

### **The Devil Calls The Dance**

Too many dance this devil  
Too many know the steps  
Too many loved ones suffer  
While the Devil calls the dance  
My love is spared the knowledge  
Of her dances final steps  
I must suffer the knowing  
And the Devil calls the dance  
Wandering, confused, lost,  
Her world suddenly unknown  
I reach out and take her hand  
And the Devil calls the dance  
Day is night, night is day  
Her mind, can never rest  
I move to match her cadence  
And the Devil calls the dance  
Following where she leads  
To a world I cannot know  
Hand in hand, I go with her  
And the Devil calls the dance  
Her eyes see without knowing  
What once she knew is lost  
Lovers, now are strangers  
And the Devil calls the dance  
Her hand, in my hand  
My arm around her waist  
I am my lover's partner  
While the Devil... calls the dance

– Brad Anderson

### **When The Bleeding Hearts Bloom**

The bleeding hearts are blooming again.  
She planted them years ago,  
one by the garage and one by the house.  
They seem to like where she planted them  
and come back every year,  
one of the first plants to bloom each spring.  
These with their pink heart shaped flowers  
are called old-fashioned bleeding hearts,  
but I'm not sure how a plant can be old-fashioned.  
Their gently curving rows of hearts,  
hang from stems bending towards the ground,  
each with a seeming drop of precious blood.  
Memories seem to drip from them,  
from hearts to full to hold them.  
I know what a bleeding heart feels like.  
In the spring,  
when the bleeding hearts bloom,  
I pause to hold my own,  
and think of her.

– Brad Anderson