

Maenads

Like thunder it moves, through, under,
around the bodies. Blending with the dancers,
bending the spines, twisting the limbs, contorting
the torsos. Lightening strikes of
sound – pulsing rhythms – like and unlike
the beat of a thousand hearts. It fills the dancers;
transporting and transforming. Ever changing
yet ever the same as before. Feet move,
stamp against the floor, the ground. Mouths
laugh, grimace, howl, scream. Voices lift in
trills, yells, shouts, moans. Breathless lungs strain as
the dancers are filled with pain, ecstasy, sorrow,
love, grief, and rage. Minds pulled from
bodies; the dancers chase their God – like dancers
from a time long ago. They don the leopard skins,
chase the stag into the hills, and while they still
dance – they feast upon his bloody flesh.