

# Well Hall

*by Jesse Naiman*

With a mixture of melody and sadness, a flute inspires the soul.  
The wooden floor feels smooth in bare feet.  
My companion for a song, carries herself like a princess;  
I mirror her countenance, stepping with a gentleman's stature,  
Extending my palm,  
Accepting her touch.  
We walk slowly towards, to a renaissance waltz,  
Hands raised above in unison.  
Her face growing in intensity,  
Nearing my own, until  
Foreheads nearly touch — lips a breath apart,  
Looking deep into eyes looking deep into mine.  
Press palm against palm, and we spin away.  
Her face dissolves, in  
A spiralling sea of lines of spinning me.

Her face nears,  
And we fade.  
Smile, and fade  
Such a gentle melody sweeps us back in time;  
To courtly days,  
                    of elegant halls,  
                    of Victorian dress.

I dance far from here, in a surreal place, and  
She dances there too.  
The song ends, but a lingering beauty remains,  
As the princess embraces the prince,  
Long enough for the imaginary colours to fade;  
Long enough to see...

                    This is real.