

# DANCING FAWN, OR ICARUS TAKES A FLYING LEAP

for Marcus Kuiland-Nazario

reina alejandra prado

Out in the fields of Germany

Kertész photographs a day in the country with friends

Always the showman

his brother takes a leap

Captures a *Dancing Fawn* at Spring Time

Equinox marks circle to life

Soon family moves to Paris

My dancing fawn is like Icarus

Flying freely

Forgets he can't be close to the sun

or his wings will burn off

We relive his exploits

L.A. nocturnes and impromptu performances

Green Lantern endless vodka and men's white tighties offer a good mix

Our circles intertwine tightly

Snow falls softly on black curls

Enraptured by his charisma  
 men swoon over him  
 One commands  
*Dance for me it's my birthday*  
 No one tells Icarus what to do

Ruscha proclaims on gallery wall  
*I come from a long line of brave men*  
 My dancing fawn also comes from a long line of hombres  
 who openly love one another  
 even if twilight hides their pain  
 How many men have you survived?  
 Just a child when Stonewall broke out  
 this is part of his legacy  
 Al igual que la sabrosura de su cultura—Taino, Borinquen,  
 and the H.P.  
 Huntington Park, not Highland.

Embellishes the world con flufeteos of white tulle  
 Because even a homeless man in D.C. needs a beautiful bus bench to sleep on