

Saints and Dancers

1.

A body quickening the air above the stage
Instills, with arms and legs, a pattern
Flowing like an image echoed
In a thousand transitory mirrors.

The quick, quick pirouette
Then slow
And still
The fingers' delicate extension.

Then collapsing into motion,
Circles breaking into circles,
The body pulsing in and out of brightness,
Brilliant braiding of the mind and flesh
Ignited into flame
By something quite beyond them both.

2.

Saints and dancers know
That only through the disciplined and slender stem
Is glory and the flowering of grace.

—Randall L. Hall