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The Dance

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I saw a man made of leaves,
all swirling, flailing limbs;
he was dancing on the sidewalk,
he was flying in the wind.

I heard his good wife singing,
cool voice breezing through the night
in a tune he followed fleetly,
stepping quick and light.

But the leaf-made man was wild,
dancing through the air,
and his wife could not contain him
as other winds called fair.

A gust blew up and claimed his form:
he split apart and scattered;
he up and left his wife heartbroken,
their song-and-dance love shattered.

She'd thought to always sing for him,
and he to dance for her;
but when he heard new winds whistling
his very leaves did stir.

He found himself a traveler,
whirling far and wide,
never ceasing the self-same dance
he'd started with his bride.

So to this day he dances on,
an ever-changing form,
always his most vigorous
in the winds before a storm.