

Dancing to Darkness

Saturday night on The Grand Cheneir
Grandma is two stepping to darkness
Grand Papa wears his best string tie
Outside cars line the driveway's edge
Folks swaying through the dark yard
Already hips are moving to the music
Inside the Whirlybird, tradition stays
On old benches music is made like
Redbeans and rice cooking nearby
There is an aroma arising as sweat
Mingles with smiles and spins we
Are dancing toward darkness, ayee!

Sunday Morning on The Grande Chenier
Grandma sitting in the dark pew praying
For one more Saturday night fais do do
Grande Papa, his stool near the coulee
His accordion bellows wheezing, 'til all
Manner of mice and men are twirling
Might not be mouse music, Arhoolie
On the Grande Chenier mice do spin.
Inside the Whirlybird mice two step
For crumbs; the dance floor echoes
if one looks, a faint trail marches
The past sits on an old road sign
All that remains are tire marks
On the lawn. Shhh! Listen....
It's only music in the wind
dancing to darkness
Again and again.

*Written for Christy and Jim
May your closet be full of plaid shirts
And your hearts be filled with song
And your table be filled with friends
And your yard never be free of ruts.*