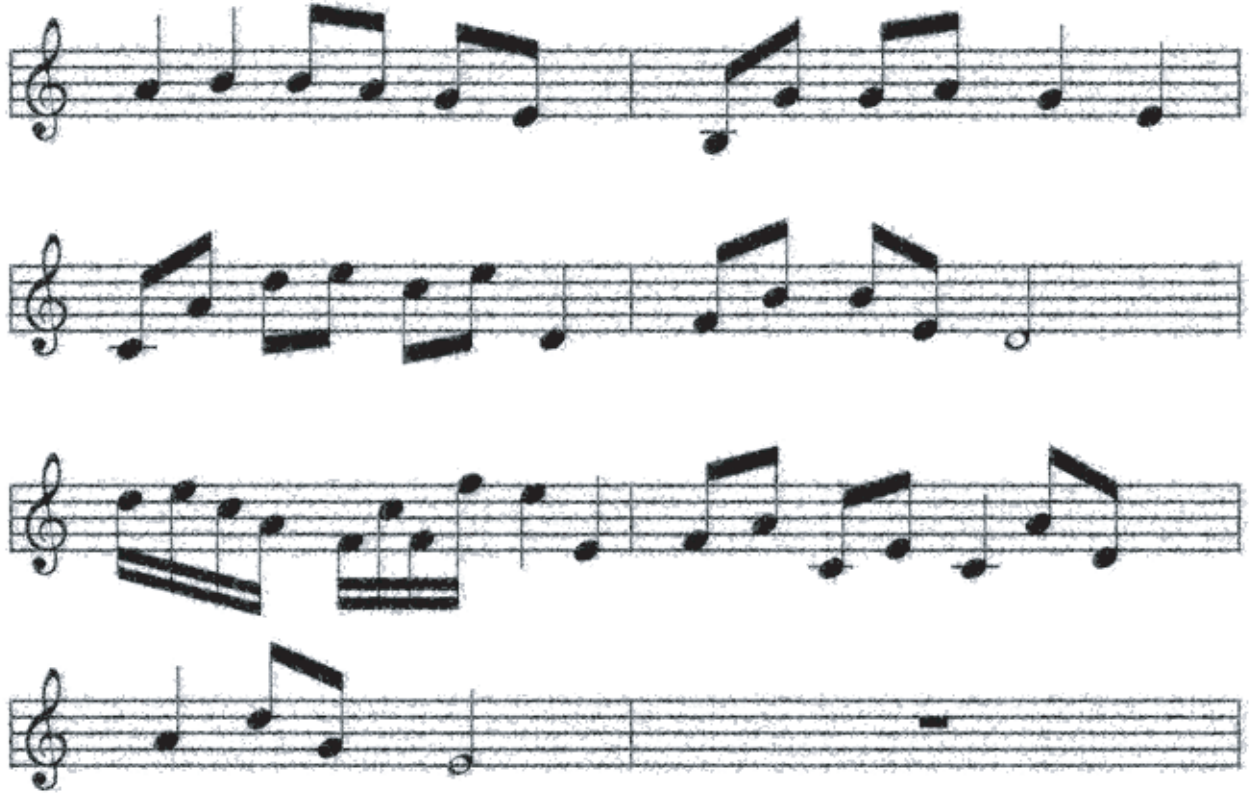


THE DANCING GIRL

You're transfixed by the intricate gyrations and sinuous arabesques this kohl-eyed beauty weaves to an exotic melody. A smitten young bard sings her a plaintive song, but his words seem like an odd fit to the tune.



This worthless line I gave you free
This tasteless bite, this tepid brew
This trite arrangement: "do re mi"
You saw at once that this was true
And like that queen who left her throne
And chose to lie upon a bed
Of stone, with cool and measured tone
"I'm no insipid jade" you said.