

The Dance of the Mimes

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Tom lay on the grass looking up at the sky
Watching the shapes of the clouds drifting by
As he drifted to sleep in the afternoon shade
He paid not a thought to the promise he'd made

Promise me son not to stay in the park
When the shadows grow long and the evening grows dark
The silent ones see if you dally alone
If you linger too long you will never come home

He silently slept through the heat of the day
And day turned to dusk as the light slipped away
Out of the darkness as quiet as snow
Came the mimes through the trees with their faces aglow

In the depths of the park to a dolorous tune
They danced and they spun to a strawberry moon
With voices of silence they soundlessly called
And dancing they led as Tom followed enthralled

They spun through the park with the night whirling by
And followed the threads of the stars in the sky
Tom's body was aching and tired and numb
As they danced to the ghost of the beat of the drum

Till the first light of dawn they whirled him around
Then exhausted and limp he fell to the ground
In a dreamless sleep, released from the spell
He slept through the morning alone where he fell

He silently dozed as the day passed him by
Then waking and shaking the sleep from his eye
He started for home, and the dance of the night
Seemed like a dream in the clear day light

He sat at the window as if in a trance
His fingers stilled moved to the beat of the dance
Then gliding like ghosts in the fast fading light

They came through the city with faces of white

**They lifted the latch and they crept through the door
Their feet made no sound on the old wooden floor
They smiled as they sung out their mute melody
Once you've danced with the mimes you will never be free**

**With voices of silence they called him to come
When you've danced with the mimes you will follow their drum
Betrayed by his voice and betrayed by his tongue
He answered the unspoken song that they sung**

**With needles of fishbone and gossimer thread
They wound and they bound every word that he said
Then leaving him silent and broken and cold
They vanished like mist when the morning grows old**

**Now they creep through his thoughts and they creep through his dreams
They dance to the unsounding song of his screams
So beware of the dancers with faces like bone
Once you've danced with the mimes you are one of their own**

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