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The Dance of My Body

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The Dance of My Body

By Elizabeth Claverie

The dance of my body

is deceiving—

it is needling up and down
as fast as it can,
pulling in fabric and pushing it out again
speeding, humming the starts and stops
of bits of songs—
breaking thread, pausing only long
enough to be refreshed
then the treadle is spurred on to
even more fabric to mend, bind and piece
and the day moves on.

but—
deep in a crease
in a dark linty furrow
the moves are slow and deliberate.

my arms undulate in the warm breeze
stretch like flexing willows
bowing and waving.

my legs leap and hold themselves in mid-air
twirling in waves of wind
my hair pirouetting in swirls
in a slow motion dance in 4-4 time
of swimming in clouds and falling into dreams.