

JOSÉ PADUA

Dance

Dance. Until it's last call on a sweat-stained night.
Until the traffic lights flash red to express the human
condition. Until dawn rises with the sound of birds
to remind us we no longer belong here. Until
the new day is over—the week, the year—and no
seasons have passed. Until books turn yellow
and crumble because thought is disappearing.
Until gray smoke and black rain filter clean light.
Until the end of the world when you and I are dead.
Or until you are like a man seeming to stand still among
the clinging vines and pale walls, held aloft by a woman
who is always in the act of falling, who will break
every law there is to dance this apocalypse with you.