The Earth and Sky are Lovers was choreographed by Jacquie West Farbman and performed by Jacquie and Bonnie at the Cambridge Farmers Market on Sunday, July 31st, 2011, as a public invitation to attend the Sky Symposium at Dionondehowa the following weekend. Big thanks to Jacquie for her beautiful work, to Gina Mammone Deibel at Hubbard Hall for her ongoing help & cheerfulness, and to Dawn Foglia from the Farmers Market for welcoming us into the schedule and promoting our performance.

The Earth and Sky are Lovers.

We all are caught in their embrace. Mist glows and afterglows.

Breath blows across her breasts
riffles through her valley streams and
in her furry forest... dreams.
Crystals snow. Rain bows.
Sun shows through the cuddling clouds
and in the midst of this we live
you & I.

Seas swell [animals who listen well
go all-quiet... run to higher ground if they are free... if they can break their tether].
Swollen seas come crashing smashing down
and up bristling, sizzling
our persuasive invasive lover invades my voice, my viscera, my vision.
And in the midst of this!
we wonder who is it
who loves so perfectly who loves us not enough too much.
Shhh now be still like the calm before the storm
or in its eye or after it has blinked goodbye.
Here we are in the midst of it
one moment nourished flourishing in the sunny rooms,
the next moping mopping up the somber tombs,
the next falling into outstretched lovingarms
of a soft Spring day,
the next sinking into our shoulders
squatting low under the pummeling pitiless hailstone maelstrom.
We make our plans in the arms of this
disturbance dance turbulence dance romance.

Don't forget your galoshes your scarf your umbrella.
Remember to roll your collar up
against the biting wind.
It has been a crazy dance
a moody love affair
and we the children of their passion have tried
to ebb & flow remain afloat glistening aloft gleaming
upright and prospering in the midst of it.
We all are caught in their embrace. Mist glows and afterglows. Breath blows across her breasts, riffs through her valley streams and in her furry forest... dreams. Crystals snow. Rain bows. Sun shows through the cuddling clouds and in the midst of this, we live you & I. Seas swell. Animals who listen well go all-quiet... run to higher ground if they are free... if they can break their tether. Swollen seas come crashing, smashing down and up, bristling, sizzling. Our persuasive, invasive lover invades my voice, my viscera, my vision. And in the midst of this! we wonder who is it who loves so perfectly who loves us not enough too much. Shhhh, now be still like the calm before the storm or in its eye or after it has blinked goodbye. Here we are in the midst of it one moment nourished, flourishing in the sunny rooms, the next, moping, mopping up the somber tombs, the next, falling into outstretched loving arms of a soft Spring day, the next, sinking, squatting low under the pummeling pitiless hailstone maelstrom. We make our plans in the arms of this disturbance dance turbulence dance romance. Don't forget your galooshes, your scarf, your umbrella. Remember to roll your collar up against the biting wind. It has been a crazy dance a moody love affair and we, the children of their passion have tried to ebb & flow, remain afloat, glistening, aloft, gleaming, upright and prospering in the midst of it or at least scraping by, wings clapped against our backs or unfolding cautiously in celebration then... sheer fluid jubilation: the joy of uncertain children feeling loved.

But now the dance of Earth & Sky is stolen by that legion of martial knights who claim to own the weather who traded down the silver lining for aluminum who wield the Sky as if it were a weapon who would be dominatrix of the matrix - to rip & flood & burn & shred and leave the Earth - our home - for dead. The distant rumbling storm approaches (we feel its waves along our arms and faces). Earth crouches, folds her fungal wings and waits for good... would hide with us in the cellar if she could.

Give us back the Beauty! Give us back our Breath! Give us back the Sky - the Love Affair that was our home.

gathered from the dreamy place where poems live (and wait) B. Hoag July 3, 2011