

Ballerina's Mind (all motions)

"... at the still point, there the dance is..."
Eliot - "The Four Quartets"

Clenching leaves on the rim of branches
Waiting for fall in winter
Tree feathers designed to
Rock babies on Hammocks
Waxing moons seesaw.

Dandelions float and whirl
While Dragonflies do jumping jacks
Humming birds make out with trumpet flowers
Tap dancing on the backs of snails
Carcasses
crisp cracking sun-stained foliage.

A mountain of shoes
piled leaves on the sidewalk
A crowd of children rush to dress their naked feet
A lonely pair tangled on the cables
A snagged parachute.

Leaves sticking around
Winding and weaving patterns stitched by compass needles
records
Spinning ballerinas in cloudy concentric orbits.
Hanging like mirror balls twirling at zero degrees Kelvin
Wireless fixated suspended
defying Galileo

Riding Through Appalachian Springs forth
Galloping Through Woods on Snowy Evenings,
Gliding on Smoke signals
Collapsing like cigarette ashes
Dragged by invisible wind currents
Blown away by workers whistling,
Returning home from graveyard shifts,
Scheduled like water cycles,
Cruising diverging roads where Forking paths dig.

Mirror balls fall from the sky pretending to be snow;
they shatter because no one's there to watch them fall.