12:30 a.m.

by Julie Gregorio

Right, two, three. Left, two, three. Step, two, three. Turn, two, three.

Me in sneakers You in soccer shoes My ponytail askew from rowdier dances rougher partners — And the bill of your baseball cap hides your eyes from everyone but me.

Right, two, three. Left, two, three. Stop. Listen.

We dance. You are leading and every slightest bit of me is poised to follow, every breath, every sense trained on the whisper of your hand under my shoulder blade. Sweaty shirt, crooked ponytail, sneakered feet forgotten — the world narrows, pinpoints down to the simple equation of lead and follow. Breath and breath. Right. Left.

The room has closed around us, and I am turning, turning in the silence between your hand and your heartbeat.

This is how we learn to trust. With you, I would close my eyes and waltz blind.

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