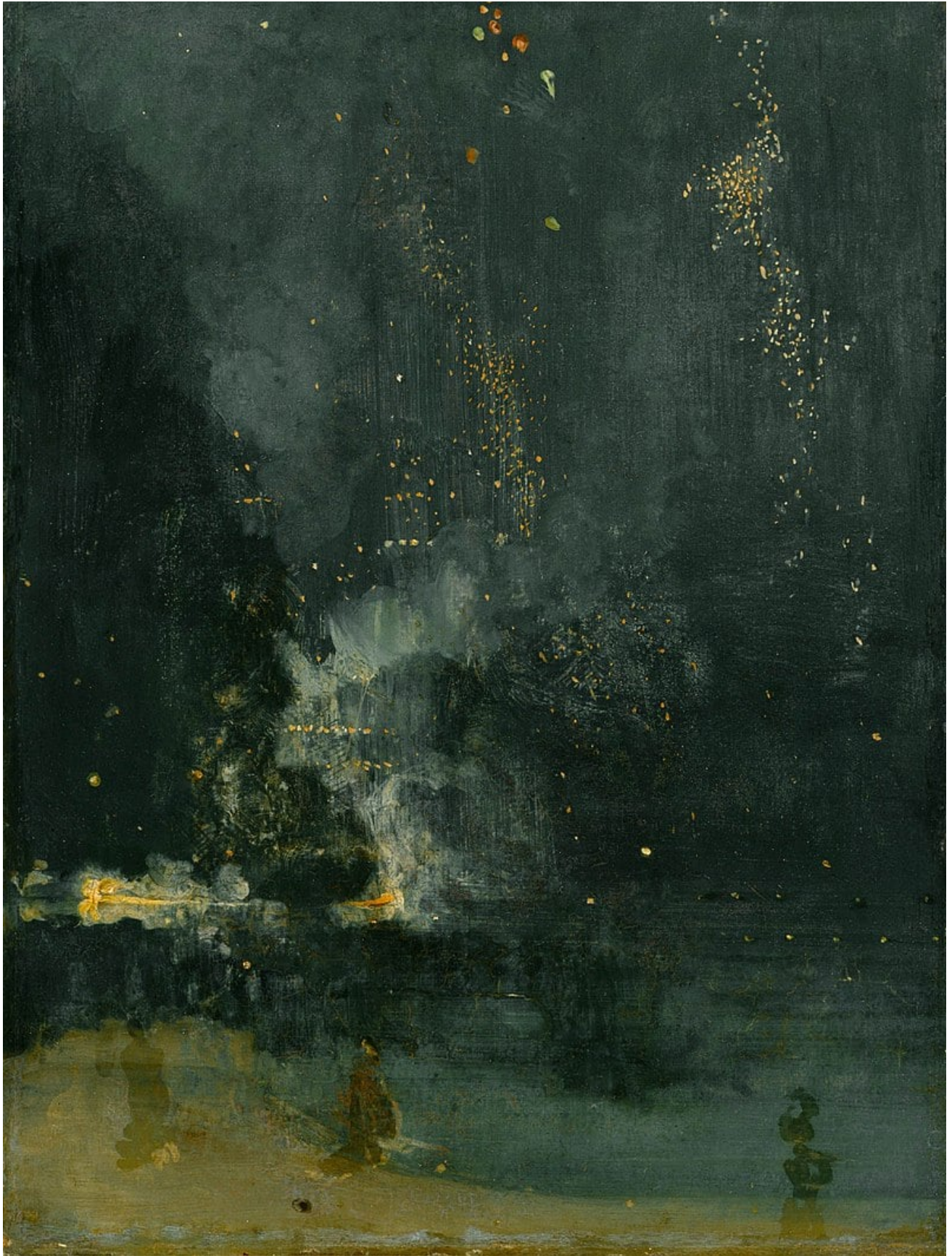


# The Dancers

by [Michael Shindler](#) (February 2023)



*Nocturne in Black and Gold*, James Abbott Whistler, 1874

The dancers are dancing again

In hill and dale, on high, in hell,  
To and fro, every now and then,  
As if they were under a spell.

But there's a dancer alone  
Who lost his way, it would seem:  
A dreamer lost in a dream.  
And now he is still as stone.

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