

Variations on a Theme by Pina Bausch

by Sam Rasnake

Words are of no help. I know exactly
what I'm looking for, but not with the head.
It's in the body already. Every detail,

every move finds something new — the dirt
of spring, a full moon on water, silence.
Threads of sadness in the hands, in the touch,

in whispers of a dream of bodies moving.
The credo is never allow anything I don't believe.
I've always sought something I didn't know.

Every obsession finds its place. There's no
tradition to hold on to — nothing but the dance
making visible the promise of a flawless truth.

