
Night Dances

Can you see me,
a silhouette in a crowd,
for you walked into the room
and the room disappeared;

You move in soothing waves,
and there is little control
as I swirl into the warming haze
of alcohol and cigarette smoke;

You wrap me . . . You wrap me . . .
into your spider's web
with seductive graces,
and nothing's sure for long;

A newspaper ring
is your commitment
when the dance is over,
but you visit often:

You tug at the blinds
in the back room,
late at night
when I'm home alone,
drawing me to feed
upon the images of bliss
you freely give
at your cabaret show,
-- images rented,
but never owned.