

DANCE, MONKEY, DANCE

POETRY

Andrée Solé

Helmets shining in the sun, grilles bare like shiny teeth.
Toe contacts with narrow end, hopefully.
Run, with ball tucked under arm, safely.
Crowd writhes and waves and grumbles and explodes.
Music and cheerleaders spill over the field.
Pacing the sideline, the coach waves his arms and yells into a mouthpiece.
The players concentrate on the dance of play direction from the sideline.
The money pours silently, invisibly, EFT into their bank accounts.

Red fez atilt with the tiny elastic strap under the hairy chin.
Fingers spider across the keys, musically.
Dance, with little cymbals strapped onto paws, safely.
The greedy audience gathers and laughs and applauds.
Music is pushed and pulled from the accordion owner's hands.
The owner of the monkey sends signals with his nods and eyes.
Brown eyes wide and alert, the monkey dances and cavorts as he's told.
The dollar bills are crushed and thrown, sweaty, into the hat.