

## Love's Dance

*And now on the brittle ground I'm lying,  
Screaming to die with the dead year's dead;  
The stem of the rose is black and drying,  
The willow is tossing the wind from her head.*

*The Willow*

*Dorothy Parker*

Once I was standing tall  
Strong and confident  
Fearlessly facing the fall  
Towards the cliff I went  
Newly become a man  
Childhood tears all drying  
I found my first taste of love  
and pain  
As a man I started crying  
*And now on the brittle ground I'm lying,*

My heart was taken from me  
Left broken on the floor  
Her words cut through me gently  
As she walked out the door  
My body turned to ice  
Vision faded to blood red  
I lay down  
to sleep  
While drowning in this tear-filled bed  
*Screaming to die with the dead year's dead;*

Time healed my heart again  
I thought I'd take a chance  
Walk out in the rain  
Toward love's second dance  
She said she wanted me  
She was only lying  
She was perfect  
as a rose  
Then she left me dying  
*The stem of the rose was black and drying,*

I am done with love and touch  
All the better now for me  
I have never meant that much  
So I will not take chance three  
There is always someone  
That they prefer instead  
So I am giving up  
on love  
As I lay here on my endless bed  
*The willow is tossing the wind from her head.*

By Michael  
(Mike Ilett)