

THE DANCER

THE music broke and clung unto the air
In dizzy spirals of ascending sound,
The dancer swayed a moment standing
there . . .

Then blossoms seemed to start from out the
ground

Dancing deliciously within the sun.

A vagrant wind danced all the hillsides
down,

Bending the slender birch trees one by one,
Until each slim white image seemed to
drown

In the calm waters of a listless pool.