

GLENN HAYES

WALTZING IN A SURREALIST PAINTING

We dance without feet in the foreground
on the lawn by the sea, thought to bone.
So close that God thinks we are married.

We foot it between the two sisters:
one fat dressed in white and the other—
well, you guessed it (a-two-and-a-three).

But if, with your thumbs and forefingers
and your eyes like two slits in a blind,
you frame us and step slowly backwards,

you will see we are perfectly still,
more colour and shape than real lovers,
more lovers than you'll ever be.