

# Crazy Legs

by Jane Stuart

It was an old moon,  
Fitter, brittle, hard  
And cold as spring  
—but April was not here.  
Night was quiet,  
The street stayed the same  
And only soft perfume  
Filled the air,  
Unsaid words.  
The sound of skipping shoes,  
Then bang of a closed window.  
Outside, night was still  
But our house filled  
With butterflies that swept  
And flew and soared  
Across the room.  
A carpet edged just-higher  
When moonlight ruffled  
Its every fringe  
But this was night  
And time, it seemed, jumped higher  
Inside a turning rope.  
Winter was gone.  
It wasn't spring.  
The fire roared?  
That was an eternal flame  
Lapping the grate.  
Our cricket slipped into  
A floor crack.  
There was nothing to do  
But watch a strobe light flash.  
We climbed  
Into the sweet night air  
To float on wings  
As gossamer as those of butterflies.