For LaVaughn

Philly street dancer romancing the floorboards like Cyrano diggin' Roxanne;
Tapping beguines that breathe the urgent purr of felines drunk on catnip.
Swingin' like a Hampton jump---like Lunceford layin' down ":For Dancers Only"---
like Frankie Manning stompin' at the Savoy… like Ella chasin' her yellow basket…
Skippy ain't seen no smooth like his soft shoe, and the moon ain't been so high
as me watching from the wings him putting an exclamation point on "Artistry".
Fernando jumped out the Hideaway just long enough for him to run an armada's worth
of paddles;
And "Lover" drew near to hear the rapture of staccato heels tradin' with stop-time tune.
Papa Smurf catchin' his wind while tellin' jokes older than New Years Day.
"**Sound** tap dancing", that's what he'd say, 'fore pouring fire on the stage.

"Peace be still" you say? Death can't hush his satin roar.
Sod and stone can't quell his story. Sunset can't out his flame.
Í stood on the banks of Jordan to see his ship go by…..
While his song lingers, lingers, lingers, in the air.

Germaine Ingram
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