

RETURN OF THE DISCOTHEQUE DANCERS

Come back, come back – you glistening boys,
you clerks and scholars, farmhands, plumbers,
you make-up artists, money men, you lives

hacked short. You oh-so-very-dazzling, you boho
fops, you preachers, poachers, lovers, sons. My sons.
Years ago we buried you in shame. You bore the guilt

as night closed in. *So Many Men, So Little Time*,
the chorus rang. When the dry ice lifted
and the spotlight glowered, so many friends were gone.

Rise up! Break free of soil, of stone, of ivy's snare.
Come chase the hare, the handsome fox. Rattle cages,
shake your bones, come back for one last wicked

whirligig. Imbibe the city – its bars and clubs,
its tribes and scars. Refrains that moved us then will tug
the moon. Shed your shirts, your wounded skin,

shatter the glass dance-floor. Our song's half-sung
so flex your voices, roar like guns. Tallulah's waiting!
Devilish nuns are roller-skating!

Come back, come back – you glistening boys.
Let's march again at *Bang, Scandals, Napoleans,*
Spats, Subway, Copa's and *Heaven, Heaven, Heaven!*

Ian Humphreys
- *The Rialto*