Ode to a Country Dance

by Jane Finlay

First I heard your tune, drifting through the summer air among the pines and across the woodland paths.

Then I saw the flow of your movements across the well-worn wooden floor timed precisely with the rhythm of the music.

Tentatively, I began to enjoy your movements, then, as time went on, I embraced your moves, made them my own.

A country dance.
A thing of beauty,
enduring through the march of time.

Lifting spirits, creating community, the music and the movement coursing together as one.

Harmony internal and external for a moment in time for a moment in history.

I have danced to your same steps and music as did Queens of England and the common folk who worked the land and mined the coal.

In the dance, as in the music, people are one.

A country dance.
A thing of beauty
enduring through the march of time.

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