

EMMA LOU THAYNE

The Dancer and I

As I watch, astonished;

what I hunger for
is not what I know I
cannot do

but for this cöcksure witness
to what I know some
other human being
can:

 The summoning
of summer to a song
the color of plum
to a line

 the translation
to the mother tongue
of what there is
in flight.

 Following
the dancer the cascade of
 discipline
 and
 abandon
 like the trill
 of an impossible note

I am consumed by beauty.

But it is not envy
nor even desire
that engages me: All
is a lifting
by the tongues of bells

Here. Now.

Toes buttocks fingers instincts
tingle with places to hold
and take off from

knowing for once

How!