

Ballroom

a twin cinema

small feet stepping into kindergarten you changed countries the first time
having trouble colouring in the lines leaving a familiar sun behind
despite a deep hunger for fullness having to start anew in winter
'keep your hands clasped eye high.' you will not lose time to dreaming
reminding me of my cracked smile soft in the net of your breathing
as I perched by the potted plants categorising the smooth rocks
looking for the meander in history seeing microscopic rivers outstretch
the long arm of mistakes in time *'relax your shoulder, don't tense,'*
tense rising to meet the moment you could lose more than you know
witnessing that one smile breaking you across miles
and wanting to promise that you will be a doctor, of course
I'll be here changing the world treating the ills that we talked about.
This is a box step, forward and backward
Glancing at the appearing town you take a night rush of january air
though it might never be the same *though you'll take larger turns and steps*
outside the candescence of a moment who knows where you'll be
there'll be me in this ballroom stars spilling across your little feet
still dancing.