

...june 8, 2013...

last night we danced the oddest dance  
into winding streets  
of guitars flutes and saxophones  
with drums to hold the beat —

last night we clapped and swayed and twirled  
inside harmonies  
of voices we could almost hear  
in ricocheting dreams —

the deep and shadowed dance floors  
slipped beneath our feet  
with faces of familiar  
all swirling to the beat —

everyone we knew before  
and all we've yet to meet  
wove us through a web-work of  
of spinning galaxies —

last night we danced the oddest dance  
until the moon came down  
to sweep us up like stardust  
and drop us off at home.

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