

# Round Dance

*by* Neil McCarthy

Round dance — love sometimes stops

In quenching eyes,  
And we look into her own  
Eyes, already extinct.

Cold smoke from the crater  
Breathes on our eyelashes;  
The abysmal emptiness held  
Its breath just once.

We have seen the dead eyes  
And never forget.  
Love lasts the longest but  
Never recognizes us.

Ingeborg Bachmann

