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The Peasant Dance

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THE PEASANT DANCE

A Brueghel Painting

You can not see me. I am standing behind the man who is painting a festival of villagers that have rigor mortis from lifting their feet in the same position and may stay rigid for hundreds of years.

Still wondering when they might stop dancing, the villagers look apprehensive as a first kiss the stable boy is trying to give his sweetheart.

Everyone is tired of the repetitious farmer playing a drunken bagpipe tune, but are polite and do not show their disgust.

Two drinkers quarrel finding out they have slept with each other's wife. The first stretches both arms out asking forgiveness. The second raises one hand blessing him. For their sin,
the wives have shrunken
to the size of dwarfs.
The women are smaller
than the table. In an hour,
they will completely disappear.