The Dance Floor Crush

by Cammy Kaynor

When first we met it seemed by chance, When next we met it was to dance And all the passions filled my mind Awash in seas of sweet romance. When Thursdays come I often find I can't resist the urge to wend My work-tired way to the hall To seek her at the contradance. I scan the hall with eagerness To catch perhaps a fleeting glimpse Of sparkling eye and darkling hair And loveliness beyond compare. I know that I could never miss To spot her on the crowded floor, To blow her one impassioned kiss And love her more and more And when it seems she isn't there I feel shy, and find some chair To sit and watch the dancers swirl And calm my rapid beating heart. I wish that I could make some art To tell the world that she is part Of all that makes me who I am — And who I will become. How she makes me love again! How she stirs the life within! How she makes me want to share And care and bare my soul for her!

© 2002 Campbell Kaynor; published in the CDSS News, issue #168, September/October 2002.