

Ode to C. Joy in the Key of Be Sharp!

*An ode to C. Joy in the key of Be Sharp!...
Not some lame lofty song that gets strummed on a harp!
Sexy waltz, sultry swing, and contra dance jam
For this red head temptress who reminds me, I'm Man!*

*You are a waltz partner who's so rare to meet
Who feels just like the soft leather sole on my feet
As we rise and we fall with music we mesh
Like two lovers enraptured becoming one flesh.*

*For wallflower folks who've not done contra dance,
It's been called the most fun you can have in your pants!
It's binary star clusters, planets, and moons
Compressed into people – in tight orbits– to tunes!*

*Within this wild dance world, one lovely envoy
Who embodies this Cosmos, is Cynthia Joy!
So when I first heard that C.J. snuffed her spark,
My shock swung me, perturbed, in my pain, in the dark.*

*Now I'll walk in a dance and search every place...
And look down the line... but I won't find her face.
Joy is here in the hall – just not on this floor;
I am missing her smile and her hugs even more!*

*We're dance pals who once shared a waterfall hike
And talked of a movie that we both really like
Where a guy keeps living the same *Groundhog Day*
This was themed as party each year by C.J.*

*In the movie this guy keeps taking his life
But he wakes up each morn in the same daily strife
Until he perfects this *Groundhog Day* – giving
And wins his dream girl and the love he's now *living!**

*This movie – a teaching that C. J. holds true–
Tells me she has a dream that her soul's stumbling through;
A heart garden wholeness that she didn't yet find...
So she walked off and left the dance early this time.*

*Her death rips a link from the whole lady's chain
And we bungle, confused, while we breathe through the pain.
She knows it was selfish – yet each gets to choose–
I won't judge 'till I dance a lifetime in her shoes.*

*Outside of ideas of what's right and what's wrong
There's a field of soft grass Rumi trail mapped in song...
Joy, meet me *Outside* ...we'll dance barefoot, like birds!
In a world that's too large to bind waltzing with words...*

*One Truth that I know to be bigger than things
Is blowing in the Wind of the Fiddler's strings:
One Love, some call God, does not judge what we do
She sees only *Herself* in the mirror of You...*

*And He sounds One Be Sharp! – One Pure, Perfect Tone
Until each dancer knows this One Love as their own
And steps to the drummer she hears her own way
With no matter the measure, or how far away.*

*The String Theory Love Band vibrates a Light wave
Into infinite dance forms from cradle to grave...
It takes two to tango ...though begotten of One
We return to this dance 'till we're all do-ci-done!*

*The phrase that we're in raised an octave this year
Many hear this great change as a reason to fear;
We've danced far down the hall – the Caller's Voice weak
While this contra crescendo quakes loud through its peak!*

*All the ills of mankind, all bad Bankster Raps
Can be traced to lame dance skills of self loathing chaps,
Who –estranged from their souls– project their own faults
Pay no mind, dance around them, be bold in your waltz!*

*Just dance and become the final solution...
Music always completes conflict resolution!
The One Love Who composed Beethoven from dust
Will conduct Joy to Be Sharp! ...she just has to trust.*

*When C.J. sees the **Joy** we saw in her bloom
She'll come back –contra dancing– while still in the womb!
She'll bask in the Garden of Love she has *been*
As above, so below; as without, so within.*

*Listen to the Caller, it's all just a dance
Stay here for the last waltz and just take a chance...
Yeats says it all clear, "**Dance there upon the shore;**
What need have you to care for wind or water's roar?"*

*Mother's Day –May 8, 2011
I love You, Cynthia Joy!
Thomas Abbey Magruder*