

One step, two step, don't step on my heart:
Cradle your passion with a delicate squeeze.
Formulate movement a split second apart
As we desperately dance on our knees.

One step, two step, as I once drempt:
Guard your passion like a ghost on its grave.
Swaying and crying to brazen contempt,
It would seem misguided cowards are brave.

Sep 1988