



TO THE MARRIED MAN AT TABLE FIVE WATCHING THE GIRL IN RED GOSSAMER

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Poetry

Yes
She looks good
Her hips carry that beat like birds beating wings
Her feet move to the rhythm of your blood as it rolls under your skin
Yes
No one dances alone unless they don't care
or they care too much
Right now she's wearing her heart where you can see it beating
on her sleeve
her shoulder
her waist
on the insides of her wrists and knees

Don't
Leave that ring on your finger
She has already spied it under the lights shining like a neon void sign
Don't hide the way you watch her
Tongue against your teeth like a coiled serpent ready for biting
Hands flexing as if her skin was already under them
She has read it all on your face
To hide what you think is to lie to her again and again

Yes
She's vulnerable
Yes
She's enticing
moving like the woman you married
but unlike her she moves as if she's willing to do the things your wife
now finds beneath her

Don't dive into her space



Don't assume the sweat on her skin and the flush of her face are an invitation for your fantasy
She's lonely
not desperate
Left to find something to do with her time besides knitting and reading and giving a damn about every other -ing they throw at her

Yes
She might let you in long enough to make you think you could be her everything
But she's lonely
not desperate
not ready to trade in her moral code for a man with a pale line of skin around his finger

She'll let you fall deep
let you run far
only to move the finish line to where you can't trip her up if you catch up to her
She's lonely not desperate
Dancing alone because she can
because she wants to

You and your vows have nothing to do with the way she moves
With the way she sways
the way she smiles as her feet slide and point and tuck like doves
Hands like flourishes moving light against shadows
Her hips may be talking to you
but they are whispering lies
Her eyes don't focus on anything but the way the lights seem to fade into darkness the faster she spins
She owns the dance floor
But you look like the only thing you own is the weak will with which you watch her and wonder if she could be yours

She isn't
She can't
She won't