

"Toe Dancer"
Emil Nolde

Dance;
Does the world revolve on our toes?
or is it merely the point?

The dance which in beauty's condensed
Fulfills us as well as in desire,
For we live, and we sleep,
In its presence to long-
Romance
ling in these never the voice that is you.

Dance - listen,
I'm taken in you
as a tree, turning the silent
Desert of the night,
Where is this source
Entranced
Which feeds on the songs of our youth?

Dancer - how bright is the day,
as the background so empty to show?
as the legs of your toe
within
or flows it away as the dusk?

Dancer - teach us to know
The embrace
of the thrust
of the arms
Locked in the lost from the kiss
or tendered to teach in the touch
as the soft encompassing fall
of the minute
all.

