

Bruce Cockburn

"Everywhere Dance"

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Moon of plenty, moon of mischance
It'll be what you want but you can't stop the dance
Try to count the steps and they change while you stare
And the translucent moon floats in waves of blue air
And we cry out for grace to lay truth bare
The dance is the truth and it's everywhere
Pas de deux in stark silhouette
pulsing against a clear orange sunset
As the distance shifts from skin unto skin
Look at how bodies shape the spaces they're in
See the limbs slide smooth through unresisting air
The dance is the truth and it's everywhere
In grains of sand and Galaxies
In plasmaflow and rain in trees
In the sepia swell of silted-up surf
In the ebb and the flow of dying and birth
In wounded streets and whispered prayer
The dance is the truth and it's everywhere

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