

THE TEMPLE OF THE PELVIC TRUTH

*–In the nineteen sixties I was a member of
the Martha Graham Dance Company.*

We are the Graham crackers
who worship at the Temple of the Pelvic Truth.
We pray to the *Kundalini* and *Duende* Goddesses
where our contractions and releases,
like these holy preachings,
begin at the base of our spines.

We start our rituals on the floor,
some of us anticipating the classes' tone
from the pianist accompanying that day.
Tom, our least favorite,
bangs out a 4/4 beat
missing the sensuous innuendos
in Martha's movement vocabulary.

A small group enjoys
drip-dry jazz king Ralph.
He teases out a note
and then silence.
When we're about to give up,
he plunks another key
to inform our next move.

And then there's Stanley
whose Chopinesque chords
seep into our bodies.
When he plays, we forget
how imperfect we are,
how awful is our balance,
our contractions,
and our being.
We are truly gone.