

Pasodoble for one

Around the lounge she goes. Empty doorways and a vacant sofa for an audience. An eye to the tv. The handsome Spaniard, tightly trussed in black matador trousers streams into the room. A ray of sunlight in this top floor flat at 11am. The lesson begins. Alone, she dances a dance made for two.

A spring in her step, picking up the military beat. On the home front; fighting her own little war. She turns, she spins on the gleaming - polished to an-inch-of-its-life oak floor, gives the final few bars her all. Off balance - and into the sideboard she goes. The tiny Murano duck takes flight – soars into the air.

Don't they say your life passes before you in moments such as this? They took a boat out of the lagoon to the glass blowers' island of terracotta palaces set against a cobalt sky.

The tiny glass ornament, a mottled green, a memento from their honeymoon, swoops and soars. Down below are sparkling pools ripple in the woodgrain. With a skid and a whoosh of a water skier, they land together, unscathed - on the floor.