

THE SEXIEST DANCE KNOWN TO MANKIND

PRELUDE

The tale that follows, takes place in a small corner of, the Land Of Faerie, located in a wooded area next to the neighborhood of La Boca, one of the many suburbs of Buenos Aires, Argentina. It is the story how a very special and magical dance for humanity developed. It is a social dance with a musical genre that began in that particular neighborhood, where in time, it initially spread into Uruguay and from there on, to the balance of the entire world.

CHAPTER ONE: PUCKS QUEST

Bored, perched high upon a drapery rod, legs a'dangle, Puck sees no talent whatsoever, in the wooden movements of the Humans, or in their lead footed steps, lacking any sense of lightness. The Humans dance, much akin, to their hideous music, which is no more than a bedlam of confusion. The rickety banging and clattering of sticks and the forcing of air which screeched through a myriad of wooden or metal tubes, as it squealed and grated on the nerves. Life, passion, grace and control, all missing. When dancing, the males either held the females as if they were made of delicate, fine blown glass, easily broken, or dragged them about like lifeless dolls. Knowing that he is the greatest dancer, of all the fey, a great sadness overwhelmed Puck, because of the human's inability to dance. Even though he is a shrewd and knavish sprite, half-wild and totally untamable, his heart contains a core of basic goodness. Puck, also known as Robin Goodfellow when in human disguise, has been on earth since the dawn of mankind. He is known to every race by assorted names. In Old Germany he was 'Putz', in Norwegian called 'Puk'. and in Old Norse 'Puki', to name a few.

Having grown tired of turning the milk sour, switching the eggs of robin and wren nests, or hiding the shoes of little children, our woodland trickster becomes obsessed about bringing to mankind, a new and exciting dance which would bring forth a joyful spirit of life, love and excitement into their lives. He sets off on a merry hunt for the finest ingredients to place within the gift for humanity. A Faun, standing in the shade of a huge oak tree, casting forth a sorrowful tune on a seven pipe flute, sees Puck skipping and dancing through the wood.

“Robin”, he called, “Where be thee off, on this fine day?” “I am off to build a dance for humanity.” cried the sprite, as he bounded away.

“Be sure to pack it with lots of sex!” the Faun called after the retreating figure of Puck, then, leering to himself, he resumed the haunting melody of the pipes.

CHAPTER TWO: PUCK’S INGREDIENTS

Puck, now carrying a basket for the ingredients of his new dance, suddenly stopped. A new thought had entered his mind. “From what materials will I make my new dance?” He murmured. Sitting down beside a moss covered rock, he started to think. Squeezing his eyes shut and clamping his jaws as tightly shut as he could, he hunched his shoulders so high his head almost receded out of sight. Forming a mental list in his mind, Puck selected all the items that appealed to him. Love, passion, control, sex, finesse, beauty, power, submission, dominance and glory.

“Yes!” he exclaimed, as he nodded to himself. “These are the exact things I want in my gift to humanity! The melody for my dance must be dramatic and moving, yet wild, filled with mania and rage. To the human male, I shall give the dominant side of the dance. To the human female, I will bequeath the submissive role. The male lead shall be followed by the female. It is he who shall decide when and which movements are to be danced.”

With these decisions made, Puck at once, set off to collect the necessary ingredients. He crept into churches, attended weddings and invaded children’s nurseries. He found some of the deepest and strongest love, in all the world, existed between a mother and her baby, as she nursed or bathed the infant. He also found the wild reckless passion of First Love, to be as carefree as a butterfly, as fearless as a hawk and blind as a bat in sunshine. Finding heavy, thick and endless love between a human and its mate, after they had been together for forty or fifty years, astounded him. Having no clear thought as to how old he, himself was, just that he had always been, which is the way of all fey. He placed piles of warm and tender love into the basket.

For passion, Puck visited soldiers at war, fighters in the boxing ring and great events in sport arenas. Always he found that warm affection and strong feelings of emotional passion were exhibited side by side with love, hate and jealousy. It existed in war, in crime and in sports. Very carefully he shaved off chunks of pure passion, making sure not to collect any samples of hate, envy and greed. Control was found with Army Sergeants over raw recruits, Mothers with children and Boxers as they waited for that perfect opening when a deadly one-two punch could spell victory. Also found was huge blocks of control with doctors, nurses and school teachers. Great wads of perfectly pure control were placed in Puck's basket. Puck flew around the world searching for sex. He hung about the brothels in Paris, and the slave markets of Africa. He spent time researching the urge to gratify sexual impulses and properties that distinguish both success and failure. He found sex to be deeply imbedded in the human brain cells. Finding that essence which stimulates humans sexually to be one of the most potent, he loaded slabs of it into his basket.

Finesse, being one of the hardest of all ingredients to find, Puck discovered that great leaders, teachers of all kinds and politicians had it. Con artists and magicians had huge quantities of it. So it happened that Puck, while watching the work of a professional pickpocket, was able to scrape a goodly amount of finesse into his loaded basket.

