# Ian Anderson, Rupi's Dance

She dances through the flower-filled room
Sea-green eyes a-sparking.
Or are they blue? The message clear:
Seduce the master, winking.

Dainty feet circles inscribe
Upon the frozen parquet.
Arabesque in compound time:
Stately Pavane or Boure.

Sultry smile, come hither gaze
Black hair softly shining.

Calls me up to half-lit bed.
Sweet cloud with golden lining.

Oh, so young with ageless smile
Born of ungodly maker
Draws me: moth to candle bright
Fiery pleasure-seeker.

She dances through the flower-filled room
Sea-green eyes a-sparking.
It's Rupi's dance: the message clear.
Her movement does the talking.