SHALL YOU DANCE?

No choice; the very

idea makes you reach

for a tension; casts

off collagen’s

triple strand, through

ratcheted micro-

motions, into muscle

cells, then tendon ex-

tension, arm arc;

the neck, your

red-brown hair

follow through ‘til

the air, waiting

all tohu vebohu,

snaps wise to the line.

Afterwards, you say

“You ask me

which muscle hurts;

whatever muscle

I move is the one

that hurts.” Still,

when you climb,

in your breath

you hear life pass-

ing out of you;

when you dance,

music hides

the sound. Such

taut carving (continued)

of air by body

will start a con-

flagration,

could make time

a semiclassical

approximation.