

Dancing

The girl across the street was learning ballet.

I wanted to, though I couldn't see.

At the age of eleven,

with a private teacher young and energetic,

I learned to plie, sashay.

With a cassette tape she made

that contained music and her instructions,

I jumped, kicked, skipped across our Arizona kitchen floor.

We moved to Wyoming a year later.

With a different teacher, old and crabby,

I tried a class with other girls,

couldn't tell what they were doing,

dropped out, moved on.

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