

# Dance At Howard's Creek

Slowly the meandering line of people started filling Howard's Creek picnic area,  
Old and young, men and women - regular ritualists,  
Late afternoon tempo of the working-day was unwinding into the suffused  
serenity of the evening,  
People avoided each other's  
eyes generally but when confronted exchanged brief greetings.  
The Creek is ten miles from the urban center Les Amon,  
A tree-packed-green-strip floating in Hazen River canopied by open sky -  
A long slender boat drifting aimlessly toward Pacific Ocean.  
As the summer evening sky is painted in long crimson brushstrokes,  
The gathering gradually eases into a rhythmic movement approaching a dance.  
In pairs and in solo the group pulsates to some unknown tune,  
In pregnant silence the act melts with the scene,  
For a moment life seems harmonious and lifted:  
An escape from the cracked silhouette in a cage,  
Gouged loneliness knocking emptily on a dry varnished cocoon,  
Snuffed-out urge to be one with the world.  
The dance flows into the indolent rays of the sunset,  
Then people stop and gather their things and without  
saying goodbye to each other,  
Hurry toward their cars to return to their lonely cells and functional lives,  
Diffidently dreaming to dance again soon.

Suffern, New York, 5.9.11

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