

*Below is the first draft of the closing lines of the final poem in the Georgian collection, 'Adjari Dance', whose tone is one of reconciliation. It was written as a result of witnessing the performance of a dance that my best efforts afterwards could not find any evidence for—something spiritual, evocative, ethereal. Two further, better attested, Georgian dances are also described in the body of the verse.*

### **On Seeing an Adjari Dance Draft 1 Closing Lines**

A guitar still sounds in the evening storm  
Down in the yard of our Batumi home,  
Sheltered by an awning, sagging and torn  
While it picks out the rhythm of Adjari dance  
As four floors up we observe the rain  
Ceaselessly hammer in pitiless bolts,  
Repinning with roughness the clumsy nailed roofs,  
Imposing a rusted unsleeping repose  
On the indigent sheaves of these modest flats  
So brokenly stacked hugger-mugger,  
While the same urgent visit is paid in knocks  
Of identical bailiff insistence  
On the brick-red roofs of the neon-blur rich,  
Unsparingly as on these of the poor,  
Whose basis in heart provides its own wealth,  
Expressed in such impromptu notes.

There comes a sudden cease in cistern and pipe,  
A windborne stay of the maddening drums  
As humidity stealthily envelops the world,  
Giving us pause to consider the truth  
Now we are caught in these ghost nets of mist,  
Of how simple and basic it all really is  
And how it's the complex which carries the fault;

And how all we need are small harmonies

To be natural true human beings.