

Daphne The Dancer

By Reginald Maxwell Fandango (as told to Steve Schatz)



Daphne, my sister
Proclaims she's a dancer.
"I'm called to the muse!"
So she said.

She has all the shoes,
The tutus,
The moves,
But she hasn't a brain in her head.

And once every year
I'm forced to appear
To gaze in a worshipful swoon.

As without inhibition
At the dance exposition
She performs her *Fugue to the Moon*.

It's awful, that's true.
But what am I to do?
I've really no choice in the thing.

For Daphne must dance
Because given the chance

I fear that she'd much rather sing.

