Our Closet

by Michael J. Solender

Our closet has one of those clinical harsh florescent lights that cast sinister shadows on green paisley party dresses and shabby shoes worn thin from my pacing while my wife shopped at the mall. Commanded this morning to engage, the filament popped with a snap that had me reflexively reach for my bum knee, blown out in a pick-up game with the neighbor kids.

Absent the usual glare and illuminated only by an across the room sixty watt, I spied a tiny ballerina plie then spin on the top shelf amongst the azure and teal silk scarves and jeans abandoned several cheesecakes ago; she was adorned with a pastel bow in her hair borrowed from a single Jimmy Choo that hurt too much to wear.

I was enchanted with the suppleness and intensity of her movement and slowly edged to hide myself askew from the jam as not to disturb her.

“Honey” shouted my wife as the ballerina looked up and caught my eye, “are you gonna fix that light or-what?”

“No hon,” I said, as the ballerina disappeared behind my flip flops, “I don't think I will.

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