Searching for beauty, Puck realized that once understood, it was apparent in every single thing that happened. The glow of a summer sunset, a blooming flower as the petals gradually unfolded, the warbling song of a bird. Everything. Some happenings held only a dark and wicked beauty, like death and suffering, hate and evil. The dark beauty was carefully avoided and only the beauty of things like a bird in flight or the graceful prowl of a tiger were added to the basket. Authority and power seemed to be inherent in the human brain, so it need not be searched for. Puck would simply redirect some of it to flow into the dance. In humanity it was evident that submission and dominance were equally divided into the Ying and the Yang of humans. It was somehow instinctively understood and agreed on between the human sexes as to which role each would play in most circumstances. Puck discovered whenever that understanding fell out of balance it always ended up with feelings of unhappiness. Regardless of those facts, Puck took from a Spanish bullfight, a small sliver of dominance that was so overpoweringly evident when the Matador turned his back on an enraged bull, showing his authority and control...

Puck also noticed when seeing how absolutely devoted a dog was to its human master or mistress, not because of fear but simply for unconditional love, therefore a piece of that devotion also went into the basket.

CHAPTER THREE: PUCK'S MOLD

Having all the ingredients collected for the dance Puck carried them to a secluded glen where he found a huge passion flower vine, growing strong and healthy. Picking from the vine, the very finest bloom, he seated himself in the dazzling sunshine beside the passion plant. Holding the chosen flower between his knees with the open petals pointing up it became a cuplike form. He methodically poured all the collected contents of his basket into the open petals of the bloom. Using a dandelion stem he stirred the contents, mixing all the ingredients into a mass of smooth butter like consistency. It looked somewhat like Carmel or butterscotch, only smoother. Using his finger, Puck took a dab and plopped it into his mouth. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, it was heavenly tasting, it was ambrosia, it was food of the Gods, it wasperfect.

Next Puck shaved off a neat slice of the afternoon sunshine gently folded it into the contents of the bloom. From his vest pocket he carefully removed three things. A small chunk of melody, which he had been saving from a meadow larks song. A very special piece of moonlight, taken when the full moon was rising in golden splendor, out of the horizon, and a small vial of romance he had painstakingly gathered over many years, due to his fascination for this human custom.

Sitting the vial aside he began by lumping the melody and moonlight together as he worked it into a ball somewhat like clay. He flattened it and rolled it and balled it up until it was of a very smooth consistency all the while chanting an odd little incantation.

Magic is as magic was
And magic will not shirk
The magic will do what it does
Now let my magic work.

Over and over he chanted the words as he pried and molded the claylike wad of moonlight and melody until slowly the colors started to form. Silvered streaks of gold seemed to appear just beneath the surface and a distant keening sound seemed to slowly rise in volume until a small tinny voice formed unintelligent word patterns. Now Puck took a bit of the substance from the flower bowl in his lap and began working it into the claylike keening ball. It easily disappeared into the wad making it smoother. Again and again he worked the golden paste into the ball, while all the time chanting a new incantation.

Spirit of the Fairy Folk
Unto this wad enhance
I am Puck and I invoke
Thy spirit in this dance

Eventually a high, reedy voice could be heard animating from the formed ball. It was oddly musical and sweet yet commanding and domineering at the same time.

Who calls this spirit from the air?
From out of air I come
To put my keeping in his care
And dance unto his drum.

Upon hearing the voice Puck leaped to his feet and began to dance. He tossed the ball from one hand to the other. He flipped it up into the air and caught it as he twirled about the meadow grass. Without stopping his capering dance he sang out:

“I am Puck. I called you forth.
And forth you have obeyed
East and west and south and north
You are the dance I made.”

With that Puck swooped up the vial of romance and poured it over the ball that was now shot through with golden slivers of moonlight that swayed sensually in a very dramatic fashion. The romance was sucked into the ball, as Puck set it upon the grass. He danced around the ball and chanted:

“You are the spirit of the dance
The greatest dance of all
I bid you now to break the trance
And unto humans fall.”

With that, great musical crescendos were heard to rise, then vaporize, as they slowly faded away into the distance. Volumes of music gushed from the ball, pouring a torrent of musical sounds that contained pieces and parts of everything Puck had gathered in his quest for a perfect dance. Each note was perfect as it marched in tune with its fellow notes. It flowed across the land to fill the cabarets, the casinos and casitas; the villas and homes of the population. It found its way into the souls, hearts and minds of all the people. It poured forth from the horns, the guitars, and all manner of musical instruments. These music and dance elements made from Puck’s ingredients which are found to be popular in activities related to dancing, gymnastics, bull fighting, synchronized swimming and so forth, because of its dramatic feelings and it’s deep associations with romance and love.

Humanity has been blessed by Puck, King of the Fairies, for the sexiest dance known to mankind, the dance of passion, dominance, control, love and heart pounding exhilaration, the greatest of all human dances, and that my Friends is how and why, today humans dance that most romantic and dramatic of all dances.....the Tango.

The Martell Dancers

Gliding across the shadowed floor,
the beguine has begun.
In perfect harmony they soar,
two shadows blend as one.
Bolero rhythm from the dance,
has seeped into their soul.
The sultry beat charged with romance,
invokes total control.

