



# The Dancers Inherit the Party

When I have talked for an hour I feel lousy -  
Not so when I have danced for an hour :  
The dancers inherit the party  
While the talkers wear themselves out and  
sit in corners alone, and glower.

*Ian Hamilton Finlay*

*from "Children of Albion: poetry of the underground in Britain" ed. M. Horowitz, Penguin Books 1996. Every effort was made to obtain permission for this reproduction*

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