

## **WRITING**

Won'	t Sto	p
Danci	ng	

I remember the first time I danced with her

And I was so much quieter and desperate

by Daniela Martinez, Grade 12, 826 Boston The lights were bright and hot

Sitting at the table, holding the best of myself in my

palms

**TYPE** 

**POETRY** 

**GENRE** 

**GRADE 12** 

Everything was telling me to stay at that table

My shoulders were heavy

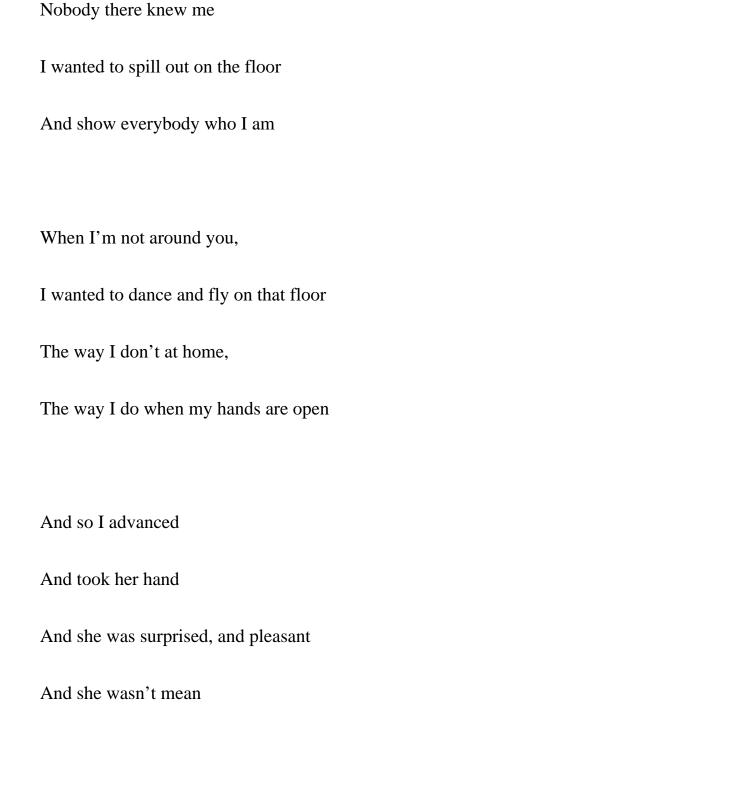
I was sweating buckets, my hair sticking to my neck

the air was overwhelming

And the air was so electric

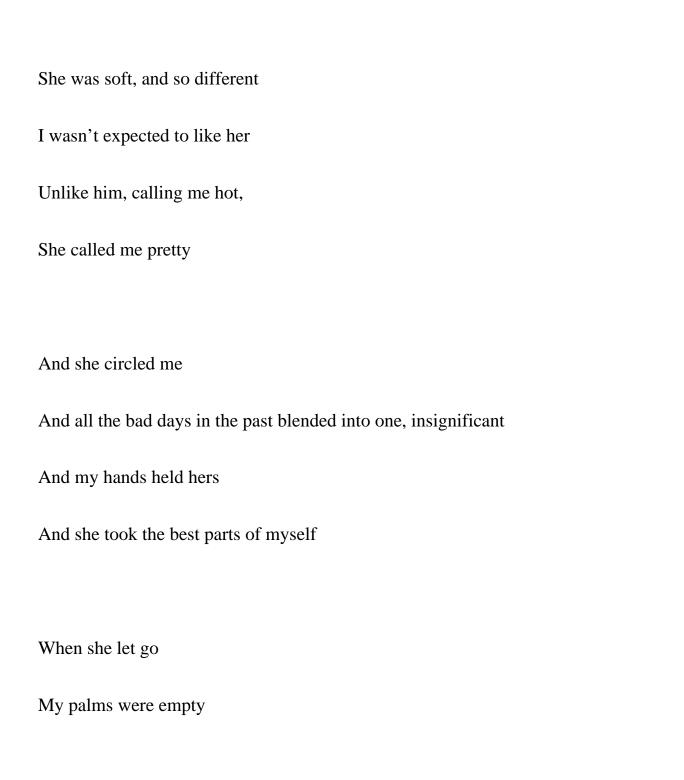
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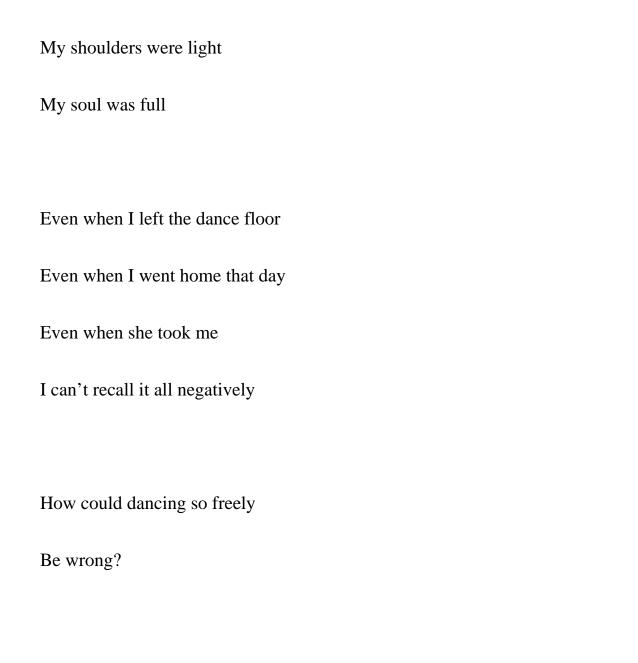
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