

Dance of Death

all summer long we danced to an ever changing tune --- invincible.

bare young feet among soft falling petals

oblivious of the passing of time

oblivious of fading petals among dancing feet

oblivious of the changing tenor of the wind

as it twirled and danced

and danced and twirled

a wind now desiccated

trailing dry fingers over bony arms

bare dry

kicking carelessly at legs and leaves

old desiccated leaves

aging, desiccating legs petals now long gone

golden brown leaves crackling like wafer-thin crackly toffee

swirling spinning twirls of leaf-floss tossed scattered and twirled again

vortices of leaves, arms and legs in a spinning dervish dance

rattle of aging legs

aging bones of trees

twigs, leafless, bare

bare arms reaching to the desiccated wind

flailing dry arms crackling

reaching into crackling dry air

crackling and hot as crackling straight from the oven

oven hot, knotted limbs burdened by the weight of heat and age

The dry dervish wind dances away unfettered
unencumbered by age or heat
harassing and snatching tired skeletons from beneath gaunt limbs of dry sentinels
once guardians against the devil wind
dry veined skeletons forced once more to join the dance

they sigh
twirling their slow skirling dance
rattling dry veins
at first slowly, tentatively
feet scraping and old dried up corns
pushed slipping tripping
and then caught age forgotten
they leap and twirl
caught once more in the maniacal dance of death
those dried up dervishes of now leafless trees

Join them if you will
and dance
or be forever damned.

By Gill



Thanks Marg H.