

COSMIC DANCE

Cyril Dabydeen

i

The way we've come to it with
one breath, heaving in with more
than the lotus flower, or what we
contrive because of longings of
the spirit with mystics of old,
rishies at our doorstep, or what's
conceived of only in the Vedas.

Going beyond an ashram in Rishikesh,
or somewhere like it, it's the cowherd girls,
gopies, with choreography in their eyebrows,
that I think about, their foreheads arched,
hands & feet filigreed—as I will imagine
Britney Spears, Paris Hilton, or Shakira
belly-dancing, when the god Shiva appears,
preserver & destroyer--
celestial fires burning; and I will want
to do penance or make sacrifices,
if just pretending I've been singular
-- over the years.

ii

Shiva's presence with his consort Parvati
(in the guise of fearsome Kali, tongue
stretched out), and nothing will be the same
again because of what keeps occurring
down through the years; indeed,

I will want to be before an altar
wrestling with faith, which upstarts
like Hitchens or Dawkins will never
acknowledge or know about—as I aim
to be an avatar of sorts seeking
enlightenment in Canada
--in ice & cold.

(more)

(New stanza)

Yoga in me, I subject myself to rebirth
one last time and stare into the waters
of the Ganges (I imagine), even if it's
only a lotus flower blossoming, or
my seeing the St Lawrence: a miracle again—
that I twist & twirl, one foot pressed down,
Nataraja-like, on a dwarf (ignorance, see),
and drums beating; and fire: oh fire,
as I seek escape from illusion,
non-attachment really
-- nirvana in the offing.