THE DANCE

Reaching out to touch you,
I find nothing there
but a ghost
invading my existence;
I feel the shrieking inside,
I hear the breathing outside,
I sense your presence beside me,
your dancing around the Maypole
of my inner being.

I want to dance with you,
but find myself,
after chasing you in circles,
exhausted in a twisted heap.
Me a scarecrow
made of straw and air,
you the whirlwind
of my slumbering passions.

So we dance
in our separate worlds,
until the morning sun
burns you away,
and the other world
picks up this twisted heap
of a scarecrow,
infusing it with a dose of reality.