



It's fun to go to a country
 dance
 Called by a man who knows
 Just what the floor can swallow
 whole
 without entangling toes.

How much of this and what of that
 His floor can well digest
 How to move them fast or slow
 And when to give them rest.

He scrambles up The Route a bit,
 Does Buffalo Quadrille
 Tucks in Gay Gordons for a round
 Gives summer folks a thrill.

Those summer folks think he is grand
 As he completely fools 'em
 Building up their ego fast
 While by each tip he schools 'em.

As they came in they didn't know
 Neither their left nor right
 In three short hours they square dance well
 Their profit for the night.

There I spend my leisure hours -
 I ain't to young to learn
 From folks who really know their stuff
 Not gabbing out of turn.

So now I take my pen in hand
 To shout a little praise
 To build up well and not tear down,
 To construct - not to raze

MODEL OF PERFECTION

Poetry is symmetry
 Not limited to words
 There's poetry in paintings
 In the singing of the birds.

There's poetry in dancing
 Quite beautiful to see
 When arms and legs and music
 Act in perfect harmony.

There's grace in every movement
 Every muscle quite at ease
 Without a trace of effort
 Flowing smoothly as a breeze.

We've just seen such a poet
 And to our present knowledge
 She journeyed up to Durham
 All the way from Brooklyn College.

She stood out like a comet
 In each folk dance, in each square
 A rare model of perfection
 I was glad I saw her there.