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On the Nights When My Limbs Are Too Heavy to Dance

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Author Bio

Taylor is a sophomore English with a Writing Concentration and Studio Art double major from Buffalo, New York. She participates in Shots in the Dark Improv, Gettysburg College theater productions, and works at the Musselman Library and in Residence Life.

On the nights when my limbs are too heavy to dance

Taylor Andrews

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.