

Poetry

Theme For Dancing

From leaf cover surrounding a moonlit glade I spied
goatfooted a creature in indecent dance.

Initial shock waves at exposures so desecrated
subsiding, and being held still in captive audience,

I reassessed opinions as to worth and merit,
sensing unspoken reasons for the inclusion
of expression foreign to refinement of spirit
that would mark so uncouth ritual an intrusion

on moral stricture. In my precarious obscurity,
spelled or not, I owned a share in whatever blame
attached to this questioning of Diana's purity,
this mute insistence on the catholicity of theme.

—John V. Hicks