Behind the Beat (a poem)

by Dudley Laufman

Best way to keep a runaway square dance band in tow is to pull in on the reins going down hill on the B music and notch it down a hair just before you start up the A hill and not to worry who speeds up it, could even be you, but you're the boss, keep everyone focused, might have to repeat this practice a few times, maybe every time, not a bad habit anyway. Take it nice and easy is what old Dick Richardson used to say. Play behind the beat boys, behind the beat. When you get old like me and don't want to climb fast up the A Hill, you take a little rest before you start. Or when you're dancing the Money Musk and you shuffle clog through the dance like old Louis Pasquerelli, barber and paving cutter from Keene there, dancing along on the right and left, elbows bent, swaying and stepping and you think he'll never make it on time but his right hand is there on the nut for the once and a half around no waste of time like some dancers who hurry up and wait standing there looking up at the caller thinking What a good guy am I getting here ahead of everyone while Louis dances behind the beat and wins every time.