

isadora

soft september on the riviera.
isadora duncan. goose-fleshed and untrapped,
never has her naked neck looked barer

than tonight - the chill's enough to scare her
into putting on a silk scarf (tightly wrapped).
soft september on the riviera,

ballet, *pas* and *attitude*, no fairer
way to spend a night than dancer-watching, rapt.
never has her naked neck looked bare - her

driver starts the car, and she's the wearer
of a tailwind-whirling silk, flown free, breeze-lapped.
soft september, on the riviera

road annealed by sportscar wheels; they tear her
fabric into them, the twist-turn-twirling apt.
never has her naked neck looked barer

now that someone has to be the bearer
of the bad news that it has been snapped.