

## DANCING ON A TABLE AT THE TRIDENT

(written in Bali, 1982)

Dancing on a table, the long legs are firm and fluid.....  
Yearning, deep hunger to pull them apart  
To thrust deeply into you,  
To grasp you deeply into me

I watch the wise, soft, not quite understandable  
Face. Deep eyes. Blue shadowed. Exotic? Haunting. And dream of a dance  
Shared through who can guess what  
realms; a deep journey plunging us....a fearless team

I fear you, want you, dream you, need you  
So deep in a hurtful way longing.  
I share sometimes only if you are soft..  
Don't hurt me, don't leave me alone, I'm too vulnerable

Let me grasp you, yield to you  
Suck you, feed you  
Lead me, follow me,

Share the long fought, deep dust filled,  
Ardor-filled, lustful, trance-like peaceful soft trembling  
Intimate, trivial, heart wrenching, fleeting  
Seconds tightly together  
of our all too short dance

J: (2018 comment) this poem is full of urgent sensuality/sexuality, the desire is palpable. Yet in places (third stanza) it is vulnerable and tender. It's interesting to me that even at that time (36 years ago) you had a feeling of the "all too short dance", yet were also so aware of our intimacy, our almost frenzied closeness. I liked the last stanza very much – the idea that we "must" share our lives, as if fated; and all the adjectives describing the seconds of our lives were really powerful. Starting with dancing, ending with dancing, our journey..... Love, love, your dancing on the table J

D Comment (2018) I'm struck by the rawness, yang primitive male sexual energy of the first stanza; a true feeling expressed in the jungle of Bali, alone, looking back at a courtship week in January, 1969. Married 12 years at the time. It's not the kind of emotive primitive passion I overtly share in writing (or life!) And yes, as J notes, the vulnerability, the "neediness" for closeness yet still navigating how to "tai chi dance" (a term not yet in our dance repertoire) with greater softness and gentleness. Fascinating how different the poem now (at 71 and 69) after over 48 years of marriage would be. Yet still we nightly we hold hands, and cuddle and are aware of how I would now title the poem some combination of "Our all too short dance together." And "Gratefulness for each moment"

D to J: Hi Doll face, I'm wondering if ok to put this poem up on the web ;

J: Yes, I support putting it up. True, it is pretty raw and primitive in places, sexually and emotionally, But it's an interesting poem with interesting commentary, and it does hint at a side of you that isn't much in evidence, particularly now. It is true to feelings you had then when you were younger And for that reason I support it going up. Love, J

