

When Death Subsides

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Enough has been shed

Enough has been left behind to make Energy

Aware of movement

Some things are severed violently

And become ghost memories...they haunt us

Other things are left behind in understanding and Love

Can become consolidated with what remains

And become learning

What we have learned from what we have be-lived

Is lighter than the belief itself

The learning is the Re-ordering of what Remains

It is weightless

When death subsides

Enough has been left behind

To make energy available

To its' own movements

We are either haunted

(Unresolved energies in memory)

Or we learn

When death subsides

We become aware of movement (life)

As we remain in the stillness of death

We become haunted by belief and memory

Voluntarily or not

We may choose to drag our ghosts with us

Too heavy to dance with life

Ghost songs in our ears

Crying for the River Song

But death will always come

Welcome or not

Fearful or Ecstatic

We may choose to remain still...

To see the spirits that haunt us-

That dance alone within us

Until we die enough

And learn enough

To become aware of movement

Then we dance with the movement (life)

When we become light enough

The Dancer can become

The movement

When we become the movements of life

We become Movers

Vehicles of life

Medicine people