

Dance

by: Raven Yoder

Lying there in the passionate air
Leaves none so much to be
Surrendered, tensions erased, bodies embraced
Each light a burning ember.
So dance, small flames:
Let one's fire feed the other
Lend light, ignite, and let the tender night
Create more tinder—
Let the embers burn on and shine through
The confusion and delusions and the past's intrusions—
Let this steady flame heal you, love.
Let it heal you.