

# Dancing Beneath a Gazebo

*by* John Woodington

We learned to dance beneath a gazebo  
in Spring Lake Park  
We were fourteen  
Her frizzy hair prickled my cheek  
My one hand did not stray from her belt loop  
We wobbled about like children of the Tin man  
Wedding cake toppers,  
plastic dancers on a wound music box,  
snow globe residents--  
were our world to shake and the snow begin to fly,  
we would remain embraced

