

What's on your horizon?

Morgan

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"MOON DANCE"

((I put this on a greeting card with an Orca swimming beneath the moon on a dark night))

Up, up, up I stretch . . . my body's in slow motion as I move nearly motionless but gaining tremendous speed. I need the speed to break the water-gate above me as I jump to touch the face of the moon I so many times have only dreamed of. Will I make it this time? Will I touch her?

I can see her shimmering above me, teasing me with her luminescent light as her fingers glide there way down into my depths, bouncing against the watery molecules as it descends to lighten my dark, cold, shadowy world.

I hump my back and stretch, slowly, oh so slowly, but it gives my tail the strength it needs to force the water behind me. Faster and faster still, my head steadies on its target, the starry, moonlit heavens that tantalize me with secrets from their paradise heights. I counter with those of the watery depths I am forced to call home, but she already knows more about this world that I am forced to call home for now.

There she is. I see her in the almost elusive flash dance above that tell me I will break the watery bonds of Earth momentarily. I am free as I soar like a huge black bird stretching my nose up in hopes of attaining my mark as my fins hold me motionless in the air. My tail senses the freedom of lashing through air and not pushing against the tons of wet, confining pressures below. Freedom, total freedom as I sing to the heavens and announce my coming.

Oh no, I feel gravity pulling at my heavy body, pulling me back down to where it thinks I still belong. I arch myself quickly so I can return to the dark depths below head first. It's the only way I can maintain my dignity. I break the surface gracefully and head for the darkness below and am thankful for the water rushing past me as it takes my tears with it. No one but me and my watery prison know my shame, my intense hurt.

Quickly I turn and push back to the glistening surface. I cry out to her.

My heart breaks for the longing I suffer, but one day, someday, I will breach the bonds of Earth and reach my mate, and she will embrace me with her warm, shimmering, luminescent rays of love as she lifts and carries me to new heights. Then my songs will no longer be cries in the night. They will be songs of love and will forever echo across the surface of the Earth. Love, eternal love.

I wait in anticipation for the day I am made worthy in the mating dance of light, and return home forever.

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