

*Mini-Ode to a Dancer*



The greatest painters and the greatest poets  
Knew that art is crafted in a trance:  
Botticelli's circle, cosmic angels,  
Yeats: "How know the dancer from the dance?"

Maida Withers graces our college  
Both with movement and with friendly glance;  
She's the place's soul, warmth radiating,  
Choreographing us into a dance.

Are things providential? Or determined?  
Are they, *au contraire*, the merest chance?  
Take from earth, from heaven, and keep stepping,  
Crouching, flying, in eternal dance.

Are we body only? Only soul?  
We are both, and that's why there's romance.  
Maida: Such a gift as yours instructs us  
That we all are dancers in the dance.