

The Sway

by Chanel Dubofsky

When it was sticky cool at night, he'd pull her hair up off her neck and spin it like a pinwheel. "You could be anything," he would say. "You could be a preschool teacher." She waited for him to add, "For dragons! For wallabees! For elephants!" but he didn't. On her back, his hands were as flat as he was. In her head, she saw herself breaking each of his faithless, unimaginative knuckles. Still, she let him lead her around the room in waltzes and foxtrots, the smell of sweat rising from his skin like smoke.

