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Dance Numbers

Continuity

Winnowing chaff from new-cut heads
Of grain, the girls toss up from trays,
Flat-woven from the grasses there,
The seeds in ancient ways
And let the antique wind blow out
The husks in clouds of gold,
Then bow back down to seek more grain
As in the days of old,
For nothing changes in the dance
Each time the story's told.

Bend Sinister

Leaning back into a dire S-curve
And turning, twisting out of grace,
Finding cruel existence takes
Her to a meaner, coarser place,
She rebels against the tide
That pulls her downward, scrapes her soul,
And makes a revolutionary
Spring to leave the great Black Hole
Of wounded spirit, tortured love,
To swim back into something sweet—
This is the mandate of the dance:
To win by keeping on her feet

Conjurer

Under a spell of loveliness
She leans, she curls, expands;
She falls against the strong caress
Of gladness, in the hands
Of magic greater than herself,
And when the spell is done,
There is no darkness, loneliness
Or sorrow; she is one
With every boundary, with joy,
With having been set free
From all constraint; the dance has won

Her to infinity

When Ladies are Dancing

Patterns of elegance, synchronized moves,
Footsteps as fluid as flowing in grooves
Down sides of a fountain afloat with champagne,
They leap and they glide and they dance the refrain
As though they were ageless and weightless as light,
Each gesture, each pattern, each detail so right,
So proper and grace-filled, expressive of joy—
Intimidate wholly the poor sidelined boy!

Enchanted Evening

One evening, on meeting by chance at a dance,
Raoul and LaVilma were drawn to romance,
And after a cha-cha, a quickstep or two,
A twist, for good measure—they instantly knew
They were destined for love as they flew round the floor
And they spun out a rumba, a samba, and more—
They sailed straight from Viennese waltz to a shrug,
Disco, Mashed Potato; they cut up the rug
Till everyone left but the janitor's dog;
They danced unaccompanied, caught in their fog
Of hazy enchantment, LaVilma, Raoul
And the spirit of Romance pervading the cool
Of the dark morning hour, when if they'd had to stop,
Their love-dancing fate would have burst with a Pop!
But destiny loves a good romantic tale,
So instead, they kept dancing, and leaving a trail
Of shimmering mist in their wake, floated on
To a faint dancing moonbeam,
Danced up,
And were gone...

Seaside Dances

Splash and sparkle, run and race,
 overflow—then, not a trace!
Froth and foam and bubble, brew,
 lapping, laughing, fro and to
Gay the tide and fleet the flood
 that rolls and ripples o'er the mud
To chase gulls high and turtles low,
 laughing, lapping, to and fro
Effervesce across the sand,
 wavelets, dash 'twixt sky and land
Froth and foam and bubble, brew,

lapping, laughing, fro and to
Tumble, torrents, wash and wake
the playful soul for sweetness' sake
To chase gulls high and turtles low,
laughing, lapping, to and fro!

Waltzing

Swirling around in the glimmering shades
Of opal, of pearl-iridescent glissades
Of mica and diamonds' refractory gleam,
The mystical mist of a magical dream
In helices heavenly, shimmering, sweet
And dancingly dazzling motes all replete
With graces and lace's light delicacy,
Spin, waltz, as ecstatic as whirling can be.

Jeté

To leap and tumble like gazelles,
Like breezes bounding off the sea,
Like butterflies, like tinkling bells,
Like turning to infinity
All youth and beauty's pretty spells—
What lovely freedom that must be!
When I am feeling my age tells
Upon my bones, my lack of grace
Is far too great, my dream compels
Me to imagine bounding space
As a great dancer parallels
The leap to heaven from this place.

Isabella's Waltz

Isabel, Isabel, Isabella,
Your name is the song of a lark
And the vision of you in your soft silken blue
Gown among jasmine blooms in the dark
Lights the night with a blaze of bright dancing—
Isabella, your dazzling glow
Puts swing in the gait of the gentlemen lately
Seen falling around you like snow—
How lovely your smile, Isabella,
And your graces angelic and free;
I can barely contain the ecstatic refrain
When I see you come waltzing to me.