

99 WRITING

Dance

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TYPE
POETRY

I love to dance.

I love to feel like I'm

shining, because I know I'm awesome.

When I dance, I always feel awesome.

When I got a first place in the jig

last fall, on that memorable day

in Muskegon, Michigan, I think I was floating

through the cute little ice cream shop, in that

cute little town. It was wonderful to be there

although I knew we had to leave.

I remember sitting on our porch in the lovely fall day.

Twelve hours ago, we were driving in the dead of night.

Now, we're sitting on our porch.

Well, not our porch. We don't have a porch.

We just have a stoop and a patio in the back.

I touched my lips, which were still sticky and glossy

from the lip gloss that tasted like Cherry Coke.

It was clear. Not pink or red. It wasn't blue.

Blue lip gloss is weird. I swore to myself once,

sitting at my desk, that I would never use it again.

That was back in first grade.

In first grade, we studied China.

That was when I wanted to wear blue lip gloss.

That feeling lasted for two minutes.

As in, all the time, before I put it on.

I was looking out at our quiet street,

still sitting on our not-porch, I saw cars, I saw people.

Not very many people.

If we lived in NYC or LA, we would see people.

But that has to wait until I'm a pop star.

Sitting there, I saw a person that reminded me

of an elephant—big, gray. Something about him said,

Don't mess with me. I'm a big elephant.

I smiled and looked at our yard.

As I took it in, I noticed birds and flowers.

It made me happy, and it meant that spring was still here.

At least for a while. Even September has its warm days.

I thought back. If it seemed long ago that I was smiling,

holding a gold first place medal, it seemed even longer

when I thought about yesterday. I remember the prospect,

not quite in the back of my mind, of dancing the jig

while my friend said for the tenth time, pay attention!

Back on my porch, I am smiling with the glow
of the medal still in my eyes.