A haunting rhythm that repeats,
beneath the melody.
The ever present ghostly beats,
a building rhapsody.
Each movement the dancers perform,
steam with innuendo.
Each executed in the storm,
of a rising crescendo.

He leads her through the dance of love,
she follows every move.
He is the hand, she is the glove,
no measure left to prove.
And all the room is mesmerized,
beguiled, they had the chance,
to stare like they are hypnotized,
when Frank and Norva dance.

*Written for and dedicated to
Frank & Norva Martell*

Riptides

Slow, swirling water washes over me,
in riptides and whirlpools,
that flood, then ebbs, yet not consistently,
but, sometimes leaves seashells, like brilliant jewels,
from the receding ebb.

Empty flotsam and jetsam left ashore,
leave me entangled as I was before,
an insect on a web.

Alerted by vibrations on the net,
bright white, it waits for me.
Though I can not remember or forget,
confusion reigns upon the raging sea.
Web netted there I wait,
while slowly stirring embers in my mind,
the flame of inspiration there to find,
so eager to create.

I Grow Roses

I grow roses in my garden.
My neighbor grows the waxy flowers.
Scentless blooms I give no pardon,
with perfumed buds I spend my hours.

In bright moonlight I placed it there,
a rose garland upon her door;
To show I love the lady fair
and pray her heart with mine will soar.

Returning home to my guitar,
her song of love I did compose.

I felt her rapture from afar
and sang her song about the rose.

Next morning passing her abode,
my presence there was by design,
with calm assurance past I strode,
expecting her to give a sign.

Aha! She steps forth from her door
to walk the morning on the square
or tread the path along the shore,
greeting the people passing there.

I slowed my steps that she may pass
and as she did the sign was there.
My dream shattered like crystal glass,
a white gardenia in her hair.

With downcast eyes I walked away,
ashamed of all the tears I shed.
Who needs rose garlands anyway,
I tore her love song shred by shred.

I grow roses in my garden.
My neighbor has a brand new wife.
Through the years my heart will harden.
There sings no love song in my life.

A Tribute to Man

Is man, the noble beast that stands supreme,
born to rule the masses?

To dominate the prey of his regime,
to be the predator of lower classes.

To be the pinnacle,
a capstone high atop the pyramid,
While other life forms pander to his bid,
so proud and clinical.

When in command of all that he surveys;
he asks the question why.
Why should not his own brethren, sing him praise?
Is he a god, that no one can defy?
Majestically regal,
he put the question to a weaker man
and that was when the troubles all began.
Man, now the hawk and eagle.

The hawk and eagle circle warily.
Hone talons as they wait,
then raiding sparrow's nest, guiltless with glee
and teach their young the ways to kill and hate.
The strong shall rule the weak
with atom bombs and governmental rules,
by taxes and electing foolish fools
and play the hide and seek..

Has man forsaken his nobility?
Unworthy of his goal,
to wear the purple robe of royalty
and play the part of his preordained role.
The answer is, that man,
was born to conquer all within his path

and those who will not yield must feel his wrath.
Behold, the master plan.

Man must own everything within his reach,
it is his destiny.

To sail the universe, a modern Teach.

Force all those who would disagree, agree.

So arrogant and proud the master plan.

No single planet can hold it in check.

This earth to it, is but the merest speck.

Behold, the master; man!

Seasons

Winter once again has melted into spring,
with green buds on the bough of every tree.
Anvils in the sky, with wild geese on the wing,
migrating northward flying in a vee.

Songbirds pairing off, to build a summer nest,
wildflowers with their multi-colored crown.
Chirping birds at dawn, red sunsets in the west,
warm lazy days of summer going down.

Green grass hills burnt brown, with the summers ending,
the life-blood sap of the trees drawing down.
The red and gold of Autumn begin blending,
with those once emerald hills of rusty brown.

I walk the park when leaves fall in November,
along the path we walked when you were here.
Shuffling through the leaves I can remember,
past happiness in Autumns of the year.

Shunning the frozen city streets and alleys,
I sometimes walk the countryside alone.
When winter snows blanket the hills and valleys,
I find that plot of ground that bears your stone.

I wipe away the snowfall from your marker
and read the words that I had chiseled there.
Your absence makes my sunny days grow darker,
no longer do my days dawn bright and fair.

No other love has brightened up my heaven,
there'll never be another love for me,
for I cannot return a love that's given,
as all my love lies in the grave with thee.

Sonnet of The Fay

I ask you, have you ever glimpsed the Fay,
At twilight when they frolic in the wood,
Between the dark and light at close of day?
Because, if not, I surely think you should.
A vision of a fairy leaves you changed,
The moment they are viewed a morph shall start.
No thoughts exist that you could be estranged,
As a warm buoyancy lifts up your heart.
But hark ye this, the fairies must not see
You lurking, or your plans will go awry.
Magic protects the Fay from you and me,
Upon their gaze we instantly would die.
Fear not Earthling, when fairies dance, they sing,
And when they sing, they cannot see a thing.