THE WOMAN WHO DANCED

I met a girl who danced with grace,
Far more than I have ever seen,
And she danced with me until the music stopped.
We went somewhere to a great house
Where poets never go
And I made small music with my words that sometimes sang
Where we danced
And sometimes wept and she cried on my shoulder
And slept there until the night was done....
Being a man and a fool, I felt that she
And all her loveliness were mine,
As she was through all her flower days.
She danced and she danced from child to woman;
But she danced away from me,
And well it might have been because the dancers never stop
The futile motion,
Even when they grow old;
the dancers never stop the mincing and the prancing
Of promises they can never keep,
Because such things do not exist.
I met a middle-aged dancer with a familiar face
Who did not remember mine.
She said, 'I knew a boy once who danced badly,
A little bit like you;
But I'd give my life to get him back.'
I said "There's something I want to say...."
The middle aged woman said,
"Sorry, darling;"
And smiled tiredly, #This dance is taken."
2.

She turned to go and my heart turned over,
Like the starter on your mar.
I said "There's something I want to say to you."
She turned and suddenly turned on a smile I knew
As brighter than a thousand candelights.
"Sorry, sweet boy, this dance is taken."
She danced on.

Michael Largay