

# Diana Ross.

(Detroit)

by Daniel Alexander Jones

Precision in presence is a key ingredient in timelessness.  
Lifeforce is fire that can illuminate, burn, transmute and transform.  
When you get yourself free you become a difficulty for many others.  
When you dare to leap outside the lines drawn for you,  
you can incur the wrath of those who live in longing, yet fear, themselves, to tread, to dance  
- with their demons or their delight.  
When you dare to dream outside the lines drawn for you,  
you can fuel the liberation of those who doubt such dreams.  
The shimmering sound of your keenest selfhood is your guide  
you can hear it when you're singing.  
You leave roadmaps in spiral vinyl flight records.  
"Effortlessness" means they think you stumbled into magic  
so they say that rather than acknowledge just how hard you worked.  
An inherent violence accompanies becoming,  
as caging perceptions, by self and other, shatter.  
For you, free is not conditional.  
All hands off, all lights on.  
There is an inimitable grace in the act of becoming  
a wild surety, a feathered, glowing pulse.  
Calling to the four directions you extend  
and thunder, lightning, rain descend.  
The proof is in the pudding; the apples don't fall far from the tree.  
The stories others wrote for you had endings you could see coming from a mile away.  
I like yours better.  
It's a mystery.  
Unfolding up and out.  
It wasn't until I visited Detroit for the first time that it got clear.  
Something clicked and I said to myself,  
"oh, she looked at that wide sky and claimed it, from the get go, as her birthright."