

Night Dance

Circles of people--spokes--and endless night,
like a road
to hold their dance.

They are freed by the depth of their enslavement.

In each heart roll waves of fuel,
sufficient for ignition and maintenance
of eternal light, to document their movement,
which strives not to end.

There are children, safe beneath their parents,
as if walking the umbrella's crisp cocoon.

Footfall insists on substance supporting it.
Shadow flaps black wings of unseen raven.
Clasping hands transcend the separation.