



The Dance

In a gown of silken blue
the fair maid glides in
across the way in tux & tails
the handsome gent approaches
poles of brass circle around
tied with bows of lace
flowers with the sweetest scent
scattered in the air
stars twinkling above
add glimmer to eyes twinkling below
meeting across the circle
eyes pierce to see
the heart, the mind, the soul
the eyes move the feet
without uttering a sound
soft music, sensual and warm
wafts on the evening breeze
each step toward center hope
anticipation of one first touch
meeting in the middle
encircled by poles of brass
he offers his hand
with a gentle bow
she curtsies and slips her hand in his
no hesitation
no anxious signs
the music elevates
to a waltz of grace.

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