

# Hoop Dancer

Bruce Cockburn

Tokyo Jetlag Evening Walking  
Out of my throat appears this chuckle  
A true 20th Century sound  
A little crazed and having no tonal centre

The echoes of this laugh fade for a long time  
Snaking among those jumbled pedestrians  
Following that struggling Cedric taxicab  
Sliding over the seeming infinity of white light and neon

With no warning, mind's eye winks like a lifespan  
And opens again on memory flash of prairie Indian  
Dancers -- they're on a stage, all jigging motion  
And flare of bright feathers, surrounded by white faces  
Floating on a sea of mind  
Hoop dancer struts in front -- drum and voices blend with endless rain

There's a time line  
Something like vertical, like perpendicular  
Cutting through figures shuffling on horizontal plane  
Cutting through the survival pride of the dancers  
Through the guilty, sentimental warmth of the crowd;  
Through to some essence common to us, to original man  
To perhaps descendants numberless ... or few

Where it intersects the space at hand  
This shaman with the hoops stands  
Aligned like living magnetic needle between deep past and looming future  
Butterfly pierced on each drum beat, wing beat, static spark,  
storm front, energy circle delineated by leaping limbs

1st man last man dancing man man dancing  
Hoops in hand trampled grass circle spreading  
Voices flame above crazy coyote heartbeat drum

I see sunrise on the plains big river at dusk  
Perpetual pillar of dust on prairie rim and always overhead  
those wings -- circling, turning

He's the earth he's the egg he's the eagle always circling  
Always turning -- always comes back to the centre

Hoops whirling, now transparent feet touch down on anaconda  
Streets and on the next leap dissolve slowly into the moving lights

Rainbow steps, jerking universe  
Goodbye, Man-in-time  
And just beyond the clatter and cars the last long notes of wild  
voices ring  
Like Roland's horn