

# BALLET

GEOFFREY JOHNSON\*

In the ice-blue light,  
Whose every forest pillar is a stalactite,  
Pale girls in china-chintzes group and pose  
As fountains the long winter froze:  
And the only sign of animation,  
The leaf-green gallant gliding through the dreams  
Of the sleeping earth, fringes the cirque's extremes,  
Darts to the middle, stops, and pirouettes . . .

The fountains uncongeal their jets  
Quicksilverly, the hoops of frozen light  
Liquidly mingle, the whole forest flows.  
In cool, collected trepidation,  
And swallow-curving certainties of aberration  
Circle the ballet-girls,  
Flouncing their draperies of under-white;  
And like an April dawn through waterfalls  
Or a lake's daffodils in mountain squalls  
The prima ballerina swirls and swirls.

\*English poet resident in Ely; a frequent contributor to English, American, and Canadian periodicals.