

## Firebird

“Our body has to free itself  
from the drug of earthly gravity”  
- George Balanchine

“Take some more—let’s be drunk.”  
- Igor Stravinsky

You cannot find it in a book—  
the heat of a taut, lean muscle—glowing;  
the piccolo flutter of a wing;  
blinding vibrations at take off.  
The bird must be *free* to be understood,  
a burst of tulle, skittering on and off

the stage; ember-quick, with the burning  
grace of a vodka wavelet down the throat.  
*Allegro rapace*: woodwind and strings refracted  
through movement, the body rhythm  
rampant—wild *bourrées, sissone, sissone*  
arabesque unfurling. This creation is

substantially sincere, a blessing  
and a bringer of doom: you see, a rose  
is a rose is a rose is not true—  
each body becomes its own distinct poetry  
in a logical plastic sequence.

The message is: intense pleasure—

and then it is gone.

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