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Dancing Girls

Tom Calkins

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DANCING GIRLS

A movement of dancing in the street,
 Just a hint, touching each other
 The two young girls recreate last
 Night's dance or this evening's.
 We watch from the window and see
 The splash of a smile glinting
 Up to us, brushing aside the leaves,
 Vying with the sun for color.
 The dark arm as it catches at the air
 Moves my thoughts to you, and I turn
 And touch your arm, contemplatively,
 Feeling the skin, following the wrinkle
 Of your elbow

They seem so silly
 And so abstract down there in the street,
 Dancing, indiscriminently tossing smiles.

TOM CALKINS

VORTEX

When numbered pages of the night curl up, when air
 strips eyes of loitering pain, tears follow, lights
 collapse.
 Then, lonely, my resemblance to these streets comes clear.
 Steps creak.
 Winds burn.
 And frozen in a fiction, all the tears turn back.
 Then all the facets of the mind flash fear.
 And every foot is dangerous and rich.
 Heart splits.
 Wheels whirr.
 Departures, swallowed by the sound, draw in the
 doorways, rayed with rust, and all the windows
 stitched with steel, and all the gutters' menaces.

BYRON VAZAKAS