

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*.
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* 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
unright and prospering in the *midst* of it

upright and prospering in the *must* of it
or at *least* scraping by
wings *clapped* against our back 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 *fungus* 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