

Different Dancers

By Drashel

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A poem about a different form of dancing, if you've read the Wheel of Time series you should get it.

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1 - Different Dancers

Different Dancers

They dance across the yard,
They move silently.
Their eyes are locked,
In something like a lovers embrace.

Their extended arms,
Snake out towards each other.
But touch only air,
That quickly turns away.

They walk back and forth,
Neither yielding nor retreating.
They admire each other,
They hate each other and love each other.

The crowd watches on,
Silent as the two dancers.
No loud jests, No wild bets,
Only admiring silence.

The two dance,
There is no other word,
That describes this show,
So closely or completely.

As twilight comes,
They slow down.
Yet continue to dance,
Neither yielding nor retreating.

Now they touch each other,
And sweat isn't the only thing,
To run down and into the ground.
There is blood and tears mixed together.

Yet the two dance on,
`Til neither can stand.
And their eyes close one more time,
Neither yielding nor retreating.