

while

on spring boulevards outside, in lines, groups, troupes,
they're dancing continents in orange salsa,
samba, burning street. They live out loud.
A grey-haired couple drop their bags,
tap tap their feet, listen for a beat
they know they used to know.
Holding out their arms
they find each other,
waltz,
while

in a room not far from here, a woman wrapped in winter warm
drifts from sleep to music, music, sleep, her baby kicking
perfect 3 / 4 time, while in a house nearby,
a toddler rolls, rocks upright, views
a blue world morning new,
while in a busy kindergarten
two small girls join hands,
dance friendship's first
elaborate duet
while

in a classroom close to here, a baking business booms
where fifty crafty hands mould bright red dough,
while in a high school gym the curtains rise
on rows of children, uniform, delivering
their well-learned lines as one, while
in a hall nearby, teenagers
take risks, light-finger
autumn wood, shape
amber glass,
while

in a club close by, young men are gathering to goad each other on,
joy-ride through images which tell them who they are,
where they belong, while on a village green
a stream of summer women close to a hospital
each other, dream, filling canvases,
where they are filling canvases,
unveiling selves, have found
at last what colour
hope is
while