

## Dance at the Canyon Creek Schoolhouse

How sweet the Spring evening!  
Open wide the doors of the one-room schoolhouse!  
Gather on the grass for a potluck picnic,  
air scented with lilacs and apple blossoms.  
Cottonwood fluffs drift by like snowflakes.  
Old metal merry-go-round revolves in brand-new grasses,  
spinning Dustin's little boys  
hanging on like baby monkeys.  
Round and round, giddy on eternity!

Festive lights beckon dancers to the hardwood floor  
shyness set aside, pairs anticipating.  
The old time string band settles in a semi-circle  
tuned up, ready...  
waiting for the caller's signal...  
The music begins!  
Right hand star, do-si-do,  
Swing that gal, promenade home.  
Young Oliver dances with exuberance,  
flinging skinny limbs every direction the music carries them!  
Light and music spill in shafts  
into the Spring dusk.

These old fiddle tunes!  
Older than the schoolhouse,  
played for centuries with heart and soul,  
telling stories of magical nights long ago  
when eyes, hands, and smiles linked dancers,  
sparked romances that revolved into new generations  
circling circling into the future  
locking arms with earth, stars,  
galaxies and beyond...  
while time seems to stand still.

Last waltz, pack up  
Lights off, bar the door, hook the chain  
The old building now quiet  
Waiting  
Ready for the next occasion when  
people will happily gather, forget life's demands,

and glide hop fling swing  
the Spring night away.

**Molly Child**