



## Dancing

When I look up and see the stars, I see almost what you see, but not exactly. Each firmament has its own center. When we stand on the same rock, there's still distance. We move closer to halve it again and again only to have it still. And that is dance: Nearing each other in a staggered swirl to trade successive centers as we twirl. But in the second we trade places, Mars and Venus have adjusted slightly too: So what I see when I arrive where you just were is not what you just saw. So we rehearse a complex choreography, perfect the illusion that we dance as one, and dance in honest desperation, hours after the music's stopped, for love, for fun. Do you remember when the band was gone one time, and we kept dancing until dawn? We looked up, chanced to see a pair of stars like us dancing so close that in the night they seemed to shine as one star, twice as bright, then hugged and swayed, as if their dance were ours.

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