

So Here We Are

So here we are
dancing on the edge,
the dangerous and delightful edge.

So here we'll be
the irritant in the eye
of the church:
the cracked lens through which it needs to see.

So here we'll not be silent, or invisible,
but we'll say our names
and show our colours
and others will know
who we are.

So here we'll laugh and love and dance
and sing and play and drink and
whose edge is it anyway?

This edge, we say,
is ours; and we will
fill that edge
to overflowing:
loving it with passion,
embracing it with desire,
and flirting unashamedly with the centre.

This dangerous and delightful edge
is the edge where we are dancing.
So, here we are

Rosie Miles
in *The Courage to Love*, ed. Geoffrey Duncan (Darton, Longman & Todd, 2002).

