

SPEAKING OF DANCING

“And now for something completely different...”

(Monty Python)

It's summer; the sunshine is bright.
My brain is seeking respite.
So, I asked all around,
And luckily found,
Limericks that dancers would write

~ Gigi Jensen

There was a signora named Bella
Who really enjoyed tarantella,
Till the tambourine gripped
In her hand slightly slipped
And fractured her neighbor's patella.

~ Gail Elber, OR

There was an old fellow named Ned
Who viewed folk dancing with dread
So, he got a large wrench
And fixed up a bench
He happily sat there instead.

~ Jeff Reese, OR

There was a young man from the coast
Who liked line dancing the most
He'd boogie and he'd scoot
He's holler and he'd hoot
“I'm the best in the West” was his boast

I knew when his eyes met mine
And his hand found its place on my spine
That our bodies would blend
And I'd not want it to end
The embrace of the tango's divine.

~ Loui Tucker, CA

There was a young maiden from France
Who hoped for a little romance.
She didn't want wealth,
Or exceptional health,
What she craved was a man who would dance.

~ Craig Blackstone, CA



There was a dance caller from Coos
Left the stage for a long swig of booze
Tired from calling the dance
He thought he'd take a chance
To lie down for a wee hurried snooze.

Inspired by the band's groovy sounds
Dancers made fancy leaps and great bounds
Pirouettes, pas de basques
All the moms and the pas
Got quite dizzy from spinning all arounds.

~ Stacy Rose, OR

There was a “Sweet Girl” from Armenia,
Who had luckily had her vaccinia,
So, she could dance
She could spin and clap hands
Avoiding pandemic asthenia.

~ Eva Moravcik, HI

We gathered to sing as a chorus,
And finished up dancing a Morris.
We didn't have tatters
Not that it matters
The time was just joyful for us.

The old-fashioned barn dance ran late
Because the musicians were great,
The callers were wired,
The dancers not tired.
I sure hope you all can relate!

~ Marty Giles, OR

There is a fine man who won't dance.
His wife said, “Go give it a chance.”
He tried the malambo,
Then switched to the hambo.
Now he step-lifts and spins in a trance.

~ Gigi Jensen, WA