

Grace

The dancer's legato reaches Thursday eve,
a favor for a lone ballet dancer in an angle of rebuff,
and the shadowy customer on her cheap seat.
The kings of W.S. stepped in time or not,
the dancers glide in time, without a doubt.

What is this space that we ask our god for or not,
and before which this one goes or not?
Which heads are mindful and receivable and wholesome a lot?
Try for happiness, stop in your snowy tracks when grace knocks,
or tie a knot for the next life, or not.

> Paul Turner, 2007