

Choreographer

by Laura Little

lemon ripples across my body as my limbs
widen and arch in waves
that splash against the walls, the water spewing
into the eyes of My choreographer.

a glass wall reflects Her back.

She squints Her eyes as the water
almost obscures Her vision,
but they open wider,
as the colors appear more vibrant.

lavender winds around
My shoulders as the elbow jerks,
the head swings
flirtatiously as My knee
pivots and I spin
a pirouette carving
a black hole
in the sea.

I root my feet in the floor,
My arms and hands acting like vines,
itching My nose, yet eyes can see
The choreographer look on,
discovering Her own universe
in The movement.

to clasp My body, and the arms push
upward, to form a V,
with Me at its point.

My ribcage expands filling the vines continuing
to clasp My body, and the arms push
upward, to form a V,
with Me at its point.

I face her now, seeing my reflection in the glass,
breath escapes

my body sinks to the floor
as a fish tries to swallow me from the glass.

and now I lay on the floor,
pebbles spilling out my ears,
making small splashes in the puddles.

I can only hear my breath
entering and leaving the body

as if thoroughly aware of absence.