

## 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.