

SPRING AS BALLET

E. R. Cole

Emerald skirts
of the dancer
begin to stir
smoke-clouds
under the ineffable sun
and over
the unresurrection of the dead. Ask her,

if you like,
why
she whirls her agile body
in April
and she will point a vernal finger
to the grave.

Like spirit
she possesses immortality
and is proud (very proud)
of the wounds and wounds and wounds
of her woundless
being
and the endless
irresistible laughter
of her paradox.