On the Nights When My Limbs Are Too Heavy to Dance

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There is a busy street outside my window, the cars pushing near and then away—steady, a metal wave. Where are you going? Their headlights swim against my wall, late-afternoon sun softening every sharp edge, like I'm underwater, everything blends and the only sounds are the quiet rush and swell. I want to run barefoot in the street, stop them, stand at their windows in my long shirt, unwashed hair and all, say where are you going? Can I open this door, climb into your backseat and go there as well? We'll eat cold mashed potatoes in your kitchen, sit in strict wooden chairs on frigid yellow tile floors. I can make the coffee. You keep driving.

Where are you going?

There are people passing by my window in groups of two's and three's laughing; they are blissful— I am trying not to breathe. The world slows, my heartbeat its only motion, I stretch a small hand towards the door. I am sure this hand could fit in yours.
You ignore it, walk on.
Your shadows blend with the light of the retreating sun, how silently it leaves me here. Where are you going?
Maybe I could slide on boots and come with you, walk to the fields and lie there in the embrace of the ghosts that fill this place. You can tell me all about your day.
Swiftly, surely, you walk away.

Where are you going?

Meanwhile I am sunken in half sleep and steeping in the skin smell of my pillow, listening to the Earth’s slow creak as it pirouettes with the stars. It does not notice how alone it is, how far away the song. It dances on.