

Shadowdancing - 1996

Alexis Mitchell

Black gloved hand takes my own.
Arms encircle body whole. I lose
My moment in the world as the
Music stirs my soul.

I dance to the chorus of the
Wind, as stars watch in delight.
I waltz with my captor partner.
We waltz throughout the night.

Into smoke gray eyes I peer,
Unable to break away. Our
Heartbeats keep the rhythm, as
We Dance 'til the break of day.

I think not of anything, but
Dancing in the dark. My heart
Feels not the world's distress-
Its realities I do not hark.

In this moor of shadows, as I
Dance, I know I'm free.

And I silently thank my captor
For doing this to me.

I wake. I cry. I tremble
From this dream I'll have no
More. But as I look around my
Room, I find a black glove on
The floor.