

Orogeny

We dance the slow dance of the ages
Drifting over warm currents from below.
We circle, we drift until a tiny little rift
Makes us take a breath,
Step apart and the rift grows.

We dance the slow dance of the ages,
Floating apart, pushed by warm currents below.
You go north, I go south
A rotating Coriolis in the crowd
Will we meet again? Time only knows.

We dance the slow dance of the ages,
Plates sliding and slipping as we go.
We weather the changes that become us,
Heights eroded by our rivers,
Our basins filled with silty snow.

We dance the slow dance of the ages,
One of your edges shears and lets go.
Sinking down beneath your continental seat,
Volcanoes erupt where it's rubbed raw blisters into your feet,
And the hills on your edges begin to grow.

We dance the slow dance of the ages,
The currents they continue to flow,
They tell me of your pain
I shift my dance towards you again,
And my sedimentary skirts soothe and fill cratered holes.

We dance the slow dance of the ages
The warm currents, they guide us home.
Together we come,
Raising mountains,
Becoming one,
And onwards with the dance we go.