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Taps

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TAPS

Timothy Allen

shuffle step slide
my feet run 'cross the floor connecting break beats and high hats
swiftly my hips glide changing direction of my flaps
shuffle ball step
stop
slap slap slap
Now Oscar was a groovy type brother that imitated Clyde
with his signature stomp
But when the melody slowed so did his rhythm
yet holding those patterns which spelled out his autism
not a disability but ability
to find those empty spots to fill in with the sounds he let out
creating a dance that plays with time
and defines his mind
behind spoken word rhymes
You don't need no instrumental
Them feet make the beat