well past midnight

Rick Anthoney
College of DuPage
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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.