

Dance Superior's Song

By Beth Bartol

Fan the sparks to flames and jump up in the air.
Grab my arm, and with a wink, mess up my hair.
I'll blow you kisses high and mighty from a rocky Superior rim
past falling leaves, and old goodbyes, and stars gone dim.
We'll dance with autumn, nose to nose, a fire within.
We'll dance Superior's song and never hold back the wind.