

# For Sue I Saw Dancing in the White Sun Dress

by [Ron Clinton Smith](#) (June 2026)



Strolling along the Seashore (Joaquín Sorolla, 1909)

For Sue I Saw Dancing in the White Sun Dress

I am that boy you saw grinning toward you through the crowd  
You are that girl I saw dancing in the light  
I thought I could cherish, knowing nothing about you  
But a vision, a gift, my broken heart healed in your smile  
And told you, knew you, claimed you and arrested you  
To be mine without reason or explanation  
For what is given us as love like the promise of  
Endless spring, a day that shines on forever  
Breaking both of our hearts, wedding our pain and fears  
Bonding us like spirits known in the spheres of stars  
And who am I to deserve such truth in beauty of love  
At my touch, giving up everything you are for who I  
Had to be, loving my love for you like the day without end  
And all these years, many years, all this life I'm blessed  
And shattered with love, devoting my pain and pleasure  
To the sweet kindness and angry offense of love  
Of tears and blessings, and children and the strange  
Mysterious beauty of becoming your only one,  
My only one, the one who took me into her flesh  
And let me find myself in your life, heart, secrets,  
Our spirits so intertwined I would never know  
Where I begin and you and I end, because.

### **Forgive Me if All I Have**

Love takes everything the face will allow  
shifting moon shadows from dawn  
with the elliptical void of heart and fist

The back-bending gross awareness of  
nearness, the soft undoing of skin on the  
mantle, for where I leave you are there

Inside us, taking on a universe of life,  
the chemistry of our brains unwinding

in our thoughts, our brash, false movements

Electric with loss, dancing back across the  
threshold of our wandering fits. You don't  
have to ask where I came from when you

Know you made me, unraveled me like a  
spool of satin, and crossed, crosshatched  
me woven upon a dreamscape, unveiled

My sight for your own time and pleasure.  
Excuse me while I reach across and take  
your face like a lantern and live again in

Your opened windowed light, forgive me if  
all I have is you and the dawn and the  
world made of you and the softest skin.

## **Unfinished**

If I had seven arms  
and three or four hearts  
or more, I couldn't touch you  
enough to never need to  
or keep one heart from breaking  
for every inch you smiled.  
I would always be appearing  
at your door with something  
left unfinished"

## **Our Beginning**

And then I was lying there

In the dawn  
At the beginning,  
At the end  
Touching the light  
Slipping quickly into  
The first thought, the  
Opening door into the  
Word walking fast across  
The floor in the dark  
I was standing and you  
Were there with me  
Without knowing why I'd  
Called you, straddling my  
Heart across the well worn  
Shadows that gleaned a  
Meaning, to leap up and  
Cross the opening, the door  
Way of my birth, you were  
There, but we came together  
Like two known objects, fast  
Working into our past, grasping  
Each other like ready slaves,  
Dancing in each other's void,  
Warm with the witness of  
Passion, unburdened, warm  
In each other's eyes, meeting  
And becoming our beginning.

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**Ron Clinton Smith** is an author and actor known for his literary works and film appearances. His thriller novel *Creature Storms* was published in 2012, followed by his second novel *The Sentry* in 2025. His nonfiction piece, "A Pilgrimage

To Dennis Hopper," was nominated for the Pushcart Prize and listed in Best American Essays, 2015. Smith's writing has appeared in various literary journals. As an actor, he's appeared in films and TV shows such as *We Are Marshall*, *The Mist*, *True Detective*, *Hidden Figures*, *Boy Erased*, and *Just Mercy*.

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