

WOULD WORDS COULD DANCE

Would that I could
weld as I would
words which through woods
would dance.

Would I could trace
one movement's grace
as hands interlace
in a trance.

Echoing limbs
my mind's vision swims
as heart-thoughts cast word-limbs
– my lance:

Hurled at those who
child's lore forgot
censure the dance
they have not.

Motionless –
Delusion –
Dreamelest –
Evolution –
So Fall, Greet the earth
– and dance.

Irina Kuzminsky