

ok Jaleo  
John S. Sargent



The dance is where women excel;  
For the shadows in trance  
Spell their cast.

Fury is fathomless masked  
and dooms to a shield in the midst  
The beauty that true would exist  
While the scarlet is edged to her fall.

Though daylight revives in a dance  
The tone of the night refrains  
and the shadows on sifting reveal  
The falsest moves lost in us all.

Oh promise of psychic pursuits,  
seek, for the skirt flows in scene  
where feigned  
is affection in strumming despair.