

## Ballad Time

The ballad time has just begun  
The bass exhaling in our hair  
The steady breathing of the drum

The solid darkness of the air  
Inhales the words as they are sung  
The bass exhaling in our hair

The world fills with a molten hum  
The floor under the dancers' feet  
Exhales the words as they are sung

There's a moment when our fingers meet  
Hearts fluid, lifted off the ground  
No floor under the dancers' feet

The waxen room is coming down  
The seconds dripping down the walls  
Liquid souls pooling on the ground

The air shimmers, quickening, and falls  
The ballad time has now begun  
The seconds dripping down the walls  
The steady breathing of the drum

John Phillips