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Our Non-Traditional Dance

Audrey Forrest-Carter

We danced a non-traditional dance

Our dance was cerebral in nature,

His fixed gaze penetrated the depths of my soul—

Too incredible then for my fragile mind to respond to or grasp

Although strangers, I felt an uncanny kinship to him once our flesh collided

Unashamedly, I yielded to him: back and forth – one, two, back and forth—
three, four, back and forth.

Yearning to know him, or glimpse a sign of approval from his quiet and distant eyes

Neither he nor his unassuming eyes uttered a single word;

Neither did his solitary gestures reveal anything—except that he was there—

Some twenty years later, I still remember him and our non-traditional dance,

Still—yearning to know him, or sense that he cared