casings, return our wings
sharpen our claws & tongues dance

the shed dead cells and slip into
the luminous skin of love dance

We have come to be danced

not the hold our breath and wallow in the
shallow end of the floor dance

but the meeting of the trinity: the body, breath
& beat dance

the shout hallelujah from the top of our thighs
dance

the mother may I?
yes you may take 10 giant leaps dance

the Olly Olly Oxen Free Free Free dance
the everyone can come to our heaven dance

We have come to be danced

where the kingdom's collide
in the cathedral of flesh
to burn back into the light
to unravel, to play, to fly, to pray
to root in skin sanctuary

We have come to be danced

WE HAVE COME