

Into the World of Lawrence Welk

Full elevators; here, the reservations-in-advance floor.
It easily is fifteen years since I was on a dance floor.

New Year's Eve, however, and the near approach of fifty,
Prompt me to the act of hubris. Should the beat grow shifty,

Well, I am with my oldest friends. I, not exec, no broker,
Still less husband, pass for any panatela smoker.

Odd that now the steps come easy. Count, go through the motions,
Dip, turn, lead. Remote young man of zero-based emotions,

Did you miss a great career? *No more than each must miss it.*
One fox-trot in two decades has no deeper meaning, has it?

Pop the cork; fill up the stem. One couples; time uncouples.
Wine the upward water clock undoes the dance in bubbles.