

TWO STEPS

by Amanda Deo

This is how I took the next two steps. The next two steps were taken shoulder-width apart, my elbows awkwardly turned in like high school gym class. The back of your head was bent. Your eyes swung like pendulums looking at the calender on our fridge. I'm not sure where we were when it happened: the living room; the diner; Growney's; the space between our mouths. But somewhere it happened and then it happened again. I'm pretty sure you noticed. I'm pretty sure you attempted an arm-bar at my brother's Christmas party last year but backed out when I didn't move. It turns out I know a thing or two about momentum. I know, I know. Like the crescendo of your bicycle wheels. Like the force the florist put on the stems the day Linda died. The way my fingers spin between planetary mass. This is how I know I'm not really standing here. It's actually a lot easier to understand than we thought. We know a lot about movements. We've been studying them through shower curtains for years. I guess that's why you said that love is anaerobic. That's why there were jumping jacks before bed. For the short bursts. For the hiccups. To build up the armour. This is why the next two steps were taken while you were perfectly still. The next two steps that didn't go anywhere at all.

