

DANCE SESSION

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The queegee'd ice in the great dim hall
Was clean and blue and fit for the ball;
So the music sounded and the lights glared out
And the cruel steel blades went swirling about
In flight fantastic and fancy free,
In crisp, clean spins, with gutsy glee—Etching the ice without art,
While the cruel bright blades
Sliced sharp in my heart

Out of the leaping rushing spate
A voice sang out for a three-lobed eight;
The Ice fauns paired with their elfin sprites
To start their intricate woven rites.
In complex, structured demonstration
They captured Art in one equation;
In sweet incredible enthymeme
They proved the logic of cold Moon beam.

Out from the pattern of Killian and Blues
Emerged the sprite whom the Ice Gods choose
To show us weary earth-bound creatures

The cool, sweet lines of Beauty's features.

Rosy her long limbs, snow white were her gams,

Rime blue was her kerchief, and merry her glance—
Hoyden her hair bow, among the gallants.

Ice fairy Virginia, First in the Dance!

(Oh, great was the shock of the sudden stop

When the music ceased and the patterns broke

And fairyland melted in cigarette smoke

In the warm dull light of a coffee shop!)

RAH, June 1946