

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

