

## DANCE LESSON

Lights down, your arms  
around my waist, I hold  
on tight as we sway to songs  
long forgotten. *We dance.*  
And your footsteps upon mine,  
and my footsteps upon yours . . .  
awkward movements against the  
same music we listened to  
once so long ago.

Candles lit, children gone,  
memories hover over us,  
as the music swells within.

It is, as if— while we learn to dance—  
we are relearning love. Oh, our hearts  
heavy with the years of a marriage spent  
too often misunderstood, could break from  
such exquisite bittersweet pleasure. Tonight,  
as tears fall, we don't stop to pick them up,  
or try to explain. We don't stop dancing

*one-two-three-four one-two-three-four*  
small steps we should have learned long ago  
*one-two-three-four one-two-three-four*  
each of us praying there is still time for more

— Robin Michel

