

She's Going to Dance

She's Going to Dance

For years she was
Hidden in a body that refused
Refused to move, run, talk
Her motions and voice muted
Muted by Adam's curse

Even so

She saw
She tried

Soon

Her eyes will be wide open
Her voice released
She will see her Savior and she will sing to him with clarity
and praise and intention

She's going to sing

For years she was
Hidden in a body that refused
Refused to talk, move, run
Her movements and gestures broken
Broken by the ravages of disease

Even so

She moved
She tried

Soon

Her feet will not fail her
Her legs unbound
She will run to her Savior and she will run with speed and
skill and delight

She's going to run

For years she was
Hidden in a body that refused
Refused to run, talk, move
Her balance and elegance shrouded
Shrouded by years of incapacity

Even so

She dreamed
She tried

Soon

Her frame will not deny her
Her body transformed
She will dance with her Savior and she will dance with beauty
and joy and grace

She's going to dance

*This poem was written in honor of and inspired by Shawna Scarborough.

You may also enjoy these original works from Rambling Ever On:

[*The Fifth Ivy*](#)

[*This is the Church*](#)