

Spring poem

By David Quigg

Spring is a time for dancing

I don't know about you, but I've been feeling a little stiff these days.
Frozen in a question too big to answer.

When I remember that I don't just exist from the neck up.
I'm reminded that being in harmony with life is living in dance, in rhythm, in flow.

We knew this dance well for tens of thousands of years, all around the world.
But for a long time now we've forgotten the steps and replaced them with stomping.

The dance floor is getting smaller and smaller, and the lights are getting warmer and
hotter.

So how do we relearn the steps deep in our DNA that have been long forgotten.
Where do we begin?

I only know what I feel, and when I start by taking a pause, relaxing muscles, finding
some stillness instead of a habitual stomp.

In this stillness
I can start to listen.

Listen to the more-than-human beings making music despite the dissonance all around.
Listen to the Indigenous knowledge keepers who despite every outside effort to sever
their belonging to this harmony, can still hum its tune.

What do you hear when you step inside a symphony of life?

Can you invite each rustle of leaves, chirp of a bird or babble of a stream into the
frequencies you carry?
What does that music sound like?

I think it's the oldest song.
See you on the dance floor.