

I move with the water and dance in the waves.
I lift my hands to the clouds and constellations,
Feel the world within me, and let my grief fly away.
Groundless and gracious,
The fragile floor beneath me breaks and fades.
I am weightless – light as a feather, heart as soft as clay.

I am free as can be, all the way from the sky to the sea, I am free.

Under the shining silver of the moon, I abandon the day.
I ebb with the flow and my body effortlessly sways.
“I am alive, I am alive, I am alive,” I heard my singing soul say.
I dance for as long as my breath can carry me –
For as long as my bursting heart can take.
Bending, breaking, twirling, dreaming, reforming.

And tomorrow, as I rise again,
I will delight in the dawning of a bright new day.
The gift of life You gave me, the glorious way.

A beautiful exchange.

~I will fly again
Elle Redman