

Dancing Lady

She always knew that she would dance
If only she would have the chance
She moved with such a natural grace
A look of joy upon her face
She stepped and gestured dreamily
It was the music set her free
Not the sound of violins
Piano, pipes or mandolins
But bird song and the gentle breeze
As it moved among the trees
The sounds of nature reached her soul
They bid her dance and made her whole

Jan Rees July 2024

