

Words for 'Don't Stop Dancing' come from the following poems:

Memory

By Gwen Seidl

I shall not remember the touch of your hand forever
Nor the light of your eyes,
But here, where your voice has grown dim or forgotten
I shall stand while the bright gods laugh
And know they but echo your laughter
Thrown carelessly once on the hills.
The moon will weave rhythms of light on the sand and the water,
And the patterns will cry for the flash of the feet
Of a breathless dancer grown suddenly still.
I shall not grieve for you, longing for smiles and caresses
But, lonely, will yearn for the gaiety
Flown from the singing hills.

Remembrance

By Gwen Seidl

I wonder why the sense one needs the least
Arouses memory to joy or pain
When taste and touch have flown with sight and sound
To some dark convolution of the brain.

The merest hint of fragrance wakes the past.
Upon a wisp of wind the smell of smoke
Rekindles all the autumns come and gone
To sudden flame; the fallen leaves of oak

That smelled of dust above, but underneath,
Where we had burrowed, more of earth and mould;
The aromatic cider press, the bin
Of scented apples; children huddles, cold,

Expectant and excited from the run
Beneath October skies to catch the first
Ambrosial amber essence of the fruit.
I have recalled whole houses from a burst

Of dankness at a gridded window-well.
The whitewashed breath of ten-foot cellar walls,
The fumes of coal, the pure and pungent reek
Of brown Fels Naphtha soap, the spicy stalls

Of winter fruit preserved in Mason jars;
And up the stairs the pantry where the scents
Were all confusions; roast of pork, and cheese,
Potatoes, onions, foreign condiments,

Exotic herbs with parsley from the yard,
And oranges, and pumpkin pie, and dill;
A vivid odoriferous array,
Perfumed delight for my enjoyment still.

A childhood bedroom reappears with spring.
Air-washed with breeze from windows opened wide,
Its self-respecting smells of good sachet
And laundered linen fragrantly denied

The presence of old gym shoes on the floor.
Some smells recall much older houses too
Where aged neighbors spent their final years
Among the polished furnishings they knew,

The odors of the decades catalogued
Between wallpaper layers, cloth exhumed
From attic trunks to cover parlor chairs,
In draperies where sauerkraut presumed

To overwhelm the circus smell of smoke
From old cigars and smother camphor balls
In closets where the mice who came to live
Remained to die entombed between the walls.

Why is the chronical of life preserved
From birth to death, its happiness and woe,
In myriad aromas in the mind?
I do not understand, and yet I know

The awful sweetness of the ether cone
Persists beyond the consciousness of pain,
And April is remembered on the air
Beyond the wet reality of rain.

Less and Less Human, O Savage Spirit

By Wallace Stevens

If there must be a god in the house, must be,
Saying things in the room and on the stair,

Let him move as the sunlight moves on the floor,
Or moonlight, silently, as Plato's ghost

Or Aristotle's skeleton. Let him hang out
His stars on the wall. He must dwell quietly.

He must be incapable of speaking, closed,
As those are: as light, for all its motion, is;

As color, even the closest to us, is;
As shapes, though they portend us, are.

It is the human that is the alien,
The human that has no cousin in the moon.

It is the human that demands his speech
From beasts or from the incommunicable mass.

If there must be a god in the house, let him be one
That will not hear us when we speak; a coolness,

A vermilioned nothingness, any stick of the mass
Of which we are too distantly a part.

Eating Together

By Li-Young Lee

In the steamer is the trout
seasoned with slivers of ginger,
two sprigs of green onion, and sesame oil.
We shall eat it with rice for lunch,
brothers, sister, my mother who will
taste the sweetest meat of the head,
holding it between her fingers
deftly, the way my father did
weeks ago. Then he lay down
to sleep like a snow-covered road
winding through pines older than him,
without any travelers, and lonely for no one.

Do not go gentle into that good night

By Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.