

Shira Dances

by Deborah Oster Pannell

She feels the music deep in her belly,
her hips swaying, she looks out
through lids no longer guarded
and sees you,
Her knees bend, her eyes close,
She is moving back and forth,
a pulse in time,
Her arms snake around her head,
She does not ask,
may I enjoy myself? may I share
my pleasure with you?
She invites you in with slow,
beckoning gestures of the hand,
with a smile, she answers
your questions,
all yes, all in time,
roll with her and see.

