

## The Dance of the Meadow

Once in a lofty meadow,  
Guarded only by a crooked old wooden fence,  
The flowers and grass would grow high as my hips.  
A fine day it was  
I threw my shirt to the side  
As I ran across swaying weeds of the broad field.  
My mind absorbed the clear blue sky and the lush green plants  
As the field raced faster than my legs could flee into the grand scene  
With an exuberant smile, I ran and I ran.

A tall, twisted oak tree atop the hill  
Stood all the days to provide shade.  
Yet today, she prays that she would yield her branches to my hands and feet  
to frolic and to climb so that I might gaze across the pastures and the vast landscape.  
My body rested for a while upon the nestled branches.  
The ears retreated to the sound of the songbirds.

The glory of the bright spring sun shining upon the world.  
The occasional fluffy cloud in the sky  
Refrains from hiding such beautiful display of light.  
I sat there in amazement of nature.  
The wind would blow across the treetops.  
The leaves would rustle about in concert.  
The crickets and the birds joined in this magnificent chorus and praise.  
I came down from the tree limbs.  
The earth bounced a looming bass from the hillsides beneath my feet and around.  
It was all I could do to keep from exploding in this rhapsody

Together, we danced in the meadow of this natural and sonic waltz.  
Together, the butterflies and birds would gather in dance  
As I swirled with the sweet sounds of the great rolling plain.  
It did dance as my partner and my scene

The clouds sat high and rose to the flight of our dance.  
I could reach the stars beyond.  
But they sat back as an audience to this elegant festival  
So we continued.

The earth and the wind dancing with me  
Swirling with echoes of life and vibration of thought.

I looked below at the foot of the hill.  
There was a clear stream going about its own.  
My feet rushed towards it.  
The river became my partner.

Together, the river and I moved.  
We danced and swayed around the hills and trees.  
The trees and hills held each other  
And we were all swept away and felt the joy of life  
It was with us on this glorious day.  
This moment was infinite.  
The sun was blooming in gaiety.

The creatures of the Forest did sing and fill the heart  
Oh the heart was filled and happy.  
My mind was wild and pure conscience.

We all sang together  
And the waltz continued.  
And for a moment we all paused for rest.

I felt settled upon a small mound next to the river.  
I sat and saw the meadow sigh in ease.  
I fell back on my naked back and looked up.  
The sky, the trees, the creatures, the grass,  
The river, the rocks, the sun, the start,  
The feeling, the thought, the dance had come to a rest.

Gazing upon the sky in all its majesty.  
My eyes could see a memory rich and happy.  
My heart reached out and the mind meditated.  
My skin and feelings were one with that around me.  
The breeze soothed and relaxed my breath  
Tears wetted my eyes as the river flowed with wonder.  
Our dance was done for the time.

Yet, we knew we would again raise our souls.  
Oh and the world did echo with glee and beauty.  
My mind was one with the soil, the air and the water.  
I could see how the mountain would think.  
I would hear what the wind was saying.  
I could see what the critters around observed.  
I could feel the leaves and the flowing of waters in the riverbed.  
As if it were me flowing.  
I became and I could understand.

The dance was only the beginning.  
The waltz was only the world  
Speaking and sharing with me.  
To learn and to flourish,  
To respect and to seek,  
To live and to be free,  
To sense and to comprehend.

The Lord of life and power of nature all around.  
The natural essence and strength of the Earth.  
Working together in enlightened equilibrium.  
Together in joyous occasion.  
My dance was not my dance  
But the dance of the meadow.