

Psalm

Caitlin Beauchamp

To be amphibian

To go to the water with joy and return to the land
with rejoicing

To belong in both worlds

To drowse easy in the mud-oozy mingling lapped
by land and water

To slip as a frog slips seamless from the giving shore

Sonnet

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“ . . .written in their hearts. . .”

Being human, you'd think the dancer's leap
Would sputter, ragged, like the tattered path
Of paper quickly torn. But bright with the breath
And bloom of swelling melody sings the sweep

And curve her springing makes. What line could keep
Her tethered to such flawless math, what lathe
Has turned and sanded, shaped the arc so smooth
With symmetry? – Music sounding from the deep,

Warm from the humming marrow, throbbing, dim
But felt. We're tuned in chords that can't be broken,
We barely hear, but still we sing the score,

All voices in a contrapuntal hymn,
Our stubborn tongues unbound, our feet unbidden
Dance the rhythms of the dark percussive core.