

Leeds Poem 2: Heather Shipp

By Denis Joe

she was beautiful
astride high-heeled commanding
the certainty of the dance
the assurance of belong

she was beautiful
partnered to piazzolla
an invitation to sway
my deformed tango all wrong

she was beautiful
I wish I were the fabric
of her dress freely clinging
to the warming of her song

she was beautiful
in gravity for seiber
gave voice to sadness of those
I have yet to walk among

she was beautiful
in departing leaving me
gasping for the very air
she breathed as I did when young

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