

## Losing It

Rush

The dancer slows her frantic pace  
In pain and desperation  
Her aching limbs and downcast face  
Aglow with perspiration

Stiff as wire, her lungs on fire  
With just the briefest pause  
The flooding through her memory  
The echoes of old applause

She limps across the floor  
And closes her bedroom door  
The writer stares with glassy eyes

Defies the empty page  
His beard is white, his face is lined  
And streaked with tears of rage

Thirty years ago, how the words would flow  
With passion and precision  
But now his mind is dark and dulled  
By sickness and indecision  
And he stares out the kitchen door  
Where the sun will rise no more

Some are born to move the world  
To live their fantasies  
But most of us just dream about  
The things we'd like to be

Sadder still to watch it die  
Than never to have known it  
For you -- the blind who once could see  
The bell tolls for thee