

Lover's Dancing and A Lone Thief

by [Michael Shindler](#) (April 2021)



Lovers With Cat, Oskar Kokoschka, 1917

Lover's Dancing

Lovers dancing in the shadow of a cliffside,
Arms rising and falling,
From each to each calling,
Would-be husband to would-be bride:
'Listen—the suns stand,
The moons bow.'

And their dance, as they dance, is a deep breath.
'Listen—take my hand,
Make your vow.'
And so each called to each to death.

A Lone Thief

A lone thief in the company of dimming oaks
Crept with the whistling wind,
His wine-red lips grinning
At a dozen half-remembered jokes.
But he came to a place where the oak-canopy thinned
And saw there a bright angel spinning:
His sword shearing constellations,
His wings beating back heaven.
So, he stood and made his congratulations,
Marveling in the cleaving creations,
And knew then why the days of the week were seven.

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