

T H E D A N C E

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How do you dance
with feet made of lead?
To a beat so unsteady
you should be running instead.

That smile comes hard
through tight gritted teeth.

Pain hard as nails
smuggled deep underneath.

The horizon looks distant
with tight squinted eyes.

Years travel closer
deep wrinkles surprise.

To waltz or to tango
seems so absurd.

Steps make only inches
lifes rhythm undettered.

Small of back smooth
like velveteen suede.

Lightening sad feet
some progress is made.

Music rings smooth
resonating soft on my mind.

One, two, three, four,
all that pain left behind.

How do you dance
with feet made of lead?
With quickness and cunning
the joy of hope ahead.

by Timothy J. Muise