

A Bird Flutter Inhales the Silent Air by Charlotte Walsh © April,2011
(After viewing *Naked* by Eiko and Koma, a dance installation)

1.
Shadows lightly cover her.
Silence in his movement,
fingers call her name,
his dreams know her body.

Their faces faceless,
their flesh non-flesh
two figures roll, burrow
in the barren earth.

Like seeds cut off in bloom
by rain and drought,
their limbs rise, wither, bend,
fold into tree stumps. Their gaze
blinded by sirens and drums,
they turn their backs as though unborn.

2.
In rainy season, earth
separates us from drowning,
morning birds wake us.
Flesh stretches, rides on dunes
of blowing sands, carries us
from birth to resignation.

To reach toward someone and be separated
by a blade of grass, to touch another
as lightly as a feather, then slowly turn away.
To dig a hollow in a mound of earth, be swallowed
by time, allow time to fill the space
and cry out without a voice.

To lie flat in darkness, rub the skin
with mud, let rain
cleanse the naked body,
wipe away the ashes and the dust,
breathe away the years.

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What is green, darkens, dries and fades.
Each body hears the others muted cry.
Bird calls lift the shades of night,
and spring peepers float us into sleep.