

Folk Dancing

One recalls Matisse's plastic
figures taller than the
trees awash with colors of
spring yellow & green
 (flesh pink
& white — all light
thrown back upon the eye
linked in conception, bright
fish driven by forces
beyond thought, brick & blood
red egg

 The lights dim
a wedding dance
couples dip, tips touching
fingers of one hand
while the other
slips through the music
drenching the air, bare
legs bare arms a
strange absence of seduction

Arms grasp shoulders eyes
grasp not quite peasant-
like with hoot & squeal of
delight—more the joy
of individual flight—together—

Something symbolic, procreative
twist & turn, toes as
precious as teeth or
mouth . One's reminded
of Matisse's faceless flesh
arms linked in perpetual
swing alight upon the grass