

Lungs of the Universe

In the stardust we danced like fools
Someone gave a parasol with red tassels for twirling
It swung out under the stars like a comet
The music slithered along the ground,
electric current seeking serpent
In that moment, it was wonderful, magical, really
No disagreement could be argued
against the embers of the bonfire
floating up to the moon
and we, friends, holding hands and laughing
spinning, dancing, skirts of green and gold
we were in the lungs of the universe
and the beating heart
of the shimmering night

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