

Bone Song

**It starts in your bones.
That urge to move, inexplicably intense,
to music you can barely hear yet,
but there's no denying it.**

Tap your foot.

**Flowing through you, twisting
in your gut
and your chest, delightfully.
Listen; how it swells!**

Lift your arms.

**Place your feet just so, your hands aloft,
fingers grasping, flickering. For a moment
you are that crescendo made flesh,
giving form to feeling.**

Spin.

**Your pulse beats in time; a heartbeat
that fills you. Turns your head.
Turns you about.
Your body sings what your voice cannot.**



Stamp your feet.

**Lose yourself; it ends in an uproar
of sound and movement
and joy,
but it starts in your bones.**

by Sarah McPherson