A Quartet of Poems

Unite

by Dudley Laufman (2009)

The good folk of Padstow in Cornwall would if they could do the hobby horse on May first each year unless it falls on a Sunday, then Monday of course.

We do it here northeast stateside May first, except Sunday. Get the old accordion out, the drums, beer to quench the thirst. Dress the kids in white, forsythia garlands.

Unite for summer is a-coming in even though there still is snow around. We are singing it at ten AM and they at four PM across the pond.

What grips us, is we are doing it same time they are for a few minutes.



Anticipation by Ken Blackwood (2010)

Summer's gone Snow's about Time to get dance shoes out

Dances fresh Dances old With dances fresh let's be bold

Friends from near Friends from far With drouthy neighbours abandon care

And here's a thought That can be told Dancing will defeat the cold

Untitled

by Ellen Tepper (2010)

Those bare trees swaying in the wind Seem to dance to tunes I cannot hear.

Although I was looking at the maples and elms around me I was dreaming of the pine trees you-know-where.



In the Small Hours by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

I lay in my bed and fiddled With a dreamland viol and bow, And the tunes flew back to my fingers I had melodied years ago. It was two or three in the morning When I fancy-fiddled so Long reels and country-dances, And hornpipes swift and slow.

And soon anon came crossing
The chamber in the gray
Figures of jigging fieldfolk—
Saviours of corn and hay—
To the air of "Haste to the Wedding,"
As after a wedding-day;
Yea, up and down the middle
In windless whirls went they!

There danced the bride and bridegroom, And couples in a train, Gay partners time and travail Had longwhiles still amain!... It seemed a thing for weeping To find, at slumber's wane, And morning's sly increeping. That Now, not Then, held reign.