

David Lewitzky

Waltz Notes

1

From the German 'waltzen'
Meaning 'to turn' (to roll, to glide and slide)
The turning dance

"Turn now and rise"

Think of revolution
Meditate on feelings, on resolve
On the directions of desire, on self

"Wrest the matter
Into your own hands"

2

Started in the foothills of the Alps
A folk dance, rude in unrecorded time
Boys and girls in shorts and birkenstocks
Happy campers, quaint

Danced upon the tongues and teeth of towns
Quickly captivated Berlin, Vienna, Bucharest
Fascinated Old World Europe – 1750, 60, sometime thereabouts

Took on the New World Waltzed into its mouth
Dancing revolution Voracious, universal wave

The next big thing

3

Glide and turn: Face on face, flesh on flesh, and smooth

Across the floors of public spaces

Reception halls in churches, civic centers, cabarets, bandstands in
the parks

Heating up the burgomeisters' daughters, the hip young herren

Trysts, as ever, in the cellars, in the shadows

"Let's meet in the square beneath the big clock"

4

And so it is a dance of change, herald of a revolution

The fixed and classic figures retrograde, passé, and out

Desire displacing process Old rules danced away

Avid dancers resembling angels, swift, intense and spotless

Demanding purity, satisfaction

Ruthless perhaps

5

Inspired by buzzwords: 'Nation', 'sacrifice' and 'liberty'

The young and disaffected, hot to trot

Impatient, waiting in the doorways, by the open windows

Like leggy crested spiders dancing on the kegs and barrels

Waltzing on the skin of time

The smitten dancers crave the bloody birth of beauty

The ecstasy of lightning, the slap across the face, the music of the
blade

And one day waltz becomes the poetry of flight, of reaching for the sun

And one day all men created equal

And one day bombs and unmanned missiles — Machines that equalize

And random faceless suicides one day (All things being equal)

And one day someone said “If I can’t dance I don’t want your revolution”

And one day we’re waltzing beside an enormous bitter ditch

And one day a hail of glass, a sobbing wind
Chamber music: Laments and dirges

And bells chime one day like shattered crystal

Days of Awe

I’m an old man with stories to tell and I am a violent man
And Julie’s my forever dancing partner violent at her core
And Terpsichore’s the whirlwind of conception
Generator of creation, revolution

And revolution’s when all the ghosts that ever were come out and howl

And waltz, like revolution, and like me, has seen its better days

Dave Lewitzky is a 72 year old overweight and sedentary retired social worker/ family therapist living out his life in the moribund rust belt city of Buffalo, New York. As a young man he studied with Charles Olson and considers him his spirit-father. He has recent work in *Mochila Review*, *Nimrod*, and *River Oak Review* as well as forthcoming work in *Passages North*, *The Journal* (UK), and *Roanoke Review*, among others.