

## ACROBATES

My little lady light o' limb  
    Twirls on her lover's twisting toes  
    Lithe as a lynx, red as a rose,  
She spins aloft and laughs at him.  
So gay the pose, so quaint the whim,  
    One stares and stares; it grows and grows.  
So swift the air she seems to skim  
    One's senses dazzle; wonder glows  
    Warm in one's veins like love—who knows?  
One follows till one's eyes are dim  
My little lady light o' limb