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## Dance Until Six

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## Dance Until Six

### **Author Bio**

My name is Jenna Seyer and I am a first-year student. I am a member of the Mercury nonfiction and poetry staff and I am a Staff Writer of the Gettysburgian newspaper.

# Dance 'til Six

Jenna Seyer

Is it possible to imagine  
what we dropped in the fire,  
what we lost in red flames?  
Those things we carry,  
bits of discarded memories,  
diaries, good-luck charms,  
forgotten in blue-jean pockets—  
of all the pieces we don't dare to forget,  
held in our arms, placed in lockets,  
but cannot bear to remember;  
And,  
that feeling:  
that when it's 3AM and raining and there's no one else awake,  
maybe someone else is up too,  
dreaming of something more.  
And, together, you're not quite as alone,  
not quite as tired, not quite like you sounded on the phone.

2AMs that dance 'til six,  
ballerina pirouettes, step-by-step tricks  
minutes of our lives that never stop  
running from our heartbeats  
out of breath,  
unfit for sprinting,  
and unable to accept defeat—  
the spilled paint colors,  
smeared sunsets of a blurry world  
we're always jogging past,  
never looking up to the mosaic to see  
if something ever lasts,  
that at times the world is ugly,  
but sometimes it is beautiful.

And, for a moment,  
beyond the shuffle and the scuffle

and the drone of the day,  
we lapse into rare instances with our  
thoughts pleasantly empty;  
the hands of the clock rest in their rotation;  
flakes of snow wait mid-freefall,  
boughs of elm trees halt mid-sway,  
for the hustle and bustle, daily routines,  
concerns and worries  
no longer exist.

Like a Ferris wheel that pauses in its turning,  
5AM, candles burning,  
with the sun inching over  
the horizon, over the tree-line,  
over and through my bedroom drapes,  
I open one eyelid,  
crinkle both brows,  
with last night's dreams tucked safely  
in ripped-jean pockets,  
with no rush to experience anything  
other than the glory of the day,  
however it happens  
in any possible way.

Once more,  
past 7AM, with thawed branches  
and defrosted flower petals  
and harvest moons,  
the Ferris wheel circles 'round its axis—  
not quite as hesitant, not quite as automatic.  
And, what was lost in the fire,  
what was burned in flames,  
clinks now in winter-coat pouches,  
recovered trinkets of long ago,  
with 2AMs that dance 'til six which  
slowly  
fade  
away.