

DANCER FROM THE DANCE

*What happened was: the man was mad with style,
Though built for it in mind the flesh was not,
His thoughts danced, true, but his feeling was an exile
That traced an ego that desired the unbegot.*

*The dance was fiery, it consumed the dancer,
He would have lasted it had he left fire
Alone to style . . .*

*The man was fast, the madness faster:
The country was in trouble but could not retire,
The dance was mad and madder he who danced,
The conscience of the tribe one with the man,
And very soon the world – according to his plan.*

— by A. G. HUFANA