Dancers In My Mind

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DANCERS IN MY MIND

The swing floats airily, eerily on the edge of a spring sunset’s glow, a dancer in my mind

Muddy sneakers, caked, drying, toes and heels worn down from bike rides, holding memories, even sitting in the plastic trash can. next to last night’s raviolis and the evening paper crying “boy fatally injured in bike accident”

Pigeon-toed footprints under the monkey bars, tiny fingers in the dirt at the bottom of the slide,

fingerprints on the second-grade classroom window. pointing to the special construction-paper happy spring card, with children on swings. dancers in my mind

The windbreaker tossed aside, on the teeter-totters, knocked to the ground by dusk’s breeze, left there longer than it should have been

Shattered glasses, fragments of his perception of the world. catching peach and yellow colors in the sky, light stars, dancers in my mind

The shuddering silence of stifled cries, upon ears deafened by memory’s time, dancers in my mind

repeating the steps

repeating the steps

The dancers stop and all as it was, as it should be

except for the swing

and the walk alone, the silent dancers, the night sky

lisa m. zenzen