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well past midnight

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well past midnight

Rick Anthony

she has slipped out the back door
 into moonlight - silverblue, polar bright -
 barefoot, wearing the moon's flame
 in her hair, its dreams in her eyes,
 over the warm earth waiting, down
 the slow sloping land to fields
 far enough to cry or shout but still
 silent as she strips, tossing
 a flash of cloth off into brush
 and feels the begging for a breeze
 on flesh firm but molten, sun-ripe,
 moon-sown, dancing all the druid airs
 spun and spun in voiceless echoes,
 mystic webwork hung shadowlike
 from blade to bough and breathing
 into blush of ivory tones
 the joy of stones for souls that sing
 the mingling darks and blaze, and then
 erect she arches back and bows, bent
 from the waist and up again
 and this until by brave leavings
 she's drooped upon the fence,
 bent back, arms flung full behind
 and, left stretching forever deft,
 gives up the trembling for a stillness
 wholly grace, the flower wilted
 in full bloom upon the thorn
 in the blue, blue, breathless hour
 before the morn. All the brothers
 of the world went searching, but never one
 walked past her beauty who escaped,
 and all the glades and hilly shrines
 give up their secret just once
 in what was fair. . .her dancing there.