

"Bal a Bougival"
Pierre - Auguste Renoir



Something is sacrificed supplying us
Life

Though we dance,
Perhaps it's the bouquet of
Peace

as it's lost in the fall
To be trampled afoot while we swirl
Presupposing the pearl of the ball;
Perhaps it's the clutch that deceives
as it drives

Relapsing to catch unawares
In the flick of the match quenched in flame
Engulfing the wished not desired
But too late,

or the saturates finishing drunk
From the whirl falsed romance.

Be it sacred, serofound, or unbound
yet to live

Providing us something has sacrificed
life.