

## Mystery and Dance

Beneath the trees that reach above the autumn asphalt  
the wind, like a holy Spirit, ties the tilting fallen leaves  
to the movement of my hands.  
My arms lift, and in a minor magic,  
the leaves follow on their tender threads.

I turn as God must turn and turn,  
with His arms, His palms, up—and down—and up again.  
With hardly an audience to see the graceful bend of His back, His neck—  
the sweep of His legs and the sway—

with the stars and their planets tied to His palms,  
revolving as though of their own volition—.

—Daniel F. Teichert

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This poem won first place in the 2018 Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest.