

**The Spellbinding Lady, With Stars on Her Brow**  
by Brandon M. Dennis

Dancing in circles with finger-chimes chiming,  
Moving about with gentle flowing gestures,  
The spellbinding lady, with stars on her brow.

Dark is her flesh, and glistens by firelight,  
The air softly singing as she passes by,  
Dancing in circles with finger-chimes chiming.

Beats in the night, bong, bonk and booming,  
Sand on the ground, mirroring her footfalls,  
The spellbinding lady, with stars on her brow.

Stunning her watchers with smooth skin swaying,  
Bracelets and beads with every step jingling,  
Dancing in circles with finger-chimes chiming.

Her dance is old, to reed-winded music,  
And legends come watching from places forgotten,  
The spellbinding lady, with stars on her brow.

Moving with memories locked in motion,  
Releasing old sorrows where tears are not needed,  
Dancing in circles with finger-chimes chiming,  
The spellbinding lady, with stars on her brow.