

Blind

by Chanel Dubofsky

My mother saw the Devil everywhere, even in my dance teacher, with his black leotards and chest hair like bean sprouts. "You're flamingos," he'd say in class when we balanced on one foot; when we leapt into the air, "Now you're panthers!" I pictured him in a dark robe, what the people wore in my dreams at night when they cut into bodies with long silver knives. In that robe, he couldn't dance or move. In the morning, the dance studio smelled of rubber and sweat and sun, our feet thumping the floor like giant beating hearts.

