

CHAPTER

CYLCH SGWENNWYR WRITERS CIRCLE

Jo Fong responding to
SERAFINE1369: (my body / running wild / this animal) glorious
9 October 2025

To fall in ~~love~~ dance

The dance exists before it happens

Enter

Begin

Eyes closed

The walking body becomes three dimensions, all surfaces of the air are met by surfaces of the

body, swift, an antennae, a reading. A receiving.

There is no producing, no particular product

An un-groove shed of all responsibility

Every elbow

Wrist

Palm

Judder

CHAPTER

No yearning or searching in the darkness
We swim, dive in, a dance released into the spaces under the ground, above
our heads, the
space just beyond the skin
Safe, I am in safe hands, among safe gazes
Have it
There was a space and I felt my body without moving, lift from my chair and
enter. No one told
me what to do, I knew
To body, to body, body, bodies
Intelligent biology
Body intelligence
Sensory intelligence
There is room for every dance
I “get” it. I understand this language, swimming in the spaces between fingers,
the broadening
of stature, the hum of repetition, pulsing barely visible, soothing, flick, ideas
appear in less time
than it takes to say them. The signals are not from the brain but from cells and
nervous systems
in momentum. There are more dimensions than three, how we meet the
surface of the floor, the
touch of a hand, the imagined dance, the unseen, the channelled, the sacred,
something
beyond our collective knowledge.
They are not doing this for us, it is for both themselves and a summoning. Our
bodies are part of
this, words are too slow, there is not enough vocabulary for sensation.
I am not watching with my eyes but with my body.