

Speak Dancing to My Feet

At the risk one takes in doing this of turning obsolete,
I'll tell you what to do that time alone could not complete:
turn forth the brass across the dawn, that it may sound out sure and sweet,
and I'll speak dancing to your feet.

We filled the sky, since neither love nor hate can be discreet;
there is a flash of light whenever death and living meet.
But it seems we only like ourselves; each other we mistreat;
so our romance didn't work, though it produced a lot of heat.
Just leave it broken; leave it and speak dancing to our feet.

Among this rubble grey, and among the cold concrete,
take our ten-years children out into the street
and leave them in the disparate and disengaging sleet—
they will make it, they will make it: speak dancing to their feet.

And take my heart, I know it's small, and then I shall retreat;
I tried to dust it off, I thought you'd want it dry and neat.
And if at night, where I must stay, you hear a lonely bleat,
console the lamb, strike up the drum, speak dancing to my feet.