

Let your Heart Dance

Darren Beaney

I fell in love the first time we danced - an uncoordinated
cack-handed avalanche. You bounced over on the balls
of your fine feet and climbed on, staying put, as coy as a well-heeled
sassy lap dancer. My heart started drumming a repetitive beat,
marvellous manic melody. I was blinded by your groovy
glistening glitterball eyes. Felt the fever of your twinkling
Travolta smile. I took the lead resembling a playful lovelorn
puppy. My first left foot kicked my second left foot and we began
to get busy, tumbling toward one another. Shaking, rattling
and rolling, upsetting the rhythm with our rudeness. Showing little
regard for tempo or decorum, neglecting our manners,
we made our own moves as I pulled you
close. Beating up the upbeat as we wrestled and submitted
to an arse pinching smoochathon. We crashed the party, burning
up the rave, intensifying the heat of the latest sizzling tunes.
Gyrated like an uninhibited spin dryer on its last
legs until I buckled against your vibrating
thighs. The lasting effect of our disco damage choreographed
the steps of our destiny. As we gasped
without resting and kissed without breathing and fell without landing.