

"To dance"

"To dance,

*You must have heard men shouting for joy,
birdsong and beating wings,
the cry of an eagle intoxicated with freedom, about to swoop into
the void.*

*You must have witnessed a child's first smile,
flowers opening at dawn,
trees growing*

You must have seen death.

*You must have breathed the air after a storm,
tasted the cool dew and felt it
underfoot
and on your naked skin.*

*You must have encountered the movement of the
flames, and the winds,
the swell of the great northern forests,
and the palm-trees in southern oases.*

*You must have listened
to the silence of the snow-capped steppe,
and the desert by moonlight.*



To dance

*You must have gazed on leisurely undercurrents in the depths of
fountains, of streams and rivers,
and the equinoctial seas.*

To dance

*You must have understood the long ebb and flow of the tides,
felt the sap rising through roots, trunk
and branches to the leaves,
wandered a thousand paths and tracks
over mountain and plain,
through desert and pasture.*

To dance

*You must have ridden through mists and under the sun,
felt your own sap coursing
and the wholesome joy of being alive.*

To dance, to live, you must be genuine.

*To be genuine is to reject convention, to renounce commonplace principles,
to let your inspiration and your instinct be your guide,
to be consistent with all things and with yourself,
to be at peace with your conscience.*

*To dance is to live, but more than that, it is to live better,
it is to express life."*

François Malkovsky