

## **The Dance**

In Brueghel's great picture, The Kermess,  
the dancers go round, they go round and  
around, the squeal and the blare and the  
tweedle of bagpipes, a bugle and fiddles  
tipping their bellies (round as the thick-  
sided glasses whose wash they impound)  
their hips and their bellies off balance  
to turn them. Kicking and rolling about

the Fair Grounds, swinging their butts, those  
shanks must be sound to bear up under such  
rollicking measures, prance as they dance  
in Brueghel's great picture, The Kermess.

William Carlos Williams (1962)

Source: English.emory

## **Aunt Jennifer's Tigers**

Aunt Jennifer's tigers prance across a screen,  
Bright topaz denizens of a world of green.  
They do not fear the men beneath the tree;  
They pace in sleek chivalric certainty.  
Aunt Jennifer's fingers fluttering through her wool  
Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.  
The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band  
Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand.  
When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie  
Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by.  
The tigers in the panel that she made  
Will go on prancing, proud and unafraid.

Adrienne Rich (1951)

Source: Allpoetry.