

Gypsies' Dance Part 1

Manticora

While the gypsies dance around on the fairground's down trod grass they grin, and I can hear their music coming from everywhere as if born from the wind.

Nothing can take away the arousing energy - the men resemble, nor the beauty of their women, clad in dresses so overwhelming...

I am in heaven every night, when the gypsies dance...

...dancing in small steps, making the gravel jump in a colour display, reflecting the light of the shiny torches, burning their fuel away.

Thousands of light bulbs illuminate the summer night in eerie shapes that twist and turn and makes me dizzy with excitement and euphoria.

Oh, to be in heaven... My words are too weak now...