Dancing at First Light

by Carol Compton

Each year New Hampshire morris dancers from the Jack in the Green and Harrisville Morris sides gather atop Pack Monadnock Mountain just before dawn on May Day. To the east we see the sunrise over the valley; to the west we watch the first sunlight touch the top of our local sacred mountain Monadnock. In cold, wind or fog it can be a raw and challenging morning, in warmth it can be equally challenging to dance while swatting the black flies. It is always powerful.

Darkness

Struggling from sleep-ridden daze toward misty morning Vague figures gather in the dimness of the ending night Cleansed by winter's final frosts

Stillness

A drowsy tree urchin murmurs out his night song Then fluffs and settles to the sounds of muted bells Content to wait a little longer

Dawn

Day creeps over the horizon, one color at a time Air shimmers and is - *alive*Where First Light touches, *Fire!*On ground, in sky and in our souls

Called forth to dance, wind spirits on the mountain top We fling ourselves forward to the edges of the sky And into Spring

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