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# THE MOCKINGBIRD WALTZ (A FANTASY)

by George L. Hoffman

While I walked late one night through the park all alone,  
I was charmed by an old mockingbird;  
The melody he sang was the MOCKINGBIRD WALTZ  
And the sweetest that I ever heard!

As he poured out his tune to a big yellow moon,  
A ghost-lady came out of the night;  
Frothy white was her gown and her hair spilling down  
Was as gold as the yellow moonlight.

She spoke softly one word to that old mockingbird  
As she raised up her arms to the moon;  
And she smiled all the while a sad, misty-eyed smile,  
Keeping time to the mockingbird's tune.

Then she nodded to me and she held out her hand—  
Like a zombie, I stood in a trance;  
When she lifted her hem and curtsied to me,  
It was plain that she wanted to dance!

So we wheeled and we whirled to the MOCKINGBIRD WALTZ,  
While the waterfall gleamed like a flame;  
When I looked in her eyes, she smiled boldly at me,  
But not once did she tell me her name.

Very late was the hour when the clock in the tower  
Gave the time as a quarter-to-one;  
With a tender caress she brushed me with a kiss—  
In an instant that lady was gone!

Many times late at night with the moon full and bright  
I have searched for that lady in vain;  
And though often I've danced to the MOCKINGBIRD WALTZ  
I have not seen that lady again!

No, I have not seen that lady again!■

*GEORGE L. HOFFMAN*, formerly of Custer City, now lives in retirement and does free-lance writing in Clackamas, Oregon.