

Blue, Dancing—A Villanelle

Blue dancing litters the dusked
Floor, lightning feet at fifth zip—
Me up, sissy!” Shouting, she rushed

Sloppy pigtailed bouncing, silver dangles blush
And her feet, like her young mouth, know no script
Yet as her blue dancing shoes flitter in dusk.

Enter daddy and exit, rotgut breeze your musk
As your trudge interrupts her warship,
She shouts, “Help me up, sissy!” I must

Shield the small dancer: “Hush, baby, hush
Obstacles yield to craftsmanship.”
Blue, she dances in the littered living-room dusk.

She’s learned to set herself free: small but not shrunk,
She plunges, plies deep, lunges, feet lilt, the floor flips—
Fallen, she says, “I don’t need help up, sissy. I’ll pick myself up

And,” wise eyed, “I don’t believe in luck.”
Blue-eyed dancer, who now has feet with a stronger grip,
Feel brown eyes watch as you bless the light-littered dusk.
“I’m up, sissy!” she beams, feet find fifth, as the curtain raises up.