

# Crone Dance

Emma Ruth Rundle

Our movements are godlike, mirroring themselves  
In the waves, the winds  
The movements of growth

Where the inner impulse meets the outer force  
A cure for the affliction of static destiny

Our bodies propelled by rooted urgency  
Enthralled by expressive  
Depressive ache

Where the inner impulse meets the outer force  
A cure for the affliction of static destiny

By our frenzied ecstatic knowledge shall the chambers be full..

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