

## Andrew Greig

### *Last Dance*

But you do go on  
asking up the one  
with sullen eye and downcast mouth  
who has not come here to dance  
but all end up dancing with  
because it's easier, and the evidence  
suggests she'll have you.

The radiant one you yearned for  
—bit out of your league? Too much  
to hope for?—over and over  
you crossed the school gym  
tricked out as a dance hall,  
heading for *Her*,  
and at the last swerved

to the desperate one, the pal  
she pities but won't abandon.  
You chose the one  
you didn't fancy. You still do  
take her clay-cold wrist  
with just one backward glance  
where Life sits looking at her dazzling hands.