



*I Danced With  
Unicorns  
by Codey*

Art by Blue

*I Danced With  
Unicorns  
a poem by Codey*

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*While walking thru the woods one night, I happened, purely by chance,  
to come upon a clearing, a place where the unicorns dance.  
I stood in awed amazement at this wondrous, glorious sight.  
Not even daring to breathe, lest they run away in fright.*

*Forming circles within circles, they gathered in silent formation.  
Each knew exactly where he belonged and took his place without hesitation.  
In the outer ring, there was a space and they turned and looked at me.  
On their faces, were looks of questioning, as if giving a silent plea.*

*Unsure of their intentions, I advanced with trepidation,  
not sure if their looks were warnings, or truly an invitation.  
I took the place in the outer ring and I felt a sense of welcome  
and then within my mind and soul, I heard the beat of a drum.*

*The circles slowly began to move, each in an opposite direction.  
Each movement timed to the beat of the drums, and performed in tight synchronization.  
We circled around the axis but changed direction with each revolution,  
catching glimpses of each past and future and visions of each new evolution.*

*We danced the dance of the needy and the dance for those oppressed.  
We danced for those who live without hope with the fervor of beings possessed.  
We danced the dance of time before time and the dance of times yet to be.  
We danced the dance of creation, then we danced the dance of me.*

*I felt all existence shifting, like a wave beneath my feet,  
as all that is was being erased and time began to repeat.  
I saw the stars falling from the sky and new stars being created.  
I saw the moon and our oceans and knew all was interrelated.*

*I felt the pounding of our hearts and heard the screaming of our souls,  
at the death and rebirth of all that we are, at the pain of being made whole.  
As we moved in frenzied circles, my soul became entranced.  
My heart slowly filled with joy and love, as I, with the unicorns, danced.*

*We fell in utter exhaustion, at the ending of the dance,  
and the drum beat slowly fading, released us from our trance.  
They slowly recovered and slipped away, with no good-bye or backward glance,  
and I know, in my heart, that all will be well as long as the unicorns dance.*