

The Song of the Dance From Behind the Mask.

My face is capable of so many expressions
Yet I was versed in a limited repertoire.
Politeness demands I wear a mask of compliance
Whilst behind the mask
Life dances;
An angel, a gargoyle, a giggling idiot.

I am moved in mysterious ways
Often beyond my own comprehension.
Behind the mask I shape and reshape myself
From moment to moment;
Strange shapes, shadowy shapes, sensuous shapes
Emerging from within
To transfigure tissues and ignite cells;
Waves of illumination that arise
Overthrowing the *Übermensch* of the super-ego
Reinstating the somatic dreamscapes
Of my original intention to be.

The life force that animates me
Demands of me a fullness of expression
That is as relentless and determined
As waves breaking on the shore.

This is my compass;
The drive of the inner dynamo,
Not the absence of symptoms or even disease.
My symptoms spell out to me
What my conscious mind has failed to grasp
And when I decipher disease
It is always an anagram of my original name.

So I seek no cure other than curiosity
Inquiry into the suchness of things.
Mediocrity so often comes in a medicine bottle
Or faddish quick fix
The babel of labels and simplistic solutions.
Instead,
Let me simply listen to the breathing of my being
And hear the song of life;
Its dissonance and harmonies,
Its deeper resonance
Just to listen
Without discrimination,
For the song of my soma dances to the rhythm of the universe,
Not an external agenda
No matter how benign, well intentioned or statistically correct.

Matthew Appleton

