

Dance With Me

We're all looking for the same thing, really. And our quest is an elaborate dance, set to our own, private tune. Love me... Love me... goes our song.

Sometimes we dance to entrance those watching - to captivate them, make them long to sway to our special beat. Sometimes our dance is mystifyingly intricate - and only those that know our rhythm best can step in time. Sometimes the dance is joyous, simple - around the maypole we go, and all are welcome to frolic along.

Our life-dances have the grace of the waltz, the drama of tango, the playfulness of swing, the freneticism of tap, the abandon of the boogaloo. We can dance to a driving drum beat, to the delighted trill of a flute, the longing of an oboe. Each step, each cord tells a unique story. It tells that we long for love - that we despair of love - that we celebrate in love.

Sometimes we perform for huge audiences, sometimes our music aims to tempt but a select group - and sometimes, yes - sometimes our song is played to woo our selves. Sometimes the love we seek is superficial - we need only in that moment to achieve a bit of admiration, and we're satisfied. Sometimes, we pour all our soul's passion into our dance - and it's not good enough. Sometimes, less is more - and our simplest steps are the most beloved.

Sometimes our dance is another interpretation of love - it is anger, or sadness, or joy. Sometimes, we alone can see the beauty of our dance, and that is enough. Sometimes, all the world embraces that beauty - yet we remain blind to it. Sometimes we are afraid to show others our true dance, for fear they might not join in, and so, tragically, we stop dancing.

Each of us has set to music an other-worldly melody - a choreographed symphony of our soul, and it's the very act of stepping our step, moving to our very private, very special beat that is the creation - and celebration - of our lives.

So come. Hear my song.

And dance with me.