Let's Dance

Jeanne Pachaly
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**LOST DOLLS**

Scuffed, dusty,
mud-spattered and forlorn,
a lonely doll lay helpless in the roadside cinders,
arms and legs raised
imploring —
longing for a little heart
and mind
to bring her back to life.

Tossed from a car by a vengeful sibling,
accidentally dropped
in a feat of dolly-derring-do,
or set down and forgotten
in a neglectful moment
as daddy pulled away from the curb.

All along the road —
teddy bears,
toy trucks,
bent bicycles,
and beat-up baseball mitts.

Tears flow
as children grow
and dollies daily die.

— Ron Edison

**LET'S DANCE**

Shall we dance, World?
   Whose music shall we provide?
Too strange is your tune.
   We'll put that aside.
This one I know.
   Here's how it goes.

Why do you hop
   when the music is soft?
Why do you leap
   when it glides peacefully?
Watch what I do.
   I'll repeat it for you.

Take hands, World.
   Be light on your feet!
   (but how can we dance
      when you don't feel the beat.)

— Jeanne Pachaly