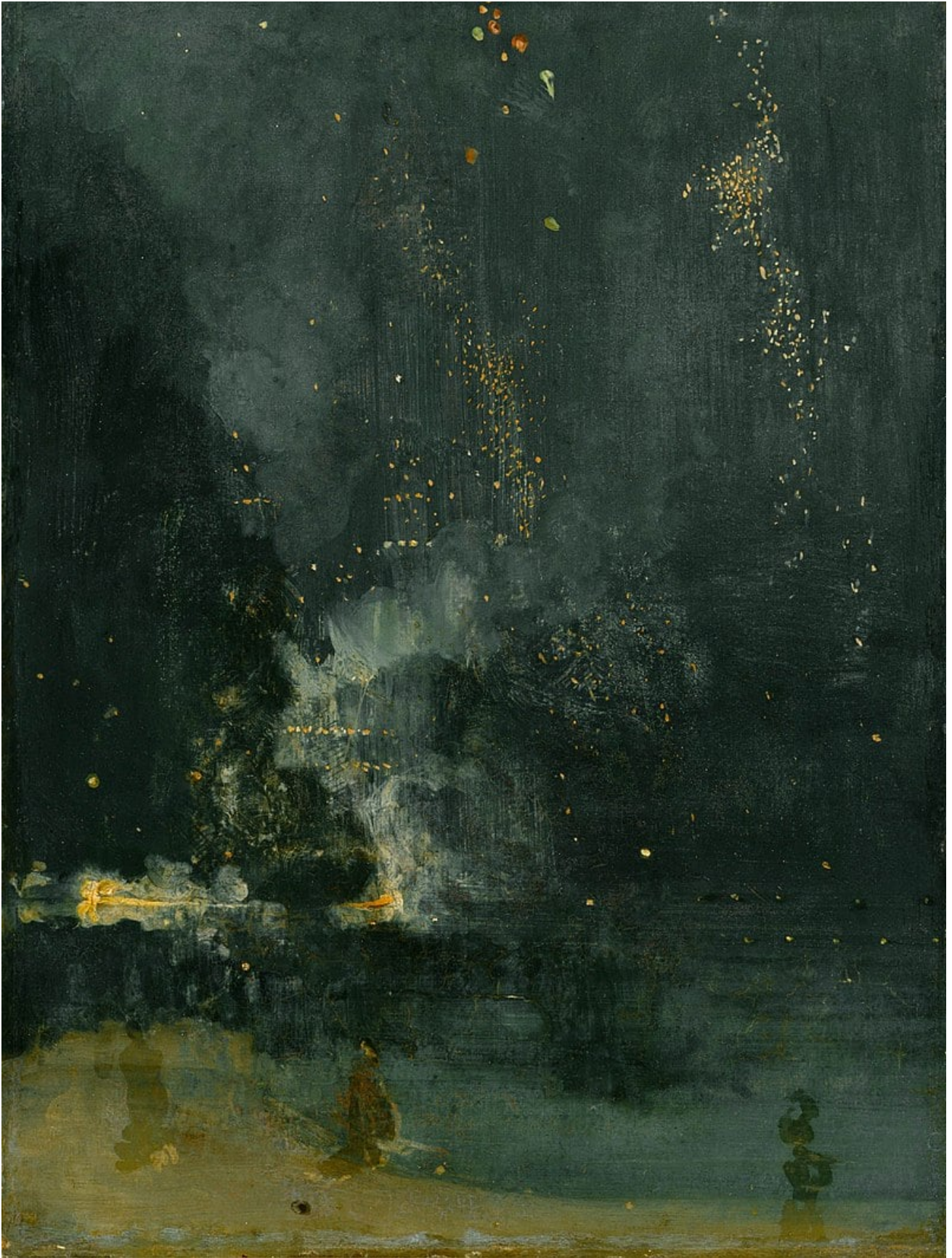


The Dancers

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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