

Phil Rice

The Forest Dance

for Widdy

We answer the woodland
call, together, tonight;

with delicate ease,
you punctuate

my voice with
gentle whispers.

we spin and twirl,
twirl and spin;

stand and turn,
turn and stand;

timeless and free,
the music pauses.

you comb me
beneath the limbs;

swaying in the wind,
tonight, is what we do.