

Dream You Dance Awake by Suzanna Yahya Nadler

Okay, my readers, do you remember your lead-up to the eclipse?. What was it that started shouting at you to take notice and find its way into an important niche of your heart?

For me, the image of myself as a dancer was volleyed about between the viewers of my most recent performance of body poetry. This is not an identity that I take lightly, nor do I necessarily see this as an external representation of myself but as the full Pisces moon dawned early this morning i am beckoned towards this depiction.



Traditionally a dancer is one who moves rhythmically, usually to music, however this description is too limiting for this time and place. I am not simply ungluing to musical compositions. In fact, the dancer now lives amidst the fires. We are burning up - OR, WA, AZ, ID, UT, NV, MT and WY. Thousands of forested acres are being destroyed; the smoke is infiltrating, a thick fog of ash, as far East as Iowa.

Like Shiva Nataraja, the cosmic dancer, I am moving and living within a circle of flames. The cycle of annihilation and creation is Shiva's dance. Alongside this dance called life, I/we are witnessing the simultaneous cycle of destruction with the dim, hoped-for promise of

regeneration. How do we dance with it?

Sometimes I want to leave, and run away from this land of Mordor. Other times I hide in my house. When I face the smoke that obscures the raging infernos all around me, the earth calls. My mental agitation is sucked back into the soil and it is as if I am being breathed. We are dancing together again. Not in the wild frenzied state where oxygen is plentiful, but in the

quiet, waiting for the final conflagration. Neptune, alongside the oceanic waters of the Pisces moon, whispers to me: dream you dance awake.