



# 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. Horovitz, Penguin Books 1996. Every effort was made to obtain permission for this reproduction*

**Poems for...all ages**

**[www.poemsfor.org](http://www.poemsfor.org)**

