

# Aerobics 6 p.m.

*by Gary Percesepe*

Dizzy but still alive  
Inside this conversation

I ask if you have a sister  
And if she'll know me

If I'm with you.  
Taking a purple

Scrunchie off your wrist  
You pass it through

Your hot hair then  
Point to some guy

In the corner whose  
Spastic angel arms and  
    Jackknife jacks are  
Comical but unrehearsed

And in the mirror  
Now I see your sister

There beside you  
Moving backward in a  
    Perfect glide of unmarked years  
Her shining skin  
    Her smooth dark calves  
Her hair holding the light of a  
    Hundred glistening bodies  
The flawless curve of her neck.  
    Her, dancing.

